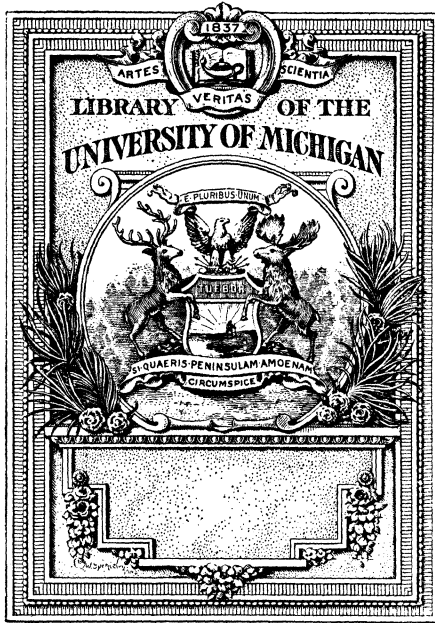
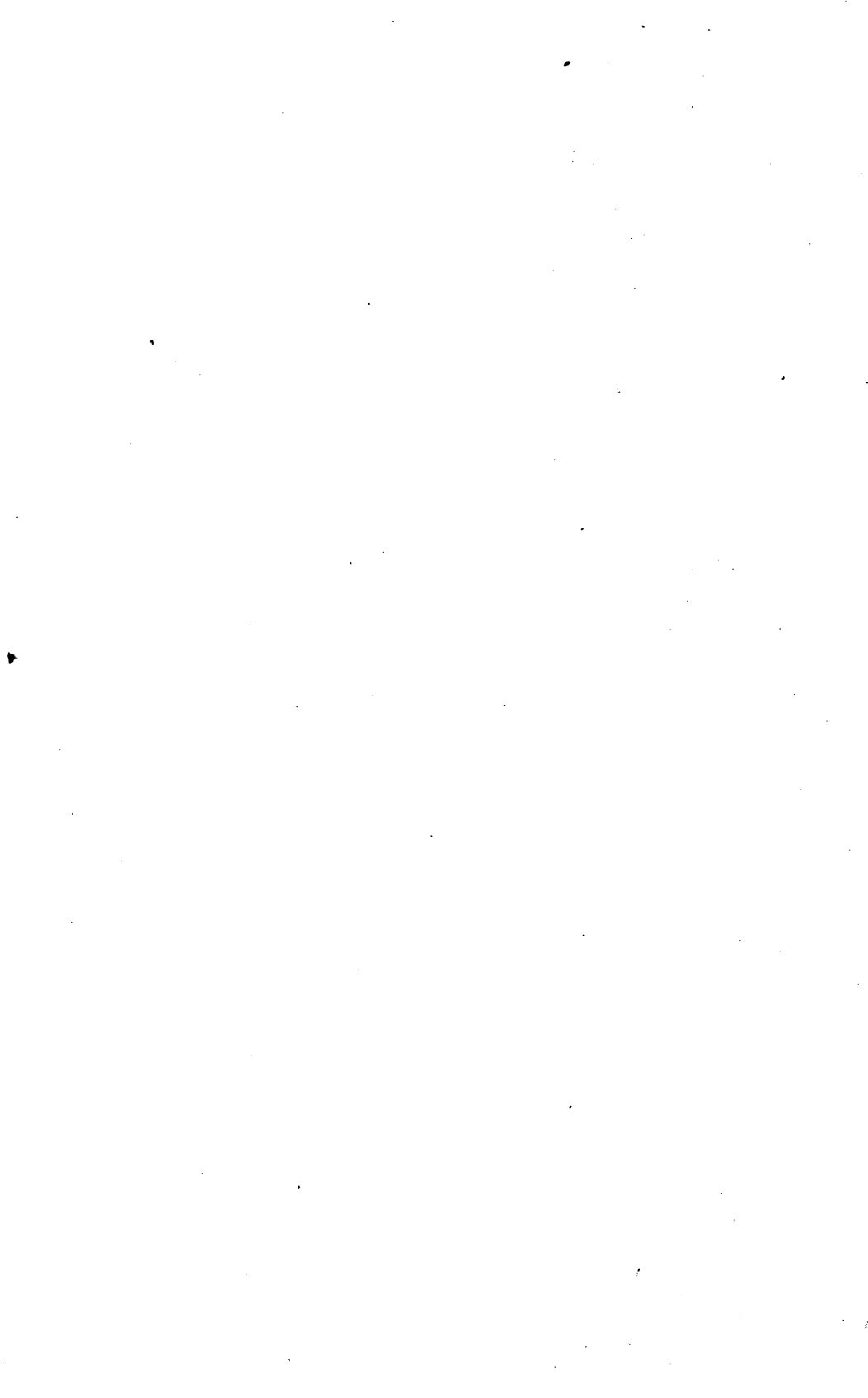


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"THE RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by Frederick Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

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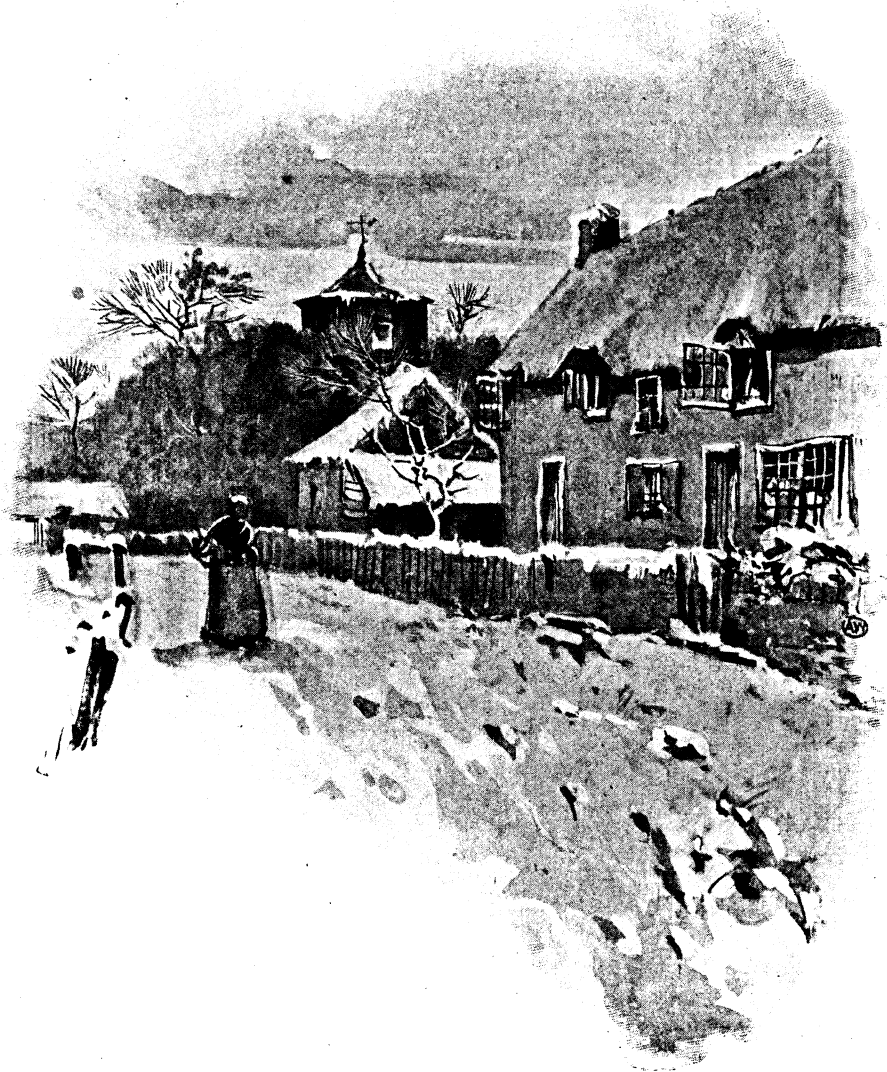


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MR. G. F. WATTS AND HIS ART.

BY CHARLES T. BATEMAN.

"DO not forget my motto!" said Mr. Watts, with a smile—"The utmost for the highest." I am proud of it."

The light of a winter's day had all but waned, and the brush was laid aside for a talk about his pictures. Eighty-three, and yet with almost inexhaustible energy still at work! Employing the winged hours from 4 a.m. that morning to accelerate the com-

Yes, probably 'Love and Life' best portrays my message to the age. Life represented by the female figure could never have reached such heights unless protected and guided by Love.

"'Sic Transit' also conveys some of the lessons I would teach. At the end of life a man has simply to leave behind the things he most prizes. It is hardly correct to say that the Queen of Roumania suggested the subject," said the artist, in reply to a



Photo by Shavcross,]

MR. WATTS' STUDIO AT COMPTON.

[Guildford.

pletion of his magnificent bequest to the nation.

"There is nothing much to see. I have not done so many things as Burne-Jones, you know," Mr. Watts modestly continued. Then reverting to the character of his work, "All my pictures in the Tate Gallery are symbolical and for all time. Their symbolism is, however, more suggestive than worked out in any detail. I want to make people think. My idea is really the Book of Ecclesiastes with a higher impulse.

JUNE, 1901.

question. "When she was in England in 1891, I asked her if she knew the saying, 'What I spent I had. What I saved I lost. What I gave I have.' The Queen did not know the motto, and in course of conversation doubted whether it could be illustrated. I thought it possible, and promised to have the picture ready the year following, on her return to England; but unfortunately illness prevented the visit.

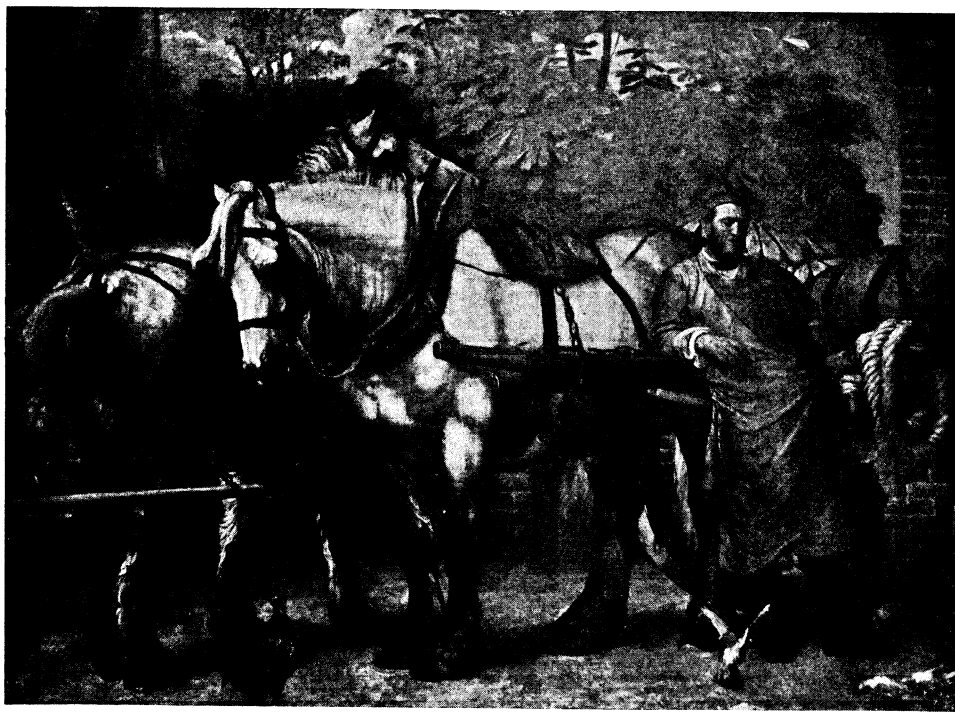
"To me the eager desire for wealth, the

evils of which are suggested in 'Mammon' and 'The Minotaur,' is horrible. Napoleon truly said that we were 'a nation of shop-keepers.' Commerce dignifies if carried on legitimately, but the mere acquisition of gold is demoralising. To get it without doing anything, and at the expense of others, seems a present-day characteristic. Gambling in its effects is worse even than drink, and unfortunately pervades the whole community.

"No. I do not think I am pessimistic," the artist replied, in answer to an inquiry concerning the meaning of "Hope" sitting

for instance, 'Paolo and Francesca,' from Dante, and 'Una and the Red Cross Knight,' from Spenser's 'Faerie Queen.' Besides, if it were Tennyson's 'Sir Galahad,' I must have pictured the line, 'Between dark stems the forest glows.' Of course he must be the 'stainless knight,' because Sir Thomas Malory describes him thus. Neither is 'The Happy Warrior' taken from Wordsworth. The title is a coincidence.

"The subject of Death has always fascinated me. At one time it used to be pictured in a stern, repulsive form. It comes, of course,



"THE MIDDAY REST." BY G. F. WATTS. R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

on the edge of the world, blindfold, and playing the last string of her broken lyre. "Hope need not mean expectancy. It suggests here rather the music which can come from the remaining chord.

"It is a mistake to suppose that 'Sir Galahad' was inspired by Tennyson's poem. I could not illustrate another man's thought—not even that of Tennyson, who was one of my best friends, and whose works I admire so much. I have been asked at various times to illustrate, but always refused. Some of my paintings have, however, been suggested by literature—Shakespeare's 'Ophelia,'

in a commanding manner. We have all to face Death, but it wears a dignified and peaceful aspect. My favourite thought recognises Death as the kind nurse who says, 'Now, then, children, you must go to bed and wake up in the morning.' Even in 'Love and Death,' the white-robed figure treats Love with forbearance, whilst forcing its way indoors. In 'Time, Death, and Judgment,' Time marches on regardless of everything, but Death, though keeping up with him, is more tender and compassionate. She holds up the mother's lap." Reminded of "Death Crowning Innocence," the painter

says, "Oh, yes ! that is another form. Many mothers have written to me about the picture when bereaved of their children.

"Certainly art may be a teacher," said

his distinguished career. His pictures not only possess the *technique* and vivid colouring of a master, but manifest the philosophic spirit and poetic fancy so



'OPHELIA.' BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

Mr. Watts at the close of our chat, "though doubtless it has other functions."

Mr. Watts disclaims eloquence, but his remarks concerning his life work admirably show the ideal at which he aims, an ideal which he set before him quite early in

eminently characteristic of him. Take his favourite, "Love and Life." Love in the noble strength of the angel man tenderly bends over hesitating Life—typified by a graceful girlish form—as she diffidently places her hand in his for guidance up the rocky

path. Without the protection of Divine Love she dare not venture. As the ascent proceeds, violets spring up along the path, the air becomes more buoyant, and the sky more ethereally blue. It is a sermon in application, worked out with marvellous beauty. There is, too, the companion picture, "Love and Death," suggested by a sad experience. One's sympathy goes out to the impetuous boy, Love, in his unequal contest, but the majesty of the white-robed figure dispels resentment. Mr. Watts dignifies even the inevitable. Then, again, consider "The Dweller in the Innermost." "The vague figure," the artist says, "may be vaguely called Conscience." But this is too indefinite. We cannot mistake the bright-eyed angel who sounds with a clear ringing call the trumpet of Truth down the welkin of darkness, or despatches stinging arrows through sluggish souls.

At the outset Mr. Watts' work did not attract his countrymen, but it is encouraging to know that his genius and aims are fully recognised now. Some remarks of Canon Barnett, of Whitechapel, to the writer are particularly interesting in this connection: He



"SIR GALAHAD." BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hillyer, Pembroke Square, W.



"HOPE." BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

says: "Many of Mr. Watts' pictures have been shown in Whitechapel during the last eighteen years. They have been especially looked at by the more thoughtful and serious of our visitors. They appeal, you see, to the great things of life which are the common things—to love, death, and judgment. They are poetic, and the 'masses' of the people are, I expect, more open to poetry than the classes. It is impossible to measure influence by popularity, or even by experience, but if you ask my opinion I should say that Watts' pictures have been more influential than any we have shown."

But the artist is not only symbolical. He has given us "Sir Galahad," "The Happy Warrior," "Fata Morgana," "Arcadia,"

"Paolo and Francesca," and "The Shuddering Angel," to name but a few in further evidence of his surprising versatility. In addition, there are his long series of portraits. Certainly no man living has painted so many beautiful women or noble men as Mr. Watts. Whilst transferring their features to canvas he has with marvellous insight portrayed their characters.

Though not wealthy as the world reckons riches, Mr. Watts has for many years past been generously making gifts of his best works to public institutions. Early in his career he painted the huge frescoes in the hall of Lincoln's Inn without fee—but not without reward, for in recognition the Benchers made him a handsome testimonial. About the same time he

offered to do similar decorations for other bodies, but to their lasting ingratitude they refused the public-spirited proposal. To the Corporation of Manchester Mr. Watts has given a fine version of "Love and Death," valued at £3,300, as well as "The Good Samaritan," and to Leicester, in memory of Thomas Cook, the tourists' agent, a copy of "Fata Morgana." Several of his works have been presented to Church authorities. In 1897, "Time, Death, and Judgment," which was originally lent to the Chapter of St. Paul's, became a gift, and occupies an excellent position on the wall of the centre transept. Canon Barnett's church, St. Jude's, Whitechapel, also possesses replicas of "Love and Death," "The Good Samaritan," "The



"LOVE AND DEATH." BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

Messenger of Death," and "Death Crowning Innocence." These were executed in Mr. Watts' studio and worked up by him. The headmaster of Eton College not long since received a replica of "Sir Galahad." This hangs in the school chapel, reminding the boys of the character of the knight "who knew not fear."

Nor has Mr. Watts' generosity been confined to home. Both the Luxembourg and the American nation received duplicates of "Love and Life." For a comparatively nominal amount, too, the Bavarian State acquired "The Happy Warrior," much to the delight of native artists. The Secretary of the Munich Academy, in reply to the writer's inquiry, wrote that "there was great satisfaction expressed that at least one picture of Mr. Watts' could permanently be seen there."

But the most valuable gifts, which must ever remain the master's finest memorial, are to be found in the Tate Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery. The former includes eighteen of his masterpieces and affords both in subject and treatment the best study of his work. Not only are his chief allegories there, but also the Eve trilogy, "The Midday Rest," and his own portrait, presented by Sir Wm. Bowman. Two other paintings, "The Court of Death," and "Time, Death, and Judgment," will follow when completed. At the National Portrait Gallery may be seen twenty-four of his portraits, including those of Gladstone, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Carlyle, Lord Lawrence, and Manning—truly a notable list of friends and acquaintances. Their colouring, pose, and finish are exceedingly fine. One is particularly struck with the brilliant characterisation of Manning, which occupies the

centre of the line. Speaking of his work in this direction, Mr. Watts simply explains that he considers the portraits "merely biographical notes."

Nor does Mr. Watts' patriotic enthusiasm rest here. For some time he has endeavoured to stir up Englishmen to provide an "open-air book of worthies," so that on tablets erected in public spaces the deeds of everyday heroes and heroines may be honoured. After much delay a start in this direction has been made in the Postmen's Park, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Mr. Watts spends his time almost as a

recluse either at Limmerslease, Compton, or Little Holland House, Kensington. He reverses the usual order of things—wintering in the country and summering in town. Limmerslease stands in one of the fairest Surrey villages, nestling amidst pines and elms under the shelter of the Hog's Back—a spur of the North Downs. The house is perfect in its outer simplicity and surroundings. There in the wild natural garden rears the lofty fir under whose shade in sunny days the artist indulges a brief leisure. Here the birds come to be fed by the sympathetic friend who has painted "The Shuddering Angel," and throughout the day repay in song their thanks to him.

Inside Limmerslease everything is charmingly idyllic, with the pleasant touch of English comfort. The

drawing-room seems a veritable temple of peace. As the result of a tour in Egypt Mrs. Watts' skilful hands have wrought some fine *gesso* work on the ceiling. That in the window, Mrs. Watts explains, typifies her husband's work and contains his monogram in a centre panel. The alcove above his favourite chimney-seat has also received artistic treatment. To complete the description, one must picture Mr. Watts and his devoted wife presiding over their happy surroundings. Eighty odd winters may have left the artist snowy-haired, but his natural vigour remains almost unimpaired, and he



"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD." BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

buoyantly asserts that he has yet to do his best work. He claims that his activity is due to early rising and absolute simplicity of habits. In his presence one intuitively remembers Tennyson's lines—

Best seemed the thing
he was, and joined
Each office of the
social hour
To noble manners, as
the flower
And native growth of
noble mind.

His temperament is undoubtedly classical, but his generous humanity knows no bounds of austerity. At all reasonable times he will with courtly grace explain the truths he seeks to portray. To rambling clubs, young men's associations and institutes he is especially hospitable, often providing refreshments previous to their survey of the studio, and afterwards encouraging with keen relish and amusement improvised sports in his grounds.

The studio at Limnerslease claims special interest. It contains the artist's finest unfinished work, on which eighteen years of thought and labour have been spent, and as yet, Mr. Watts says, the time for its completion is not fixed. It is a large canvas, and an ingenious arrangement lowers it below the floor, enabling the artist to work at ease upon it. Here again he treats of Death, under its title, "The Court of Death." He explains that the stately form enthroned is that of Death receiving homage from all. The soldier pays it by voluntarily relinquishing his sword on the altar, and the nobleman follows suit with his coronet. The child plays into the Court, and the aged cripple enters with a feeling of relief. On the other side the invalid girl—not, as



"GOOD LUCK TO YOUR FISHING!" BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

imagined by some, the mother of the babe in the lap of Death—lays her head on the knee of the sovereign to show that she goes as a friend. Mr. Watts bids us notice the glow of light behind the throne, reflecting the promise of a brighter dawn.

The artist is also completing a replica of "Time, Death, and Judgment," for the Tate Gallery, as previously mentioned. In referring to it he said, "Finding that the picture was much cared for in St. Paul's, I am making a copy for my series in the Tate Gallery." There are also many other replicas—quite old friends to those who appreciate the artist's work—in a more or less unfinished state. "This is my recreation," said Mr. Watts, pointing to a fanciful group of cherubs, which he fittingly calls "Golden Hours: A Fugue." Attired in painting coat and velvet cap, the veteran



"THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS." BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by P. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.



"EARLY SPRING." BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W

paints from dawn to dusk, first on one canvas and then on another. In one day he will often do something to each of the seven or eight unfinished pictures.

On a knoll overlooking the pleasant village, stretching along the valley, and but a short distance from Limnerslease, is the sleeping-place of the "forefathers of the hamlet," a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Watts. Its plan and design were entirely conceived and worked out in detail by Mrs. Watts. Her husband says, with a pleasant laugh, "I have had nothing to do with it beyond finding the money. It is Mrs. Watts' own work throughout. Almost everyone in the village did something towards it. The lady of the manor and the squire, Mr. More Molyneux, each moulded a brick, so that they could claim a share in the building of the chapel, whilst the decoration on the walls was largely a labour of love by the villagers themselves." On the long winter evenings they attended Limnerslease, and in a specially constructed workshop, taught by Mrs. Watts and her friends, moulded and baked the bricks and symbolic reliefs. The class is now engaged upon panels in white clay for the interior, which Mrs. Watts hopes to erect in due course.

How different this beautiful chapel and graveyard to the dreary desolation and utilitarian bareness of a vast suburban cemetery! Here the birds sing merrily, and in summer, but a yard or two away, we see the growing corn. Everything speaks of life and beauty, not of death and decay. From the carved oaken door to the roof the chapel is instinct with symbolism. On the doorway the carving depicts man's destiny, ascending from the dragons of darkness to the cross, by the power of which

evil is eventually smitten. The broad effect of the arched entrance is particularly pleasing. Nor is the detail in any way sacrificed. An examination of the angels' faces in relief shows the care and precision with which they have been modelled. On the frieze above the circular wall Mrs. Watts has given an allegorical treatment of "The Path of the Just."

The building is on the plan of a Greek cross, and everything about it is conceived

Holland House he has executed the major portion of those life-like portraits which have issued from his brush. When the writer visited the studio, that of Lord Roberts stood unfinished on the easel. It is a fine, soldier-like face, weather-beaten and rugged, but still with the bright blue eye that fixes you immediately, and the lofty brow representing moral as well as physical courage. Close at hand was that of Mr. Gerald Balfour, whose whole expression



"UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT." BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

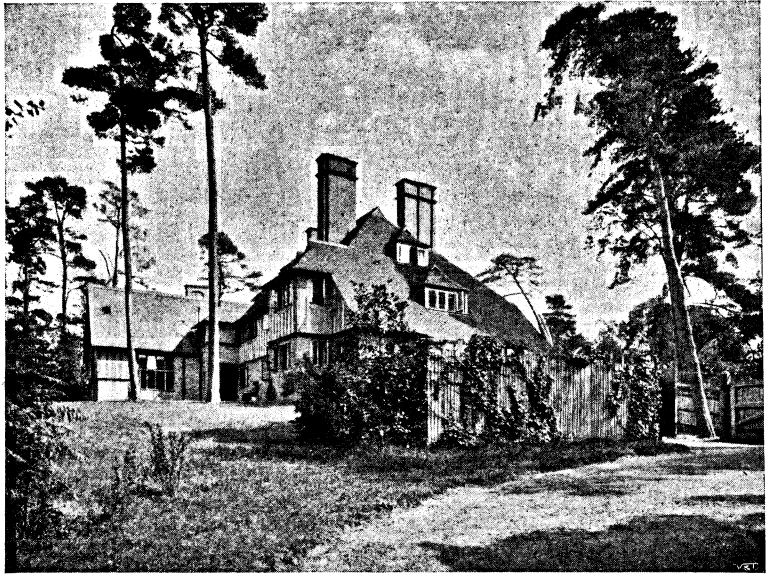
in the broadest Christian spirit. Throughout England no more practical argument could possibly be found in favour of the Home Arts and Industries Association, for which both Mr. and Mrs. Watts have made such great sacrifices. The villagers highly value the gift, and, as an expression of their indebtedness to Mr. and Mrs. Watts, presented them with an illuminated address, embellished by views of the chapel.

Mr. Watts' London residence stands in the midst of the artist world. At Little

of mild alertness reminds one of his appearance in the House. This was recently finished, and likewise, not long previously, that of John Burns, which now hangs between Philip Calderon and the Marquis of Dufferin in the gallery. To name those who have "sat" to Mr. Watts would chronicle a long list of ecclesiastics, poets, statesmen, soldiers, and notable citizens. It is interesting to note that five or six sittings of about an hour's duration are required by the artist. During the time both he and

his subject—the latter generally standing—are engaged in pleasant chat, which instinctively draws forth the characteristic lights and shades so necessary to the successful portrait. When Lord Tennyson's portrait was painted, his son, the present lord, read aloud to both sitter and painter.

Works of all description crowd every corner of the studio. But perhaps the most interesting objects are some of Mr. Watts' early paintings and a sketch of Lady Tennyson, signed "Signor"—as he is lovingly called by his friends—"Little Holland House, July 28, 1858." On the mantelpiece stands a reproduction of "Hope." One remembers



[Photo by Shawcross,]

[Guildford, VET.]

MR. WATTS' HOUSE AT COMPTON.

the masterpiece, with its sad figure under the beautiful sky, hanging in the Tate Gallery for the benefit of all, and reflects upon the unselfishness of the master



[Photo by Shawcross,]

[Guildford, VET.]

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT COMPTON, WITH MR. WATTS' ALCOVE SEAT.

content with the small photo in its glass frame.

A few steps away and we are introduced to the heroic statue of "Physical Energy," which is intended for the Thames Embank-

For sixteen years Mr. Watts has been engaged upon this huge work, and now, fortunately, it is nearly finished.

To the picture gallery at Little Holland House the public are admitted on Saturdays and



"THE HAPPY WARRIOR." BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

ment. Having conquered one difficulty, Energy reins in his restive horse whilst shading his eyes to peer into the future for the next task. Duty bids

... Him forward, heart and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry, "Speed—fight on."

Sundays, from two till six—a privilege largely taken advantage of by all sorts and conditions of people. It should be remembered that some fine examples of Mr. Watts' paintings can here be carefully and quietly studied by the aid of descriptions prepared by the artist.

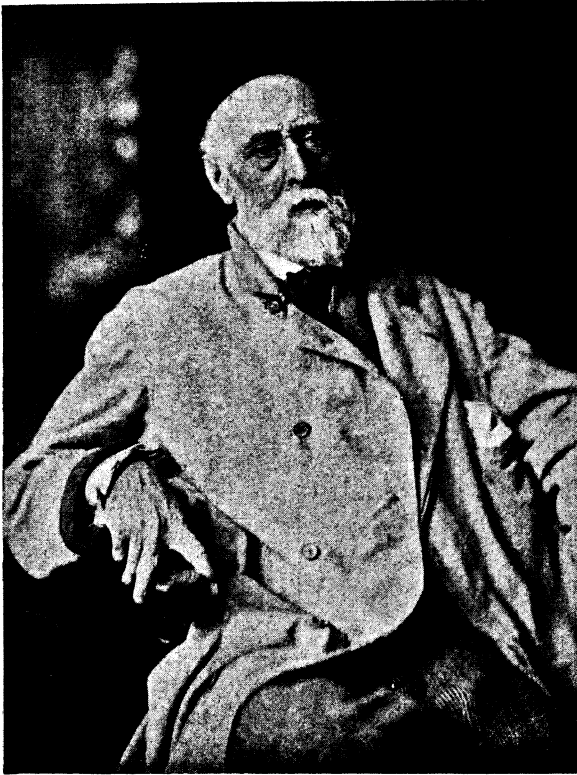


Photo by]

[F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A.

In the evening of his days Mr. Watts is revered and honoured at home and abroad for his lofty character, philosophic gospel, and rare genius. Princes claim his friendship, and queens have come from afar to view his pictures. Twice a baronetcy, and once the presidency of the Royal Academy were offered him, but he has declined such honours, preferring his simple, unpretentious life, either at Kensington or Compton, to official dignities, even where linked with his art. On his eightieth birthday, however, he received with manifest pleasure a congratulatory address from his friends and admirers, containing autograph signatures, amongst others, by the late

Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Salisbury, the Dukes of Norfolk, Westminster, and Devonshire, Deans Farrar and Bradley, the Lord Chancellor, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Chamberlain. That address was prefaced by an eloquent tribute from Mr. Algernon Swinburne, who thus dealt with the master's life work—

High thought and hallowed love, by faith
made one,
Begat and bare the sweet, strong-hearted
child,
Art, nursed of Nature: earth and sea, and
sun
Saw Nature then move God-like as she
smiled.
Life smiled on Death, and Death on Life:
the soul
Between them shone and soared above
their strife,
And left on Time's unclosed and starry
scroll
A sign that quickened death to deathless
life.
Peace rose like Hope, a patient queen, and
bade
Hell's firstborn, Faith, abjure her creed
and die;
And Love, by life and death, made sad and
glad,
Gave Conscience ease, and watched Good-
will pass by.
All these make music now of one man's
name,
Whose life and age are one with love and
fame.



Photo by]

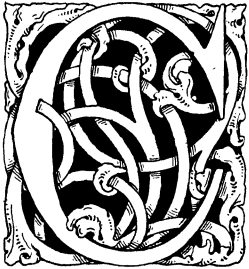
[Shawcross, Guildford.

DOORWAY OF THE MORTUARY CHAPEL, COMPTON.

THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.*

I.—THE SCHOOLMASTER'S FEE.



LARA, the dog of doubtful ancestry, lifted a mottled nose in the air and gave utterance to the faintest possible whimper, and Tom's Son lifted his head above the bramble clump and looked sharply

round him through the aisles of the tree stems. There was no one in view, but he was quite aware that the unhandsome Clara possessed several senses which were denied to even his acuteness, and moreover, that she never departed from her poacher's taciturnity without adequate cause. So he clapped an extra knee on the rabbit-net, and stooped his ear to the pine-needles on the turf.

Beneath him he could hear the scared rabbits kicking danger-signals with their hind-legs against the walls of the burrow, and the scratchings of his brown hob ferret as it harried them. But telephoned in and amongst these sounds there were others which he presently recognised as distant footfalls—*thum-thums* when they fell on the turf, *thush-thush* on the moist autumn soil, and *sash-crackle* when they pushed through gorse and bramble, or trod on the dead sticks of the undergrowth.

Tom's Son made a quick diagnosis of the position. "Yon's t'keeper," he decided, "wi' a mate," and promptly wished he had been working the hob ferret on a line instead of free.

Prudence suggested desertion of the ferret and an immediate retreat. Professional pride declaimed that honour would be lost if the hob were left behind.

So far no sound of the advancing enemy came to him through the air, but he kept his sharp ears strained to their fullest pitch to catch the first warning. He took in three of his outlying nets. As he was in the very

act and article of unpegging a fourth, a scared rabbit bolted into it and butted spasmodically amongst the meshes. Again prudence urged that in view of possible complications, it was advisable not to be carrying a recently killed rabbit upon the person. But Tom's Son had that within him which made it almost impossible to jettison property once acquired; and moreover, now, as in after life, the riskiness of a speculation never scared him if he saw an opportunity of good profit and the means of bringing off the venture successfully. So he gave the rabbit a skilful *coup de grâce*, staled it, and slipped the limp, warm remains into a skirt pocket.

Already he had the contours of the hummocky ground, the plan of the coverts, and the line of his own retreat marked out in his mind with entire accuracy. He had decided to a hand's-breadth the direction in which the keeper and his companion were coming, and had mapped out to a yard the point which they would have to pass before there was any necessity for his retirement. He was a lad, as may be seen, who left nothing to chance, if calculation could make it certainty.

The one thing he could not decide was whether the keeper had brought his dog, and even Clara's wonderful talents stopped short at giving information on a nice point like this. If the dog was present he must make a long retreat, as the dog's nose would be a danger if he and Clara remained in the neighbourhood, and he took no avoidable risks. If, on the other hand, there was no dog, he knew of a snug place of hiding close at hand which was quite man-proof. It was part of his capital, the knowledge of these places. Then he could return to business as soon as the keeper had gone his ways. If only that miserable hob ferret would bolt those two rabbits which were left, and come out—

The keeper's brown cloth cap showed at the appointed place, and Tom's Son doubled up under the lee of the bushes and glided away. The hob must be deserted, after all. Annoying, but there was no help for it.

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Moreover, he was learning young that fine art of cutting a loss which would serve him so well in later years. So he ran on by the ways he had marked out for himself, and Clara slunk silently along at his heels.

A quick reconnaissance told him that Hustler, the gamekeeper, had (like a fool) come without his dog, and so the retreat took its shorter alternative. They came to a portly old oak that had been pollarded by lightning. Many a time had Tom's Son gathered acorns from beneath its branches to fatten the rabbits in the burrows before he poached them. Moreover, he had learned that the tree, though to all appearance sound, was a mere funnel inside, and indeed it had more than once served him as a place of temporary residence.

He picked up Clara and clapped her round his neck, lamb-fashion, and that intelligent mongrel clung on there skilfully. Then, with boot-toes and knees and fingers, he climbed the rough bark till he got to a branch, swung himself up till he reached the crown, and thereupon disappeared, and Clara with him.

Meanwhile Hustler and his companion were coming at a steady plod, and presently the gamekeeper's instinct became aware of a recent disturbance of the ground. He should have seen rabbits round this warren; a pheasant or two should have been feeding on those acorns; but the wood was deserted and quiet except for the twittering of small birds. His trained eye began to rove about more curiously, and once he found a place on a shale bank where Tom's Son, in spite of all his thoughtful cunning, had been compelled to leave a bootprint.

He stooped a moment and examined the tiny fountains of muddied water which had welled into the nail-pocks. "That's fresh wi'in this last hour, Hophni," said he.

"It'll be Tom's Son, that lad I telled tha' about."

"'Appen so, 'appen no," said the keeper. "Let's be moving and see if we can leet on him. Cower quiet."

They walked on stealthily, and the keeper's woodcraft was severely tested in following the tracks, because Tom's Son, as became an intelligent poacher, made a study of walking invisibly. But in another score of yards the rape of the burrow lay patent to any professional eye.

Hophni Asquith, the keeper's companion, could not, it is true, read the marks till they were pointed to him; but when Hustler displayed the impress of the poacher's knee

and toe, the newly-riven earth where pegs had held down the rabbit-nets, and the dozen other matters which told an expert the exact history of what had been done, the younger man read these things eagerly enough for himself, and repeated with a fresh snap of delight that this was surely the work of Tom's Son. "He's a jill ferret that they tell me's a marvel," said Asquith.

The keeper of a sudden stiffened into immobility and motioned for silence. A scared rabbit bolted, and presently a lithe brown animal came capering out of the burrow. It stopped for a moment, framed in the archway, and then ran out into the open. The keeper stretched out a large, gentle hand and secured it.

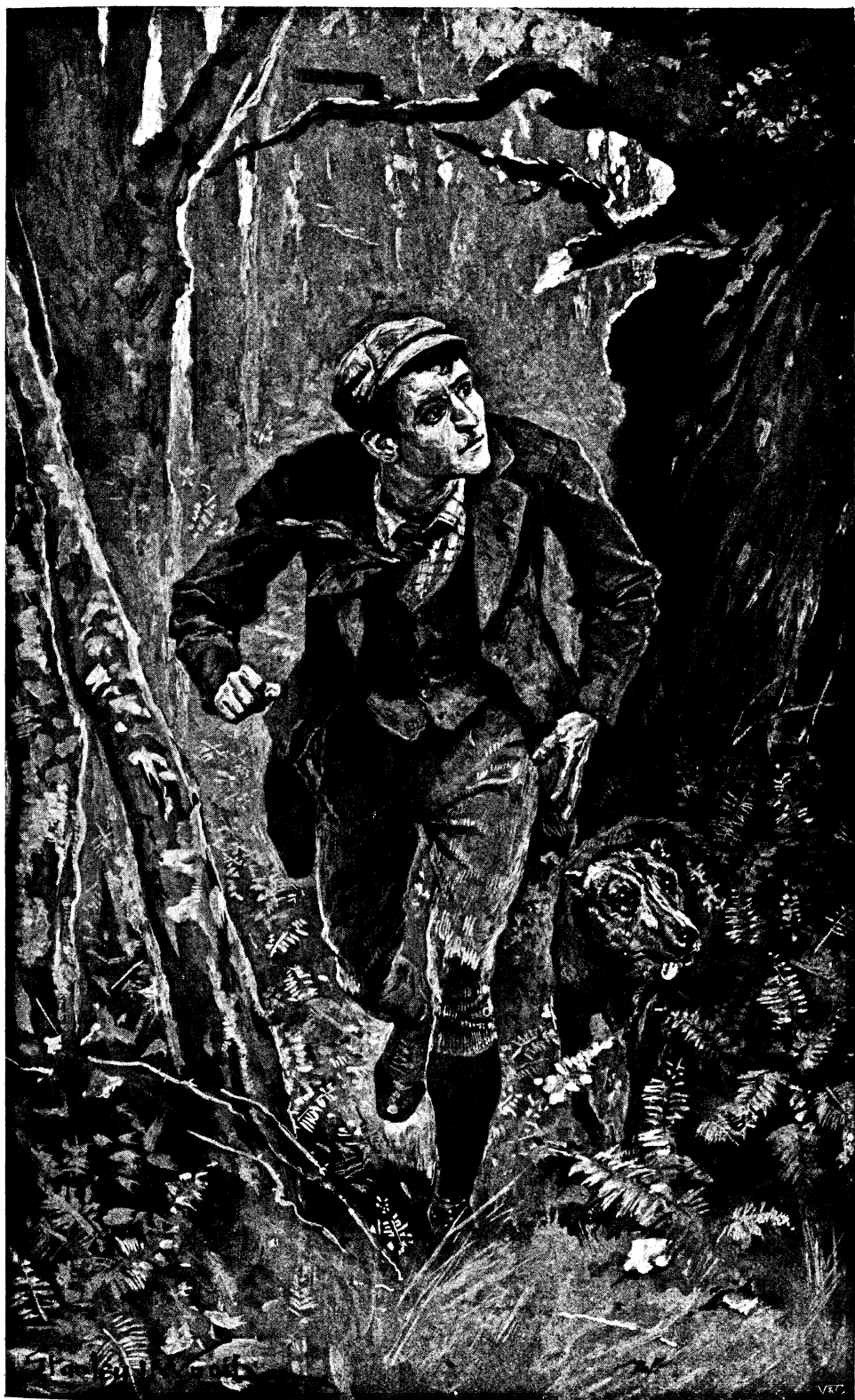
"Well, Hophni, lad, this 'ere ferret's a 'ob, and so tha'rt wrong. Appears to me there's a good deal of dislike atwixt this Tom's Son, if that's his name, and thee. What's it about?"

"There's a lass that I like that likes 'im better. Not that he walks her out. But she'll noan walk wi' me, an' if I'd 'im gaoled, I'm thinking she'd forget t'beggar."

"I care note for thee nor tha' lass," said the keeper with cheerful candour; "but if this chap comes here after my rabbits, I'm wi' tha' i' wanting 'im stowed away i' t'jug. We'll just go ower yonder out o' sight and wait awhile. 'Appen he'll come back. It's us that's scared him, you can see that, but I must say he's picked up his feet and run away remarkable cautious. There's not a bootmark to show onywheres. But he'll noan be so pleased at losing yon ferret, and 'appen he'll come back to fotch it. We'll go an' set wensens down agen yon gurt oak."

Some impish fate decided that the tree in question should be that lightning-pollarded patriarch which has already sprouted into this history, and when Tom's Son heard the thump of their shoulders, not three inches from his own ear, he could have laughed aloud in his amusement. It is terribly hard at times to keep such excellent jests as these to oneself.

The mirth, however, died out of him to some extent as he listened. Asquith, with frankly unconcealed spite, was giving the history of this poacher to the keeper. He was telling how, almost as soon as the lad was breeched, he descended with his father to work as a "hurrier," or propeller of corves (which are miniature coal-trucks), in one of the collieries. This event first took place in the year 1842, before the Education Department was born, and labour laws were



"He ran on."

mostly conspicuous by their absence. In the winter months he was lowered down the pit-shaft before daybreak, and so did not see the sun, except on Sundays, for six months together. The buckle-end of a belt gave him encouragement when he was tired, and as he did not die under the treatment, he grew uncommonly strong and hardy. "He could throw thee an' me together," said Asquith, and spat disgustedly at the thought.

The keeper smiled contemplatively and felt his forearm. "Tha'st been brought up i' t'miln," he said; "but I can wrestle aboon a bit mysen. I'd like to have a thraw wi' him. Why, he's nobbut a lad. He's nobbut sixteen or seventeen. And what's his name, dost ta say?"

"Tom's Son they call him i' Bierley. His mother died when he wor a bairn. They called his father Tom."

"Tom who?"

"I never heard t'owd chap given any other name than Tom, and as he's been dead these two year now, killed by a fall o' muck i' t'pit, I don't suppose that there's any that remembers."

The talk dropped between them then, but at intervals, to beguile the tedium of waiting, the history was continued in scraps. It appeared that the original Tom had done a trifle of poaching at intervals, according to the usual collier custom which then held in the Low Moor and Bradford districts, and (also according to custom) blooded his son to the sport as soon as that urchin was old enough. The original Tom was a poor poacher, and took to the woods only in a dilletante way. But Tom's Son proved a genius and an enthusiast at the business, and had frequently to be checked by applications of the paternal belt, lest he should lose the entire taste for the beauties and necessities of coal-mining.

After the fall of earth made him an orphan, as all the household property was swallowed up in providing sufficient pomp for the funeral, Tom's Son became for awhile a lodger in various cottages, but attended less and less at the pit as the months went on, and finally ceased even to have an official residence amongst the haunts of men during those seasons when game was sufficiently edible to find a market. At intervals, it seemed, he appeared in Bierley, and Wibsey, and other villages, to sell his wares, and more than one tired mill-lass—for that was the era before the ten-hour day—gave him free leave to pay her court. But not even a

love affair could anchor him, and where he bestowed himself no man knew.

"I'd have liked thee to cop him if it could have been managed," said Hophni; "but if he's too artful for that, there's another way. Sithee, here's the law o' t'land on poaching. I weared two shilling on it. Here's the point we can touch him on. Now read that."

Apparently the keeper read, for there was silence for a minute or so, broken only by the faint rustle of a blunt finger tracing the words laboriously along the paper, and then a grunt or two of satisfaction. "By go!" he said, "I didn't know the law ran as simple as that. Why, if he goes on at his present gait, and there's no reason why he should change, we can just pick him up and run him in when we choose."

Inside the tree trunk, Tom's Son, the listener, was wrung with a sudden clap of fear. Of what nature was this danger they spoke about so confidently? He did not know. It was beyond his art to guess. He saw no means of finding out. It came to him as a horrid shock that he could not read.

His cool nerve, of which he had been so proud, seemed to slip entirely away from the confines of his system. He had a strong imagination, and it depicted to him in that moment visions of gaols and diagrams of treadmills in the most lurid of colouring. He had, up to now, thought himself armed at every point by his courage, his ability, and his cunning; as he was a poacher, it was his ambition and vanity to be the most perfect and skilful kind of poacher; and lo! here he was told of a gap in his defences, whose position it was beyond all his art to discover. So profound, indeed, was his agitation, that Clara, by intuition, shared in it, and began to move uneasily in her form, and even forgot her poacher's manners so much as to utter the ghost of a whimper.

It was Clara's agitation which cooled his wits again. Panic is the most catchy thing on earth; but one finds here and there rare fellows on whom the sight of panic in others has the most amazingly bracing effect; and it is these who in war, and in trade, and in everything else become leaders. Tom's Son slid out a strong, steady hand and laid it on Clara's mottled nose, and Clara looked up and saw from her master's eye that outwardly at any rate, he was calm again, and that was enough for her. She was quite willing to accept the opinion of anyone else upon the situation, so long as it was coolly and steadily given. She was eminently one of the ruck.

She had no ambition to think and lead for herself.

Tom's Son, once more his own lad again, decided that the situation needed a remedy, and churning it over in his nimble brain, plotted out with very little waste of time what that remedy must be. He must learn to read. It was typical of him that he tried to find other alternatives. It was typical of him also that in less than a minute he had reviewed every other possible course, and proved to himself that each of them held its own insuperable flaw. But once he had made up his mind upon the point, he dismissed the entire subject from his thought, and employed his imagination upon quite alien matters, till the keeper and Hophni Asquith chose to go and left him free to follow their example.

He climbed out of his shelter then, dusted himself free from dead leaves and punk—for he always had a niceness about his clothes—and started off watchfully to get free from the woods, with Clara treading delicately at his heels.

Now, Tom's Son, though fully determined to acquire the art of reading, was by no means minded to expend unnecessary capital over the matter if it could be avoided. In the first place, he destined what money he had for other purposes; and in the second, the love for a deal lay deep within his blood, and it dearly tickled him to get the upper hand in one, through sheer lust for conquest.

However, Mr. Squire Tordoff, the teacher, whom Tom's Son went then to interview, was as close-fisted an elderly man as, in the years 1840-50, could be found in that part of Yorkshire. He had begun life as a hand-loom weaver; but on accession to the ancestral property—which consisted of three low-rented cottages—he had left his family to propel the clacking looms in the upper chamber, and himself set up a night school for the instruction of grown-ups. In earlier days he had been a devout Chartist, had drilled with a pike in '38, and twice in the autumn of that year had dodged the sabres of indignant dragoons in Bradford streets. He still held to some very weird and revolutionary political opinions, and education for the masses was his constant outcry. Hence the night school. But he tempered fanaticism with commerce, and scoffers held that once he had raised enthusiasm amongst the unlettered, and lured them into his night school, they found the fees there exorbitantly heavy.

Squire Tordoff and Tom's Son were old

antagonists. Many a time had Squire pointed out to the lad the tremendous advantage of education, and Tom's Son (without prejudice) had admitted the point, but held that so strenuous an apostle ought to supply his wares gratis. They were quite friendly over the matter. Once Squire had tried to break Tom's Son's head for his impudence, and found out that he had tackled a professional boxer, who was built apparently of chilled steel, with copper fastenings, and got soundly trounced for his pains. But, of course, he did not bear any enmity for that. He merely boasted of the circumstance in Bradford afterwards, as showing what thews Bierley could produce amongst its young.

When Tom's Son called at the Tordoff residence the family there were partaking of their evening meal of havercake, which is oatmeal porridge delicately flavoured with bacon-grease. He produced a fine plump rabbit from a skirt pocket—a rabbit from a burrow which he had carefully fed with acorns before poaching it—and threw it into a corner of the room. It always pleased him to make unexpected gifts.

He waited till the meal was at an end, and the havercake-bowls were gathered on the sink, and the clogs of the household had clattered off, and overhead the hand-loom had once more begun their clacking, and then he tackled his subject without any unnecessary preface.

"Squire," he said, "I want that schooling. But I'll noan pay tha'."

"Then, my young friend," said Squire Tordoff, lighting a long pipe and preparing for argument, "you may just stay where you are in outer darkness. If a man of the present day appreciates that the blessings of education will put him on the level of the so-called aristocracy of this country, and yet will not pay a small fee to the professor who drags him there, he may just stay where his fathers were, amongst the beasts that perish."

"I'll pay tha' one rabbith a week for three nights' teaching. And ye know well, Squire, that my rabbiths is allus fine fat 'uns."

"Your rabbits are plump, Tom, and I'm free to own that they're the best sold in this district, though how you manage to find them in such fine condition I do not know. But your proposal that I should accept your fee in kind is not accepted. I might mention that when rabbits are needed in this household, I have some skill in culling them from their native hedgerows myself. Put your wares on the market, Tom, and bring your

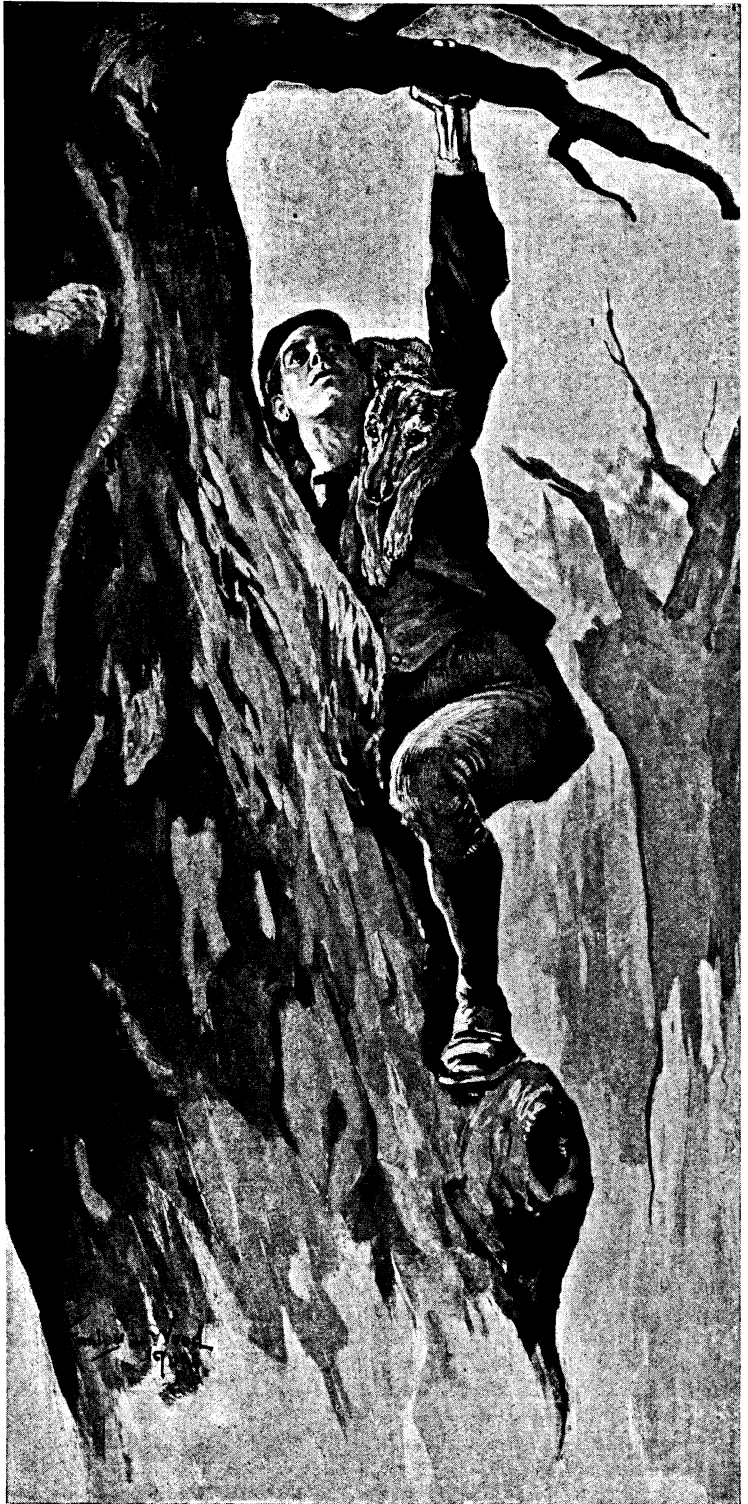
school fees in current coin of the realm, like a gentleman."

"I'm noan a gentleman, though I will be one of these days, and talking 'fine,' like thee and t'parson. Better tak' t'rabbiths, Squire, or I'll be forcing tha' to snap at a worse offer afore I've done with tha'."

"As you would say in the vernacular, Mr. Thompson, t'brass or note are my terms; and if you don't like them, clear out of this dwelling and let me read the paper. I only have my turn with it for another hour, and then I have to give it up. As it is, you've been wasting me a good half-inch of tallow candle with your idle talk, and I think the least you can do as a recompense is to tell me where you get those fine fat rabbits of yours. All those that I can find are as lean as greyhounds."

Squire Tordoff quite expected a refusal of this request, but made it on the principle that little is lost by asking. Somewhat to his surprise, he was promptly told of a burrow where the rabbits had achieved a portliness past belief, but was bidden to raid them the following afternoon, or they would be collected by another hand. After which Tom's Son departed from the house feeling very pleased with himself.

Squire dipped into the sevenpenny newspaper, which he and



"That intelligent mongrel clung on there skilfully."

others subscribed for amongst them, with a feeling of conquest and complacency, though if he could have known the thoughts which had been passing in the brain of the nimble-minded diplomatist who had just left him, he might not have felt so secure of his future happiness and ease. But then, of course, it was too early in life for Tom's Son to have earned the reputation of being "a queer fellow to cross," which was sometimes so humorously applied to him in later years.

Tom's Son, on his part, laid his plans with care. He artfully let it come to the ears of Phineas Asquith (brother to Hophni of that ilk) that he intended raiding a certain warren in the Low Moor woods on the succeeding afternoon, to supply a large order which he had received for rabbits, and then, to clinch matters still further, went and did a few minutes' flirtation (*coram publico*) with the girl of Hophni's fancy. It was a case somewhat of wheels within wheels, but Tom's Son had a clear head and saw his way through. The trifle of courtship would come promptly to Hophni's ears and keep his jealous wrath warm and active; Phineas, knowing the feud, would certainly make it his business to tell Hophni of the poaching plans out of sheer clannishness; Hophni would lay information with Hustler, the keeper; and for the rest of the campaign also Tom's Son had his careful arrangements.

In due time, then, he betook himself across country to Low Moor woods, with the usual Clara at his heels, and after depositing that intelligent mongrel in a place of security, went on alone under the trees, and presently obliterated himself from sight and scent amongst some convenient undergrowth. It was just possible that the keeper might have the gumption to bring a dog with him, and as Tom's Son knew that fact quite well, he remembered there is nothing like loam, new-rooted, to neutralise the human taint so far as a dog's or a rabbit's nose is concerned, and used his knowledge.

The tedium of waiting was in no wise heavy to him. He had his keen commercial instincts even at that early stage, but upon occasion he could eliminate these entirely from his mind and leave free for work that artistic half of his soul which showed him more than is granted to most men the beauty of the woods even in their winter dress, and helped him to appreciate with almost an animal's ardency the music which the wind and the wet and the things of life make amongst their branches. I think he had a more receptive eye than most people, and

certainly an ear capable of taking up a larger gamut of melody.

But with all this he was no dreamer, to get lost beyond hope of rescue in his dreams. He could awake with a dog's quickness to the stress of everyday life; and when from far off the rustle of a blundering footstep on a broken branch fell upon his ear, he sloughed off in that moment his poetic mood, and became once more the poacher and schemer.

He chuckled presently to find that the new-comer was his particular enemy, Hophni Asquith, and watched him get to cover; and when, in the course of another half-hour, Squire Tordoff resolved himself out of the mist of distant trees, and came up with clumsy caution, Tom's Son shook with noiseless laughter.

Squire, though at home he preached loudly the common inheritance of ground game, the inalienable rights of man, and his own contempt for unjust game laws, was openly nervous. His process of culling the rabbits was to net all convenient holes of a burrow except one, and then to introduce down this a spluttering, reeky firework of damp gunpowder, which, in theory, should cause all residents to bolt without standing upon the order of their exit. His fingers trembled as he pegged down the nets, and when it came to striking a light for his engine, the wood rang with the *tack-tack-tack* of his steel upon the flint, and he barked his fingers four times over through sheer scare before he got a spark upon the tinder. To watch him casting back frightened squints, first over this shoulder and then over that, was, thought Tom's Son, one of the most exquisitely humorous scenes he had ever peeped upon.

But it hung in Tom's mind that he did not make up all of the audience. He knew the position of Hophni. It struck him also that the warren was in the flat floor of a gully, and that Hophni Asquith blocked one of the only two available exits. Presently he concluded that Hustler, the keeper, would come up from the other direction, and so they would net the excellent Squire between them.

These deductions did not surprise him in the least; in fact, it was all worked in with his plan of campaign that Squire Tordoff should be in this way surrounded and pinned. But it was by no means part of the game that the man should be actually captured; and so, having made sure in his own mind that the trap was acting perfectly, he slipped from his cover into the narrow gutter cut by

a tiny beck, and in his noiseless way made for the burrow where Squire was working.

He knew he was well out of sight of Hophni. He knew also that Hustler, if he was watching in the neighbourhood (which was probable), could not see him. But, for all that, he moved rapidly, because, like quick decision, quick movement was part of his nature. Life seemed to him so full and so busy that it was sheer gratuitous sin to waste time over any of its details.

His great trouble was how to make Squire Tordoff aware of his presence without causing that doughty person (who was as nervous as a hare) to violently start, and probably advertise the cause of his emotion to the watchful Hophni. He managed, however, to let his presence be known just as Squire extracted a bolting rabbit from one of the nets, and though start the old man did, to any watcher his sudden movement and uplifted hand might have been one of the ordinary actions of the chase. Indeed, the upraised hand descended next instant on the rabbit's neck to give it a *coup de grâce*, for Squire Tordoff had his pride like other people, and did not wish to leave on record even with Tom's Son his exhibition of fear. Moreover, he had his lips ready to utter an ordinary greeting, but there was a look on Tom's Son's face that froze the speech behind his teeth, and though he was a dogged, obstinate man himself, he fell to wondering for an instant as to what there could be in the lad's looks which sent out such an unrefusable command.

However, it was presently shown to him in very unmistakable signs that there was danger abroad, but that he personally was* to show no consciousness of it. Obedient to the stronger mind, he dropped down again on to his knees and busied himself at his employment, and though his face beaded, and his fingers twitched as though St. Vitus had visited him, he continued to exhibit a very tolerable presentment of the undisturbed amateur poacher.

Tom's Son, with a gurgle of intense laughter, stalked nearer along the ditch, and in a delicately modulated whisper, spoke with splendid descriptiveness of the dangers that encompassed them: how there was Hophni on this side, the keeper on that, and the shale walls of the ravine on either flank, too steep for a man of Squire's figure to scale. "But 'appen they'll let tha' off wi' a fine when tha'st up before t'magistrates," Tom's Son concluded, with wicked consolation, "as it will be a first offence."

"'Twill not be a first offence," groaned Squire. "I've been there twice before, and got warned. It will be gaol for me this time, and no option."

"Well," said Tom's Son, shaking in his ditch, "'appen gaol is noan as bad as they say. And tha' can tell afterwards, when tha'st making speeches Saturday night at t'public, that tha' went theer for conscience sake."

It was a neat application from Squire's former lectures, but it did not soothe the victim. On the contrary, it moved him to muffled and somewhat irrational profanity, though at the same time he studiously went on manipulating the rabbit-nets and the burrows, for the benefit of possible onlookers. Finally, "It isn't as if I was younger," he said. "I'm too old to offer myself as a martyr now, for the people's good; and besides, the case is not clear here, and the motive might be misunderstood. Tom, lad, I'm going to make a run for it, and do you come with me. Then, if the keeper tries to stop us, you can give him a rap over the head."

"Not me. I'm noan poaching, and I've note to run for. Run ye and get copped. Unless, that is, a fine would suit tha' better."

The old man caught somewhat pitifully at the alternative. "A fine, Tom. How do you mean?"

"Give me that schooling for note, and I'll get tha' off, and neither Hophni nor t'keeper shall know where tha'st gone to."

"Certainly, Tom. I'll teach you with pleasure, and do it free, as you say; I'll teach you all I know. You're a bright, smart lad, and I always intended to do something for you."

"Ye sang a different tune t'other night."

"I was hurried. I wanted to read the paper. But I thought after you when you'd gone, and intended to see you about it again some other day. Quick now, Tom, how am I to get away? I've just seen Hustler down yonder, through the trees, and if I've caught sight of him, it's likely he's noticed me. Can you catch Hophni and give him 'what for' if I run that way?"

"Cower down i' t'dyke here aside o' me."

"But, my good lad, they're certain to ferret us out of there."

"Tha'st no 'casion to pay t'fine," said Tom's Son drily, "if t'gaol suits tha' better."

Squire Tordoff wiped the sweat from a very white face, and got down into the little watercourse.

"If tha' splashes and slips like that," said



"Tom's Son took an observation."

Tom's Son sharply, "I shall leave tha', and tha't go to Wakefield after all. Try and handle your feet cleverer. Look at me."

They worked across the floor of the little ravine, and part of the way up one of its sides. Twice Tom's Son raised his head

above the lip of the watercourse and took an observation from behind the cover of brambles. Hophni Asquith had left his hiding-place, and had gone to the ravished burrow, and was foolishly fingering the abandoned nets. Presently he shouted, and

the keeper's reply came from quite close at hand. But Tom's Son did not unduly hurry the retreat, and Squire Tordoff sweated with fear as he crouched along at his heels, following the windings of the channel.

But presently the ditch widened, and its walls grew more tall, and then in front of them there opened out what seemed to be an abandoned quarry, with its sides covered with fern, and bush, and grasses, and its floor filled with a tidy pond. There was no possible scaling of its walls. It seemed to the old man a *cul de sac*, and he almost whimpered as he said so.

"Watch where I put my feet," said Tom's Son, "and come on; or, if you don't like that, stay behind and get copped."

Squire did as he was instructed, and found that there werestepping-stones not more than an inch below the surface of the pond. So he got across to a clump of elders at the further side of the quarry, and discovered there a black tunnel disappearing into the hill and floored with black, forbidding water.

"For Heaven's sake, lad, not in there! It's an old day-hole, and it will be full of foul air; and the roof may fall on us. Nay, lad, better gaol than that."

"Tha'st comed this far," said Tom's Son, catching the old man's hand into his own strong grip, "and I'm noan bahn to leave tha' behind forevidence. This is my own residence, Squire, and I wish to keep

it particular private from Hustler and that Hophni Asquith. Now, sithee here," he added, when he saw that his visitor's terror was going to get the better of him, "call out one word aloud and I'll stun tha'! Tha'st n'casion to be flaid. They've noan gotten coal from this day-oil these forty year, but t'roof's as sound as ever it was, and t'air's as sweet as blackberries."

He ducked his head and slopped off into the darkness, with Squire plunging along at his heels, and that eminent man tried to tell himself that if there were a pit in the unseen



"Tom's Son learned how A CAT ATE A RAT."

contours of the floor, Tom's Son's plunge would demonstrate the fact, and his companion would not necessarily be involved in the fall. Although he had lived in a colliery district all his days, this was his first journey underground; he was a hand-loom weaver by caste and trade, and these always held themselves socially above the colliers; and so the dark, dank, echoing tunnel daunted him past belief.

Of a sudden Tom's Son, by a quick twist, wrenched free his hand, and Squire whimpered with a new terror at finding himself orphaned in this abominable blackness. "Lad, lad," he cried, "give me back your hand! You're a collier, and can see in the dark, but I can't, Tom, and I'm afraid! Tom, lad, come back to me! Tom, I'm afraid!"

"Cower quiet where you are, you ode fool! Note'll bite tha'. I'm seeking t'plank. There was a fault here i' t'coal, an' they sunk a shaft to find t'new seam. Shaft's full o' watter, and I've a plank weightd and sunk in it, if I could nobbut find t'string to fotch it up. Ah, here 'tis!"

There was a sound of heavy breathing, a splash or two, and then the clatter of the plank being thrown across the gap.

"Now grip my hand again and come on, and see tha' doesn't tread over into t'watter. T'plank's nobbut a ten-inch 'un."

Again the powerful, unseen hand drew Squire along, and his fumbling feet shuffled sideways across that invisible plank in terrified three-inch strides. The blackness that crowded in around gave him physical pain. At the thought of the horrid abyss beneath the plank, his stomach rose till it almost choked him.

Tom's Son left him again for a moment and drew across the plank, hiding it in some fold of the coal-seam. "It'll noan be Hophni and Hustler that'll follow us in here, even if they do think of trying the entrance, which I doubt. But if they did, there's a swim for them."

"Great Heavens!" gasped Squire. "Do you think that any man would walk into hell like this unless he were dragged?"

They were in a cross-road just then, and Tom's Son's laugh rumbled down three galleries. "Hell's a place with a fire in it, don't they say? Well, if I show tha' a few lit coals, Squire, do not be 'flaid and think it hell."

But Squire Tordoff's mind was numb to any further accumulation of terrors. They

turned and twisted on through more invisible galleries, now climbing steep banks, and now slithering down muddy hills and splashing through unsean ponds at their foot, and he blundered on with his hand in Tom's Son's lusty grip, walking like a man in a trance.

At length they halted in a place that was warm to the face, and dry and hard to the foot, and filled with a feeble glow of light, and though in his raised state this confirmed his worst belief, his mind had got its full load already and was incapable of further emotion. Here was hell, apparently warm and comfortable, and presently would arrive the Devil. After coming to which conclusion he shut his eyes, and either slept or fainted.

When next he blinked into wakefulness again, he found himself resting very cosily on a bed of crisp dry bracken, and was conscious of an appetising smell of cooking meats. He looked round and saw a small, low room some nine feet cube, lit by a most ordinary rushlight dip, and furnished chiefly by the well-built, well-groomed person of Thomas Tom's Son, and a mongrel she-dog with a mottled nose. A vision of hell still hung mistily in his mind, and with it a picture of gridirons. Well, there was the gridiron truly enough, and a fire; but instead of an attendant with horns and hoofs, and the wicked man suffering penance, Tom's Son was the operator, and a simple rabbit was his barbecue. He was tending it with salt, with butter, and with pinches of pepper, and the scent which arose from the performance was appetising beyond words. Indeed, it was that scent more than anything else which brought Mr. Squire Tordoff back again to his level senses.

Tom's Son noted his guest's recovery and winked approval. "There's note like victuals ready and waiting to wake 'em up with their teeth sharpened." He broke the rabbit across its back and handed half across to his guest; Clara uncoiled, stretched luxuriously, and stood by for scraps; and the meal progressed pleasantly. Knives and forks were little used in 1850 in the West Riding of Yorkshire by people of the station of Tordoff and Tom's Son, and, for that matter, are by no means deemed necessities to-day. As a further luxury, there was a stone bottle of beer which each consulted in turn; and when in the end the rabbit's meat had disappeared, and Clara had enveloped the head and framework, Squire Tordoff, who had lived on porridge most of his days, felt that he had seldom dined so satisfactorily.

He knew that he must be in some old

coal-workings, but there was no awful darkness now. The candle and the fire dispelled his superstitions, and his curiosity began to work at pressure. "Where does the smoke from your fire go to, Tom?" he asked as a preliminary.

It appeared that the ventilating shaft of one of the better-bed mines came up from below just alongside the little room, and ended in a fat, round stack of brick on the hill-top above, and Tom had tapped this and used it as his private chimney. For fuel he had a collier's pick, and could dig coal himself from its native seam not a dozen fathoms away. Rabbits, for food, were easy to come by. Only beer and an occasional tallow candle did he have to import. But for the most part rabbits and his fiddle sufficed him. He could play best in the dark or by the dancing firelight.

All this did not come out at once—first, because, although Tom's Son could feel, he was no hand at some kinds of description, and secondly, because he had a curious coyness about letting anyone into the secret of his love for delicious sounds. There seemed to him something positively unchaste about Squire Tordoff's hands when they stretched out to take hold of his fiddle.

But when Tom's Son did not like a conversation, he could be brusque enough at those days in changing it. He brought out a lump of chalk, and with a sweep of his hand indicated one of the smooth, black walls of the room. "The candle's wasting," he said. "Learn me to read."

Squire Tordoff preferred himself to do what ordering was done, as a general thing. But he made no objection to this proposal. Without exactly owning it even to himself, he was more than a little afraid of Tom's Son. So he wrote out the letters of the alphabet, great and small, and discovered that after three repetitions the pupil knew them as well as he did. Here was no dullard, such as he was used to. Here was a fellow with brain and with prodigious memory, and Squire got inflamed with the ardour of teaching him.

The store of rushlights, which numbered three, ran out, and they stoked up the fire to light them at their labours, till the little cube of a room carried an atmosphere like that of an oven. To this flickering illumination Tom's Son learned how A CAT ATE A RAT, and other great truths usually acquired by infants, and, boldly discarding the initial stage of pot-hooks and hangers, advanced straight into letters, and with another piece

of chalk wrote duplicates of the texts in a dashing hand.

The sun made no division of day and night in that troglodytic residence, and long after the teacher had dropped back into sleep on the dried bracken, the pupil was working on at his lesson with tireless energy. Here was the beginning, a ridiculously easy thing: presently the whole art of reading would leap within his grasp. He was thrilled with a sense of the power which would then be his.

It was one of the peculiar attributes of Tom's Son that he seldom took more than four hours' sleep in the twenty-four, and never more than five. It gives a man a great pull if he can refresh himself in half the time that his neighbours take over that operation; but at the same time, when he is young, it is rather apt to make him impatient of those who employ the slower methods.

Squire Tordoff was addicted to a nine hours' sleep, and when at the end of three hours he was rooted up, he was touchy in temper. He complained that his mouth tasted as if he had been sucking a brass tap, which, in view of the stuffy heat of the room, was not to be wondered at, and when asked at once there and then to continue his course of lessons, flatly and rudely refused.

Tom's Son's big lower jaw began to protrude itself unpleasantly.

"Squire," he said, "could ye find a way back to out-o'-doors?"

Squire blustered. "You must guide me, my good lad. Come, don't answer back, but do as you're bid. You've done me certain services, and I've repaid them handsomely. You've had your lesson, and I must say took good advantage of it. At intervals, if you come to my house, I shall be pleased to give you other lessons both in reading and writing, and I may throw in ciphering and other things. But first, my good lad, I must get back. My absence will be causing anxiety."

That grim jaw of Tom's Son softened by not one hair's-breadth, and he in turn put forth his proposition. Having annexed a teacher, he saw no good cause in letting him go again. A month at the outside, he reckoned, as being necessary for the transference of all the learning that teacher possessed, and during that said month he might stay in the room in the disused mine, and Tom's Son would feed him sumptuously on barbacued rabbits, with occasional tastes of beer.

The old man's fury at these cool sug-



“‘Get up,’ said Tom’s Son.”

gestions was worthy of his Chartist traditions. He was an Englishman and demanded his freedom. He would be no man's captive; he refused to work as a slave; he would die sooner than submit to such impertinent tyranny.

"Very well," said Tom's Son—"no teaching, no victual," and proceeded to eat himself, but to offer no share of the repast to his guest. Squire pelted the meal, the place, and Tom himself, with revilings—he was a man with an astonishing fluency of tongue—but got no answer for his pains. Tom's Son was in thought going over again his lessons, till he assured himself all was locked in his memory and would not be forgotten.

Then, without an effort, he emptied his mind of all commercial things—ambition, poaching, Squire Tordoff, and such-like—and got out his fiddle-case from the niche that was cut for it in the coal-seam. He tuned the strings, and then cuddled the delicate wood with his great square chin and began to play. The music sang out with delicious sweetness—airs from oratorio, lieder, even hymn tunes, and there was weirder melody, too, that the lad had heard in the woods and the brooks.

He did not play to his audience. He had gone away into a music dream and had forgotten he was not alone. In fact, he was as different from the hard schemer and bargainer of an hour ago as could well be imagined.

Squire Tordoff, on his part, listened not without appreciation. All Yorkshiremen are born with an ear for music. But Mr. Tordoff was not unnaturally sore in mind, and was almost equally anxious for escape and revenge. He had said all the nasty things which occurred to him already, and Tom's Son had received them all on a hide of brass. But Squire was a man of large and varied experience, and he thought he knew something of the vanity which belongs to the artist. So presently he cried out again, "For crumbs' sake, my lad, stop that scraping! I might put up with being a prisoner, I might put up with teaching you, but that music you make hurts my stomach."

When he had spat out his venom, he was almost frightened. Tom's Son's face, as seen in the flickering firelight, lost on that instant its healthy colour and was stricken with a sudden pallor. The music snapped off in the middle of a bar, the fiddle was put into its case, and the lid snapped down. It was the first criticism the lad had ever received upon his art, and he took it in its literal

words. Squire was frightened at the bare look of him, but if only he had known how his host's strong hands itched for murder, he would have been even more uncomfortable.

"Get up," said Tom's Son.

"I might give you another lesson now, I think."

"Get up."

"Come, now, lad, you'd like to learn the multiplication table?"

"If tha' doesn't get up, I'll use my clog-toe to tha'."

Clara also stood erect, with stiff legs and bristling hackles, and showed a full set of unpleasantly powerful teeth. It was a matter of professional pride on Clara's part to see that her moods coincided with those of her master.

"I've half a mind to leave thee to Clara," said Tom's Son thoughtfully.

Squire had the sense not to cower. "You'd lose your free schooling if you did, Tom."

Tom's Son thrust back his passion with a strong hand. "By go! Squire, but tha'rt right there. I've gone to some trouble to make a good bargain out o' tha', and it mustn't be lost. By go! man, but I was very nearly wasting tha'."

Squire Tordoff shivered.

"Well, man, tha' can get thee gone from here, and, when tha' gets home, see that tha' forgets this place and all about it. I'm noan wishing for visitors."

"I'm not likely to talk, Tom. There's very little I could tell to my own credit."

By the devious galleries of that old-time mine they made their way to daylight again, and when Tom parted with his instructor he had quite regained his usual pleasant spirits. Music and prosperity were things apart, and he must not let them clash. Squire made for prosperity, and he had driven a sound bargain with him.

"Well," he said, "I'll come to tha' two nights a week, Mondays and Thursdays, an' tha' mun learn me reading, writing, and sums, and ote else tha' knows. And 'appen I'll bring tha' a rabbith every now and again as a bit o' discount. By go! Squire, but I came very near to wasting tha' just now, when ye gave me that sauce about t'fiddle! Look at Clara—she's fit to rive tha' i' bits even now if I nobbut gave t'word."

Squire Tordoff took himself off then, treading cautiously through the woods. During his walk home he wondered to himself how he could so often have preached from that lying text that "all men are born equal."

MAJOR BADEN-POWELL'S COLLAPSIBLE MILITARY BICYCLE.

BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

MAJOR BADEN-POWELL, a brother of the celebrated Major-General Baden-Powell of Mafeking fame, has on more than one occasion yielded ample evidence of his remarkably ingenious and inventive faculties. As is well known, he is the inventor of the war-kite, a contrivance which has accomplished many wonders in South Africa in connection with aerial photography

despatches and messages. Hitherto it has been regarded with suspicion by the nations, but the present campaign in South Africa has proved that there is a future for the cycle on the battlefield. The consequence is, that all the leading military Powers are introducing it into their military organisations. But the innovation is still in its infancy. The conventional cycle possesses many disadvantages

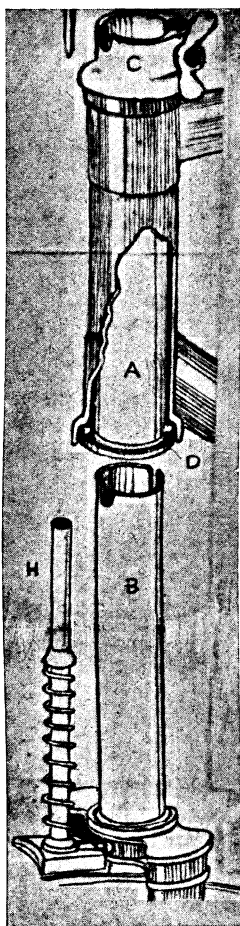


THE BADEN-POWELL COLLAPSIBLE MILITARY BICYCLE WITH LEE-METFORD RIFLE READY FOR USE.

and Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy. This, however, is but one of the innumerable contrivances devised by this popular and versatile officer.

For many years he has been deeply interested in the engrossing problem of constructing a cycle specially adapted for military purposes. There is not the slightest doubt that the bicycle presents valuable potentialities for use in warfare, more especially in connection with scouting, reconnoitring, and the rapid conveyance of

which militate against its utilisation in war, one of the most conspicuous being that it is not sufficiently compact and cannot be easily carried. It is not always possible in the game of war to keep to the high roads. Very often the line of route may extend for several miles over rough ground where the cycle cannot be ridden and it is too tedious a process to lead it. Therefore, when such rough ground is encountered there is only one course open to the cyclist—that is, if delay and stoppages are to be obviated. He must



I. — SHOWING SECTIONAL CONSTRUCTION OF FRONT HEAD OF FRAME AND STEERING-POST.

age ; but, so far, when submitted to the test, all have been found useless.

The majority of inventors, with a view to successfully surmounting the difficulty, have adopted the principle of folding the bicycle. Their idea was to hinge the cycle in the centre of the frame, so that whenever the necessity arose the machine might be folded over and the wheels rest side by side in position similar to the leaves of a book. Major Baden-Powell himself constructed a bicycle on this plan, but had to abandon it as impracticable. Why ? The reason is not difficult to seek. Every cyclist is aware that the success, value, and safety of a bicycle depend upon its rigidity. In its manufacture, the various tubes comprising the frame are welded, or, as it is technically called, "brazed," together at the joints. By this process the

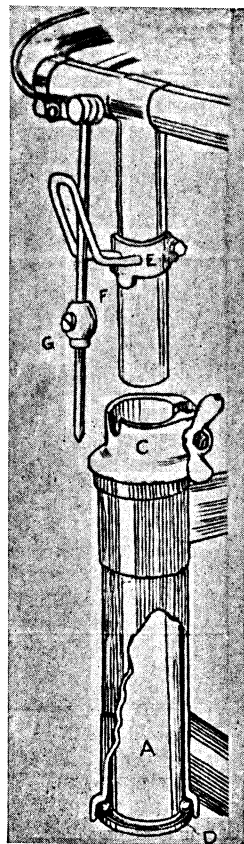
carry his machine. Unfortunately this is no mean task. The modern cycle, although a marvel of lightness, does not readily adapt itself to migration in this manner. The great length, and the freedom of the front wheel, enabling it to swing to and fro, impart a sense of unwieldiness to the machine, which renders the carrying of the cycle most inconvenient although not impossible.

This disadvantage has long occupied the careful attention of those interested in military cycling. Several enthusiasts have directed their inventive faculties to the successful solution of the problem. Many curious and ingenious devices have been brought into requisition for the purpose of reducing the proportions of the machine so that it may be adapted to portage

frame is converted as it were into one solid piece, so that all weight and strain is distributed equally throughout the structure. Should the machine by any mischance collapse, it will be at the weakest point, whether the defect be in a joint or a bar section of the frame. Consequently it will be realised that the folding bicycle absolutely destroys this important factor of solidity in the frame. To place a hinge in the centre of the top bar, and another in the centre of the front diagonal bar, considerably weakens the whole structure, so that the machine becomes collapsible in more senses than one. For instance, when weight is applied to the seat, there is an immediate tendency for these bars to bend ; and directly the strain becomes too great for the hinge to withstand, the frame will break. Should such a disaster occur while the cycle was being ridden, it would probably result in a serious if not fatal accident to the rider.

Then there is another drawback to the hinge principle — that is the forfeiture of the perfect alignment of the frame. From a cursory point of view this does not appear a very vital consideration. A bicycle, however, is like a watch. It must be perfectly true in all its fittings, or else its movements will be neither regular nor correct. Therefore if a bicycle frame were not in perfect alignment, it would be a difficult matter to steer either correctly or steadily.

Major Baden-Powell was disappointed in the experiments of his folding bicycle, and he realised that the idea of constructing a collapsible cycle upon the hinge principle was a fallacy. He was still confident, however, that it would be possible to in-

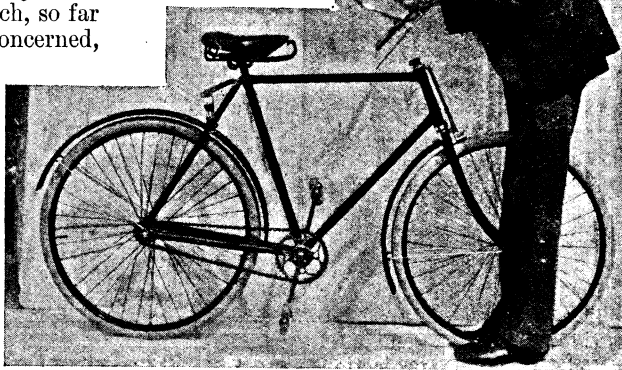


II. — ANOTHER SECTIONAL DIVISION.

vent a cycle that would, when the exigencies arose, compress into about half the compass it now occupies. He set to work to evolve a new principle which should not, at least, contain any of the disadvantages so obvious in his previous effort. After many experiments, extending over two or three years, the enterprising and persevering major has conceived a collapsible bicycle which, so far as the present experiments are concerned, has proved highly satisfactory and successful. His latest idea is to construct a machine in which the handle-bar, front wheel and steering-post, and saddle are easily detached and strapped securely to the back wheel, the whole machine in its dissembled form being then suspended upon the back of the rider by means of straps passing over his shoulders.

How this idea is satisfactorily carried out can be readily comprehended by a glance at our sectional drawings of the front of the frame. The upper part of Fig. I. shows that portion of the frame known as the head. As most people are aware, the bars which comprise the frame of a machine are hollow. The inventor has supplied an inner sleeve or lining (A) to this outside tube. This sleeve is not secured to the exterior tube in any way, but fits loosely and is prevented from falling out by the collar (C) which is brazed on to it. At the lower end of the tube is adjusted, by a thread screw, the cup carrying the balls (D). In the ordinary bicycle these balls fit round the crown of the fork of the front wheel, so that directly the latter is withdrawn the balls fall out. The ball cup at D can be released or screwed up according to the required adjustment of the bearing. The lower half of the drawing shows the steering-post of the fork carrying the front

wheel. The post (B) is made a trifle smaller than the inner tube (A), so as to slide readily in and out. The



REMOVING THE HANDLE-BAR.

length of the post (B) from the crown of the fork to the top is exactly the same length as the inner tube (A) and it fits flush with the top of the collar (C) when inserted.

When the wheel is placed in position from below, the handle-bar is dropped into its place from above. The vertical stem of the handle-bar, Fig. II., is fitted so as to slide into tube B, Fig. I., which, of course, has already been slipped into tube A. It will be noticed that in both the tube (B) and the collar (C) in Fig. I. there is a little notch or recess. When A and B are properly adjusted, they fit flush and are locked in that position by the little projection (F) on the lamp-bracket (E), which fits upon the collar (C). This prevents the steering-post and handle-bar rotating separately

within the inner tube (A). The projection (F), Fig. II., is easily removable, so that the handle-bar may be either raised or lowered, according to the taste of the rider. When the steering-post and handle-bar have been



REMOVING THE SADDLE.

pushed right home, the wing nut shown on the right of the collar (C), Fig. I., is screwed up to ensure absolute rigidity.

The brake, which is of the ordinary pattern with a spring at the lower end, is treated in a similar manner. The tube is severed just below the adjusting screw (G), Fig. II. The lower end of the rod is either pointed or rounded so as to facilitate its sliding into the larger tube (H), Fig. I., at the same time that the handle-bar stem is slipped into the steering-post, and is likewise secured by a winged nut.

The saddle is also rendered readily detachable. A collar, similar to that of C, Fig. I., is clamped on to the seat-pillar, and provided with a little recess, into which is fitted a small projection similar to that on the lamp-bracket (E). In this case rigidity is also ensured by the turn of a winged nut.

There is one vital point that cannot fail to impress the observer. That is the appreciable addition of strength supplied to the front head by means of Baden-Powell's invention. Whereas the head of the ordinary bicycle only consists of one lining—the steering-post—by this means it has now two linings.

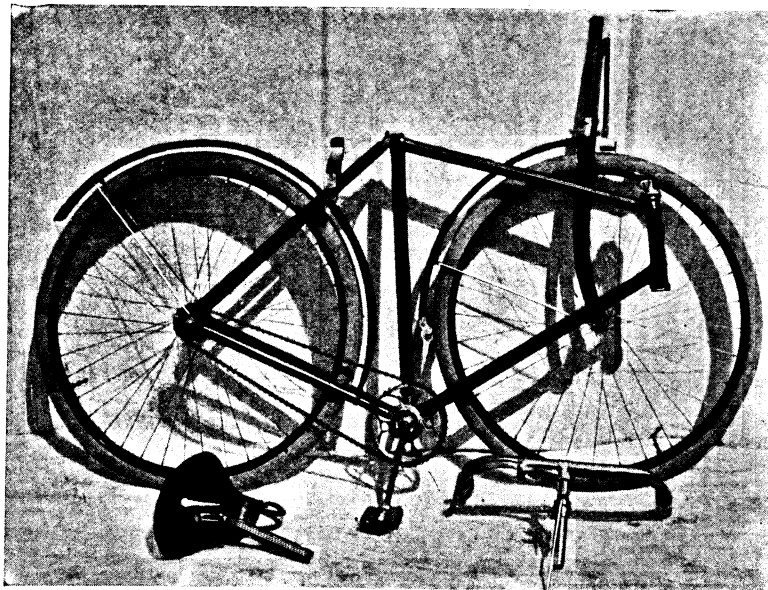
When Major Baden-Powell had completed and tested his contrivance, the question



REMOVING THE STEERING-POST AND FRONT WHEEL.

arose as to which firm of cycle manufacturers would avail themselves of the patents. Although the War Office is now encouraging the employment of the cycle in the Army, the Government do not make their own machines, but simply purchase them from well-known firms. Cycle manufacturers, being deluged with improvements of all descriptions, unique and fantastic, but all

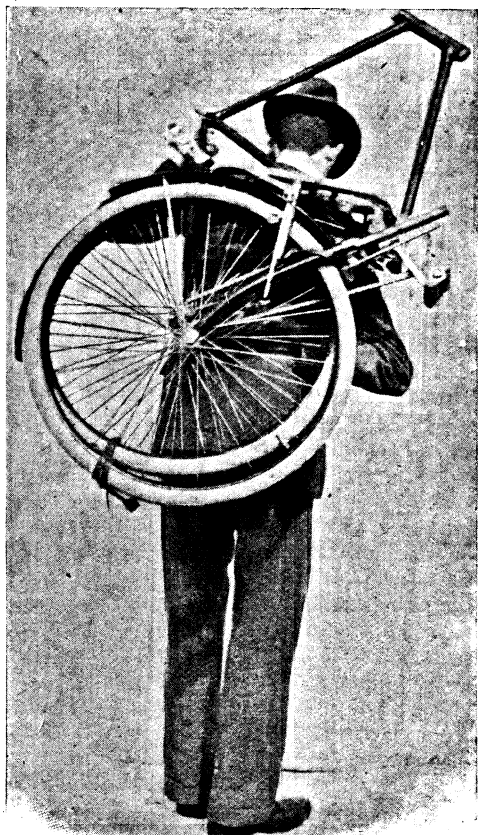
impracticable and impossible, are very chary of adopting anything departing from the conventional pattern. At last Major Baden-Powell communicated with Messrs. Hobart Bird and Co., a progressive and well-known firm of cycle manufacturers in the Mecca of cyclists—Coventry. The firm became interested in the invention and requested Major Baden-Powell to send along his model for further consideration. The matter was then carefully weighed, and feeling



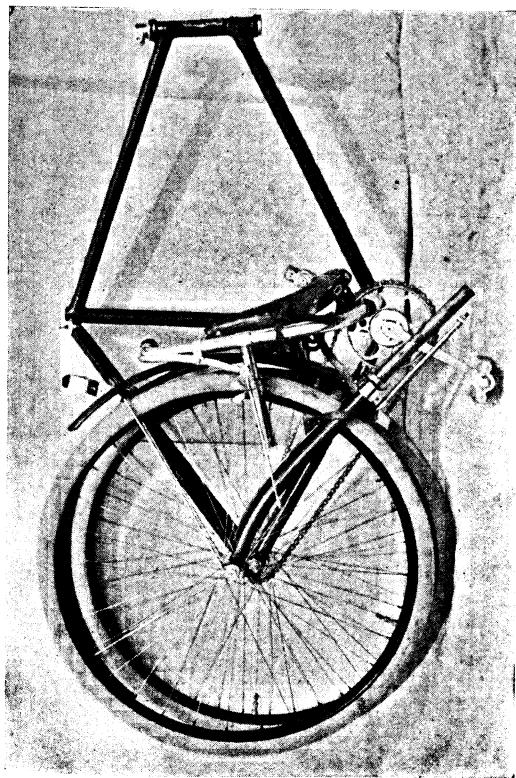
THE BICYCLE TAKEN TO PIECES.

convinced that there was a future for the machine, especially in view of the fact that the cycle is being introduced into the British Army, they decided to construct the machine. Further communications with the inventor, however, were suddenly broken off through the hasty departure of Major Baden-Powell with his regiment to South Africa. It is to the courteous permission of Mr. Hobart Bird that I am indebted for the illustrations and drawings to this article.

One of these Baden-Powell cycles was exhibited at the Grand National Cycle Show at the Crystal Palace, where it aroused considerable interest. It was examined by several military men who appreciate the vast possibilities of the cycle upon the battlefield, and was pronounced a valuable invention, while it was also unanimously concurred that it solved the problem of compactness for transport purposes. It is rather a curious circumstance that the cycle has not made greater headway in the British Army. The general consensus of opinion among the officers is that its services would be varied and invaluable in many branches of the Army, while the Commander-in-Chief himself is an advocate of its use,



THE BICYCLE PACKED AND SLUNG UPON THE RIDER'S BACK.



THE BICYCLE PACKED READY FOR CARRYING.

especially in India, where the roads are so well constructed and maintained.

There is not the slightest doubt but that Major Baden-Powell's "safety" will be widely utilised in the British Army, since it is eminently suited for military work. It is very strongly constructed, to withstand the enormous strain and vibration which it is bound to receive when travelling over heavy roads, and also to carry the immense weight that comprises a cycling soldier's outfit. The wheels are twenty-eight inches in diameter, with a frame varying from twenty-three to twenty-seven inches in height, according to the fancy of the rider. It is geared to about sixty-two, a gear that has been found very convenient for hard road and hill-climbing work. The patent clip for carrying the breech of the rifle is adjusted in the usual place under the saddle, with the muzzle of the rifle resting upon the centre of the handlebar. By this arrangement the rifle is placed

between the rider's legs, and does not impede his movements in the slightest degree.

The weight of the machine is thirty-five pounds unloaded. At first sight this appears an enormous weight in comparison with the lightness of the majority of cycles. But strength, solidity, and durability are the most important considerations, and these three conditions cannot be fulfilled by the forfeiture of weight. The British War Office will not sanction the employment of a cycle for military purposes unless it weighs twenty-five pounds, though they prefer the weight, if possible, to be nearer thirty pounds. By this it will be seen that Major Baden-Powell's bicycle amply fulfils the regulations of the War Department.

The military cyclist's equipment, though it is compact and restricted to the necessities of the utmost importance, is yet rather weighty. The rifle itself represents an item of nine-and-a-half pounds unloaded. Then there are two hundred rounds of ammunition carried on the machine, while the rider's valise is strapped to the handle-bar. Consequently the machine itself represents a weight of over half-a-hundredweight when loaded. But this does not complete the soldier's accoutrement. The rider carries his haversack and water-bottle on his back, a bandoleer containing two hundred rounds of ammunition, and a revolver, while, if he is a member of the signalling corps, he has, in addition, to carry a portion of the apparatus used for that purpose.

When the rider desires to pack his cycle, he simply releases the winged nut in the front of the machine, withdraws the handle-bar and then the front wheel. A turn of the screw frees the saddle-pillar, and, in less time than it takes to mention, the cycle is detached in four parts. To pack, the back wheel is laid on the ground, the front wheel placed upon it, also the handle-bar and saddle, in such a manner that no part projects, while the whole is secured together with a strap or clip. Of course, a little practice is necessary to ensure dexterous handling and packing

of the machine with all possible expedition. Major Baden-Powell, the inventor, was particularly expert in the matter with his model. When exhibiting it to his friends, he would astonish them by disassembling the parts, and packing them together in a little over thirty seconds—such a performance is sufficient to testify to the beautiful simplicity of the invention. The cyclist then carries his packed machine upon his back, by means of a strap secured to the bar of the frame thrown over his shoulders. Carried in this manner the wheels lie flat across the back, so that the soldier's movements are not impeded, while suspended in this manner the weight is distributed well over the body.

The cycle is already experiencing many severe tests at the front. Messrs. Hobart Bird and Co. have manufactured several machines for many of the inventor's friends, who have proceeded to South Africa with their regiments. A large consignment has been despatched for utilisation in Major-General Baden-Powell's Police Force. The machine is being extensively employed by members of the Medical Staff, and appears to be giving pronounced satisfaction. One eminent surgeon, who was proceeding to the front, was so anxious to be equipped with one of the machines that he telegraphed to the manufacturers an order on the Thursday morning for a Baden-Powell safety to be delivered to him on the Saturday, as he was to sail on the Monday for South Africa. The manufacturers immediately replied that it was impossible to supply a machine at so short a notice, as every part of the cycle had to be specially made. But the surgeon was not to be denied. He replied to the effect that he must have a cycle, cost what it might, but he could extend the time for delivery to the first thing Monday morning. Messrs. Hobart Bird and Co. therefore set to work upon the order, and, by dint of incessant working for three days and nights, finished and delivered the machine to the anxious surgeon within the specified time, much to the latter's relief and satisfaction.



EARLY MORNING AT BROWN'S.

By ETHEL TURNER.*



FIVE o'clock.

A haze of pink in the wide, young sky, a twitter of birds just waked to the new day. On the grass and leaves soft moisture from an early shower. Spiders' silver magic spun from the apple-

trees. A cock's clarion call to his family to arise and look for the day's first meal. A puppy's joyous yelp for answer.

In the still bedroom a chirrup from the cot.

The mother's sleepy hand goes out mechanically, pat, pat on the moving shoulder. "H'sh, h'sh, h'sh," she murmurs drowsily.

"Chirrup," says the mite. The mother uncloses one eye and sighs, for persuasion to longer slumber is clearly impossible. Her hand goes under the pillow and comes out with a string of big beads and a biscuit as propitiation. The cot accepts them rapturously, and the bed slumbers again for the space of four minutes.

The mother is dreaming of her wooing. She is down among the shady wattles on her father's station, and her lover is lifting her face to him for his first kiss. On her forehead it comes, then on her nose and cheeks, wide and wet, and with a distinct flavour of biscuit about it. She opens the other eye and finds the mite has crawled into bed, and is bestowing some of her rare marks of affection. Such a little, merry, bobbing face it is, close to her own; such happy eyes, such a little red button of a

mouth! She tries to snuggle the warm, small body down close to her own; she thinks longingly how sweet it would be if the mite now and again in her waking moments would consent to cuddle up sweetly and lovingly and quietly in the arms. Just as soon try to soothe and cuddle an eel! The mite's days are far too short for such foolishness; she must be up and working, working every minute that is not lost in sleep. She wriggles hastily out of the detaining arms now; she gathers up a handful or two of the bright brown hair loose on the pillow and tugs at it strengthfully; she explores her mother's ears, pokes inquiring fingers beneath the shut eyelids, pushes a fat thumb in between the lips to find out if the biting teeth are still there.

Then she looks further abroad, and recognises that the quiet, pleasant mountain beneath the bedclothes is the father who tosses her high in the air, and carries her head downwards, and has all manner of fearsome and fascinating games with her.

Across her mother she flings herself, fastens her eager fingers on her father's ear, that presents itself comfortably, and bumps herself joyously down upon him.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake put a pillow on her, or chuck her out of the window!" says the father.

But the mother is fast asleep again.

Baby stoops down to bestow a wide-mouthed kiss on her father in her great good-humour at having discovered him, and, intoxicated with sleep as he is, he does not refuse this favour. She gives a second one, a third; then her teeth, too delightfully new not to be used on every possible occasion, lead her into temptation, and she bites his cheek with cheerful severity.

"I'd like to wring the little beggar's neck!" says the injured man, whose paternal feelings are strangely in abeyance at this hour of the morning. He is forced to fortify his position against the siege by wrapping his head up in the bedclothes; eager fingers pick and pull and drag, he hears panting breath that testifies to the labour going on; he dozes again, dreaming

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pleasantly that he has been buried alive, but that willing hands are digging away to get him out.

The mite gives in at last, burrows aimlessly among the clothes for a time, then pulls herself up on the pillow to look for fresh worlds. A rapturous sound breaks from her lips. At the foot of the bed she descries a second cot, and remembrance comes flooding to her that here is to be found Alfie, whose doings are the purest joy of her life.

wide, beaming smile turned on baby; he puts one foot on a ledge in the cot, there is a noise of puffing and grunting—up, up—he is clinging to the brass bars—up, his hands are fastened to the rail of the bed—up—and down—head over heels he comes and lands with much glee in the middle of the big bed. Baby shrieks applause and flings herself forward to get to him. There is a wild mingling of chubby legs and arms, a queer interchange of baby language—for



“‘P'raps you'll do what I tell you *another* time.’”

“Af! Af! Af!” she calls, and in her wild excitement hits abroad with her string of heavy beads, and just catches on the head her father, who had come for a moment to the surface to breathe.

“That youngster wants killing,” groans the goaded man.

“Af! Af! Af!” shrieks the baby, and then there bobs up serenely Alfie's glad little head. One rub of the eyes and he is awake and ready for any fray. He stands up, a

even Alfie is barely articulate yet—then so united a raid on the long-suffering mountain that the mother catches a tail of each little nightgown, carefully lowers it to the ground, and with a sleepy sigh rises up to the new day herself.

Out on the landing Frank and Stan, airily attired in pyjamas, are already having one of the half-dozen brotherly scuffles they have every day.

“Teach you to hide the soap,” Frank says.

"I never," whimpers Stan, protecting himself from the cuffs and occasionally getting in a stroke so astonishingly successful it spurs Frank to continue for the keen enjoyment of the thing rather than for the cause of the warfare.

"You'll do it again, won't you?" he says, breathing hard and lunging heavily at the enemy.

"Didn't," sobs Stan, and he steps aside so lightly, and obtains such an advantage of the rushing figure, a smile bursts up to his lips and his eyes dry.

"Didn't."

"Did."

"Didn't."

The sound of the bumping and banging brings Ettie to the scene, Ettie with an early-morning face ashine with soap and good resolutions, and hair very tightly and neatly plaited to be out of the way of serious work. She finishes the difficult buttoning of her frock, then bustles out of her room. "Dear, dear, dear!" she says. "Fighting again, fighting again! Bad boys, stop it this minute. Do you hear, Frank? Stop this minute, Stan. Bad, wicked boys!"

The boys take as much notice as if she had been a mosquito, and her managing little soul cannot bear such an affront. She dashes in between them and makes a desperate attempt to hold Frank's active arm—just so has she seen her mother check warfare.

"Get out of this," Frank says angrily.

"You let us alone," commands Stan, the momentary advantage inflating him with courage and making him resolve to brook no feminine interference.

But Stan! He is five years old—he cannot be trusted yet with a knife at meals, and she, Ettie, has to cut up his meat for him; he cannot wash his face clean, he cannot fasten his own collar or tie the knot of his boots securely! What respect can Ettie have for his feelings as a man? She catches him about the shoulders and gives him a series of little shakes, just as her mother is seen at times to do.

There comes a dark surge into the boy's face, such as the little fight had never brought. He glares at the officious sister, while his better angel reminds him that girls may not be hit.

"Stop that," he says thickly.

But Ettie has also the pleasant feeling of conquest, for the fight is stopped, and she cannot forbear another shake.

"Bad boy! bad boy! fighting again!" she says, and adds, "and before breakfast!" as

if that were a holier time than after dinner or just before lunch.

The shake entirely dislodges the little boy's good angel; the dark blood stains his face again, his blue eyes flame, the control of his fists have quite deserted him; they are in, out, in, out, up, down, and Ettie's little slender form is the object.

Ettie is taken by surprise, but recovers speedily. The red runs into her face, her hands fly out, and twice they slap Stan quite smartly across his cheeks. This urges him to stronger efforts—he had not put forth all his strength before, with a girl for adversary, but now he grapples with her powerfully.

They bump each other up against the wall; once Stan almost has her on the ground by a leg stratagem, but at the critical moment she scratches him and he lets go. He catches her by the wrist, and she ducks her head and bites at his hand, and again he lets go. The feint gives her an opening for another slap. But now he is too much for her; he pushes her before him, bumps her roughly against the banister, hits her fair and square on the chest, and brings her to her knees. All hope of victory gone, she bursts into loud crying, and the mother comes running to the scene.

"Now, what is the matter?" says Mrs. Brown.

"He—he—he's been hitting me again," weeps Ettie.

Stan glowers at her. "She hit me first," he says.

"Stan! And you promised me so faithfully! Is this the way to be like a knight? Striking your own sister!"

"Serves her right," says Frank, who has watched the affair judiciously; "teach her to mind her own business."

"Oh! oh! oh!" laments Ettie! "I'm b-b-bleeding all over, I know."

"This time," says Mrs. Brown, "I shall tell your father, Stan. Your promises are useless, and I cannot take them again. What sort of a man will you make? The boy who strikes a girl will grow into a cowardly, mean fellow."

"She hit me first," says Stan doggedly.

"They were f-f-fighting, m-m-mamma, and b-before b-breakfast," weeps Ettie. "I only t-tried to s-stop them."

Mrs. Brown well knows her eldest daughter's zeal for good works, and has sympathy enough for her pugilistic little son to know how vexatious sisterly interference must be; she resolves to take Ettie quietly

on one side and point out to her that brothers must not be worried in this way.

But in her haste to return to dressing the little ones she says nothing of this at the moment, and Ettie continues to esteem and pity herself hugely, and Stan's heart swells at the injustice that never even inquires if Ettie is to blame.

"Why can't you try to be manly like Frank?" says the mother; "he would not touch a girl."

And this was true, for Frank had an affectionate contempt for Ettie, and would not have thought her worthy of his steel.

Stan's breast heaves. "She hit me first," he says once more.

From the bedroom comes a sound announcing that Alfie has pulled the water-can over, and that baby is half-drowned, but still delighted at the happening.

"Go to your room now and dress, and then wait on the landing for your father," and Mrs. Brown disappears hastily.

Ettie looks victoriously at her brother.

"Serves you out," she says; "hope papa'll whip you. P'r'aps you'll do what I tell you *another* time."

Stan gives her one bitter look and walks back into the bedroom, from which he had issued with a heart as fresh and as light as the morning not ten minutes since.

Frank tries to cheer him. "Don't think about it," he advises; "p'r'aps he won't hurt much; the time I nabbed those tarts I hardly felt it."

Stan is gloomily regarding his heap of clothes, and takes no comfort.

"I say, let's see how many things we can put on together," says Frank, and this, as a brilliant notion they have never yet tried, is calculated to awaken Stan's interest.

Going to bed it is a frequent performance for both boys to see how many clothes they can take off at one and the same time, and Frank has of late, after much laborious practice, acquired the art of taking coat and waistcoat off together, and shirt and singlet.

But Stan's gloom makes him remember he is always excelled by Frank in this, and he shakes his head and proceeds to don each garment singly and sadly. As he dresses, the bitterness of Frank's superiority in most things is in his mind: Frank wears braces—blue, manly things that pull up through a clasp in the most enviable way; his, Stan's, knickerbockers merely fasten on to a bodice with buttons. Frank's socks reach almost up to his knees, and are held there with suspenders; his, Stan's, only rise half-way

up the leg, and frequently work down to the shoe. Frank has one suit with a waistcoat to it, almost like his father's; he, Stan, wears holland coats with a belt, just as Baby Alfie does. And Frank went to the pantomime with Ettie and father, while he, Stan, was kept at home with mother and Alfie and baby, and only had a little tea-party.

His heart swelled more and more; a thick lump rose in his throat and refused to be swallowed away.

Then in bustled Ettie, all her malice gone in the pleasure of helping her mother. She had mopped up all the spilt water, and found dry clothes for baby, and buttoned Alfie's shoes, and stripped the cots, and hung up the towels, and been called a "helpful fairy" by her father, because she had found the collar stud he lost every morning, and brought him tissue-paper to wipe his razor on.

Her face was all sunshine when she hurried off to the boys' room.

"Here's your clean galtea coat, Stan," she said; "mind you don't get the collar crushed. And I've got to sew a button on your singlet, mamma says. Stand still, and I won't prick your neck."

But Stan put the whole width of the room between them. "Go away; g-g-go away," he stuttered. "I won't have a b-button on, I won't have a c-clean coat." An undying resolve arose in him to go in a dirty coat all the rest of his days, and for ever without a singlet-button, rather than be helped to them by the worker of his woe.

Then Ettie remembered the quarrel and put out a loving arm. "Why, Tippy," she said, "you're not going to be cross any longer, are you? Kiss Ettie and be a good boy."

But Stan brushed the arm aside and strode miserably out into the passage.

Everyone but his father went down to breakfast; Stan stood at the staircase window awaiting his coming, the bitterness of death in his heart.

"Hello, son!" said his father, almost falling over him in his haste to get down to breakfast and catch his train. Then the extremely dismal look on the boy's face reminded him of a duty that must be done. He pulled himself up and went back to the bedroom with the boy.

"Look here, Stan," he said, "I've got to whip you, you know. Mother can't break her word, and she tells me she warned you you'd get this next time you touched Ettie. It seems no use reasoning with you. Now, come here."



"The father with the mite aloft—an immemorial custom."

But the boy's wretched face made the fall of the strap very light and short. "There, go away, and be a man in future, lad—fight boys, not girls."

No Stan came down to breakfast, and porridge time was almost over.

"Go and fetch him down, Ettie," the mother said, thoughtlessly choosing the wrong messenger in her struggle to prevent baby from choking herself.

Stan had been breaking his tender heart—not that the strap had hurt, but father had looked so scornful of the cowardly deed of hitting girls.

But to be found weeping by Ettie! He jumped up and pretended to be humming. "Poor old Tippy! I'm awfully sorry, Tippy," the little girl said, and her eyes brimmed as the thought of little Stan under the whip rose before her. "Look, you can have my sixpence, Tippy, for your very own."

"I'm not c-crying, you d-d-donkey," he said gruffly, and went downstairs as hard as he could, singing "Cheer, boys, cheer!" in peculiar time and tone.

But both father and mother looked grave at the defiant voice. The father wished he had used the strap more vigorously; the mother told herself she must have recourse to the "silent displeasure" method, most effective of all with her children.

"Take your porridge plate and stand at that chair to eat," she said coldly. Stan obeyed with a bursting heart, and spilt milk all the way, and then was sent for a cloth to wipe it up.

No one took further notice of him. The mite was in one of her gayest, funniest moods, and all the table was in uproar every minute. She dipped her fingers in the sugar and then tried to smear them on the adjacent locks of Alfie. She stretched out her arms as if to take all the table—all the world—into her sweet embrace, and she said—

"Dirlie loves everyone," which was a wonderful achievement, and the longest attempt at conversation she had yet made. The rapturous applause that greeted her made Stan turn round an inch or two; his sore little heart ached inexpressibly; he would have given worlds to have rushed round to baby's chair and put his head on her knee to be "poored" and "loved."

Then Alfie's coaxing voice was heard; he had finished his porridge, and had a slice of bread-and-butter on his plate; he put his bonny head lovingly on his father's sleeve, he looked up with roguish, pleading eyes. "Make Alfie pitty bread, oh, pitty bread," he said.

"No, no," said the mother; "daddy has no time, Alfie—be a good boy and don't worry. Daddie must go in puff-puff."

"Make Alfie pitty bread, oh, pitty bread," repeated Alfie, taking no notice of the maternal advice.

Daddy glanced at the clock. "Well, only one piece," he said, and then there was an absorbed silence at the table, and a great tear fell down Stan's cheek and into his porridge, that he was not there to see. He knew just what was going on: daddy had the pretty glass of golden syrup in his hand, and a smooth slice of bread-and-butter lay on a plate; a spoonful of the beautiful stuff was lifted high, and the steady hand ran it about all over the white slice till the loveliest patterns were traced all over it—circles on circles, curves, wavy lines; a piece of bread thus treated was food fit for a king. And Stan might not even look!

Then the father rose up hastily and found his hat, and began to fill his pipe and look round for his bag and the paper.

And the mite looked at the pipe very earnestly and thoughtfully, then suddenly leapt with glee.

"Bub-bub, bub-bub," she said, and struggled frantically to get to her father.

And then there was another admiring outburst from the united family, for this was clear proof that the darling remembered the wonderful smoke and soap-bubbles her father had blown two nights before.

"There really isn't time," the mother said.

"Just two or three, mamma," he says; "the soapy water is there still," and in another moment, from the rapturous screams of delight Stan knows glorious bubbles of smoke and soap are floating around the room.

"Mamma!" he says, and the exceeding yearning in his voice brings her to his side.

She dries his eyes, kisses him, draws him into the merry circle again, calls him "little son" and "sweetheart" once more.

The father pats his head and says, "Look, old fellow," and, at the imminent risk of missing his train, blows half a dozen bubbles so magnificent the family holds its breath.

Then a rush down the grass—the father with the mite aloft—an immemorial custom—Alfie at his heels, Stan holding very fast his hand, Ettie with his stick, Frank galloping along, a restive steed, with the bag on his shoulders. At the gate hasty kisses for all. Then the gate bangs, and a long-legged man is running down the hill to the station, for the scream of the incoming train is already in the air.



A FISHING VILLAGE.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH QUESTION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY P. T. McGRATH.



THE prominence which the French Shore Question has attained through the recent visit to London of Premier Bond and Hon. Mr. Morris, to confer with the Colonial Office as to the operation of the treaties with France, has fixed all eyes upon our oldest and most neglected Colony—the land where Cod is King. The sad story of Newfoundland has no parallel in our Colonial history; she has suffered as much from British misgovernment as from French aggression, and, while her fisheries have been the foundation of the mediocre measure of prosperity she has enjoyed, they have also been the source of the troubles that for centuries have made her, as Lord Salisbury observed, “the sport of historic misfortune.”

Its unequalled cod fisheries made the island known all over Western Europe within twenty years of its discovery, and they have continued to furnish its chief claim to distinction to the present day. During the sixteenth century it was a “No Man’s Land,”

the common resort of venturesome craft from every quarter, but Sir Humphrey Gilbert annexed it for Queen Elizabeth in 1583. The authority of the Crown, however, was more nominal than otherwise for a long period subsequent to this, for even in those days the rivalry was engendered between France and England, for the control of the great water-wealth of its shores, which is perpetuated in the present diplomatic complication. Newfoundland was a region of but one industry; its administration for nearly four centuries was based upon its being a land of fogs, dogs, and bogs, a barren, inhospitable mass of rocks fit only for a summer fishing station, and utterly unsuited for the purpose of permanent settlement. This mistaken notion of a land as favoured by Nature as the New England States was created and fostered by the merchant “venturers” of the West of England, who despatched Cabot over the unknown ocean, and were quick to realise the possibilities of aggrandisement involved in his reports of the teeming riches of the seas which girt “ye new founde isle.”

These “venturers” controlled the fishery as a profitable preserve for themselves alone; their manipulation of matters connected therewith would have done no discredit to an expert American “trust,” and the record

of the Mother Country's treatment of her most ancient dependency for all that period is one, not merely of indifference and neglect, but of positive cruelty. These West Countrymen "venturers," with their influence and wealth, had the ear of the courtiers and parasites who surrounded the Stuart kings, and procured the passage of laws forbidding the fishers to winter on the island, or even build permanent houses there; obliging the masters of the fishing fleet which left the Bristol Channel every spring, to bring back in the autumn, or satisfactorily account for, every man taken out; compelling the purchase in England of all requisites, except salt, for the entire voyage; and vesting the administration of justice, so called, in the hands of fishing-admirals.

This method of ruling a colony from the



FISHING BOATS READY TO SAIL.

quarterdeck of a fishing schooner sufficiently illustrates the temper of the British official mind towards Newfoundland at this period. The master of the first vessel arriving in a harbour became admiral for the season, the second vice-admiral, the third rear-admiral. They settled all disputes, and, until the end of the eighteenth century, when the commanders of the King's ships were given superior authority, there was no appeal. Being the servants of the "venturers," these rough, brutal skippers invariably dispensed "justice" in the interest of the men they served. When the Stuart favourites realised the wealth of the fisheries, another epoch opened. They secured grants of vast tracts of the coast as plantations, and undertook to become "planters," settling these regions with their retainers, resisting the almost un-

checked sway of the "venturers." Between these and their fishing crews, on the one hand, and the planters and their colonists on the other, now began an internecine warfare that was attended with most disastrous results. The fishing-admirals harried the settlers, burnt their huts, and devastated their gardens; the latter, on their part, retaliated by giving over the fishing stations to the torch and the axe, when the occupants returned to England each autumn. The adherents of each side worked with a devotion worthy a better cause, to induce the monarch to support their friends.

The enactments of the period were remarkable; they forbade settlement within six miles of the shore, they provided that all offenders should be sent to England for trial, they relieved the fishermen for ever from the

jurisdiction of the "surrogates," or land justices, who came in with the planters; and, at last, Charles II. issued an edict ordering the deportation of the entire resident population to the mainland of America. These vexatious enactments were continued even to periods when a more enlightened policy was manifested towards the Colony, and it was not until 1820 that the last

of them, which obliged a settler to obtain a licence from the Governor before he could build a house, was repealed. The tenure of the planters, though by no means a stable one, served to fix a scanty resident population on the rock-bound coast, which struck root all the deeper into the clefts at every attempt to remove it. The French, frequenting the coast regardless of British supremacy, likewise made a lodgment in 1662, fortified Placentia, and overran the island. When the Peace of Utrecht was signed in 1713, the British sovereignty was recognised, but the French were conceded the right to catch and dry fish on the north-east and west coasts, and in this is the genesis of the French Shore Question.

That shore was then, even more than it is now, in the main, the most barren and desolate

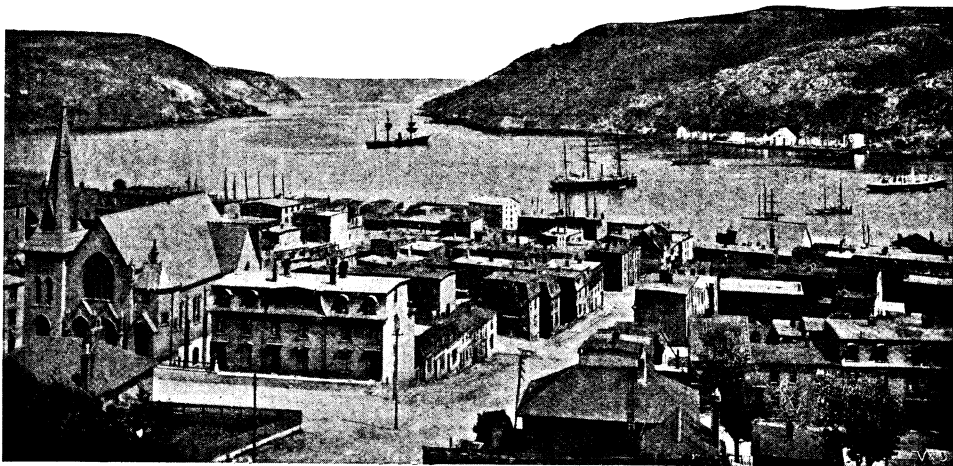


Photo by]

HARBOUR AND NARROWS, ST. JOHN'S CITY.

[S. H. Parsons, St. John's.

portion of the island, and it never entered the minds of the statesmen of the period that these concessions to a defeated adversary could in time be converted into a potent cause of contention. In 1763, the Treaty of Paris gave the French the St. Pierre group of islets as a shelter for their fishermen; and in 1783, that of Versailles had a declaration attached by the British King, in which he bound himself to prevent his subjects interfering, by their competition, with the French in the exercise of their fishery rights, a declaration the latter have construed into an exclusive right to take fish of all kinds on the Treaty shore, and to prevent

English settlers carrying on any industry there except with their permission.

In Newfoundland, fish means, and has always meant, cod; when you refer to "the fishery," you mean the cod fishery, and when you ask for fish at meals, you are helped to a portion of this national dish. The herring, salmon, seal, and lobster fisheries are all regarded as unimportant subsidiary industries beside the great mainstay of the people and the island—the catching of cod in the waters surrounding it. Though this industry in its early days helped to found England's naval greatness, through the sailors whose training was obtained in its stormy waters, the fore-



Photo by]

VIEW OF THE BAY OF ISLANDS, ON FRENCH SHORE.

[S. H. Parsons, St. John's.

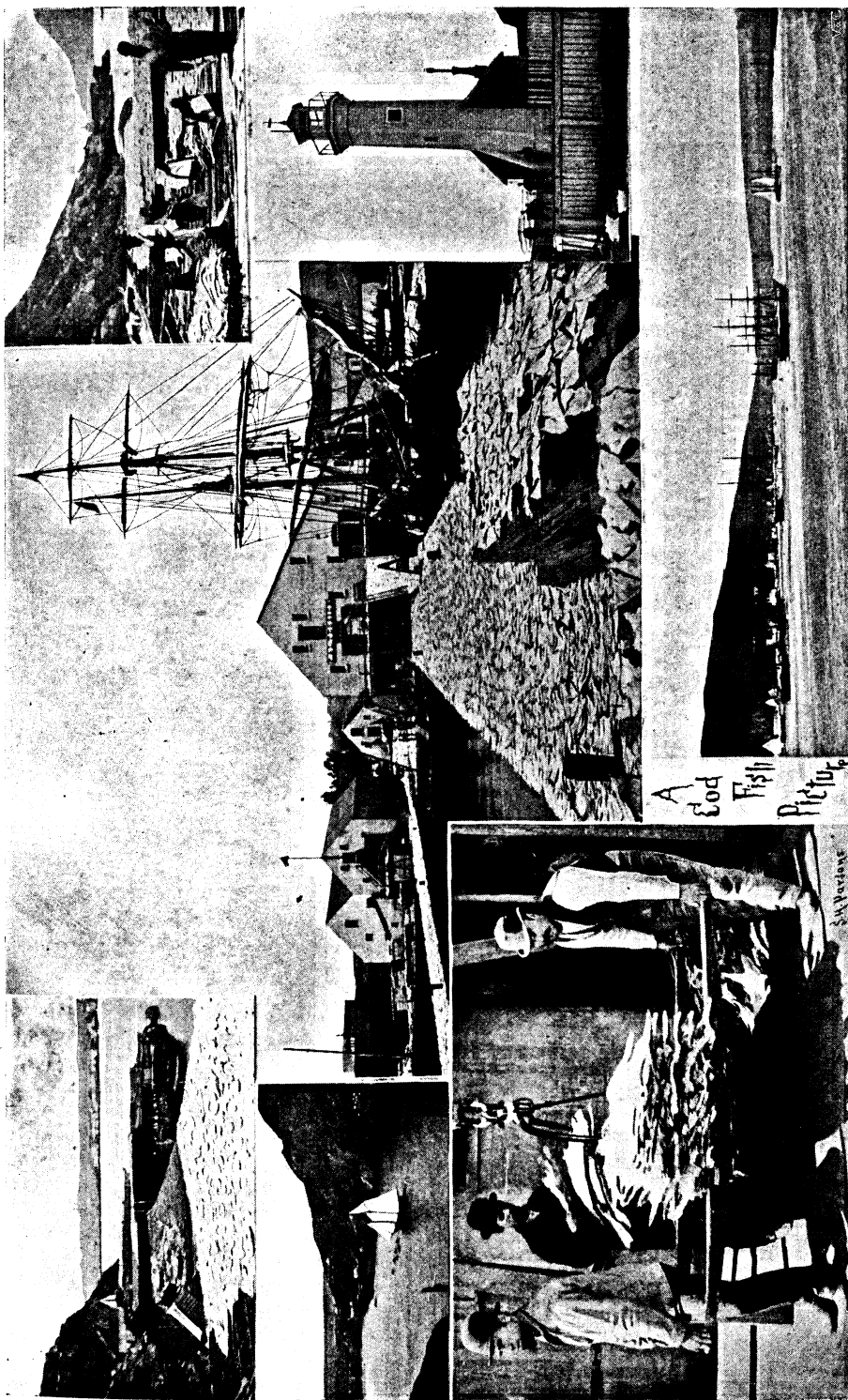
going recital of the cruelties practised against the settlers shows how its progress has been retarded. While its fisheries have been, as Bacon said, "the mainstay of the West Country," and while its waters have tempted the rivalry of Europe's greatest nations, and enriched thousands in England and France, its people are to-day poor and lagging behind in the march of progress.

And while it has an area larger than Ireland, and a fertile interior capable of supporting millions, its populated portion consists of the fringe of coast round its entire extent, some 3,000 miles, with not a settlement in the whole island three miles inland from high-water mark.

From generation to generation has the avocation descended—fishermen they were and fishermen they are. Of the 200,000 inhabitants, 60,000 are directly engaged in fisheries; the remainder live by the cognate industries depending thereon. There is only one town—St. John's—with any variety of occupations; all the other villages and hamlets, large and small, are fishing settlements, and when the local politician issues a manifesto, he addresses it to "the fishermen of Newfoundland." Its legislation for centuries, Imperial and local, has dealt with the fisheries and their conduct. Stealing a fish, under the modern dispensation, is an offence punishable more severely than wrecking a bank; and were the fishery to decline, that fact would spell the ruin of the Colony. Cod is the common standard of value. It pays the clergyman his tithes, the doctor his fees, and the schoolmaster his stipend. It is the recognised medium of barter, in return for which the fisherman procures food and raiment and requisites for the carrying on of the industry, together with the few paltry adornments which delight the heart of his wife or daughter or sweetheart. His cup of joy is filled to overflowing when a quintal of fish will purchase a barrel of flour, while certain ruin portends to a Government when the reverse conditions prevail, though the average outsider would find it difficult to establish a connection between the administration of a country's affairs and the law of supply and demand as regards one of its industries. In the remoter settlements the people never see a coin or a banknote; they conduct all their transactions by means of fish, and when, as unfortunately often happens, their catches are short, the consequence is dire destitution, which has to be relieved from the by no means overflowing Colonial Treasury.

Taken on the whole, the Newfoundland fisherman is a worthy blend of the mother-races, the entire population being sprung from English, Scotch, and Irish stock. When the nineteenth century opened, the population was only 18,700, but a stream of emigration poured into it then, and continued until the United States and Canada diverted this farther west. An unrecognised element in building up the Colony in these times was the "winter-man," a green yokel from the British Isles who shipped to cross the seas as a fishery servant "for two summers and a winter," the payment to be five pounds and a pair of boots. The "summer-man" returned home each autumn, but the "winter-man" almost invariably settled in the island permanently and took upon himself family responsibilities.

In every harbour round the coast is located a fishing village, the limewashed houses perched at apparently inaccessible elevations, and the fishing "stages" and "flakes" lining the strand. A "stage" is a hut surmounting a wharf of wooden piles, where the fish is landed, deprived of the entrails, washed, and salted. A "flake" is a flimsy platform of poles and twigs, on which the fish are spread to dry, this operation usually falling to the women and children. The life of a fisherman in one of these coves is, at the best, dreary and lonesome and isolated in the extreme. Daily buffeting the billows in the quest for the finny prize, exposed to the dreadful storms which frequently sweep the coast, shut off by the winter ice-floes from communication with the world abroad, the fisherman and his family live a life of toil and tribulation. Yet among them one finds the noblest characteristics. Kindness and hospitality are their cardinal virtues, and when distress comes, the better-off share with their poorer neighbours until all are reduced to a dead level of misery. Simple in their habits, they are fearless and hardy, facing appalling danger as unconcerned as their daily work, and enduring hardships that would seem to others too great for human strength. Flour, pork, tea, and molasses are their staple articles of food; sugar, butter, and milk are luxuries, fresh meat is a rarity; the *menu* of a British fisherman would amaze them. Yet they thrive on this rough fare, and are strapping, stalwart fellows who will make admirable material to supplement the crews of our warships in time of need, the Naval Reserve having just been extended to the Colony. They build their own fishing vessels, rig, and



1. COD FISH DRYING ON FLAKES.
2. BOATS TOWING FISHING SCHOONER.
3. WEIGHING COD FISH FOR SHIPMENT.

4. FISH MERCHANTS' PREMISES.

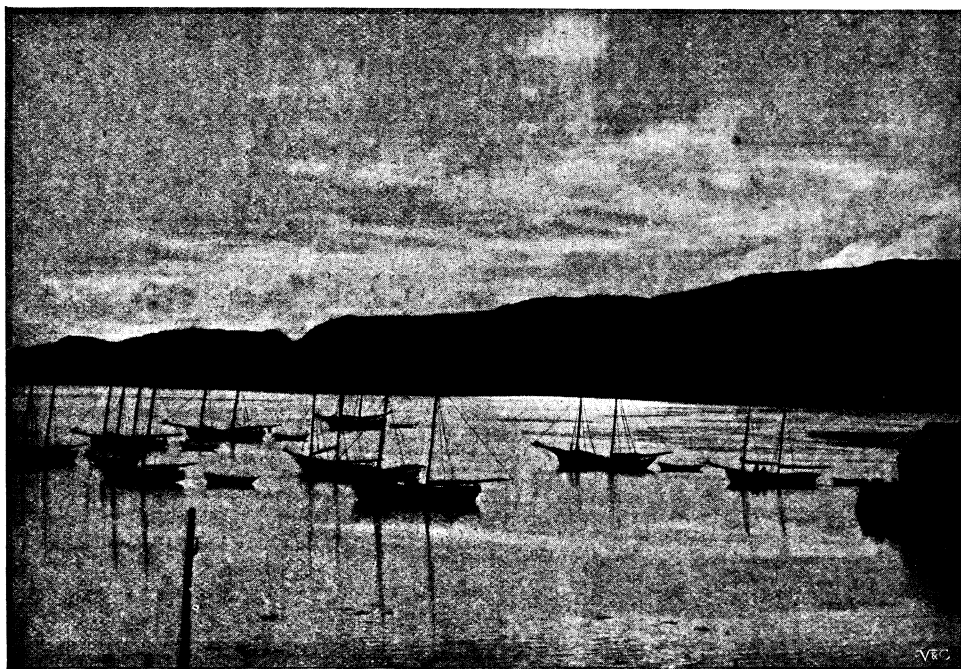
5. SPREADING FISHES ON FLAKES.
6. BEACON FOR FISHING BOATS.
7. FRENCH AND BRITISH WARSHIPS IN HARBOUR.

Photographs by S. H. Parsons, St. John's.

sail them, and, as a wag once asserted, sometimes lose them, to the disgust of the underwriters.

While the fishery lasts, during the summer months, the "outports," as the fishing villages are termed, are veritable hives of industry, but during the winter there is no occupation for the settlers, whose slender resources are thus severely taxed. Education is backward, the three leading denominations—Catholics, Anglicans, and Methodists—have each separate schools; and while this system works fairly well in the larger places, in the smaller it results in having three poor schools in place of one efficient one. The

old times when the base of the fishery was the West of England, and the vessels starting each spring were supplied with everything requisite for their industry, to be repaid out of the catch on returning in the fall. The "truck" or "supply" system has been the greatest bane of the Colony. The youthful fisherman, starting out on his career, procured an outfit from some "supplying merchant," a descendant of the West Country "venturers." The merchant, on his returning at the close of the season, took over his catch and credited it against the supplies, but almost invariably contrived to bring him in debt. The first link closed, the fisherman

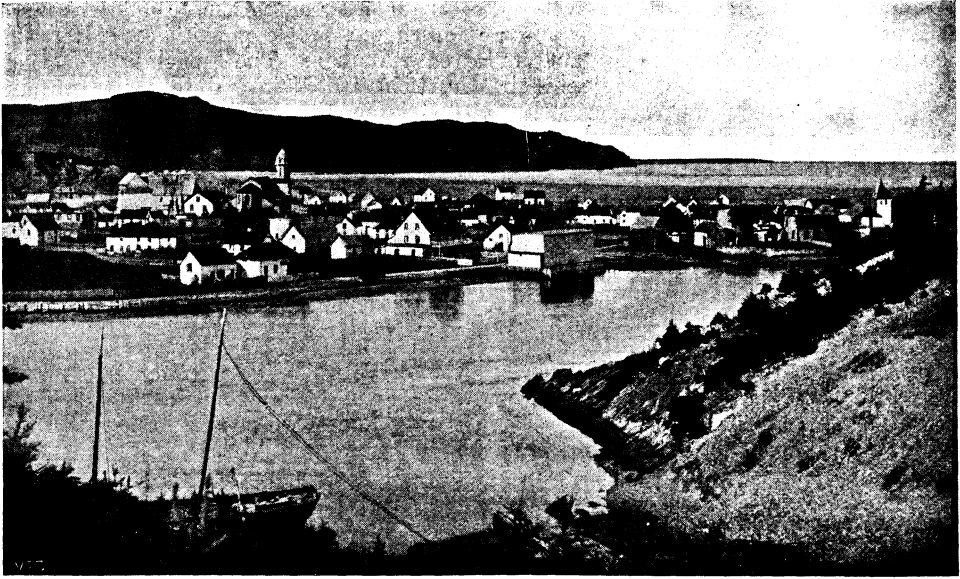


SUNRISE ON THE FRENCH SHORE.

clergymen, teachers, and local traders may be said to form the "upper ten" of the settlements, with here and there a medical practitioner in the large ones, while the smaller have to be content with the ministrations of some skilful crone or "the seventh son of a seventh son," whom local tradition invests with talents not inferior to those of Esculapius, and to whom is accorded the prefix of "doctor" with the same easy familiarity with which American charlatans are termed "professors." A Newfoundland fisherman is "passing rich" on £40 a year, but many are in debt all their life, owing to the iniquitous "truck" system, which is a survival of the

never escaped from this bondage after, becoming a veritable serf. In the past this situation was really most disastrous, but of late the system is being abandoned, with generally beneficial results to the entire Colony. Under its enervating influence the fishermen became careless and indifferent in their pursuit, knowing that, however poor their catch was, the merchant would continue the issue of supplies to them, whereas now there is an incentive for every man to strive for his own independence.

There are three main divisions of the cod fishery—the Shore fishery, carried on with open boats along the coast; the Labrador



PLACENTIA, THE OLD FRENCH CAPITAL.

fishery, pursued in schooners over the dreary peninsula which extends north to Hudson Bay; and the Bank fishery, the scene of which is the Grand Banks, some 200 miles off the eastern front of the island.

During the winter the coast is blocked with ice, and then the annual seal hunt takes place. A fleet of wooden steamers leaves St. John's, cruises among the flocks, and kills the seals basking thereon, returning home with the skins and the oily "pelts," which are refined in great factories in the metropolis. In May the shore cod fishery starts, being engaged in by the people of the smaller settlements in open boats. The Labrador fishery is remarkable as being a regular migration of some 30,000 people — men, women, and children — from their homes in Newfoundland to the dreary coast of that vast peninsula, which is the seat of one of the greatest fisheries in the world. This migration is undertaken in some 1,500 schooners, into which are crowded the fisherfolk, their

live-stock, and household belongings. They make their temporary abode in the countless harbours of that coast, where they have houses and fishing stations, or "rooms" as they are termed. Here they remain for the months of July, August, and September. For women, however, the life is rough and undesirable to the last degree, more especially as there is such a dearth of medical aid. Until a branch of the Deep Sea Mission was established on Labrador some seven years ago, the latter defect was frightfully apparent; the only doctor available was the one maintained on the mail steamer running up and down the shore, who could not attend to half of the patients. Now the Mission has two



Photo by]

[S. H. Parsons, St. John's.

FISHING BOATS RETURNING FROM THE GROUNDS.

hospitals, with a doctor, a nurse, and a steam launch attached to each, and treating about 3,000 patients each season. As autumn approaches, the Newfoundlanders rejoin their vessels and journey homeward again.

The banking industry is somewhat like the North Sea fishery of the Mother Country, calling for staunch vessels which anchor on the ledges off Newfoundland and ply their hazardous avocation from May to October, running to land from time to time to land their catch and replace their stores. This is the most hazardous venture of all, because many a "banker" is sent to bottom with all her crew by an ocean greyhound running at full speed through the fog which usually envelops that region.

The fishery along the French shore has been steadily declining during the past forty years, largely because our Gallic competitors are subjected to no restrictions and have depleted the "grounds" there. The French have themselves virtually abandoned it altogether, having only eight cod-fishery stations there now, as against 156 in 1858. In every settlement one sees the ruins of these old-time "rooms," many of which still retain the rusty iron gear which their last occupants left behind them. These mute testimonials to a vanished prosperity are endorsed by the pitiful condition of the poorest class colonists settled there—"livyeres," they are called, a corruption of "Live here"—whose wretchedness is directly attributable to the French treaties. They number about 10,000 people, and, having no other industry than that of cod-catching, they are of late years unable to do any more than keep body and soul together. The French have always been allowed to choose the best fishing locations, and to eject the "livyeres" if found here; they have had the stimulant of a bounty from France, which gives them a great advantage over the residents, and they have also had much smaller prices to pay for provisions. When, in spite of these advantages, the French have had to give up, it is little wonder the "livyeres" are desolate. During the past season many of them did not take more than ten quintals of cod per man, which at eight shillings per quintal does not afford them a very substantial provision for their families for the winter. Seeing the cod fishery failing, the French

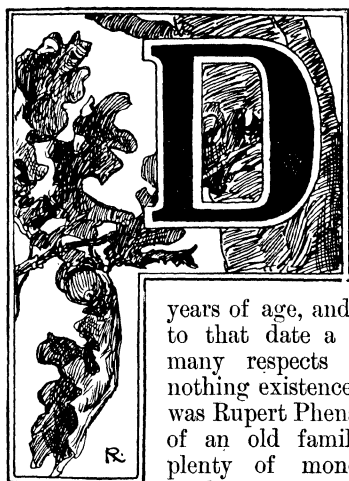
turned their attention to lobster-canning, which our people pursued exclusively until ten years ago. The French first demanded participation in it, and then that we abandon it, on the ground that we were interfering with them by our competition, which the declaration of Versailles pledged us not to do.

The Imperial authorities unwisely agreed to a *modus vivendi* legalising the six French lobster factories then in existence—we having fifty—and now the situation has become positively menacing. Besides this, the French have put forward claims upon the coast which do not fall short of an assertion of sovereignty; they have forbidden the erection of wharves, stores, or permanent buildings; stopped the location of a railway terminus there; prevented the opening of mines as the inauguration of a large industry which demanded a water outlet, and so hampered the development of the region and its hinterland as to make it only a resort for fisherfolk. Yet the south-western division of the Treaty coast is the garden of the island, with splendid arable lands, pulp-wood locations, and timber areas. Capital to the extent of many millions could be at once invested in its development were the French removed, and it is such a result which is expected from the work of the Royal Commission. Farming, lumbering, mining, and manufacturing are only in their infancy in the island now, though the geological surveys have demonstrated its possession of vast resources in these respects. The Colony in the early 'nineties completed a railroad through the interior, which gives communication three times a week with the American continent, by means of a 15-knot ferry steamer. The railroad was handed over in 1898 to Mr. Reid, of Montreal, the contractor who built the line, to operate it for a period of fifty years, he purchasing the Colony's reversionary interest at the end of that period for a present payment of £200,000. He was also granted large sections of land, the telegraph and coastal steam services, and an industrial revolution may follow that should seriously dispute, if it does not eventually overthrow, the supremacy of King Cod, provided we can be relieved of the incubus of French settlement on our coastline.

THE HEART OF A MYSTERY.

By L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE.*

No. I.—MADEMOISELLE DELACOURT.



DEATH had summoned my friend Maurice Escott, and I was called to Paris at a moment's notice. I was thirty years of age, and had led up to that date a lazy and in many respects a good-for-nothing existence. My name was Rupert Phenays. I came of an old family, and had plenty of money for my needs.

It was on the 5th of February, 1898, that I received the telegram, and little did I guess as I opened it that with one leap I was to spring into a totally new life. I, who had not the slightest experience of danger, whose blood had never been quickened by a single heart-beat into undue excitement, was henceforth to be the victim of a strange mystery. I was to know tragedy, pain, and the extreme of peril.

I was standing in the bay window of my luxurious sitting-room in Half Moon Street when my servant brought me a telegram on a salver. I tore it open. It ran as follows :—

"Dying. Come at once.—Escott."

I had known Escott all my days. I was fond of him. He was a first-rate fellow in every sense of the word—handsome to look at, brave, and in all his actions straight as a die. Where I was lacking in energy, he was full of go and spirit. Nevertheless, friends that we were, there was a secret in connection with his life which I had never been able to discover. He was, I knew, a very busy man, but in what sort of manner he occupied his

time, or in what way he earned his income, for he had no private means, was a secret he had never divulged. He was strangely, remarkably sensitive on the point, and, knowing that such was the case, I had long ceased to worry him.

Such a telegram was immediately to be obeyed. I took the night mail to Paris, and early the following morning drove up in hot haste to Escott's apartments in the Rue de Rivoli. The door was opened by my friend's valet, who knew me well.

"How is your master, Valentine?" I asked.

The man shook his head.

"I am sorry to say he is very bad, sir; the doctor does not give the slightest hope. I am glad, Mr. Phenays, that you are in time."

"Pray let the nurse know that I have arrived," was my next remark.

The man ushered me into a sitting-room. A moment later a tall young woman dressed as a nurse came in.

"You are in time, Mr. Phenays. Mr. Escott has been asking for you at intervals all night. He is very ill, but your presence will comfort him."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"The patient is in the last stage of double pneumonia. The doctor, Professor Thesiger, who is attending him, and who is an Englishman, gave up all hope a few hours ago. Will you follow me, sir?"

The nurse led the way into a darkened room. As soon as I got accustomed to the dim light, I looked on the face of my friend, and knew that both doctor and nurse were right. Escott was breathing with extreme difficulty, and there was a dusky hue under his eyes and round his lips. When I first bent over him, his eyes were shut, but the next instant he opened them with a restless movement, saw me, and a smile lit up his face.

"Thank God! Rupert, you have come," he said. "I must speak to you at once and alone. I have not a moment to lose. Please leave us, nurse."

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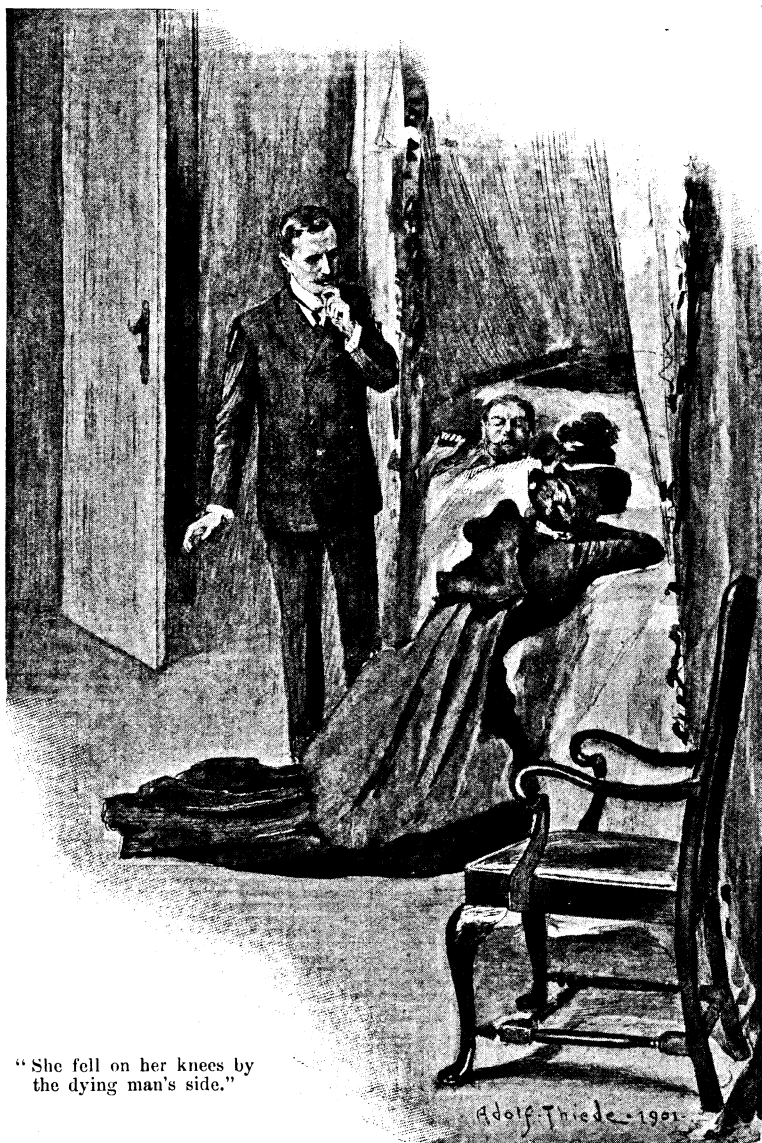
The woman withdrew from the room. When the door had closed behind her, Escott raised himself with some difficulty in bed. A flicker of strength came into his voice, and his eyes grew bright.

"I have come to the end, old man," he said. "I am within a few moments of solving the great secret. Do not waste time condoling with me; there is something I must tell you quickly. You have often wondered what my life has been. I never told you, but it is necessary to tell you now. I am one of the agents of the British Secret Service."

I listened to these words in astonishment. I had always heard of the Secret Service, and knew well that to belong to it meant danger and difficulty.

"You may thank Heaven that up to the present you have known nothing of what I have lived through," continued Escott. "Men in my profession have to obtain their strange knowledge at fearful risks. Yes, my life has been one of danger; and now, Phenays, I am about to transfer that danger to you. You must not shrink nor hesitate; there is no course in honour open to you but to accept the charge which I am about to confide in you. When you know my secret, you, too, will be at the mercy of men without scruple and without conscience. But I put this burden on you, Phenays, because you are an Englishman, and for the sake of our country."

His voice sank to a whisper. I gave him a spoonful of a restorative which stood near.



"She fell on her knees by the dying man's side."

It revived him, and he continued, his words coming out now in gasps.

"You will do what I want, Phenays?"

"Yes," I replied.

I spoke with earnestness, and my words comforted him.

"I knew I was right in appealing to you," he said. "Now listen. A fortnight ago it was my misfortune to obtain possession of a political secret of such gravity that if even a suspicion of its existence were breathed, it would cause a European crisis. There is only one who knows that I know this secret. That man is a certain Monsieur Laroque, a French

chemist, a man of remarkable learning and power. He is altogether my friend in this matter. Immediately after my death you must go to my cabinet in my sitting-room; you will find a letter there addressed to him. Take it to him and act in concert with him over this grave matter."

"But what is the secret?" I asked.

"Listen. I was present, but unknown, a fortnight back, at a secret conference between the President of the French Republic and the agent of the Czar of Russia. The substance of what I heard was that in the event of war between England and the Transvaal, Russia and France would—but come closer. No, do not write anything, for Heaven's sake! it would not be safe. Listen, and do not forget. There are three generals of the French Army, General Romville, General——"

There was a sudden movement at the door, a few words of entreaty and expostulation fell on our ears, and the next instant a tall girl, with evidences of great excitement on her face, burst into the room.

The name of General Romville must have fallen on her ears. She rushed to the bedside, and the horror on her face was painful to witness.

"I am in time," she said. "Send him away, Maurice, and tell me what you want. Tell me what has burdened your last moments!"

She fell on her knees by the dying man's side and buried her face in her hands. Escott gave her a glance of despair. Then he looked at me, and then a sudden change came over his face. His lips made an effort to speak, but no words were audible. His breath came in hurried gasps and then stopped. He was dead.

"You have killed him!" I said, turning to the girl and speaking in hot anger. "Why did you force yourself into the room? You do not know what you have done."

"I know perfectly well," she replied. She had risen to her feet. Her face was as white as the white face of my dead friend. "I meant to be with him at the very end," she said. "I had the right."

I stared at her in consternation.

"He was telling you something important when I entered the room," she continued. "It was a secret. Now listen. That secret was meant for me. I know what it was about, for I caught the words 'General Romville.' Will you tell it to me now, for it is my right to know."

Her words were interrupted by the nurse, who entered the room.

"Mr. Escott is dead," I said, turning to the woman. "The entrance of this young lady was the final shock—you had no right to admit her."

"I told Mademoiselle what the consequences would be," said the nurse. "She went to the sitting-room first. What were you doing, mademoiselle? How did you come by the key of my master's cabinet? I found it on the floor."

"Give it to me," I said eagerly.

The nurse handed it to me without a word. As she did so Mademoiselle regarded her with grave, wide-open eyes. There was a half-despairing, half-vindictive expression on her face. Notwithstanding the fact that I had just lost my dearest friend, it was the sort of look to haunt a man, to fill him with uneasiness.

I left the room where Escott lay dead and went straight to his sitting-room. The first thing I did was to walk to the cabinet and open it. I meant to take out the letter which he had told me I should find there, the letter addressed to M. Laroque. Search as I would, I could not see it anywhere. I opened drawer after drawer. Had the strange girl, whose name I did not even know, taken it?

This thought had scarcely come to me before the door was opened and she came in.

"Mr. Phenays," she said, "I have come to ask your pardon. Please forgive me if I spoke with intemperance. The fact is, I was very much upset at seeing you in the room with Maurice Escott. I wanted to be alone with him during his last moments. I had my reason."

"Whatever that reason was, mademoiselle," I replied, "I still very deeply regret your having burst into the room in the intemperate way you did; but, however much we may deplore it, we cannot call the dead back to life. Now, I have a question to ask you. The nurse said she found the key of this cabinet on the floor; she further said that you had been in the room. Did you open the cabinet and take from thence a letter? If you did, please return it to me immediately. It was entrusted to me by my friend, and was addressed to a man he had business connections with."

"I took no letter," she answered haughtily. "What do you take me for?"

"You are a stranger to me," I answered. "Your actions since you came into this house have astonished me; forgive me if I am over-suspicious."

"You had better know at once who I

am," she replied. "My name is Francesca Delacourt. My father, who is dead, was a Frenchman, but my mother was English. I have known Mr. Escott for a long time. I can scarcely realise that he is dead. Whatever secret he told you was meant for me. May I share the confidence which he gave you on his deathbed?"

"I have nothing whatever to tell you," I answered. "I should be glad if you would leave me now, for I am upset and shocked."

"I will certainly go," she replied. "As to your being shocked, if you know what I think you know, you have reason for your emotion."

She turned, walked to the door, went out, and closed it behind her.

I was alone, and I tried to collect my troubled thoughts. Escott had died without having told me his secret. The letter which he had written to M. Laroque could not be found. Mademoiselle Delacourt seemed to be mixed up in the affair. I distrusted her. I felt certain, that, although she denied it, she had really stolen the letter which was addressed to M. Laroque. What that letter contained, God only knew. It was terrible to feel that my poor friend's most dangerous secret might have got into wrong hands. An agent of the British Secret Service is a man scarcely to be envied; he becomes acquainted with matters which touch big interests, often affecting the welfare of nations. Escott declared that his was a most dangerous secret; he was about to tell it to me, when death, caused by Mademoiselle Delacourt's abrupt entrance, prevented him.

I was musing on these thoughts when the doctor arrived. He was an Englishman, with a clever face, of about forty years of age. I told him that his patient was dead.

"I expected it," was his answer. "Did you arrive in time, Mr. Phenays?"

"Yes and no," was my answer. "He sent me a wire, as, perhaps, you know; he had something to confide in me, but died before his confidence was complete."

"Indeed! How sad! Where are you staying?"

"I was going to the Continental. I must return to London immediately after the funeral."

"Pray make my house your home, Mr. Phenays. I have apartments in the Rue St. Honoré. Bring your things, for we shall be quite quiet."

After a moment's thought I decided to accept this invitation. I went, therefore, that afternoon to Thesiger's rooms, and in

the evening the doctor and I dined together. During the meal I asked him a few questions with regard to my dead friend.

"Did you know Escott well? Did you see much of him?" was my first query.

"A good deal," replied Dr. Thesiger. "He was always rather a reserved sort of fellow, but he often came over here to smoke and have a chat. During the last few weeks he seemed to be seriously troubled and to have something weighing on his mind."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and I think that something lessened his chance of recovery. When I told him yesterday that his illness was likely to take a serious turn, he immediately asked me to wire for you. I am sorry you were not in time to receive his confidence."

"Alas! I was not."

Thesiger gave me a keen glance; his eyes met mine—I saw a gleam of curiosity in them.

"There was a great deal of mystery about him, poor fellow," he continued. "He never even told me what his business was. Was he conscious at the end?"

"Yes," I said slowly.

"And yet he did not relieve his mind?"

"He was prevented."

"How?"

"A girl forced her way into the room."

"Mr. Phenays! A girl? What girl?"

"Mademoiselle Francesca Delacourt."

"Ah! I know Mademoiselle Delacourt. What do you mean?"

"She rushed in uninvited. My friend was interrupted in an important confidence; her entrance agitated him. He passed away a moment later."

Thesiger's face looked grave and stern.

"Do you know this young lady?" I asked.

"Yes; I think everyone does. She is a beautiful and clever woman. Her father belonged to one of the best old French families. She goes everywhere; her beauty and position give her the *entrée* wherever she wills."

"Do you like her, doctor?"

"Yes," he replied, but I noted a certain reserve in his tone.

"You mean 'No,' Dr. Thesiger," I said boldly.

"You may take my answer then to mean both 'Yes' and 'No,'" was his reply.

"Please tell me exactly what you know about her."

"I should advise you, Phenays, to have nothing to do with her. She is said to have the power of arousing keen interest in most



"Mademoiselle was standing in the shade of a lamp."

men to whom she accords her friendship. It is rumoured that she has considerable political influence, and that her greatest friends belong to the Diplomatic Corps."

"The Diplomatic Corps!" I replied.

"Yes."

I sat silent, but a thrill of mingled pain and fear had run through me. Could Mademoiselle really know Escott's secret? Had she interrupted his confidence on purpose? At that moment a servant entered with a card on a salver. Thesiger glanced at it and then, with a curious smile on his face, handed it to me. It bore the name of Mademoiselle Francesca Delacourt.

"This is curious," I said.

"I will go and see what she wants," said the doctor. "If she should have learnt that you are here, Phenays, and asks to see you, what shall I say?"

"I will see her," I replied.

Thesiger was absent a minute or two. His face looked grave when he returned.

"Mademoiselle has managed to trace you here," he said. "With what motive I am unable to say. She wishes to see you immediately. Will you give her an interview? You are, of course, at liberty to refuse."

"I will see her," I said.

"If you will take my advice, Phenays, you will be careful."

"I shall be very careful," I answered.

Thesiger now led the way to his library. He opened the door for me, and I entered.

Mademoiselle was standing in the shade of a lamp. She wore full dinner dress, covered with a long opera cloak, lined with rich silk of a rosy hue.

"Nothing but the utmost necessity, Mr. Phenays, would make me intrude myself on you at a moment like this," she began.

"Your business?" I interrupted.

"I will tell you in as few words as possible. You were a great friend of Mr. Escott's, were you not?"

"His greatest friend, mademoiselle."

"May I ask if you had any idea as to the nature of his profession?"

As Mademoiselle uttered these words I watched her face closely. Notwithstanding all her efforts to wear a mask of utter indifference, I noticed on her smooth young features an expression of anxiety, joined to what might almost be called fear.

"I certainly knew about my friend," I answered. "But, pardon me, what affair is it of yours?"

"I will soon explain. Please listen. Mr. Escott was a member of the British Secret

Service. You know that fact, so do I. Less than an hour before I reached his house I received an urgent message from him to come at once, as he had a matter of the utmost importance to tell me. I came on the scene just too late; he was giving you his confidence. Did he say anything about me?"

"He did not."

"Then did he tell you that secret of great importance?"

"I decline to discuss the question, mademoiselle."

Her eyes flashed an angry fire and her face hardened.

"Mr. Phenays," she said earnestly, "you are unknowingly putting yourself into danger. I use the word advisedly; it is my duty to warn you. The Secret Service requires much of its votaries. The communication Mr. Escott made to you was not a pleasant one for you to receive; he only told you because I was not present. Beyond doubt his instructions were that you were to deliver the message to me."

"You are mistaken," I answered. "Those were not his instructions."

As I spoke I walked to the door and held it wide open.

"I think, mademoiselle, our conference has come to an end."

To my amazement she changed colour, the hard look left her face, her eyes filled with tears, which rolled over and ran down her cheeks.

"I spoke hastily," she exclaimed. "I am always hasty, always excitable, unfit, most unfit for that which—which I have undertaken; but you are so cold, so suspicious. Why do you not trust me? Do you think I would injure him?"

"I will be truthful with you," I replied. "My friend was about to confide a secret to me, but your entrance prevented it ever reaching his lips. I shall never know what he wanted to say. It was your fault. He sought to relieve his mind, and the secret may have been of consequence—that I am unprepared to say. I have never heard it; it can, therefore, never be imparted to you."

She smiled.

"Do you really think that I believe you?" she answered. "Did I not with my own ears hear words to convince me of the contrary? You will be sorry for this. Are you leaving Paris at once?"

"After the funeral."

She gave me a curious stare, but did not speak. Without offering her hand she left the room.



"She turned and looked at me again."

On the day of the funeral I received a letter. It was directed in a strange hand, was enclosed in a black-edged envelope, and bore the mark of a Paris suburb. The words in it were typewritten, and were in the French tongue. They ran as follows :—

“We are well aware that your friend, before he died, told you his secret. Understand that if you divulge that secret to the British Government, or if in any way it reaches their ears, you are a dead man. No human precautions and no human laws can possibly protect you. We shall know at once by the steps the British Government will take on receipt of the intelligence whether they have learnt the secret or not. Therefore BEWARE.”

I read this strange letter twice, at first with bewilderment, then with growing interest. One of two things had happened : either I was the victim of a pitiable and laboured jest, or I had received a threat of some seriousness. In either case, the letter, being anonymous, must be disregarded. My thoughts naturally flew to Mademoiselle Delacourt. Could she have written the letter ? I dismissed the notion as impossible. But if she were not the author, who was ? for who else knew that I was with Escott ?

Just then the words the poor fellow had said on his deathbed recurred to my memory.

“My life has been in great danger, and that danger I hand to you when I tell you my secret.”

A shudder ran through me.

“I must consult my London lawyer about this,” I said to myself, and I rose from my chair in Thesiger’s sitting-room with the intention of packing my things. Just then a servant entered with a letter.

“By messenger, sir,” he said briefly.

I tore open the letter. It was in a handwriting quite unknown to me.

“Another anonymous communication,” I said to myself. “What does it mean ?”

I turned quickly to the signature of the second letter, and then I gave a start of relief. The letter was headed “Château Laroque,” and at the end was the signature “Edouard Laroque.” These were the contents of the letter :—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I have just heard, to my infinite distress, of my friend Escott’s death. I received a letter from him a few days ago telling me that he was about to send for you in order

to entrust a secret of great importance to your keeping. Now, as I know all about the matter, I am anxious to see you at once. My house is situated four kilometres outside the village of Bévallon. A train leaves the Gare du Nord for Bévallon at five o’clock this evening, arriving at the village at six o’clock. If you can make it convenient to come by that train, a carriage shall meet you and bring you at once to my *château*. Pray do not delay, as the matter is of great urgency.

“Yours faithfully,

“EDOUARD LAROQUE.”

I gave a pleased exclamation. This letter was indeed a comfort. Just when I was despairing of ever being able to communicate with M. Laroque, he gave me the opportunity I required.

When Thesiger came in I told him of Laroque’s letter, at the same time mentioning that I intended to leave Paris that evening. He did not ask me for any particulars, but said that he would be pleased at any time to serve me and to put me up if I required to come back to the French capital. I reached the Gare du Nord in good time, and my train set me down just about six o’clock at Bévallon.

I found a brougham waiting for me. I entered it and told the man to take me to the Château Laroque.

The sun had just set, and a watery moon was creeping up the sky. As I drove along I could see stretches of marsh and waste land intersected by dykes. The air was damp, and a rising mist rendered distant objects indistinct. Presently the road took a sharp turn and the old Château burst into view. I can vividly recall my impressions as I first saw it. It was a well-preserved feudal fortress, lying in a hollow, and with a wide moat surrounding it. The Château was of the typical Norman type, with round bastions at each corner and surrounded by battlements.

As the carriage drew up at the drawbridge, I alighted, entered the courtyard, and was about to advance to the principal entrance, when, to my amazement, my eyes fell upon the figure of Mademoiselle Francesca Delacourt. She was talking to an elderly man, but when she saw me she came quietly forward, smiling as she did so.

“Ah, Mr. Phenays !” she exclaimed.

“By all that is wonderful,” I could not help answering, “how is it that I see you here ?”

"You see me here for a very natural reason," was her answer. "I am staying in the house with my godfather. I have known him all my lifetime. You will like him, Mr. Phenays. He is a great chemist, and is making some investigations at the present time for me, for my hobby is also chemistry. The fact is, I am proud to tell

you I have made a small discovery which may be of use to the world.

M. Laroque is helping me to perfect it.

But come,

M. Laroque's letter, gave place to a strange feeling of unaccountable distrust.

Mademoiselle led the way into the old house. We passed down several dark passages, and then paused outside a door covered with green baize. This she flung open, and going in before me, invited me to follow.

Seated by a log fire was an old man, whose bent back and long, grey hair were all I could see.

"How do you do, M. Laroque?" I said, bending towards him. "I have answered your letter in person. I am Mr. Phenays."

As I spoke I noticed that Mademoiselle had left the room. I looked at my host, expecting a word of welcome. He was silent for a moment, then he said gravely—

"This is Francesca's doing. But it is good of you, Mr. Phenays, to come."

"Mademoiselle's doing!" I could not help interrupting.



Mr. Phenays, I must not keep you talking any longer; follow me, will you?"

Her manner was courteous and friendly, but a strange despondency came over me as I talked to her, and the comfort which I had hitherto experienced, in the receipt of

"Hastily pushed it behind a velvet curtain."

H. Thiede
1901

"Yes; she happened to be present when poor Escott died, and gave me to understand that he had imparted a somewhat serious matter to you. If so, we shall have something to discuss, and I hope you will forgive the liberty a complete stranger takes in summoning you here."

"But there is no liberty," I replied. "On the contrary, I cannot tell you how grateful I am. Poor Escott spoke to me of you on his deathbed, and asked me to communicate with you immediately. He said that he had left a letter addressed to you in his cabinet. I could not find it, and did not know your address, therefore was unable to write to you. Your letter to-day, therefore, makes all straight. I am much relieved."

"I presume, Mr. Phenays, you are now on your way to London, in order to hand on the communication which Escott made to you to the right quarter?"

"I am returning to London," I answered. "But an unfortunate thing happened. Poor Escott's secret was never confided to me; he was about to tell it when he was interrupted."

"How?"

"Miss Delacourt, in what I consider an unwarrantable way, burst into the room. The shock killed him."

"Francesca was always impulsive," said the old man. He paused for a moment and his face looked downcast. "Is it really true," he said then, "that you know nothing?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"And yet someone must act, and at once," continued M. Laroque. "The matter is of vital importance. If I were not a cripple, I could—but there, I am powerless. God only knows what the consequences may be if those scoundrels——"

He broke off, a faint streak of colour in his face.

"Well, sir, I am glad to see you. Your coming is opportune. You will, of course, remain for the night."

"I have come prepared to do so."

"That is well. After dinner I will tell you what I know."

He rang the bell, which was close to his side. An old servant in faded livery appeared. He took me to a room on the second floor. I changed into my dinner dress and came downstairs. I found my host and Mademoiselle in the room. The meal was announced. The old servant Paul gave his arm to my host and conducted him

to the head of the table. During dinner Francesca Delacourt led the conversation. She spoke well in excellent French. My host now and then looked at her with an affectionate smile. She was, beyond doubt, a handsome and attractive woman.

We dined simply, and when the meal came to an end Laroque turned to his god-daughter.

"Francesca," he said, "Mr. Phenays and I are going to the laboratory. We are about to have an important conversation. Can you do without us for a time?"

"Of course I can," she answered. "But, godfather, the laboratory is too damp for you just now. I must go down first and see that it is comfortable."

"Very well, my dear. Turn on the electric light. The room is thoroughly warm, and your idea with regard to its being damp, is—pardon my saying it—nonsense."

She shook her head and her eyes met mine fully. There was something in her glance which again brought back that intense sensation of discomfort and uneasiness which her presence had before produced. She went as far as the door, then she turned and looked at me again.

Her second glance caused a curious tingling in my spine. As I write these words I recall that queer look. There was a strange expression round her mouth, a slight narrowing of her dark, almond-shaped eyes—a peculiar smile, which first lit up the gloomy depths of her eyes, hovered round her lips, and vanished.

A moment later I had forgotten about her, being much entertained by my host's conversation. We chatted for a few minutes, then he turned to me.

"If you will walk down the passage outside this room, Mr. Phenays, and open a baize door at the end, you will find some steps. Pray go down the stairs to the laboratory. I shall be with you in a moment or two."

I immediately proceeded to carry out his instructions. I walked down the passage, opened the baize door, and went downstairs. The whole of the castle was lit with electric light. It looked strangely out of place in this Norman fortress; but Laroque was nothing if not scientific, and the latest improvements in science were, he assured me, always to be found in his house. As I entered the laboratory I started to see that Mademoiselle Delacourt was there. She was bending over a cylinder. When I appeared she hastily pushed it behind a velvet



"Bent near and spoke in a whisper."

curtain ; then she turned, looked at me, and smiled.

"I will leave you and my godfather to your business," she said, and she went away without waiting for me to speak to her.

Curiosity impelled me to walk to the curtain and push it back, in order to see what was behind it. Only two cylinders, which might have contained anything, but were now empty. I vaguely wondered why they were there, and what Mademoiselle Delacourt was doing with them. A weight of gloom and nervousness overpowered me, but my host's footsteps caused me to pull myself together, and the next instant he entered the room.

"Ah," he said, sinking with a sigh into his easy-chair. "Do you know, Phenays, that this is one of the finest laboratories in the neighbourhood of Paris. Here I do all my scientific work. I am quite quiet here and undisturbed ; anyone would think a place of this sort would be damp, for it is only just above the level of the moat, but in reality it is not."

"The air of the room is quite warm and dry," I answered.

"Yes, that is the case," he replied. Then he was silent for a minute. "I am glad you have come, Mr. Phenays," he said then, "for if that secret got into the wrong hands,

it would do the most incalculable and awful mischief. Now, come nearer to me and I will tell you everything. Hullo ! what is that ?"

He had scarcely spoken before we were plunged into darkness ; the electric light had gone out.

"That infernal dynamo has broken down again !" he said. "It is really too bad. Please hand me the matches and we will light a lamp ; you will find them just there on the bench ; run your hand along and you will touch the box."

I rose to comply, guided by a streak of moonlight which entered through a narrow window.

"I cannot find any matches," I said. "Just wait a moment ; I will go to the dining-room and get some."

I opened the door and began to climb the stairs. I had

not gone up a dozen steps when I heard him call out—

"All right, here they are ; come back, please."

I had just turned to do so, when a sudden and terrific explosion occurred, an explosion of such awful violence that I felt myself hurled up against the stonework as if by an unseen arm. For a moment I was so stunned that I could scarcely understand what had happened. Then self-control returned to me and I went quickly back to the laboratory. A terrible sight met my gaze. The room was absolutely wrecked, the window-panes and sashes blown out, and the floor strewn with shattered furniture. In one corner, evidently propelled there by the violence of the explosion, lay the body of my poor host. I rushed to raise him up, but one glance was sufficient to show that he was quite dead. I was just about to go for assistance, when Mademoiselle, followed by several servants, hurried in. On seeing me she gave a sharp cry, and I shall never forget the curious look of horror and intense disappointment on her face. Then she seemed to recover herself ; she stood by the door with both hands raised.

"Ah !" she cried, "I warned him ; so it has happened at last."

"What do you mean?" I said. "Can you throw any light on this fearful thing?"

"I can," she replied. "I warned him, but he would never listen. Come upstairs, and I will tell you."

"You shall tell me here," I answered.

"Bring a lamp at once," I continued, turning to the servant.

He turned to obey. Miss Delacourt and I stood facing each other. The moonlight coming in through the shattered windows fell on both our faces. All the distrust I felt for her shone, doubtless, in my eyes. Just for a moment her eyes quailed under my gaze. A man came down with a lamp.

"Now for your explanation," I said.

"Do you doubt my word?" she asked.

"I doubt everything about you," I replied.

"I doubted you from the first moment I saw you; now I doubt you terribly."

"And yet you are wrong," she said; "but some men cannot help being suspicious."

"I await your explanation," I said.

"And I will give it," she said. "Have you ever heard of marsh gas?"

"Certainly."

"Then you will soon be at the bottom of this awful accident. Marsh gas is to be found in places where vegetation decomposes. It is the same thing as fire-damp, which causes so many mining disasters. Its deadliness consists in its not being detectable by any of the senses, as it has no colour or smell; but when mixed with the air it forms one of the most explosive gaseous mixtures there is. Now, I have often suspected that this gas found its way into M. Laroque's laboratory from the moat. Of course, even if it did come in, he would be safe as long as only the electric light was burning; but any

unguarded flame, even that caused by the lighting of a match, would bring on an explosion. But why were you not also present when the explosion took place?"

"I went to find some matches," I answered. "The electric light went out suddenly. I could not find the match-box, and went upstairs to get some. Mademoiselle, why did the light go out? What were you doing when you bent over the cylinder? Why did you push it behind the curtain? I looked behind the curtain when you left the room, and found two cylinders; they may have contained compressed air or anything."

She turned white.

"You will be sorry for this," she said.

"Your suspicions are past enduring." She turned and left the room.

How I spent the rest of that night I can scarcely tell, but towards morning I went to my bedroom and lay down without undressing. I had scarcely dropped asleep before I was aroused by someone touching me. Looking up, I saw the old servant Paul.

"The carriage is at the door, sir. A train for Paris leaves Bévallon in less than an hour. I will drive you to the station. You are not safe in this house, Mr. Phenays."

"In Heaven's name what do you mean?" I asked.

He bent near and spoke in a whisper.

"May God forgive me if I am wrong, sir, but I must speak. There was nothing the matter with the dynamo. I saw Mademoiselle with her own hands turn off the current."

I raised myself on my elbow and stared hard at the old servant.

"I will take your advice, Paul," I said, "and get back to Paris at once."



THE ENGLISH SWITZERLAND.

By HAROLD SHEPSTONE.

IT will probably come as a surprise to many to speak of a Switzerland in England, for the very name conjures up lofty, snow-clad mountains almost impossible of ascent; but, nevertheless, we can claim to possess the Alps, in miniature at least, in that part of the country known as the Lake District, occupying a small portion of Lancashire, most of Cumberland and

too, has often to be considered. But at Christmas and Easter—or in the middle of summer, when the busy man cannot remain away from town more than a few days or a week, and a journey to Switzerland is impossible—the Lake District offers him almost unlimited opportunities for tasting the joys of mountaineering. If he is ambitious, and anxious to develop the higher art



Photo by]

THE "JAWS" OF BORROWDALE.

[Abraham, Keswick.

Westmorland, tucked away in the north-west corner of England.

An important point which should give an added charm to this Switzerland of ours is the fact that it can be reached from London in a day, or even in a night, while the Alps or Caucasus involve a long and trying journey. It must not be forgotten also that hundreds are barred from participating in the delights of climbing the great Alps on account of the shortness of their holiday, while the length of their purse,

of mountain climbing, there are innumerable peaks which he can scale—peaks and pinnacles which cannot be negotiated without the aid of the rope and the axe.

It is in winter, of course, that the crags and rocks of Cumberland and Westmorland are clothed in snow and present the appearance of a miniature Switzerland, but it must not be supposed that it is only at that period of the year that they present any particular interest to climbers. Anyone who has visited the Lakes will admit that there are

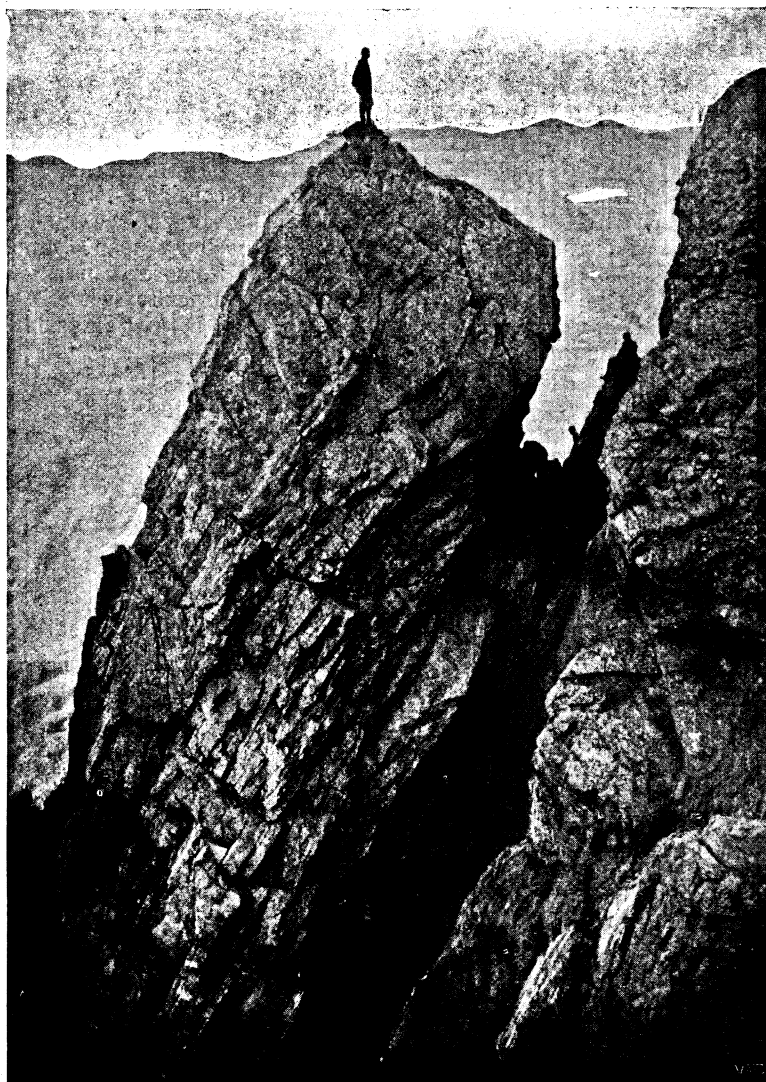


Photo by]

[Abraham, Keswick.

SCAWFELL PINNACLE, FROM SUMMIT OF DEEP GHYLL.

seemingly impossible cliffs and rocks on nearly every hill, which offer unlimited scope both to the novice as well as to the more experienced mountaineer. Nor can it be denied that climbing, especially in the south-west portion of it, is wrought without some amount of danger. For the ordinary individual to imagine that he could rush away from town, and eclipse, or even equal, many of the recent noted climbs that have been recorded, could only end in disastrous results.

Mountaineering is an art, and as such requires practice, as well as no little amount of ingenuity and judgment, before the more

difficult ascents can be undertaken. And nowhere, perhaps, is there better ground for gradual tuition in the art than is afforded in the mountains of the English Lakes, and it is not surprising to learn that many of our best Alpine climbers made their first attempts among the fells of Cumberland. There they have learned how to gauge the length of their own stride and reach when crossing gullies and clambering up steep rocks, as well as how to wriggle up almost perpendicular pinnacles which could not have been ascended without the help of the shoulder and the assistance of the knee. The value of the axe, both as a support and as a lever, and the virtues of a rope up steep ascents, will be better understood and more readily appreciated after a visit to the Lake District.

It is true that it only possesses three mountains over 3,000 feet high, while there are nearly sixty that exceed an altitude of 2,000 feet, and some twenty above 1,000 feet, but their Alpine nature will be apparent after a glance at the accompanying illustrations. The photograph on page 75 is a view of St. John's Church, with Skiddaw beautifully outlined in the background. It is the third highest mountain in England, and as the distance from Keswick to the top is only about five miles, and ponies can go to the summit with comparative ease, it is a favourite ascent. As, however, it does not present any particular difficulties from



Photo by]

THE GREAT CHIMNEY, MOSS GHYLL, SCAWFELL.

[Abraham, Keswick.

the climbers' point of view, we will not dwell upon the fascinating and panoramic views to be obtained from its summit, but turn our attention to the climbing qualities of the other peaks.

Scawfell is the highest mountain, and next in height comes Helvellyn, which can be

ascended from Keswick, though the more general custom is to make the ascent from Grasmere or from Patterdale. It was in connection with Helvellyn that Colonel Barrow issued his famous challenge to the Alpine Club, a part of which we quote : "No one, I think, will venture the im-



Photo by]

UP THE CENTRAL GULLY, GREAT END.

[Abraham, Keswick.

possible, which may be found in all the highest mountains in the Lake District. They have their precipitous sides for adventurous climbers, who, I promise, will never get up them, even if they have a mind to try." No doubt this statement had the effect of awakening a deeper interest in the hills and rocks of Cumberland and Westmorland.

The "precipitous sides" have been ascended, and the records that have been achieved by Alpine climbers within the last few years would probably astonish Colonel Barrow himself. It was such difficult ascents as Striding Edge, perhaps, that the Colonel had in mind when he uttered the above words, and until very recently it was

believed to present such difficulties as only an experienced and hardy mountaineer could possibly hope to tackle. It recalls to mind the fate of Charles Gough, who in the spring of 1805 met with an accident whilst walking along the ridge, which caused his death. This accident has been rendered famous by both Wordsworth and Scott, each making it the subject of a poem.

The photograph on the next page is a fine view of Sharp Edge, Saddleback, Skiddaw's near neighbour, and which very much resembles Striding Edge. At first sight the uninitiated would be inclined to regard the feat of the two climbers seen in the photograph as both dangerous and foolhardy. To say that there was no danger at all would be wrong, but as a matter of fact the footing is better than

it appears from a cursory glance at the illustration, and with a clear head and steady legs the ascent is not a very difficult one.

Our first photograph is Borrowdale, one of the finest valleys in the Lake District, and probably in England. It is in the heart of the best climbing in England, and it is in this district, too, that the observant eye will notice the smooth and striated character of the surrounding rocks, evidently traces of the grooving action of ancient glaciers which at some remote period occupied every valley. Many interesting and odd stories are told of Borrowdale, one of the most amusing, perhaps, being how its inhabitants once endeavoured to retain the cuckoo in their district. Believing that spring would last for ever if

the bird could be kept in the valley throughout the year, they built a wall across the entrance at Grange. They failed in the attempt, and it is supposed to be a popular belief that the villagers would have attained their object if the wall had been built one course higher.

We are now plunged into the very heart of that portion of the district where the best climbs of all are to be found. For the moment we will consider Great End, which can be ascended from Wastdale or Borrowdale by way of Sty Head Pass. Its chief features, perhaps, are its gullies. There are three — the South-east Gully, Central Gully, and Cust's Gully. The photograph shown on the previous page is a view of the Central Gully, taken in winter, with four climbers making the ascent. In winter the climb is a difficult one, and in summer, too, it is dangerous, though much easier. Viewed from Sprinkling Tarn it has the appearance of a deep gash right into the mountain from top to bottom. The gully, however, branches into two about half-way up. To make a complete ascent, both rope and axe have to be called into requisition, and the feat has been accomplished by many members of the Alpine Club within the last few years; Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith is credited with having explored it as far back as 1882.

Some of the many

attractive features of the Lake District are the innumerable ghylls and waterfalls. They abound everywhere, and some of them are exceedingly grand. By far the wildest, however, is Piers Ghyll, on the north side of Lingmell, in Wastdale. The view we reproduce was taken in winter, but will convey some idea of its rugged character. The water tumbles very majestically down its irregular bed, and at one point rushes over a great mass of rocks to the depth of

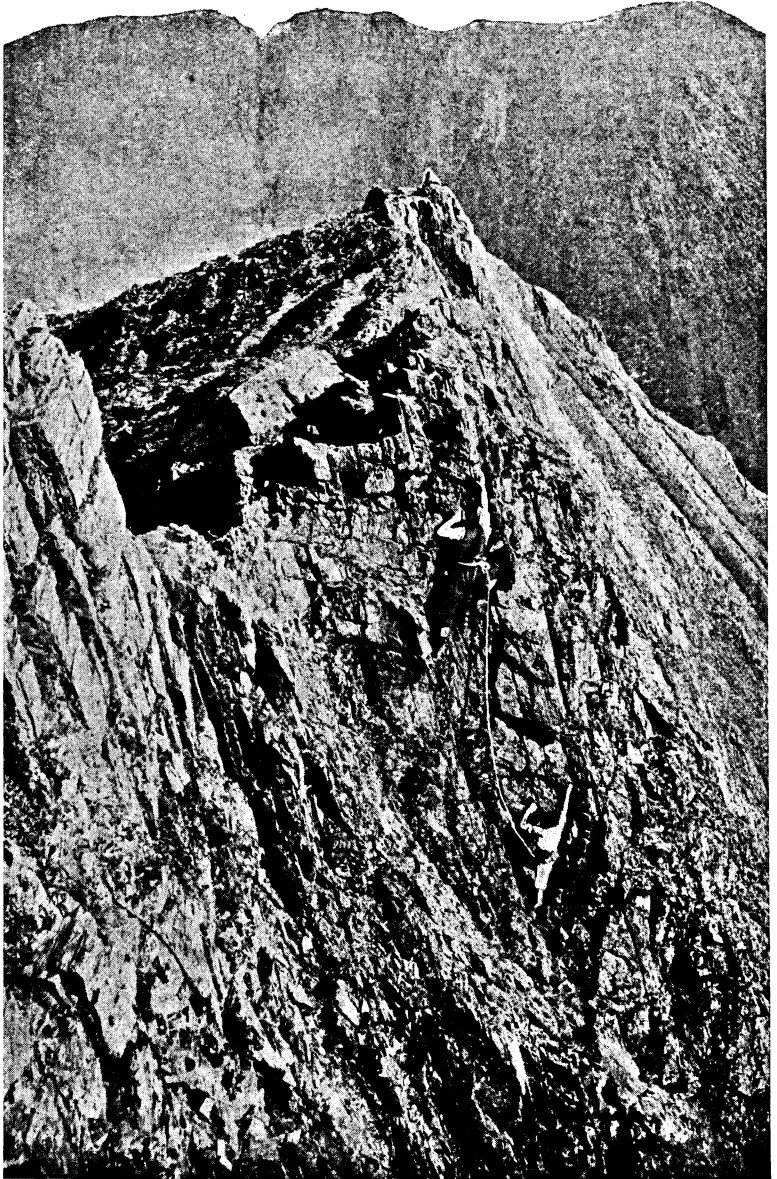


Photo by]

SHARP EDGE.

[Abraham, Keswick.

nearly fifty feet. To inspect it properly the ravine must be entered and the bed of the stream followed for some little distance. It is impossible to proceed the whole way up the ghyll, for the cliffs become narrower and the rocks and water combine so as to present an insurmountable barrier. Consequently it can hardly be called a practice-ground for climbers, though it was once climbed by Dr. Collier with three companions, Messrs. Winsor, Jones, and Fairbairn, on April 29, 1893. Attempts have been made to repeat the ascent, but so far unsuccessfully. Some climbers put down Dr. Collier's success to the unprecedented drought of 1893, when the volume of water was naturally smaller than usual. No doubt this greatly accelerated the doctor's climb, but it was none the less a difficult and dangerous one. Many stories are told of the perils of Piers Ghyll, some of them being quite romantic. According to an inhabitant of Wastdale, a tourist was obliged to pass the night in the ghyll some years ago through an accident, and is credited with having said that he was "perfectly consoled by the beautiful scenery."

Naturally considerable interest centres in the highest mountain of all, Scawfell Pike, 3,210 feet high; and the Scawfell Mass, which embraces the three Scawfell Pikes, Scawfell, Great End, and Lingmell, offers a wide field of exploit to the climber. Scawfell can boast of some fine rocks towards Mickledoor, and as a climbing-ground is very

popular, especially in winter. Mickledoor Chimney, in the clefts of Scawfell, is rendered difficult of ascent on account of the gully being blocked at some little distance from the top. The honour of being the first to surmount this obstacle belongs to Mr. W. H. Fowler, who accomplished the ascent on September 12, 1893.

Probably the favourite winter resort of climbers to Scawfell is the Deep Ghyll. It is a fashionable climb in winter, when the clink of the ice-axe can be heard among its rocks and crags, especially at Christmas and Easter. Plenty of snow is generally to be found in the ghyll, or gully, and the rock scenery is also very grand. There are two interesting "pitches," and our photograph is a view of the first "pitch," showing two climbers in the act of ascending the gully. The ghyll can be reached from Wastdale Head in about an hour and a half. To make a complete ascent of the ghyll, however, is by no means easy, and involves the use of the ice-axe and rope, while considerable caution is needed.

A little to the east of Deep Ghyll is another gully, known as Moss Ghyll, which presents both an interesting and difficult climb. The first attempt to ascend it was made by Mr. Haskett Smith in June, 1889.

He had to abandon the climb, however, about half-way up, his party being repulsed by the jammed boulders. On December 27, 1892, Messrs. Collie, Hastings, and Robinson passed these blocks by the aid of an artificial step cut into the rock, and reached the top of the gully by climbing a little to the left. Dr. Collier ascended the ghyll a few days later with a party, and can claim the honour of being the first to make a complete ascent

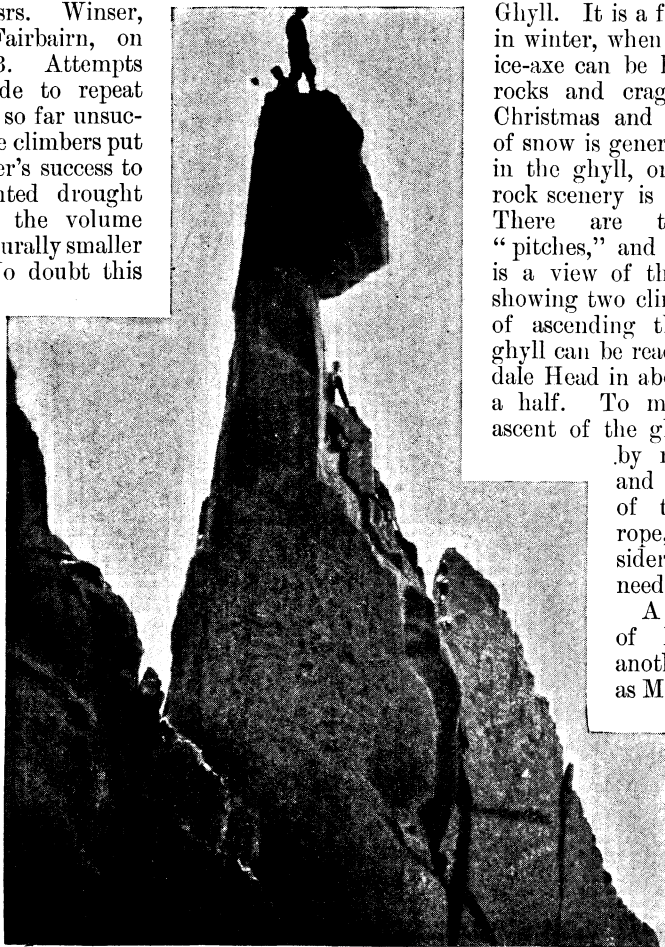


Photo by]

NAPES NEEDLE.

[Howard Priestman.

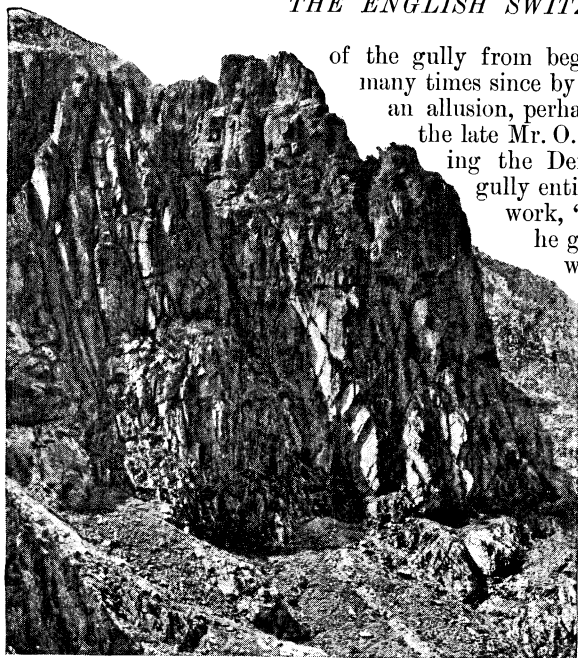
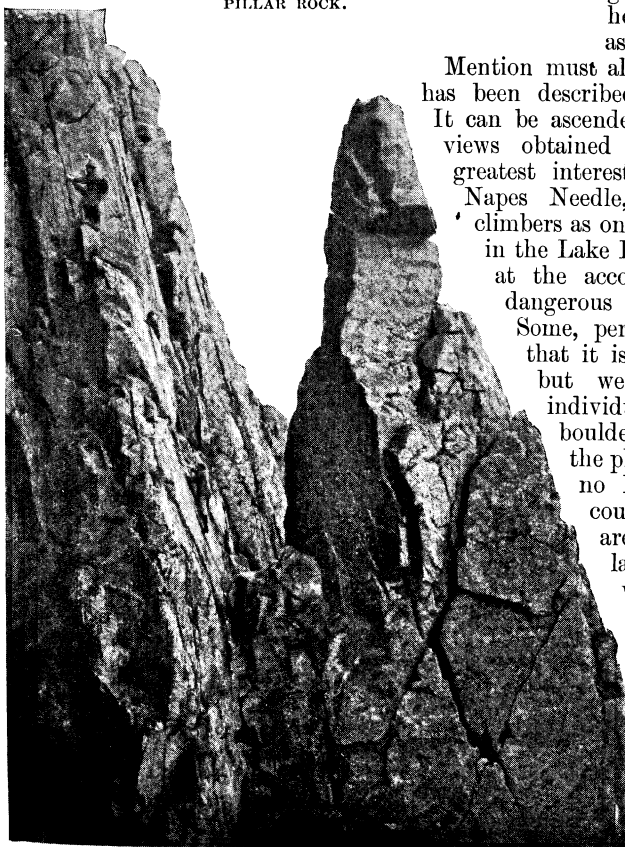


Photo by]

[Howard Priestman.

PILLAR ROCK.



NAPES NEEDLE AND ARÊTE.

of the gully from beginning to end. It has been ascended many times since by some of our best Alpine climbers; but an allusion, perhaps, may be made to the daring feat of the late Mr. O. G. Jones (who lost his life while ascending the Dent Blanche in 1899); he climbed the gully entirely alone on January 9, 1893. In his work, "Rock Climbing in the English Lakes," he gave a very graphic account of the climb, which occupied over five hours; Mr.

Jones had an unfortunate slip at the first attempt, and was precipitated into the snowbed of the gully below.

One of the most interesting features of the Scawfell Mass, especially as a climbing-ground, is the Pinnacle. It is undoubtedly a fine rock, some 600 feet in height, rising from the foot of Lord's Rake. When first seen by the ordinary individual he is apt to exclaim that it is impossible for anyone to scale its smooth sides; and the writer must confess that, until he saw a party of three climbers successfully gain the top, in the autumn of 1896, he was inclined to regard the feat as impossible.

Mention must also be made of Great Gable, which has been described by climbers as "a fine fellow." It can be ascended from Wastdale Head, and the views obtained from it are magnificent. The greatest interest of all, however, centres in the Napes Needle, which is considered by many climbers as one of, if not the most difficult climb in the Lake District. It only requires a glance at the accompanying illustrations, when its dangerous character can be fully appreciated. Some, perhaps, may be inclined to remark that it is impossible to scale such a rock; but we would call attention to the individuals on the top of the highest boulder, as shown in the photograph. If the photograph on page 74 is scrutinised, no less than eight persons can be counted making the ascent. There are two on the very top boulder, the lady standing up being Miss Nichol, while the other figure sitting down is Mr. A. P. Abraham. "What a place for a woman to get to!" someone will exclaim. Miss Nichol, however, cannot claim the honour of being the first lady to set foot upon this almost "forbidden rock," for the Needle can boast of an interesting history, according to which Miss Koecher claims the distinction of being the first lady to reach

the top, having made the ascent with Professor Marshall's party on March 31, 1890. On this occasion three-quarters of an hour was spent in throwing a rope over the summit for the benefit of the leader.

But to return to our illustration. It seems hardly necessary to add that the climbers shown in the illustration are well-known and

experienced mountaineers. In addition to the lady at the top, two others of her sex are to be seen in the photo—(Mrs.) Dr. Bryant, who is in the act of scrambling up the deep crack in the rock, assisted by the rope which is guided by another lady higher up, the whole manœuvring being superintended by the climber above, Mr. P. Eckenstein, who



Photo by]

FIRST PITCH, DEEP GHYLI, SCAWFELL.

[Abraham, Keswick.

had charge of the climbing part of Sir W. Martin Conway's expedition to the Himalayas. It is rather difficult to explain how the ascent is made, but in order to get from the position occupied by Mr. Cowley, who looks as if he was clinging to the top boulder in mid-air, it is necessary to pass round behind the stone.

The most daring climber the Needle has ever seen, however, is that indomitable mountaineer, Mr. Haskett Smith, who is credited with being the first person to discover it, in 1886. He made an ascent alone in that year and reached the top, leaving a handkerchief behind when he descended. His example was not followed by others until three years later, but since then it has frequently been the scene of some daring ascents.

EASTER AT WASTDALE HEAD.

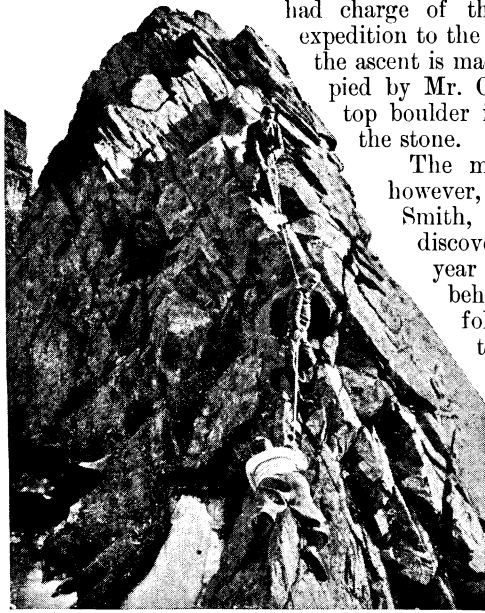
BY WALTER BRUNSKILL.

IN 1832, writing of certain experiences in the Lake District, Christopher North describes the approach of his party to Wastdale Head, over Scawfell Pikes, thus:

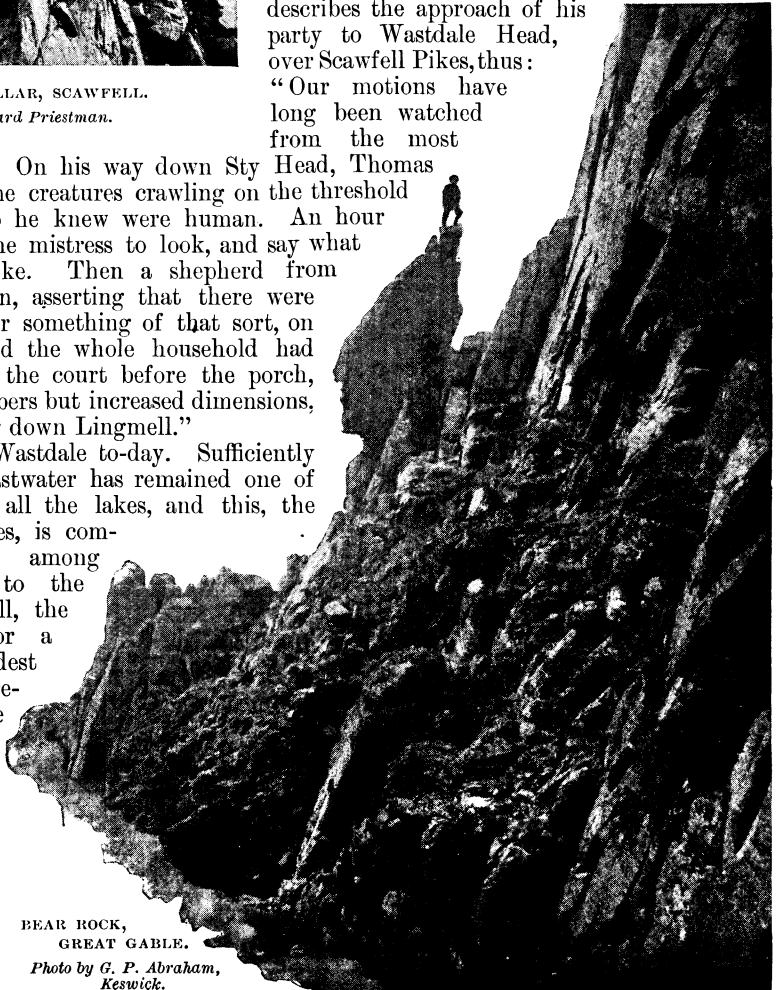
"Our motions have long been watched from the most

hospitable of houses. On his way down Sty Head, Thomas himself had seen some creatures crawling on the threshold of Mickle Door, who he knew were human. An hour afterwards he told the mistress to look, and say what she saw on the Pike. Then a shepherd from Kirkfell had come in, asserting that there were lakers, or planners, or something of that sort, on the top of Scaw, and the whole household had been eyeing us from the court before the porch, as, in diminished numbers but increased dimensions, we were seen wending down Lingmell."

It is otherwise at Wastdale to-day. Sufficiently difficult of access, Wastwater has remained one of the least visited of all the lakes, and this, the grandest of the dales, is comparatively unknown among so-called "visitors to the Lake District." Still, the approach of one or a dozen to the modest little hotel, which replaces the yet more modest inn, is regarded with equanimity, the accommodation being usually adaptable to the requirements of climbers and tourists. At Easter, however, there is an exception; then the dale is

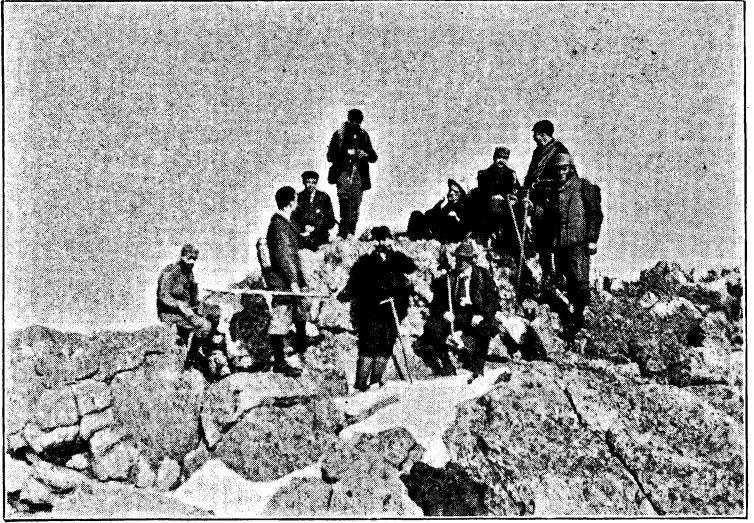


DEEP GHYLL PILLAR, SCAWFELL.
Photo by Howard Priestman.



BEAR ROCK,
GREAT GABLE.
*Photo by G. P. Abraham,
Keswick.*

crowded — fifty is a crowd at Wastdale, a hundred would be jostling multitudes — and if you wish to be certain of rooms, they must be engaged long in advance. Each year a number of persons learn this by experience. It may be they have come from Keswick, by Sty Head; from Langdale or further south, by Rossett Ghyll and Esk Hause; or from Buttermere, by Scarf Gap and Black Sail Pass. They see, with a satisfaction which is fated to be short-lived, this place of rest, straighten themselves up, and come along for the last half-mile with a cheerful swing, meant to suggest that their feet are **not** sore and their legs not weary. Then they are told, regretfully but firmly, that there is no room, but that they may get it at Nether Wastdale, five miles away; and these dejected, improvident people, whose



PARTIES MEETING ON THE SUMMIT.

feet are sore and whose legs are very weary, fade off into the night with a much less confident air.

It is not until every conceivable corner in the few houses at Wastdale Head has been filled that this last suggestion is acted upon, and at such times, in years gone by, the late vicar and his wife used kindly to open their



Photo by]

TOP OF BIG GULLY, GREAT END.

[Howard Priestman.



Photo by]

[Abraham, Keswick.

PIERS GHYLL.

doors. Persons whose enterprise has really brought them into the neighbourhood of the deepest lake, highest mountain, and smallest church in England, are loath to retire to less favoured places, and, besides, the late vicar was glad of a little company, and liked to

entertain his guests with good-natured anecdotes at the expense of climbers. On one occasion he related to a guest how "some fool" had spent the night on the top of Scawfell in a sleeping-bag, and a pensive smile crept over the face of his saddened listener.

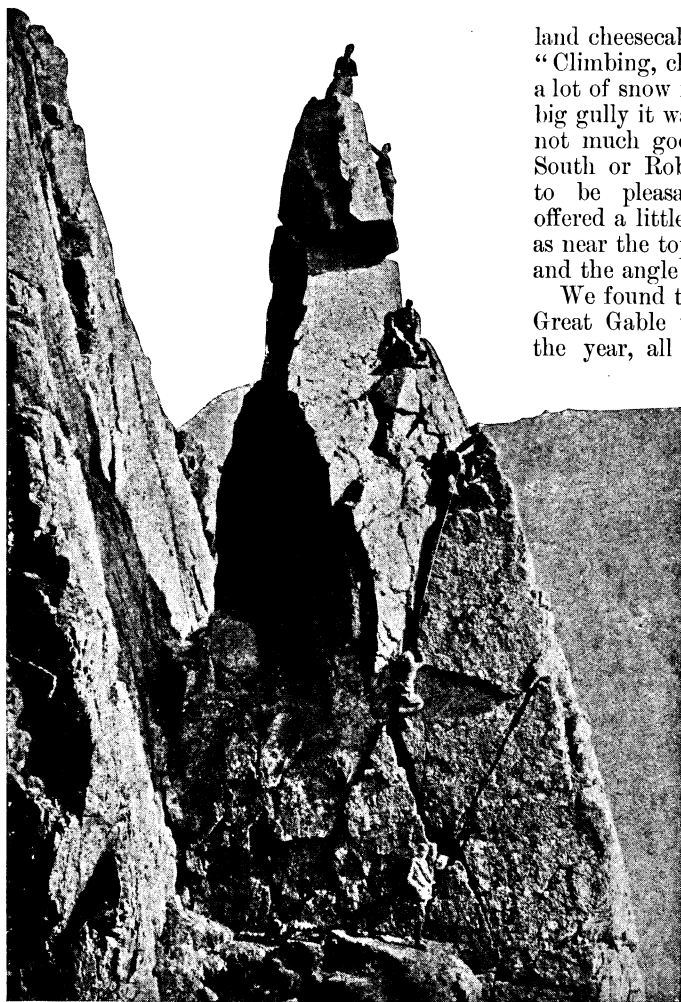


Photo by]

[Abraham, Keswick.

CLIMBERS ON NAPES NEEDLE, GREAT GABLE.

land cheesecakes the burden of their song is "Climbing, climbing." We heard there was a lot of snow in the Great End gullies ; in the big gully it was deep but soft, and therefore not much good for climbing ; while in the South or Robinson's Gully it was too damp to be pleasant. Cust's Gully, however, offered a little pleasant work for the ice-axe, as near the top the snow was distinctly hard and the angle fairly steep.

We found that the rocks of the Napes on Great Gable were, as usual at this time of the year, all that could be desired. One

party, after stretching their muscles on the Bear Rock, which from one point reminds one of the head of Rameses II., had climbed the Napes Needle, the most striking little climb in the district. They had then climbed the Napes Arête, steep at the start, but with plenty of good holds ; finishing, up the little chimney and easy rocks leading to Westmorland's Cairn. They returned down Great Gable, taking the Arrow-head Arête, sharp enough at one point to cut a climber in two, on the way.

The climbs on the Scawfell face, so far as they were then known, were all re-climbed round this dinner-table. "Collie's Step" had not paved but excavated the way up Moss Ghyll ; while the climb

He happened to be the very fool who had so slept out !

One Easter in particular is in our mind. We were fortunate in being housed in the hotel, directly under the care of Daniel Tyson and his good wife. Few things change in the dale. Sixty years ago William Tyson and his wife welcomed Christopher North, and we hope a Tyson will welcome those who go to Wastdale sixty years hence.

At Easter a various and interesting company is assembled. Many of them we met here a year ago ; we have not seen them since, but shall be glad to come across them another year.

There is a gay buzz of conversation from the happy and oddly assorted dinner gathering, and from the soup to the solid Cumber-

out of Steep Ghyll, then up by the famous chimney leading to the little *arête* the top of which is the summit of the Deep Ghyll Pillar, was then, and probably always will be, one of the most popular of climbs.

It would be impossible to be long at Wastdale Head without hearing a good deal about the Pillar Rock ; and at this time every party strong enough was climbing it by its north face, an excellent and safe climb of some three to four hundred feet. There had just been made a variation on the original route to a point called the Split Block, up a gully, which near its top is called Savage Gully. This, however, had to be left and a traverse made round a curious corner, which permitted only of the flattest of flat positions in rounding it, and is known as the "Stomach

Traverse." The climb from near the Split Block, after crossing the "Crevasse," seems to end in an impossible face, at one point of no great height, but just high enough to block the way. The desired point, where easy going again began, is reached by lowering two of the party into the top of Savage Gully, and a way is then possible to the desired point above. The two who have been lowered draw the remainder up the smooth face. Occasionally this is done by means of the ordinary rope round the waist, and an extra rope used as a stirrup. A foot is placed in the loop of the latter, which is drawn up until the leg is bent at a comfortable angle; the climber then pulling on the rope lifts himself up till his leg is straight; then, anchored by the rope round his waist, the process is repeated until the top is reached.

At Wastdale it is not *de rigueur* to wear purple and fine linen. The "boots" recognise as a duty only one act of personal attention at these times, and that is the application of the fatty parts of a mountain sheep to your boots, with results which produce a peculiarly satisfying odour when it arises from fifty or sixty pairs.

Apart from the climbing, what is the entrancing charm of Wastdale? Why should it be found so attractive, so permanently

attractive, to its faithful admirers? Its inaccessibility cannot be held accountable for it, and no one object is so. The "den of Wastdale," as Wordsworth calls it, has Ennerdale on one side and Eskdale on the other, so may be said to command the two others with which it is classed. A dozen mountains help to enclose the dale, and many of these the most interesting in the whole district. Each year we return it would seem there is something fresh about them, although the main features we have learned so well, remain. A wet day or a blizzard on the hills brings back unhappy-looking visitors wet through and through, or with icicles in their hair, as the case may be; while they later, sitting clean and dry in the hotel, see others arrive in a similar condition. But there is no sympathy asked or desired, and next morning, when clothes dried and singed have been reclaimed with difficulty, maybe the first twinges from hard boots suffered, or the discomfort of sodden ones soundly complained of, feeling runs high again, and an enthusiastic start will be made for the hills. The old love of overcoming obstacles, the tough determination that climbing fosters—endurance, patience, and good temper—these are all to the fore again.

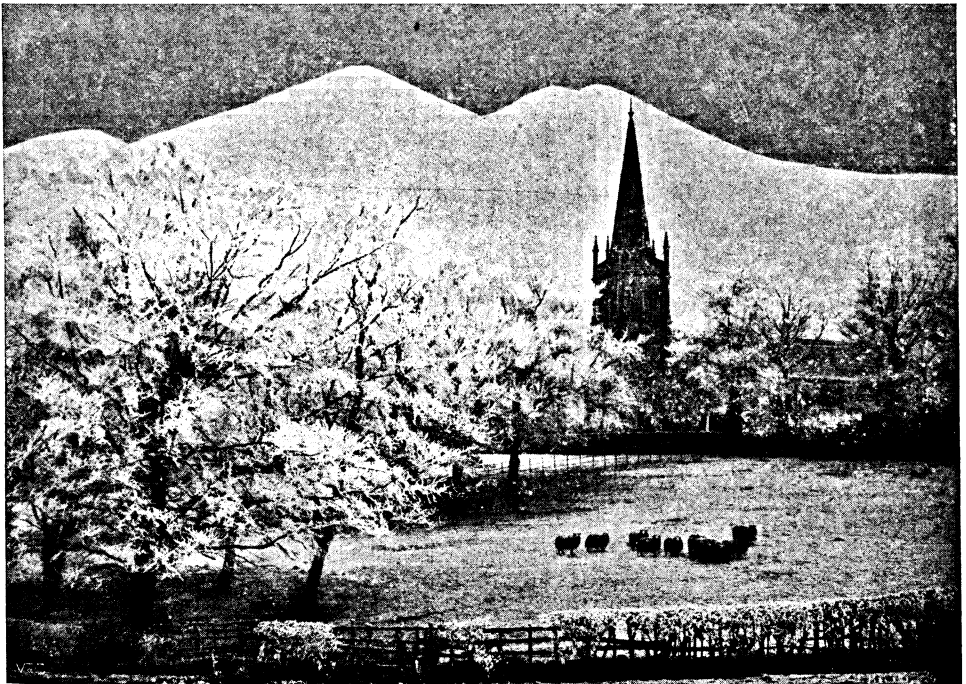


Photo by]

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND SKIDDAW.

[Abraham, Keswick.

CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. VII.—SOAMES *v.* FARSHAW.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."



HOW Mr. S. Bywater Soames was a young man who wanted money without working for it, by the simple process of knowing something, may possibly be remembered. It may also be remembered how he triumphed over the Anglo-Foreign Hotels Syndicate, and milked them of the sum of six thousand pounds, in the matter of Soames's lease of his chambers in Doddington Street.

About a year after that event Soames was lunching by himself at the Continental, when a tall old gentleman, of somewhat military appearance, touched him on the shoulder.

"Mr. Soames, I think. I wonder if you remember me."

"Certainly. Mr. Farshaw, of the Anglo-Foreign Hotels Syndicate. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks. It will be far pleasanter than lunching alone. We were opponents once, but I'm glad to see that you bear no malice. After all, why should you? You got six thousand for what was not worth six hundred in the open market."

"But I was not dealing in the open market. So far as I remember, the offer you made to me was twenty-five pounds."

"True. Twenty-five and a few little extras. You looked so young. You still do; happy man! Of course, in business one has to try to buy as cheaply as possible. Indeed, as a director, acting on behalf of others, it was my duty to do so. I think we may call it quits there. I'm afraid Chive was rude to you, but I was not responsible for that drunken brute; we threw him out soon afterwards. Still, I'm sorry."

"That's all right," said Soames languidly. "Syndicate doing pretty well?"

"Not more than fairly well, I'm afraid. But I have nothing to do with it now. It was splendid business once, but there's a lot of competition nowadays; any new idea's copied at once. When you've had the cream you come down to the milk. I thought it best to leave before we were right on to it. I sold out. I thought I saw better ways of using my little savings. Then, again, in business you must not be too particular what company you keep; but Chive was a bit too strong for my taste, and the man who followed him was not much better. Then there was old Mandelbaum—remember him?"

"I shall never forget him."

"Oh, he was typical; he was chronic; he was too hot! I'd had as much as I could stand. And what has been your latest *coup*, Mr. Soames, if one may ask?"

"I've done nothing. I've been resting. I require a good deal of rest; I'm easily tired. For the last few months I've been abroad. I came back to attend a sale of Stuart relics. But I think, perhaps, I ought to be making some more money now. Perhaps you have some opportunities to offer me?" he said, with a smile.

"Well," said Mr. Farshaw, "after I'd left the Syndicate I had a few deals in house property. I made some successes, and I made some disappointments. There wasn't much in it, anyway. Then I went into the jungle—West Africans, you know. That's been much better, and we're not at the end of it yet. There are opportunities for a man with a little capital, if you like."

"Ah!" said Soames, "I don't know anything about mines and that sort of thing."

"Let me tell you, then. Let me just give you a few instances."

Mr. Farshaw began on his instances. He reeled off big figures with conviction, and pronounced many names with ease and familiarity that would have baffled Soames completely. He exhibited the pitfalls of the market and gave the simplest possible rules for avoiding them. He became descriptive. After hearing him one might have thought it idle and slovenly to take more than three weeks over making a large

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"‘Thanks,’ said Soames, as he examined the paper."

fortune. His candid blue eyes gleamed as he attempted to paint some—only some—of the miraculous possibilities that were awaiting the investor. And he was not ungenerous, for in some of the things that held out the brightest hopes Mr. Farshaw was quite prepared to sell his own personal holding—to give Soames a start.

When he had quite finished, Soames, who had appeared interested, said, with a sigh, that he did not go in for that kind of thing. He might, perhaps, see if there were anything that would suit him in the way of house property.

Mr. Farshaw did not look perfectly satisfied, but he remained as obliging as ever. "Well," he said, "since you ask me for opportunities, I can tell you of something in that direction, too. It doesn't represent the big thing that can be done by judicious investment in West Africans. It's simply a

good and certain profit for a man who can afford to put a little capital by for a few years. It's on a very small scale, but, so far as it goes, it's very particularly all right. I found it myself and fully intended to tackle it myself. But at that time I was already nibbling at the West African business, and I'm not a rich man, and cannot afford to lock up any capital. It's simply a question of buying a narrow, triangular strip of road frontage to sell to the owner of a larger property behind it."

"Why can't the present owner of the larger property buy the strip for himself?"

"He can, but he won't. He doesn't care about making money. He's a scholar and a collector, and so on.

He's also a recluse, and it wouldn't be far wrong to say that he's a little cracked, as well. But he's an old man and a bit of an invalid. He can't last long. And the next owner, whoever he may be, will want that long strip of road frontage. You can buy it now for £750, and you will be able to sell it then for £1,500. It stands to reason. Why——"

"Pardon me," said Soames. "You don't own any of this property, or any in the neighbourhood?"

"Not one solitary inch."

"Why do you give me this chance? Why do you show such remarkable generosity to me, of all people?"

Mr. Farshaw watched Soames keenly and for one moment seemed to be reflecting on his answer. He was always more ready for a subtle than a simple question. "At present," he said, "I have given you nothing.

You would not know where to go to find this property. You have no names or addresses. I could not afford to give, and I am sure you would not care to take a present from me so valuable as this information is. I will sell you it on fair business terms."

"I see. What are they?"

"We adjourn, say, to the smoking-room. I give you all the necessary details and answer your questions as far as I can. You go down to the place and look into it for yourself. If you buy the strip, you call on me on the day of the purchase and hand me three twenty-fives—that is, ten per cent. on the price you pay—as my commission. If you decide it is not good enough, you pay me nothing, but you agree to keep the information to yourself, so that I may have a chance of selling it elsewhere."

"Very well," said Soames. "I agree to that. You shall put it in writing and I will sign."

"It would perhaps be more regular," said Mr. Farshaw, as he rose from the table.

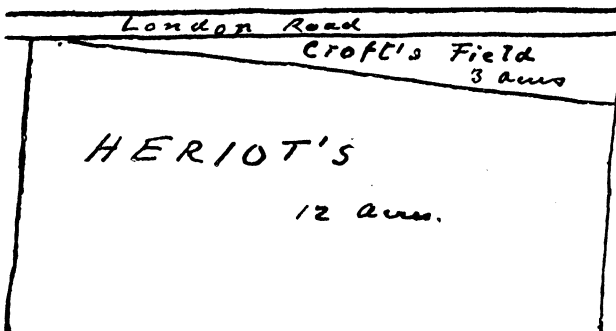
In the smoking-room, Soames reclined in the most comfortable chair he could find, his habitual air of weariness being, if anything, more marked than usual. Mr. Farshaw wrote a few lines on a sheet of notepaper, drew a rough plan beneath them, and handed it to Soames.

"That'll do, I should think," said Mr. Farshaw.

"Thanks," said Soames, as he examined the paper. On it was written—

"In the event of my purchasing any part of the property referred to in the plan below, and situated in the parish of Salsay Bois, Bucks, I agree to pay to James Edward Farshaw the sum of seventy-five pounds in cash, in consideration of information supplied by him. And in the event of my not purchasing, I agree to make no further use of that information whatever."

To that was appended this rough plan :—



And underneath was a space for the signature.

"It wouldn't satisfy the lawyers," said Mr. Farshaw; "at least, I suppose not. I'm no lawyer myself, but the meaning is perfectly clear, and it is a memorandum that would be binding on gentlemen."

"Certainly," said Soames, in an absent-minded way, as he examined the plan carelessly. "I think I see," he went on. "The part marked 'Croft's field' is the part I have got to buy, and it is to the future owner of Heriot's that I have got to sell. By the way, what is the name of the present owner?"

"His name's Gilfrew."

"And he won't buy Croft's field. Yet he must see that it would add immensely to the value of his property."

"He sees that all right; but the lunatic doesn't care. 'Why should I buy it?' he said to me. 'I've been here twenty years without having that field, and I've never felt the want of it. I bought this place to live in, and not as a speculation, and I hate alterations.' And you can't shake him."

"But this James Gilfrew——"

"How do you know his name's James?"

"I happen to have a book or two that he wrote. I had heard that he lived as a recluse in the country. It must be the same man. If he won't buy Croft's field, could he be induced to sell Heriot's?"

"No, he won't do anything—not one single blessed thing. I tried that, too. There's a very good demand for small residences there just now, and there's next to no land to be had. If he would have sold Heriot's, you may be quite sure that I should have bought it. As it was, I was on the verge of buying Croft's field and waiting for my profit; but—well, I've explained all that."

"Why doesn't Croft keep his land himself, and sell it to the next owner of Heriot's?"

"Because Croft, like a good many farmers nowadays, is in want of ready money. He has an idea that the land will be worth something one of these days, and thinks he is asking a pretty stiff price for it. But he has not quite realised that it puts from fifty to a hundred pounds an acre on to the value of the twelve acres behind it."

"When you gave up the idea of buying, why didn't Croft go about and find another purchaser?"

"Croft's not the kind of man that goes about and finds things."



"He called on Mr. James Gilfrew."

Besides, he is by no means sure that I have given the thing up. He has written to me twice about it within the last fortnight, and I've put him off."

Soames looked at the plan again. "You don't mind me asking all these questions?" he said.

"On the contrary, I particularly want you to ask them. If you buy this land, you must do it on your own responsibility and judgment. I give you the information, but it must be understood that I do not advise. Now, what else can I tell you?"

"You have not marked the position of the house at Heriot's."

"No, I've not put in any details. The position is very curious, and much what one might have expected from that idiot Gilfrew. He has put the house as far away as possible from the road. Doesn't like to hear or see his own species, I suppose. You go through three fields before you get to the gardens, and his house is at the end of the gardens, with its back to the road."

"And the land round Heriot's?"

"All farm-land. Some of it's Croft's; some of it's Belman's; and some belongs to another chap whose name I've forgotten. You'll find out all about that easily enough when you go down there."

"Thanks," said Soames. "I think that's all. I'll just sign that document for you." He rose and went in his turn to the writing-table. Then he gave the signed paper to Mr. Farshaw and sank back in his chair with the air of one who has completed a hard day's work. Shortly afterwards Mr. Farshaw left to keep an appointment in the City. For a time Soames still remained in his place. His eyes were closed, and it might have been thought that he was asleep. But he was not; he was merely trying, unsuccessfully, to think out a puzzle.

A trap was being laid for him—of that he had never since the beginning of his conversation with Farshaw had the slightest doubt. He was perfectly well aware that Farshaw hated him and wanted to get even with him. He knew it as well as if Farshaw himself had told him so. But he did not quite see what Mr. Farshaw was to make out of it. He was convinced that the £75 commission had simply been an afterthought to provide a reason for making the offer. And he did not see in the least where the trap lay. It was clearly not in the figures, since these could so easily be checked. Indeed, all Farshaw's statements could easily be checked, and he had nothing to gain by lying in that way.

The trap, if there were a trap, would consist, not in what Farshaw had said, but in what he had left out. And that was as far as Soames could get for the present.

On the following morning he called on Croft's agents. They talked like agents and were of no sort of use to Soames. Then he caught a train to the nearest station to Salsay Bois, and succeeded in interviewing Croft. He was a somnolent and unsatisfactory old farmer. Croft was vague on most points. He said that there had been a Mr. Farshaw, but he didn't seem to be going on with it. He didn't answer letters, this Farshaw. The field was a splendid investment, and Croft declared that it was only a series of bad years that forced him to part with it. Soames had much the same feeling that he had had with Farshaw, the feeling that something was being kept back. Soames succeeded in obtaining an option to purchase for a fortnight. Croft was very reluctant here. At last he said, "Well, if at the end of the time you haven't bought, I shall expect something." That was arranged, and so far Soames was content; but he had not yet found out where the trap lay.

He found it out next morning when he called on Mr. James Gilfrew, armed with a letter of introduction and three important manuscripts relating to Charles I., of which one was spurious. The manuscripts alone would have constituted sufficient introduction, but Soames liked to do things in their proper order. He remained to luncheon with the eccentric old recluse; by four o'clock in the afternoon, when he left, he had a very fair idea of the trap, and of how to put Mr. James Farshaw into it. Soames, as he travelled back to town, looked the very picture of a man who was at peace with the world.

For a man who tired easily Soames got a good deal done in the course of the next day. He called on Croft's agents in London and arranged to purchase Croft's field for considerably less than the sum that had originally been asked. He could and did produce a fair reason why the reduction should be made. They said dejectedly that they would write to their client, and had no doubt that he would be ready under the circumstances to meet Mr. Soames's views. Then he rushed off to Salsay Bois and had an interview with a much more prosperous farmer, of the name of Belman, who owned the land to the south of Heriot's. When that was over he returned to London in time to see two solicitors. The next day he

rested, and the day following, being Sunday, he rested some more. And on Monday he paid another visit to Mr. Gilfrew, with a document or two in his pocket.

When he was walking back to the station he met something which was not exactly a common object of the country roadside, but nevertheless occasioned him no surprise. It

Soames with suspicion. "How do you know? What do you mean?"

"If you were not going to Heriot's, I don't mean anything. If you were, I give you my word that you will save yourself time and trouble by walking back to the station with me. You are too late to do anything. Even if Gilfrew would see you,



"He looked at Soames with suspicion.
'How do you know?'"

was Mr. Farshaw, suitably dressed in country clothes and walking fast. He saluted Soames with his usual genial smile.

"Come down to look at the place? That's right. I mustn't stop. I'm down here on business."

"I'm afraid," said Soames wearily, "that you're a little too late for it."

Farshaw's smile vanished. He looked at

which I very much doubt, Heriot's is no longer at his disposal. I'm perfectly willing to tell you the whole story. It would interest me. But I shall expect you to be as candid with me as I am going to be with you."

"I was half afraid of this," said Farshaw. "Very well. Go on. Let's have it."

"When you gave me that opportunity to invest some money profitably in property

here, you forgot one point. I refer to the new road to be made through Belman's land, skirting the south side of Heriot's."

"Croft never told you that. He only suspected it himself."

"Croft was a monument of discretion, and told me nothing. The new road will be a short cut, the other road makes a big loop just there; it will also be a better road, because the old one is flooded regularly whenever there is a heavy rain. Consequently, when Heriot's gets a frontage all along the south side, the frontage on the north, where Croft's field is, must necessarily be of comparatively no importance. In fact, the bottom drops out of the investment that you suggested to me. If I had given £750 for Croft's field, I should never have seen my money back again. I think you knew all that, and that you tried to put me in the cart, and I think I know why. And I don't think you were influenced by the commission that you were to make."

"That's all right," said Farshaw genially, and not in the least perturbed. "The game's up, and I may as well put my cards on the table. You knocked the syndicate of which I was a director for six thousand pounds. It is true that the loss fell on the syndicate, and not on me personally. It is also true that if my advice had been taken you would have got only half that sum. But the fact remained—I am fairly old, and I have always thought that I knew my way about, and I, in company with two other men of experience, had been knocked out of time by a youngster. I did not like it. I wanted to get more or less even with you. You are quite right in supposing that I was not playing for the commission. I had to make my offer to you seem more plausible, and that's why I spoke of the commission. All I really wanted was to put you in the cart, as you say. I knew Croft and Croft's agents would tell you nothing. I doubt if they knew that the road would be made so soon; it's been talked of for a long time. I knew that Gilfrew had said to me some time before that the next person who came and bothered him about the property would be turned out at once, and I think he meant it; also I am pretty sure he did not know about the new road. Belman did, because it practically rested with him whether the road would be made or not. But why should you think of going to him? For that matter, why should you suspect that a new road was likely to be made at all?"

"It's all very simple. I wasn't satisfied with Croft. Next day I called on Gilfrew with an excuse connected with the work in which he is interested. I got on very well with him. Shortly before I left, I was admiring his place, and he began at once to tell his sorrows. He had heard the news from Belman, and he was in despair about it. 'Of course,' he said, 'I can't stop here now. Their road will run within thirty yards of my windows. And it was only the other day that I missed a chance to sell!' That was a clear invitation to me. I took advantage of it. I offered to buy if the new road were made. He accepted. I saw Belman about the road next day, and now all is settled."

"Got Croft's field, too?"

"Got the whole block right through from road to road. Of course, I didn't pay Croft anything like the price he asked when he thought I didn't know anything about the new road."

"It's my own fault," said Farshaw. "I ought to have seen it sooner. It flashed across my mind this morning that the new road would make a great change in that lunatic Gilfrew's ideas, and that I might have another chance to buy. Oh, I ought to have seen it before! But I was thinking so much about the new road, and the chance of getting you over Croft's field, that I never saw my own line to take. Of course, as soon as I did think of it I started off at once; and now it's too late, and I've been beaten once again."

They had reached the railway-station.

"Look here," Farshaw continued. "If you like, I will give you the sum you have paid for Heriot's and Croft's field, and another thousand pounds into the bargain."

"It sounds a good offer," said Soames, "but I've got fifteen acres very cheap, and I think I can make more by cutting it up. In fact, I'm seeing some building people about it when I get back. They may be willing to work with me or to buy from me. By the way, I have your little commission here."

"Oh, thanks! Perhaps you wouldn't mind sending it to the office?"

"Certainly. Here's our train. Going smoking?"

"Thanks," said Farshaw grimly. "I think I'll travel in a compartment by myself. We go through a long tunnel, and I've got a very good knife in my pocket. I think I might be tempted."

UNDERGROUND PARIS.

BY ALDER ANDERSON.

Photographs by Dr. Armand Viré.



ONE July evening, nineteen years ago, a Parisian barber, having terminated his day's labours and resolutely put aside all thoughts of beards and razors, had just taken his seat in the back parlour of

his shop at a well-spread dinner-table. The fragrant fumes of the *pot-au-feu* gratefully tickled his olfactory nerves, and as he slowly tucked his napkin, bib-like, between collar and neck, with the deliberation of a man who conceives that nothing can intervene between him and approaching beatitude unutterable, he felt that, at that moment, he envied no man living.

Never was the proverb of the cup and the lip to receive more literal interpretation! Suddenly, and without the least warning, the table and everything upon it vanished from view as completely as if it had been a mere cardboard feast at the pantomime, and the bewildered Figaro found himself staring into the depths of a dark, yawning chasm that had opened at his feet. When he had recovered his senses sufficiently to look behind him, he perceived that the shop-front, with all its multi-coloured array of bottles and phials, had likewise disappeared into the abyss, while, by an almost miraculous chance, the chair on which he was sitting remained poised on the only part of the floor that had remained intact.

This is but a typical incident out of many of a similar kind that have demonstrated to the inhabitants of Paris, in the most brutally practical manner imaginable, that their houses were in many cases built on foundations no whit more substantial than sand. In the barber's case the occurrence had certain compensating aspects. It can hardly be doubted that it furnished him for the rest of

his professional career with a most fruitful topic of conversation, forming an agreeable and elegant interlude between the supererogatory opening remarks to his helpless victims on the obvious condition of the weather, and the disquisition on the merits of the pomatum that would banish baldness from every head but his own. Other unfortunate Parisians, who have seen hearth and home disappear bodily into the bowels of the earth, have had less cause for accepting the incident in a philosophical spirit.

To come down, however, from the particular to the general, as the schoolmaster would say, it would seem that an area equal in extent to at least a tenth of the surface covered by the modern city of Paris is completely undermined. The work was commenced by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago. With the practical instinct which guided all their acts, they soon discovered the existence under the soil of strata of stone admirably adapted for building purposes. When the strata outcropped on the surface, the stone was quarried out in the ordinary way. In other cases, circular holes, subsequently replaced by staircases, were sunk until the stratum of stone was met



STAIRCASE DECORATED WITH SKULLS.



A DANGEROUS SPOT.

with, when galleries were driven horizontally through it. At intervals additional shafts were constructed to bring the stone to the surface. Traces of the oldest Roman workings are, even to-day, distinctly discernible in many places. In addition to the stone, chalk, clay and gypsum have at various epochs and in various degrees been similarly exploited. The result is that there are now galleries of a total length of more than two hundred miles, ramifying in almost every direction under the city. Prior to the year 1777, the most extravagant notions as to the extent and even as to the origin of the cavities, vaguely known to exist beneath the soil, prevailed among the great mass of the inhabitants of Paris. A quick succession of alarming accidents, however, similar to that which befell the barber in more recent years, spread terror through the city and convinced the authorities that "something must be done." A regular service of inspection and survey was instituted, which still exists, and the underground tunnels have long since all been explored and mapped out as precisely as are the streets above. The surveyors' principal duties now are to consolidate and prop up any parts of the galleries that seem likely to fall in and engulf the houses above. Such accidents are usually caused by the formation, in process of time, of what are known technically as "*fontis*," cavities of a some-

what bell-like shape, which gradually increase in height as the roof drops in pieces, until the top is too thin to support the superincumbent buildings, when a collapse suddenly takes place. Various means have been resorted to for preventing such catastrophes, among others the erection of statues of saints in the galleries, but the modern engineers seem to consider that balks of timber and solid masonry are preferable!

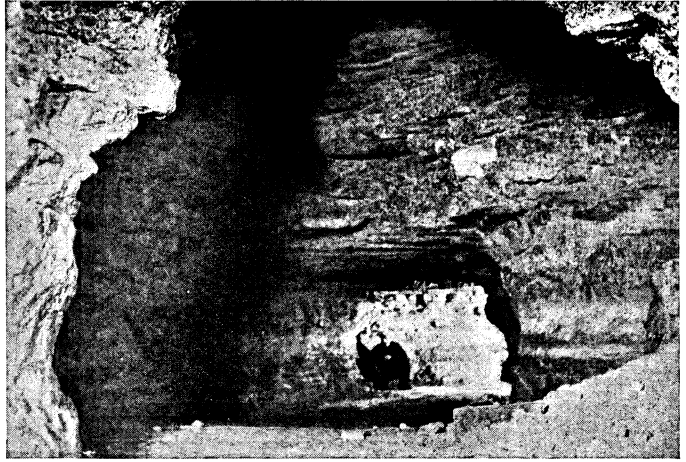
For centuries it was fervently believed that most of the quarries were haunted by imps of darkness, and many were the awesome tales of mysterious sights and sounds by which tardy wayfarers in certain districts had been almost deprived of reason. A thoroughfare that passed through one of the most ill-famed neighbourhoods even received the name of the *rue d'Enfer* (Hell Street). Devils or no devils, however, it is certain that the quarries served as places of refuge to very human scoundrels of various sorts, to whose interest it was that legends



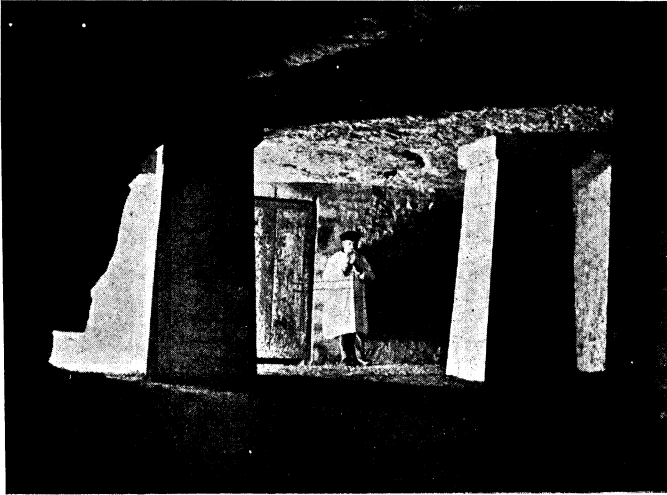
THE MUSEUM.

of the supernatural should spread. It is rather significant that, after a convent of Carthusians had been installed by Louis IX., in one of the most notoriously haunted spots, where the garden of the Luxembourg now is, the "devils" suddenly ceased from troubling. The good friars, it is true, in addition to exploiting the veins of stone under their convent, used some of the galleries as cellars, in which they stored their choicest liqueurs, so that one category of spirits may have been exorcised by another. The example set by the Carthusian monks of the thirteenth century is followed to-day by several brewers and others, with very good results.

As might be expected, such an obvious way of



A "FONTIS."



ENTRANCE TO THE OSSUARY.



A PRIMITIVE METHOD OF SUPPORTING OVERHEAD PARIS.

exploiting the gullibility of the public was not neglected by clever charlatans. A certain César, who died in prison in the Bastille in 1615, reaped a rich harvest for many years by showing the Prince of Darkness to anyone who was willing to

pay to see the sight. He has left a delightfully matter-of-fact account of his *modus operandi*.

César, who by his own showing deserves a place of honour in the Catholic charlatanesque fraternity, equal to that of his great Roman homonym among warriors, had numerous successors as well as predecessors.

The mysterious subterranean tunnels also witnessed more serious events. In one, situated under a convent in the Montmartre district of Paris, in which the early Christians are supposed to

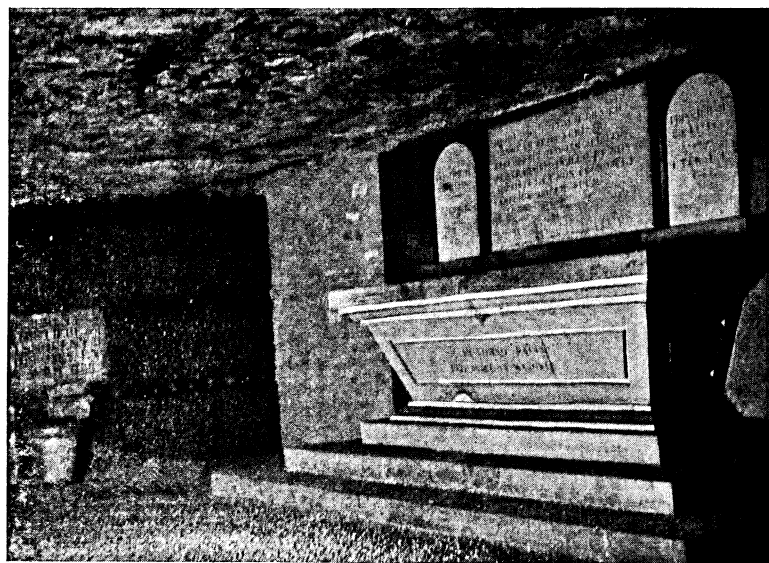
have sought refuge from their oppressors, the celebrated Order of Jesuits was founded in 1534 by Loyola.

What dramas and tragedies have been there enacted can only be guessed from the

return the way he came, however, he found it impossible, and it was only after long and strenuous efforts that the workmen were able to rescue him from his uncomfortable position.

A number of workmen themselves have at different times lost their way in the labyrinth of tunnels, though most, after a day or two's wandering in the dark, have either found some means of egress or been rescued before death put an end to their mental anguish and physical sufferings, the greatest of which is an intolerable thirst, owing to the extremely dry, rarefied condition of the air.

In 1793, the



SARCOPHAGUS IN
MEMORY OF THE
VICTIMS OF THE
REVOLUTION.

few that have come to light. In 1867, the headless skeleton of a man, close to the skeleton of a dog, was found by some workmen at a spot where the gallery is barely 2½ feet high. The man's skull lay at a distance of some yards. There was no record or tradition that could afford any clue to the mystery, which almost made another victim, the police inspector who tried to elucidate the matter nearly losing his life through an excess of professional zeal. He was an extremely corpulent man, and with great difficulty succeeded in slowly wedging his body through the tunnel to the spot where the skeletons lay. When he attempted to



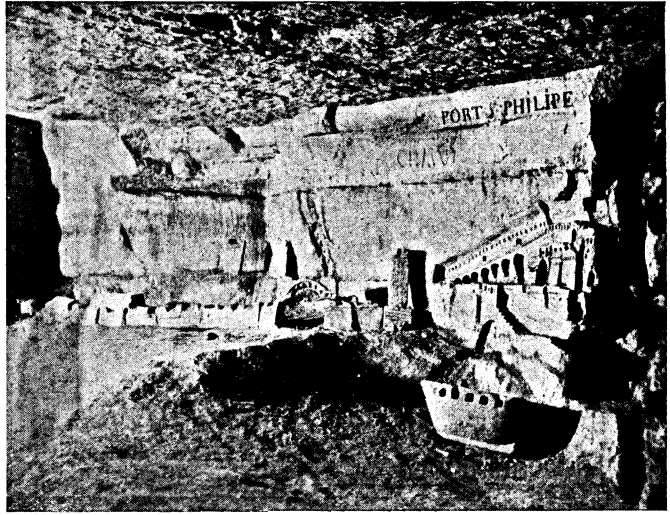
BONES REMOVED HERE FROM THE ANCIENT CEMETERY OF THE CHURCH OF
THE MADELEINE.

porter of Val de Grâce, a certain Philibert Aspaïrt, had the rash curiosity to descend the staircase leading to the galleries under the establishment without mentioning the matter to anyone. Nothing more was heard

of him until his skeleton was found in a crouching position eleven years later, his big bunch of keys close beside him. A tablet was erected to mark the spot where the body was discovered.

The tunnels also formed an admirable short cut from the outside to the inside of the city, for those persons who preferred to dispense with the formality of paying the dues exacted on most articles brought into the city by the regular roads. After the official inspection was begun in 1777, these smugglers were hunted out of their lairs, but they avenged themselves by constructing other subterranean passages between the roofs of the old tunnels and the soil, through which they crept from beneath houses just outside the city boundary to the cellars of houses belonging to confederates within the gates. Numerous tunnels of this description have been brought to light.

Among the curiosities of the galleries is a small collection of objects found in the course of the explorations, grandiloquently termed "The Museum," and also a model of Fort St. Philip, in the island of Minorca.

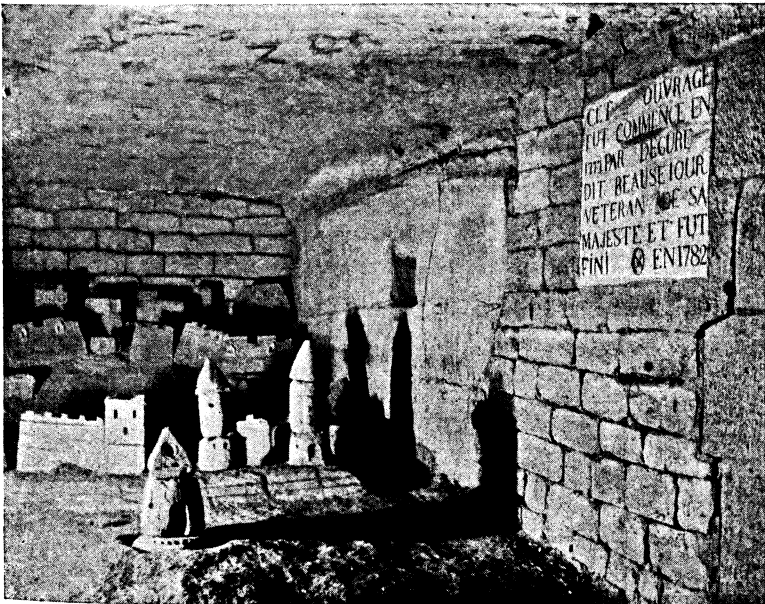


MODEL OF FORT ST. PHILIP, PORT MAHON.

The model was constructed entirely from memory by an old soldier named Decure, who for many years had been a prisoner in the hands of the English at Port Mahon, his captivity coming to an end after Admiral Byng's retreat and the subsequent capture of Port Mahon by the French. Decure received an appointment in the Quarry Inspection service, and devoted several years to constructing the model of his erstwhile prison, eventually losing his life, before the

work was terminated, by a large stone falling upon his head. Much of the model has been destroyed by vandalistic hands anxious to carry away a "souvenir."

The institution of the Catacombs, properly so called, only dates from the end of the last century, when the head of police opined that some of the galleries might very well be utilised as charnel-houses in which to place the human remains constantly being found on the sites of the old disused cemeteries of the



MODEL OF FORT ST. PHILIP, PORT MAHON, WITH TABLET IN MEMORY OF DECURE, OR "BEAUSEJOUR."

French capital. The first transference of bones in any quantity took place in 1786, from the old cemetery of the Innocents. The translation was accompanied by imposing religious ceremonies, which made a vast impression at the time. A journalist of the day, who ventured to criticise the proceedings, was imprisoned in the Bastille for a year, as a lesson to him to be more careful for the future in choosing subjects for his "copy."

From the first no effort was made to classify the bones in any way, except that those from each cemetery were placed in separate spots. The probability, therefore, is that many who in life were the greatest enemies or rivals now repose literally cheek by jowl in the eternal peace of the tomb, with nothing to distinguish them, their very names forgotten.

Nothing is more certain than that among the heaps of bones are the remains of Madame de Pompadour and Madame de Mailly, Colbert, the celebrated minister of Louis XIV., and his predecessor, the Marquis de Louvois, Gassendi, the mathematician, the "Man with the Iron Mask," and many another who in

his little day has made a considerable noise in the world.

During the Revolution the bodies of most of the unfortunates massacred in the streets and prisons were conveyed to the newly established Catacombs, where they were burned in quicklime. Altogether there are at a low estimate in the Paris Catacombs the remains of six million human beings. In recent years the system of cremating any human bones found has been resorted to, as more hygienic and better in every way than storing them.

In spite of the comparative youthfulness of the Catacombs, all sorts of legends have had time to form among the workmen, religiously transmitted from one to another. If you are ready to listen, there is not one averse to seize the occasion to tell you the story of the ghost that walks alone and without a light through the most tortuous passages, whose appearance presages death to all who behold him. It need hardly be added, too, that a score or more novelists have made the Catacombs the scene of all sorts of startling and blood-curdling events.



TABLET ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF A MAN LOST IN THE CATACOMBS, AND ONLY TRACED BY HIS SKELETON ELEVEN YEARS LATER.



REVERIE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. MENZLER.

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CAUGHT AT THE WICKET.

BY HORACE BLEACKLEY.*



OW, gentlemen, I will give you one toast," cried De Musset, balancing himself on the edge of the billiard-table, and flourishing his glass above his closely-

cropped hair. "Ze health of ze charming Mees Peggy!"

"I'm with you, friend," said Hiram P. Block, tossing off the contents of his tumbler. "The gal's a daisy."

Being hopelessly in love myself with my cousin Peggy, this public exhibition of sentiment did not please me, and I began to wonder more than ever why my uncle Owen had invited such *bounders* as De Musset and Block to stay with him. No doubt to an unprejudiced person the two individuals would have appeared respectable types of the French and American citizen; but my condition of mind was hypercritical. It was past midnight; we were smoking in the billiard-room; the family—namely, my uncle Owen and pretty cousin Peggy—had retired; and I was acting as deputy host.

"You two men seem fairly smitten," drawled Montford, caressing his slender moustache with a satirical smile on his sallow face. "If there is to be *une affaire d'honneur*, De Musset, myself and Cousin Jack here will be delighted to assist."

This remark, like most things spoken by Montford, seemed to me in questionable taste; but I was a jealous young cub, and he appeared a dangerous rival.

"Ah—no, ve vill not fight; your England ees no place for *chevalerie*—it ees all shop! Besides, *avec des fleurets*, I am—vat you call it?—champe-on! *Mon ami* Block, he vill have no chance."

"I guess, boy, your waistcoat covers twice as much ground as mine. Hev you seen me shoot ever? I ain't likely to miss a barrel at twenty paces—blindfold, you bet. You'd leak a bit, I reckon, if you stood up against me."

The artful Montford glanced from the tall Yankee to the plump little Frenchman with a patronising smile.

"Your talents are remarkable, no doubt," he observed. "Here, unfortunately, they are quite useless. The most necessary accomplishment in this house, as you know, is cricket. Isn't it, Jack?" and he turned to me with a wicked twinkle in his eye.

Montford was perfectly correct. My uncle, Owen Trelawney, though a splendid old fellow in other respects, was as mad as a hatter on one subject. His whole soul was wrapped up in cricket, and dear little Peggy, owing to her unfortunate bringing up, shared his enthusiasm. It was a condition of mind with which I had then no sympathy. Other species of mania I could understand and condone. There are scores of men who can think, talk, and dream of nothing but horse-racing; others are equally mad in respect to shooting, yachting, or hunting. These people, it seemed to me, get some fun for their money, and in comparison cricket was commonplace and cheap.

It was in consequence of his ability as a cricketer that Montford had been chosen by my uncle as his steward, which was an additional reason why I should hate the game.

"You must understand, my friends," continued Montford, smiling upon our foreign guests, "that our host, Mr. Trelawney, requires neither blue blood to ennoble his race nor money to enrich it. The son-in-law that would most please him—providing, of course, that he was a gentleman—would be the excellent cricketer. I'm right, Jack, am I not?"

"Ah, you English are all mad. Ze cricket, vat ees it?" cried De Musset, executing some graceful *leger de main* with the billiard balls. "It ees no-zing—it ees *très facile* for ze man vith—vat you call it?—vith ze eye. I have ze eye! Ze eye of billiards, and ze eye of cricket—him ees all ze same! I practise, I

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improve—I heet, I slog ! You have seen me. Monsieur Jack, ces it not so ? ”

“ You’re coming on. You’d make the fortune of any circus,” I retorted rudely, but I had been a spectator while the creature went through its exhibitions at the nets during the past week ; and the fact that the active Frenchman had mastered the elements of batting as quickly as a clever monkey learns a new trick had much annoyed me.

“ Cricket is character-istic of the English race,” said Hiram Block, in accents not unlike an untuned banjo. “ It’s slow—and it’s heavy. There’s little var-i-ety, and no vi-vacity about it. I reckon the fellows that play it are only about half awake. There’s only one game in creation, sir, and that’s baseball. Its su-periority to your sport is evident. Here I come, a stranger to your game, and none of you can take my pitches.”

Of course, it was the hope of pleasing pretty Peggy and her father that had caused the two foreigners to take such an interest in cricket.

“ Nonsense, Block ! you can bowl duffers like De Musset and poor old Jack,” retorted Montford contemptuously, in answer to the American’s boast, “ but your toffee would be no good against a decent batsman.”

“ Anyway, friend, I hit your stick this afternoon,” twanged Block, crossing his legs upon a table and blowing a disdainful cloud of smoke. “ I come on each day I try my hand at throwing. None of you’ll be able to touch me in a bit.”

* * * * *

The following morning at half-past nine we had all assembled on the charming cricket-ground in front of the Castle, upon which my uncle Owen lavished his thousands, and practice at the nets was in full progress. The mellow tints of autumn were glowing in copse and covert, and most rational men had laid aside bat and ball to devote their attention to grouse and partridge. Not so my uncle Trelawney. He still insisted upon his cricket, and though teams were more difficult to raise, since so many men were engaged on the moors or amidst the turnips, the inevitable programme of two matches a week was strictly observed. The excitable little man was bustling about in a wide-brimmed felt hat and a sash and blazer which Joseph’s brethren might have envied.

“ Our two colts shape well, eh, Jack ? ” he exclaimed, drawing his arm through mine and leading me to the back of the nets. “ Just watch Block’s delivery. By Jove ! I swear that ball curved six inches in the air !

I wouldn’t have believed that a man could pick up the trick in a week.”

“ But he’s a first-class baseball player in his own country,” I protested, feeling a twinge of jealousy.

“ Yes, of course, but he’s quite new to our game,” said Mr. Trelawney. “ Jove ! if he’ll stick to it, he’ll prove a heaven-born bowler. Great Heavens ! he’s pilled Stoggins ! That ball must have had some topwork on it—it didn’t rise three inches.”

“ Pitched in that there ’ole, sir,” explained the burly professional whose stumps had just been scattered by Hiram T. Block, straddling forward and beating a spot upon the turf with his bat very viciously. “ These furrin gents slur about all hover the wicket, sir. They will do it ! ”

“ Oh, papa, come and look ! ” cried a sweet voice from the back of the next net. “ Monsieur de Musset has got Ranji’s leg glide.”

Peggy was bending forward in great excitement, leaning upon her parasol, the point of which rested between her tiny white shoes. The snowy flannel skirt draped itself in natural folds around her graceful figure. A wonderful Leghorn hat with flowing plumes and blue ribbons was perched upon her fair hair, and its broad brim cast delightful shadows over her glowing cheeks. Her blue eyes, with long, dark lashes, flashed with enthusiasm as they were raised for a moment as we approached.

“ The fellow’s a perfect acrobat,” exclaimed Uncle Owen, gazing with astonishment upon the fat little Frenchman. De Musset, who was arrayed in tight pique trousers, patent leather boots, pink shirt, and Tyrolese hat, was performing at the wickets, and Montford was bowling to him. Skipping nimbly forward with his bat as a pivot, as if he were practising pole-jumping, he had just snicked a fast length ball to leg from off his middle stump.

“ Ha, ha, Mees Peggy ! I have found him—ze genteel tap ! ” cried the Frenchman, waving his bat in the air. “ I heet—I slog ! ”

“ It looks odd without its stick, doesn’t it ? ” I remarked unkindly, jerking my thumb in M. de Musset’s direction.

“ Poor man ! he does his best,” replied Peggy, who had always a kind word for everyone. “ I wish you would show as much interest in the game, Jack. I think you might, as you know how fond I am of it.”

“ Jack, you’re the disappointment of my

life, and you glory in the fact," said my uncle severely, commencing his oft-repeated lecture. "You got your Trials' cap and you were in the football fifteen for three years. Why didn't you get your cricket Blue? Through sheer idleness and pure cussedness, sir, and because you thought it would annoy me!"

And having once more unburdened his feelings at my expense, the old fellow stalked away indignantly.

It was a most unjust accusation, for though I disliked the game, no man could have striven harder to become a cricketer than I had done in order to please my uncle (and Peggy too, of course); but Nature, and Fate also, perhaps, had been against me.

"You might try to play sometimes, Jack. You know how difficult it is for papa to raise his teams at this time of the year," said Peggy, with a glance of gentle reproach. "It would please him so much."

"My dear little girl, I *am* playing to-day! The Roxborough Masters are short, and your father has given me to them as a substitute."

Peggy burst into ripples of laughter.

"How generous of papa!" said she, with a mischievous smile. "You've scarcely practised for years."

"Oh, haven't I? Just come a stroll round the ground, and I'll tell you a secret."

Peggy's pretty face glowed with interest and she followed me obediently. The Satanic Montford had been watching us with his usual cynical smile; but I noticed a slight frown steal across his brow as we walked off together, and his next ball to the excitable De Musset seemed rather a vicious one.

Peggy and I sauntered into the old-world garden and strolled along the shady paths, with their tall box hedges, where the bright September sunlight was tempered by the ample foliage on all sides. Since my last visit to Trelawney Castle I fancied that there was a change in the bright little Peggy, for brief moments of gloom seemed to come upon her such as I had never detected before, and I determined to discover the reason.

"Well, Jack, what is this secret of yours?" she demanded, when there was no longer a chance of our conversation being overheard.

"I am about to astonish Uncle Owen!" I cried dramatically. "I have become a really good cricketer!"

"Nonsense, Jack; I saw you bat at the nets yesterday. You've no more idea of it than a schoolgirl."

"You're right, my dear; I am no batsman."

"Well, you can't bowl a bit, so what good are you, you silly old thing?"

"I am no bowler. But all the same, Peggy, I have been coached for some weeks by one of the most famous Surrey pros., and he tells me, and I am vain enough to believe him, that if I persevere, any county will be glad of my services."

"Jack, you're too stupid for anything. I've no patience——"

"Wait and see, dear. I've a surprise in store for you. Now, why do you think I've wasted all this time—I mean, why have I devoted so much attention to cricket—since I last saw you?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. As people get older they grow wiser, I suppose."

"Ah! Well, let me put a question to you. Let us presume that a man aspired to become your father's son-in-law——"

Peggy blushed and started.

"If this man had no cricket in his soul—if he were a rank duffer, in fact—don't you think he would encounter much opposition from my uncle Owen?"

Peggy's face drooped towards her bosom, and she did not answer.

"I think we may assume that, however rich, well born, or eligible the aspirant might be, that Uncle Owen would not regard him with perfect approval if he were a dunce at cricket."

This was perhaps a slight exaggeration, but Peggy did not contradict me. My self-possession, a little too apparent, maybe, astonished me, for I had expected to be very nervous. It was a week since my arrival at Trelawney Castle, after an absence of three months; and finding that two more rivals had appeared, in the persons of Hiram P. Block and De Musset, and that the detestable Montford was more formidable than ever, I determined to learn my fate without delay.

"At last, my dear Peggy, I am confident that my ability as a cricketer will satisfy Uncle Owen," I continued, bending over her. "It was to please him that I persevered."

Then, in simple words, I told her how I loved her. To my surprise she burst into tears and continued to sob as if her poor little heart would break. Hard by there was a rustic summer-house, so I led her to a seat within and tried to console her.

"Peggy, darling, what is the matter? Can't you love me?" I cried tremulously.

She raised her rosy, tear-stained face to mine in great distress.



"'Poor man! he does his best,' replied Peggy."

"Oh, yes, Jack, I do love you!" she sobbed. "But I have been so foolish, and I am so miserable. You won't be angry with me, will you?"

"Angry, my pet? Of course not. Tell me what makes you so unhappy."

"It's about—Mr. Montford—"

"I guessed as much. I'll wring the scoundrel's neck!"

"I'm much more to blame than he is. I've given him the Trelawney ring!"

"What! the family opal? Then you're—you're engaged to him!"

I rose to my feet with a stamp of anger, and poor Peggy commenced to sob once more. The ring had been an heirloom in the family for several generations, and it had been the custom for the eldest son of the house to present it to his *fiancée* upon their betrothal. As Peggy was the only child, the opal was in her gift.

"Oh, Jack, I must have been mad. But you were always so merry and callous; you never showed your love, and I thought you didn't care for me. Mr. Montford was so nice, and seemed so fond of me, that I really thought I liked him. He pressed me so hard that at last I promised to be engaged to him."

"And I suppose he asked you for the ring?"

"Not exactly; but he hinted that it was the usual family custom——"

"Have you written him any letter?"

"Oh, no; as he lives at the cottage there was no need."

"Of course, it's plain he wanted the ring in evidence of your engagement."

"Oh, please don't talk about that. I soon found out I didn't like him one bit. I told him so last week; and now he refuses to release me."

And she nestled in my arms and burst into another flood of tears.

"As he is a good cricketer, I suppose my uncle will approve of him."

"Don't be so silly, Jack. Poor papa is not as foolish as you try to make out. He wouldn't be so cruel as to force upon me a man I disliked. It's the horrid scandal I'm thinking about, for Mr. Montford threatens that he will tell everything unless I go with him to papa and announce our engagement."

There was a step upon the gravel-path, a shadow crossed the door of the summer-house, and the hateful Montford himself

stood before us. Peggy started from my arms and I rose to confront the intruder.

"I am interrupting an interesting *tête-à-tête*, I fear," Montford began, trying to speak calmly. His face was very pale and there was a look of jealous fury in his eyes.

"There is wisdom in the old proverb, for we were just talking about you," I retorted, declaring war at once. "Moreover, I am glad you have come, as I require an explanation."

"And so do I," he answered, keeping his temper most admirably. "In the first place, let me inform you that Miss Trelawney and I are engaged."

"And, on behalf of Miss Trelawney, I wish to tell you that this engagement must end."

"If the lady wishes it, she must have changed indeed," he answered with a sneer. "But I cannot believe that this is the case, although I am sure you have been trying your best to turn her against me."

"Oh, Mr. Montford, you know what I have told you is true," said poor Peggy, in piteous tones.

"Mr. Trelawney, your employer, will hardly approve of your conduct when he knows that you have been trying to force his daughter to continue an engagement which is distasteful to her."

"A generous taunt, indeed," Montford exclaimed, with a fine show of dignity. "A veiled threat that I may lose my employment! Fortunately, I have just secured an appointment under my cousin, Lord Esmond, and I shall leave here very soon. But let us come to an understanding, Miss Trelawney." He turned to Peggy with a melodramatic bow. "Am I to believe that you give me my dismissal?"

"I think you've had your answer already," I replied savagely.

"Very well. Then as an honourable man I shall be obliged to fully explain my conduct to Mr. Trelawney," he answered, with a sardonic smile. "Secondly, in justice to myself, in order to prove that the lady really did return my affection, I shall wear publicly the ring she gave me, for a week, before I hand it back again to her."



"The ball had grazed the batsman's glove!"

And holding out his hand he displayed the opal with its circlet of diamonds sparkling upon his finger. Here was my chance to save Peggy from further humiliation. I was a much bigger man than he, and my blood was up.

"You abominable rascal!" I cried, fixing one hand upon his collar, and gripping his wrist with the other. "I'll have that ring before I let you go, if I have to choke you for it."

He kicked and swore, but I soon laid him on the ground, while Peggy kept imploring me to release him. In another instant I should have secured the coveted ring, when we heard voices coming in the direction of the summer-house.

"Oh, here is papa, with Mr. Block and Monsieur de Musset!" exclaimed Peggy, in great distress. "Oh, Jack, do let him go."

Almost involuntarily my fingers unclasped themselves, and Montford staggered to his feet just as the new-comers turned the corner of the tall hedge and came down the path towards us.

"Gentlemen, I assure you both," Mr. Trelawney was saying, "that you have a

natural genius for the game. Considering neither of you played cricket till a week ago, your present form is marvellous."

"Wal, I bet you'll see me whet up in a bit when I feel my feet," said Block.

"*Mais oui*, you shall see. I will be a champe-on—I will perform before ze lords in your Regent's Park!" cried De Musset.

Montford stepped forward hurriedly to join the three gentlemen, and Peggy and I followed him. For the present all chance of recovering the ring was at an end.

"I will take care that he gives it up, my pet, you'll see," I whispered encouragingly.

"Oh, he'll show it to everyone, out of spite, and papa will be so angry. It will make such a scandal."

"Come along, my friends," exclaimed Mr. Trelawney; "we've just time for a glass of ale and some bread and cheese before those Roxborough fellows arrive. Match begins at eleven prompt."

"I teekle ze old man. He lov me like a son," De Musset whispered to me in confidence. "Ze fair Mees Peggy she also admire my play. I—vat you call it?—I—come on!"

* * * * *

The Roxborough Masters, good cricketers all, were an extremely nice set of men, and were captained by my former college friend, George Slade, the old Oxford wicket-keeper, who was extremely amused when he was told that I was to play for his team.

"George, old man, I want you to do me a favour," I said to him, as he was going to the nets for a few before the match commenced. "Let me keep sticks for you."

"That's a new line for you, eh, Jack?" he answered, with a laugh. "But you're just the build for the job. I'll hand over the gloves with pleasure if you think you can stop 'em!"

In a few words I explained my qualifications, and Slade assured me that I was a good Samaritan, that his hands were all knocked to pieces, and that he would be delighted to have a rest. Still, I believe that it was curiosity more than anything else that induced him to grant my request.

The Trelawney eleven won the toss. Uncle Owen stared in bewilderment when he saw me step from the pavilion, be-gloved and padded for my new duties.

"Jack, my lad, it's not safe—you'll get killed!" he cried sarcastically. "You may scale as heavy as Mordecai, but——" A Babel of tongues that suddenly arose behind his back interrupted his flow of wit.

"My good fellows, I really cannot put you in first," Montford was declaring very emphatically. "We can't afford to throw away——"

"In my country, I guess we give strangers the chance of a show, anyhow," Hiram P. Block snarled angrily.

"It ees imposs-eeble for me to vait," screamed De Musset, with a burst of hysteria. "I am inspire. I lose my eye eef I vait. I vill go to ze wicket. I heet—I slog. Monsieur Trelawney, I eemplore you to command this young man that I shall go to ze sticks!"

Messrs. Block and De Musset gained their point, for while Slade was disposing his fielders they came marching out together in the company of the umpires, who delivered them safely into our hands. Unfortunately they did not entertain us for long. Block was bowled by the first delivery of the match, and this having been magnanimously regarded as "a trial," he was promptly bowled again by the next; while De Musset, stepping across his wickets to perform his favourite stroke, received the ball upon the buckle of his leather belt, and had to be carried back to the pavilion, where he decided to remain. When Montford had taken his place, the fielders had a hard time, for he was an excellent bat, and in company with Stoggins punished the bowling severely. He seemed none the worse for the shaking I had given him, but the glances with which he favoured me occasionally were murderous.

"Do you intend to keep the ring?" I demanded, *sotto voce*, seizing the opportunity between the overs when no one was very near us.

"Certainly, until I have displayed it in public."

"Why not show it now, so that I shall have a chance of thrashing you immediately afterwards?"

"I bide my time."

"Look here, Montford, I'll have that ring, if I have to search you publicly to find it."

"Will you be such a fool as to give Miss Peggy away before all the crowd?"

"Yes, I'll run the risk," I retorted, my passion rising.

"I fancied you might," he muttered, with a look of triumph. "But you'll gain nothing. The ring is safely hidden until I require it."

My position was one of great perplexity, and I could not make up my mind what course to adopt.

The next over I had the satisfaction of securing Montford's dismissal by a catch rather wide on the leg side, which was greeted by a shout of applause from my uncle Owen in the pavilion.

A wicket-keeper, like a poet, must be born to the trade, and my capabilities had hitherto remained unsuspected, merely because neither myself nor anybody else had thought of putting them to the test. A hint given half in jest by a professional coach resulted in the discovery of my hidden talents, and constant practice had made me almost an adept.

"Eh, Mister Jack, your stumping fair caps everything," remarked the burly Stoggins, who had come in after the fall of the first wicket, with a genial grin. "That there catch o' yours would have made old Sherwin feel too big for his britches. It's a proud surprise, sir, to see you snap 'em up the way you do."

"I wish you'd touch one, Billy, to keep my hand in," I replied.

"Lor' bless you, no, sir," answered the big professional. "I've got to make fifty-sevin to-day, sir; this being the last match, that'll leave me top of the averages, and I shall win the Squire's fifty-quid prize."

As Stoggins must have made over forty already, and was "going strong," it seemed to me highly probable that he would gain the reward which was bestowed annually by my munificent uncle. But presently a rising ball struck him sharply on the knuckles. His bat dropped to the ground, he flung off his glove and danced frantically about, wringing his hand. I hastened to him.

"Not cut the skin, I hope?"

"No, sir; I'll be all right in a minute."

He stuck out his injured hand, regarding it dubiously, and to my amazement I beheld upon his little finger the missing Trelawney opal.

"Where did you get that ring, Stoggins?" I demanded sternly.

"Mr. Montford give it to me to keep for him, sir," the wounded professional replied innocently.

"That ring belongs to me, not to Mr. Montford," I said, deeply excited by the sudden discovery. "You must give it to me."

"Lor', sir, I daren't. Mr. Montford told me particular I wasn't to even show it to no one. I was to have kept it in its case till he axed me for it; but it were too big a lump in my britches pocket, so I left the case in my waistcoat and put the ring on my finger under my glove, for fear of leaving it."

"Come, hand it over to me at once."

"It ain't for the likes o' me to say what's the rights o' the case between two gentlemen," replied the professional, looking very perplexed. "That must be for you and Mr. Montford to settle, sir. But my duty is to give it back to the one that give it to me. That's only fair and right, sir, ain't it?"

"Stoggins," I whispered earnestly, "I'll promise you a fiver——"

The hulking professional checked my attempt at bribery with a reproachful shake of the head as he slowly put on his glove again and took up his bat. While I was wondering whether I should try to compel him by physical force to restore the ring, Stoggins was back again at the crease and play had commenced. The pain of his wound could not have impaired his powers, for he smote both the next two deliveries to the boundary, and a burst of applause showed that he had "made his fifty." The next ball got up sharply from the pitch, and coming back a little passed six inches over the off-bail into my hands. There had been no click, the bowler did not appeal, but Stoggins stood straddle-legged and immovable, and as I looked down the pitch my eye caught that of old Mark Antony, the umpire. The ball had grazed the batsman's glove! Just as I was about to appeal, the uncheon-bell rang and the players began to stroll away.

Then suddenly a crafty notion came into my head, and without troubling whether I was acting in a shabby manner, or as to the morality of doing evil to achieve good, I determined to carry out the idea.

"Hullo, Stoggins!" I cried, as he was commencing to walk from the wickets, "that was a nasty rap for you."

"What was, sir?" he asked, looking as innocent as a baby.

"I thought I should soon get you," I answered, with a grim smile.

"Lor', sir, I was a foot haff that last one," he returned, grinning sheepishly. "Besides which, sir, it's too late for an appeal."

"Nonsense," I replied, though I was not quite certain of the law on such a point. "Let's go and ask old Mark Antony."

The big professional looked very glum.

"Don't you think as I might have the benefit of the doubt, sir? It's a matter of fifty quid to me!"

"You know, Stoggins, if I appeal to the umpire after lunch, before you've had another ball, you can be given out right enough."

"It'll be beastly hard lines, sir ; I've only got sevin more to be top of them averages."

"Old Mark Antony doesn't often make a mistake. I could tell he saw that was a catch."

"Let's not mention it, sir," pleaded Stoggins, with an imploring wink.

"Very well, I'll make a bargain," I replied briskly. "Hand me over that ring, and I'll promise not to appeal to Mark."

I blush to confess my iniquity, but Peggy's peace of mind was at stake. The match was merely a friendly one ; and I was really glad to give the professional a chance of earning his talent money.

Stoggins appeared very shocked at the

bad as telling him myself. He has such a way of using his tongue !"

"Yes, yes, that's right enough."

"And when he gets to know, I'll tell him you must have stolen it out of my waistcoat."

"Oh, tell him what the deuce you like—only hand over the ring."

In another moment the coveted possession was safely in my pocket.

"Jack, my boy, I am surprised and delighted !" cried Uncle Owen, when we met outside the luncheon-tent a few minutes later. "But why have you been hiding your talents under a bushel all this time ?"

"I only discovered them myself a few weeks ago," I replied, laughing.



"He would pick off a batsman."

proposal, for most people are fond of assuming a virtue.

"Don't be 'ard on me, sir. I give Mr. Montford my word, honour bright——"

"Never mind him. I'll make it all right—it's only a joke ! I shall tell him, of course, that I stole it, and he won't blame you."

He still looked very dubious.

"I don't relish the doing of it, sir."

"Oh, very well ; then I shall appeal to Mark directly you get back to the sticks."

"I'll agree, sir. I must get my fifty-sevin. But let me give Mr. Montford back the case, sir. Then he'll find out for himself that the ring's gone, sir. It won't be so

"You couldn't expect an ordinary cricket-ball to get past one of his size," said Slade rudely. "He is just built for the part. We ought to have found it out years ago."

Peggy was looking proud and happy, although an anxious expression stole occasionally over her pretty face.

"It's all right," I whispered ; "I've got it."

"The ring ?" she murmured tremulously.

"My ring," I answered. "I shall buy yours as soon as I get near a decent shop."

"Ah, Monsieur Jack, ze speed of ze cricket ball ees ter-reeble," exclaimed De Musset. "It gif me *un mal d'estomac* verree bad ; but I haf dronk much Cognac, and now I am—vat you call it ?—olright."

"I guess the principal drawback to your game is the waste of human material," said Block reflectively. "Here have I been sitting idle for half the morning because I found it inconvenient to take one of my pitches. It's going slow with a vengeance."

When the game was resumed after the interval, Stoggins quickly got the seven runs necessary to place him at the top of the averages, and many more besides; but in spite of his brave display the Roxborough Masters proved too strong for the Trelawney Castle eleven. Slade and his colleagues showed great affection for Hiram P. Block's curly ones, and smote them all over the field, greatly to my uncle Owen's disappointment. The tall American, however, proved a wonderful fielder, but occasionally—under the impression, no doubt, that he was playing baseball—he would pick off a batsman who was running with a well-directed shot, instead of returning the ball to the wickets. The part played by De Musset was more ornamental than useful, but he put in as much work as all the rest of the side, for wherever the ball was hit he insisted upon racing after it.

After the match was over I observed Montford go up to Stoggins, and I saw the professional give him a small object, which Montford hastily put into his pocket. The latter then walked away. I chuckled to think that he had not yet discovered the robbery.

There was a small dinner-party at the Castle the same night. We were taking our coffee in the conservatory, and I was chatting to Peggy and two of her girl friends, when I noticed Montford approach a little group of men of which Uncle Owen was the centre.

"Mr. Trelawney," he cried, with an irritating air of nonchalance, "I have received a most interesting present."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Uncle Owen, taking his cigarette from his lips, and regarding the object that Montford held out to him through his eyeglass. "But surely that little box looks a very old one!"

"The case is nothing—that belongs to me," replied Montford gaily. "Its contents, sir, is the important point."

And as he pressed the spring the lid flew open.

"You're fooling us, lad," exclaimed Uncle Owen, while a loud burst of laughter arose from the group. "The thing's empty!"

The expression of Montford's face at that moment recalled to my mind some of Gustave Doré's pictures in Dante's "Inferno."

"I assure you, sir," he stammered, "this case contained a ring presented to me by Miss Peggy."

Anxious to prevent any awkward *contre-temps*, I had walked forward.

"That's a remarkable coincidence, Uncle Owen," I observed; "but Peggy has just given me a ring also!" and I displayed the Trelawney opal.

The old gentleman looked very startled, and his face assumed a stern expression.

"Peggy, my dear," he called out, and the poor little thing came tripping to him, covered with blushes and very nervous. "Is it true that you have given this ring to Cousin Jack?" and, taking my wrist, he held out my hand towards her.

"It is quite true, papa!"

"That is all I wanted to know, dear. Go back to your friends."

"Mr. Trelawney," cried Montford, livid with wrath, "that ring was given to me!"

"You have said enough, sir," retorted Uncle Owen haughtily, with a withering glance. "If you wish to explain, come to my study to-morrow," and he turned his back upon him.

"With all due deference to you, Mr. Trelawney, as host," snarled Block, "I guess we should hardly call this young man's conduct good taste in our country. And let me tell you, Mr. Montford," continued the tall Yankee quietly, but with a menacing stare, "that when a man insults a lady in America, he stands a fair chance of being pitched through a window, providing one's handy. That's a fine pane of glass opposite—"

"Vot! he insult ze charming Mees Peggy!" cried De Musset hysterically. "*Je vous appelle en duel!* I vill pull your nose, sir! Dirtree rosbif! I vill gif you *la brochette*—vot you call it?—the sewer!"

Montford had slunk away. Uncle Owen had taken Block's arm, and was pointing out to him some rare orchids, while I managed to appease the wrath of De Musset before it had attracted general notice. Fortunately, George Slack was the only other person who had been present during the recent interview with Montford.

"Well, old chap, it looks as if I ought to congratulate you," he observed, a little later. "You're a lucky fellow indeed! By the way, that 'unjust steward' appears to have been pretty badly hit. Seems as if he's lost his head through jealousy!"

And this was the general interpretation the world put upon Montford's conduct.

AT THE SIGN OF "THE PORCELAIN BOTTLE."

BY S. I. BENSUSAN.*

MORE than three hundred years ago an Italian potter came to Holland, settled in Haarlem, and followed his work with some success. Early in the seventeenth century one Hermann Pieters came from Haarlem to Delft, and in that old, red-roofed town, where canals intersect the streets in all directions, and big barges ply lazily between the bordering lime trees, he started the manufacture of the ware that has sent the town's name travelling throughout the

Staffordshire, where traces of their residence may still be found. Josiah Wedgwood rose, the white work associated with his name, which, by reason of the printing instead of hand-painting, was very cheap, speedily killed the Dutch trade, which was based upon hand-work and ignored printing altogether. By the beginning of the nineteenth century there were no more than eight potteries in Delft, and one at least of these was reduced to bringing over English labour. Towards the



COLLECTION OF VALUABLE DELFT PRESENTED TO "THE PORCELAIN BOTTLE" BY THE LATE KING OF HOLLAND.

Old World and into the New. The work found an immediate favour; in the year 1620 there were eight factories in Delft, half a century later there were twenty-eight. About that time Stadholder William III. of Holland, who married Queen Mary II. of England, brought Delft workers from their native town to England and settled them in

end of the seventeenth century, when Delft ware was very popular, one of the twenty-eight factories was known as "*De Porceleynne Fles*"—that is, "The Porcelain Bottle." It was founded in 1672 in a quiet corner of the town called Oosteinde, a picturesque street of old houses possessing a wonderful fifteenth-century gateway at the far end over the canal. "The Porcelain Bottle" managed to exist, even if it could not flourish, and was one of the eight factories still working in Delft a

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century ago. The then owner was a retired soldier, and on his death the business passed to his two daughters, who soon had the honour of possessing the only factory in Delft, for in 1848 "The Bell" pottery, the only rival, closed its doors. Business came very slowly to the last survivor of the twenty-eight potteries, the sisters were old and lacked enterprise, their workmen were equally old, only a few orders came to the little house in the Oosteinde, and these barely sufficed to

undertook the direction of the art department, and for a quarter of a century he has guided the development of the work, retaining to this hour, besides his artistic gifts, the energy and enthusiasm of a young man. At first there were many difficulties. Only one man in the factory knew anything of the technical processes in vogue when the native Delft ware was popular, and he was an old worker more than seventy years of age. He had not moved with the times, tranquil and

even though that movement is in Holland; but he remembered something of his lessons in days before the Empire was restored to the country, and his memory was the sole connecting link between the past and present. Very carefully were his lessons learnt; Mynheer Senf, one of the best workers in the factory, and head of a department to-day, was his pupil. For nearly ten years the old man lingered among the workers, and then, when failing sight refused to guide his faltering hand, he was pensioned, and his portrait, executed in the pottery, was prepared in honour of his eightieth birthday. He did not long survive retirement, but his picture is to be seen on some of the plates in the factory, and his memory is held in affection by the firm. Mynheer Joost Thooft was fortunate in securing the interest and patronage of the late King of Holland, who presented the firm, in 1887, with a splendid collection of old-time Delft ware, which occupies the place of honour



AT THE SIGN OF "THE PORCELAIN BOTTLE."

enable the sisters to pay their way. Some-time in the seventies De Heer Joost Thooft, who had retired from active business and had a taste for Delft ware, bought "The Porcelain Bottle" pottery, lock, stock, and barrel. He had an idea, justified by subsequent events, that a revival of interest in the wares was likely to follow a development of the production on business lines, and he had the great good fortune to secure the co-operation of M. Adolf Lecomte, then a professor at the Delft Polytechnic. M. Lecomte

in the showrooms, and includes many pieces of a high interest. As the work coming from the sign of "The Porcelain Bottle" found an evergrowing market, the premises required enlargement, and Mynheer Thooft, whose health was failing, took into partnership a young student of the Polytechnic who had manifested a very great interest in the work. This student was M. Abel Labouchère, who succeeded to the control of the business when Mynheer Thooft died. Though great additions to the premises have

been made necessary by the progress of the work, the house remains to outward seeming as it was more than two hundred years ago, when the founder, little thinking of vicissitudes to come, hung out the sign, "*De Porceleynne Fles*," where it hangs to-day. Houses behind and at the side have been acquired, but their age has been deemed a title to respect; nothing has been done to take away the peaceful aspect of the street, though the workrooms are modern and fitted with every convenience calculated to make labour pleasant.

To-day you can buy what is called Delft



COPY OF DESIGN ON A DELFT PLATE.



THE HOUSE IN AMSTERDAM.

ware in any big town of Europe or America. It is manufactured wholesale in England, France, Germany, Belgium, and other countries, and yet the only genuine ware is made in the Oosteinde, the pleasant little street that lies on the right as you come past the town hall and the great cathedral where the ashes of William the Silent and Hugo de Groot lie in the stately sepulchres of Hendrick de Keyser and Van Zwoll. There is no sign to indicate the presence of a factory that employs more than one hundred and twenty people. The canal carries a few barges during the day, children in wooden shoes play on the brick pavement outside the small shops, old women with the beautiful national head-dress crowned and spoilt by a modern bonnet pass along in the deliberate manner peculiar to the country, and hucksters' carts drawn by dogs go from door to door in search of custom. In short, the old sign of the house surveys just such a scene as it has known since the days when it first looked at the red-roofed houses across the way, and took its place among the twenty odd rival signs in the town. Sometime in

the sixteenth century the house had been occupied by a religious order; the heavily beamed ceiling of the cloister, now a show-room, has been restored without alteration.

For a long time the firm threw open its premises on Saturday afternoon, with the result that as many as two or three hundred visitors would visit the factory, throwing the work out of gear. Many Londoners are attracted to all parts of Holland by the easy and pleasant night journey, *viâ* Harwich and the Hook of Holland, which enables a traveller to dine comfortably at his club, and breakfast at Amsterdam or the Hague on the following morning; and Delft may

the work in all its ramifications, the fault does not lie with them. In addition to the photographs, which were specially taken, Mr. J. Perry Worden, of Columbia University, who is a devoted admirer of Delft ware and a conscientious student of its history, lent me the accompanying drawings that are being reproduced in a book upon Delft ware which he is now publishing in America.

In view of the many processes required to produce the ware, it will be best to ask readers to come through the factory with me, in imagination. First in order of work comes the manufacture of the clay. Powdered flint, Cornwall stone, and china clay are

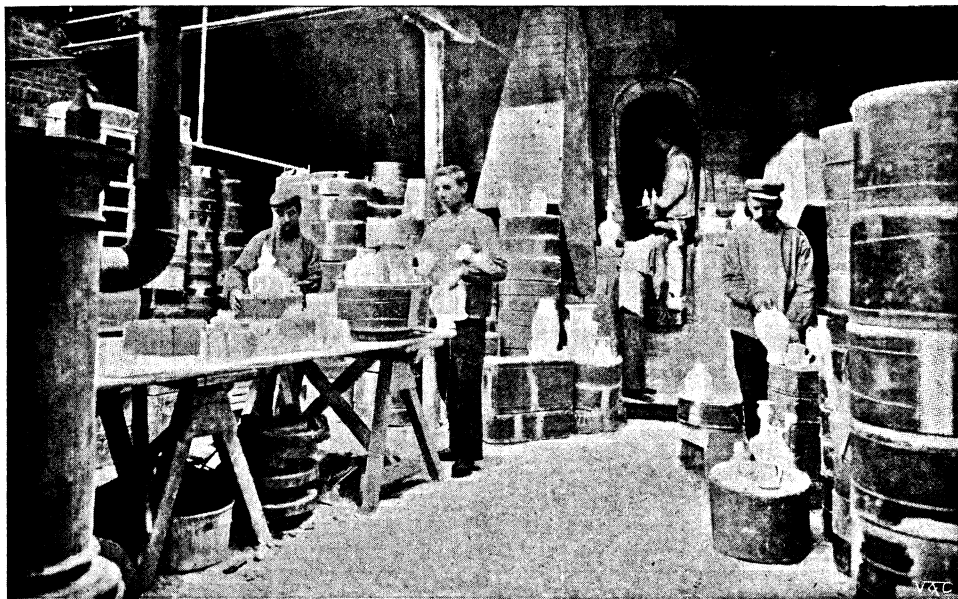
the component parts; their proportion and methods of mixing are the firm's secrets. When the process is complete, the clay is put into a press that effectually removes all water, and it is then packed into large boxes ready for use. Signs were not wanting that the manufacture of the clay is not only delicate but tedious. When it is ready for use, the scene changes to the potters' department, where half a dozen men in white overalls ply their wheels and throw the clay, building up with seeming



THE POTTERS AT WORK.

be reached in half an hour from the Hague. To make matters worse for the proprietors of "The Porcelain Bottle," people in the same line of business in other towns would come as visitors and appropriate the designs of the house, until at last it became necessary to keep the factory closed and to grant admission only to people sent by the Ambassador, consuls, or friends of the firm. That readers of this magazine might have a complete account of the manufacture, M. Labouchère, the director, M. Lecomte, the artistic adviser, and Mr. H. W. Mauser, the technical manager of the house, placed their services at my disposal for the best part of a day, and if I cannot convey an idea of

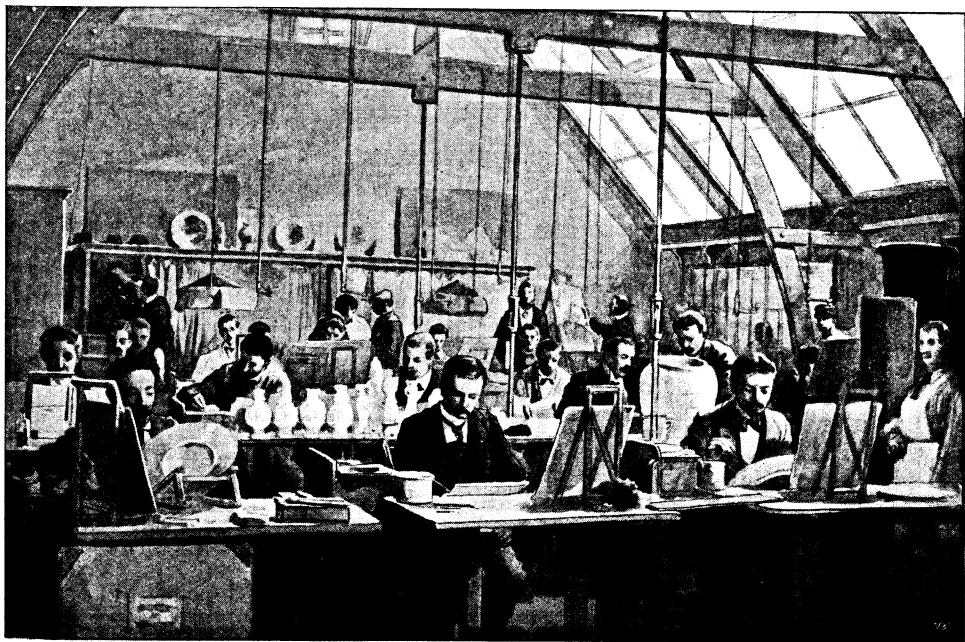
ease and suitable dexterity plates, dishes, bowls, and other vessels of simpler kind. For the more elaborate ones porous plaster moulds are used, into which a solution of clay and water is poured; the mould absorbs the water, and in a little time the dried clay is left in shape required. Tiles are made in the manner indicated by the illustration. The clay in form of powder is put into the flat mould, the heavy press descends upon it, and the powder is a solid plate, stamped with the firm's mark. At the rate of work in vogue, hundreds of vessels are turned out in the course of the ten-hours day, and these are put aside to dry—another long process. They are then put into *saggars* made of



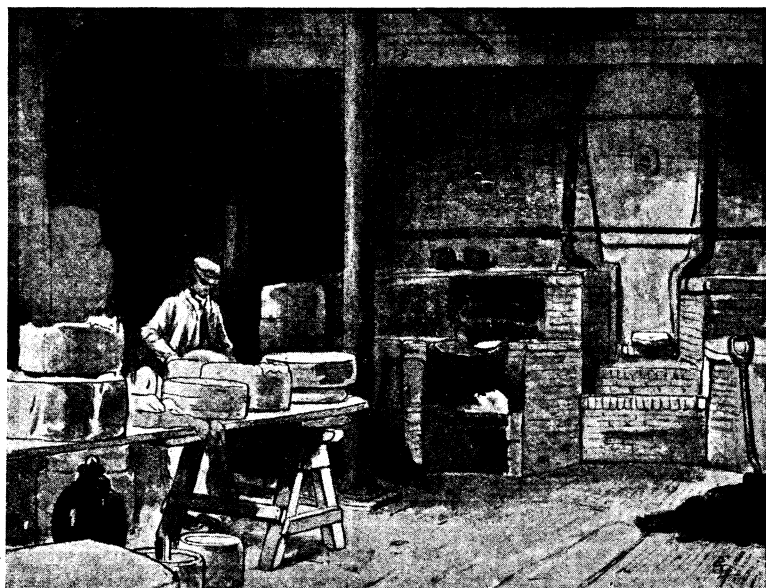
PUTTING THE WARE IN THE "SAGGARS."

firebrick and put into an oven that can hold hundreds of these *saggars*, they get their first baking, and emerge with the unearned title of *biscuit*. When it has been cooled the *biscuit* is ready for the attention of one or more of the seventy artists employed by the firm ; and while we are passing into the

art department a few words about the artists will be in season. With one exception the entire artistic staff comes from Delft ; very many of them are young men who entered the employ of the firm when they were no more than twelve years old. When a lad of the working-class shows any aptitude for



IN THE LARGEST STUDIO.

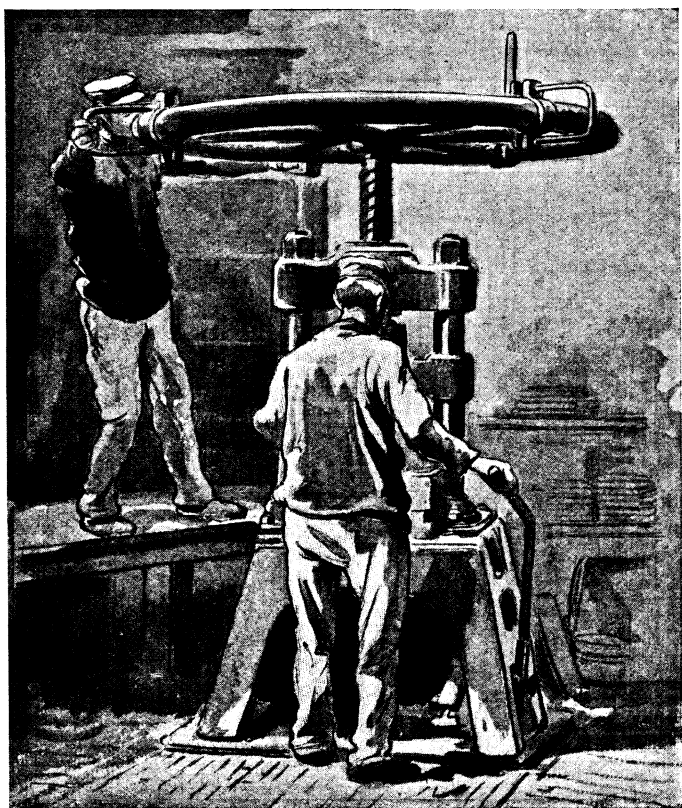


PREPARING THE WARE FOR THE FURNACE.

drawing, coupled with a disinclination for the hard manual labour that falls to the lot of his class, he goes to the sign of "The Porcelain Bottle," and is taken in on approval. If M. Lecomte or M. Senf thinks well of him he is engaged for permanent work at a regular wage, and the firm completes his education. He has an eight-hours day, runs no risk from potter's poison, as there is no free lead in the glaze employed by the firm, rises to piece-work for which a good price is paid, and is free to come and go. He may have his own little domain in a corner of the well-lighted studio, may elect to work in the fields in summer-time, has protection against all injury to health, and three months' full pay, followed by further pay on a gradually reduced scale for another three months, if he falls ill. Small wonder that the firm keeps its artists, and that they are devoted to the interests of the house. Such treatment

and such accommodation are far to seek.

The artists work in groups according to their abilities. In the first division are the young lads who are acquiring the necessary *technique* and learning to treat the porous *biscuit* with firm freehand strokes. When they have mastered the prentice work of their art they are set to decorate the simplest ware. The pigment in use is largely composed of cobalt oxide, and is applied to the *biscuit* with a brush



TILE-MAKING.



VIEW FROM "THE PORCELAIN BOTTLE": FOURTEENTH CENTURY GATE IN THE DISTANCE.

made of camel-hair with a few bristles from the inside of a hog's ear. Most of the lads have simple designs to copy, and in the evening they have art classes, over which M. Lecomte presides, whereat their education is systematically improved. Discipline is kept as far as possible in the background, but the best artist is responsible for the work of the room. Passing from the studio of the youngest workers to that of a class more advanced, one finds men who can give the decorative treatment to big jars and vases. Their brushwork is remarkably firm and confident, and they find great help from the lightly pencilled sketch they put on first. Seeing that one false stroke with the paintbrush on the *biscuit* will render it worthless, that nothing can be painted out or painted over again, it is easy to understand that confidence is no small part of the artist's stock-in-trade. The most advanced artists in the firm's employ put the landscapes or portraits within the decorated borders. The technical gifts of these men are remarkable, and some of the copies of portraits by Frans Hals and

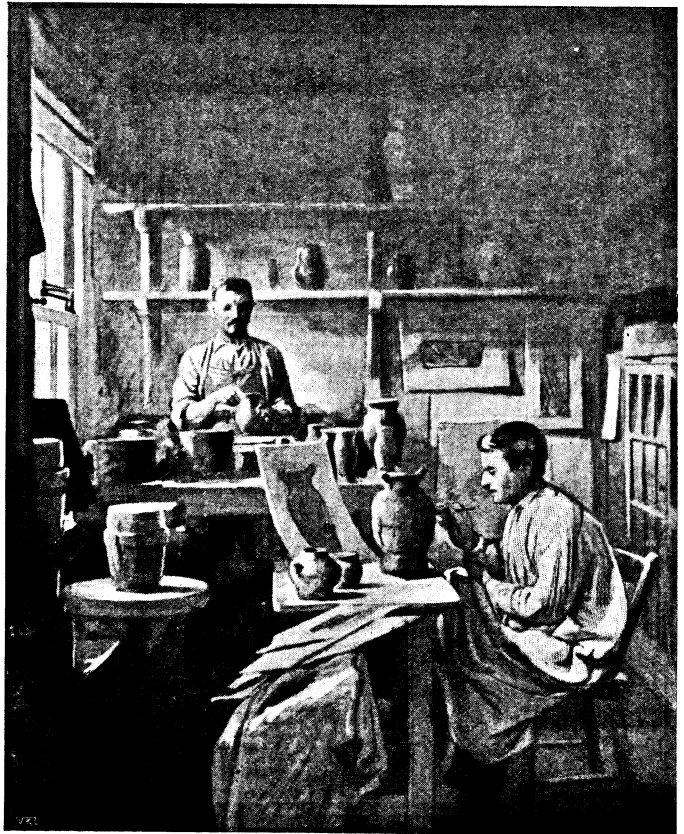
Rembrandt are remarkable for a breadth of treatment calling for generous appreciation. It may be urged against Delft ware, by people whose art training has been very thorough, that a vein of cheap prettiness runs through much of the work, that too much has been sacrificed to popularity. Let it be remembered in justice that the Delft factory is a commercial institution, giving bread and shelter and clothing to more than one hundred and twenty workers. If the firm catered for the few—and it has a keen appreciation for what is best in colour and design—the business would dwindle down to insignificance. The firm recognises the paramount claims of popular taste, and withal does much fine work for the work's sake, so that no man, however keenly he may resent the platitudes of popular art, need turn empty away. There is plenty for him, too. In their tile pictures, medallions, Jacoba, sectile, and polychrome ware, which my limited space forbids me to deal with at any length, the firm shows a steadily progressive spirit; M. Lecomte's medallions and designs, M. Senf's designs for

decorations in tile work, and the extraordinary fantasy of Mynheer Bodart, a young painter who has risen from the ranks in the service of the firm, all give a distinction to the work of the present time that will be duly estimated by collectors. Considering the limitations imposed by the medium, the progress made during the past few years is quite remarkable.

When the bowl or vase or plate has passed from the hands of the artists it is a curious object, the design being of a dirty brown colour. The next man to handle the ware is the glazer, who presides over a tub filled with the light-grey liquid. He takes the plate or bowl carefully in his hand and learns the exact glazing quality of the ware from his touch, he passes it rapidly through the glaze, and, lo! the picture has disappeared. The glaze, without making a wet surface, has left the vessel as bare, to the untrained eye, as it was when it came from the potter's hand. The exact time for the glazing process is a matter for expert knowledge—a second too much or too little will irrevocably spoil the picture. The drying-room is requisitioned for a time, and then the ware must undergo an ordeal by fire. It is packed once more in firebrick *saggars*, which are hermetically sealed, and these *saggars*, piled one upon another, are packed in a furnace. The furnace is then bricked up and the fires are lighted. Tiny pieces of ware are let into the furnace through loopholes, and when they show a proper colour the fires are put out, the wall broken down, and the *saggars* are allowed to cool. When they are fit to be handled the tops are carefully removed and the Delft ware is taken out with all the beautiful colouring fresh and brilliant. It is taken into the storerooms for a brief space, and then handed to a skilled packer, who surrounds it with soft shavings, packs it in a big box, and sends it to one of the firm's salerooms in the Delft market-place, or the Hague Plaats, or in the old municipal hall of Amsterdam.

The designs are taken from many sources. Rare old prints are in the possession of the firm, and these serve to offer suggestions to the artists; specimens from the choice collection of old china in the National Museum at Amsterdam have been lent for copying purposes; as I have before remarked, many studies for landscape are made at the proper season of the year in the open air, and no check is put upon the individuality of the artists themselves. All the ware coming from the sign of "The Porcelain Bottle" bears the simple mark of the firm, and this at least may not be imitated by the manufacturers of Delft ware made in Belgium or Germany.

In these days, when the consideration of a large turnover outweighs all others, when hand labour is superseded at every turn by mechanical appliances, it is indeed pleasant to come across an industry that can boast old-time methods in all that pertains to the production of abiding work, and modern methods in all that concerns the comfort and security of its workers.



IN THE STUDIO.

THE BAILIE'S DOUBLE.

By IAN MACLAREN.*



FROM end to end Muirtown is not a large city, and schoolboys of high principle and domestic habits used to go home in the dinner-hour and take the meal with their anxious mothers, who seized the opportunity of repairing the rents made in

their clothes since morning, and giving them good advice on their behaviour. Thoroughly good boys, who had been tossed to and fro, much against their will, in the tempest of morning play, were glad to go into harbour and come back at two o'clock, not only re-victualled, but also re-fitted and re-painted for the troubled voyage of the afternoon; and boys not so entirely good as the Dowbiggins, and other models of propriety, still appreciated the home trip, because, although there might be an embarrassing review of garments, and awkward questions might be asked about a mark on the face, there was always a toothsome dainty for a growing laddie, weary with intellectual work and the toils of a snow-fight. As the business of a horse-dealer took Mr. McGuffie senior in various directions, and as in no case were the arrangements of his house since Mrs. McGuffie's death of an extremely regular character, there was no meal to which his promising son—the Sparrow—could return with any confidence; and therefore Peter did not make a practice of going home at one o'clock, unless there was a special event at the stables, such as the arrival of a new horse, in which case he invited a few friends to an inspection, with light refreshments; or unless, having racked his brain to the utmost

for four hours, he was still in sheer despair of mischief. With one or two other young friends of a like mind, he was accustomed to spend the hour in what might be called extra-mural studies—rowing over to the island below the bridge against the tide and coming back gloriously with the current; assisting the salmon-fishers to draw their nets and gather the silver spoil; in the happy snow-time raiding the playground of a rival school when the boys were away, and leaving insulting remarks wrought in snow; or attending the drill of the cavalry on the South Meadow. Like other guerillas, he carried his biltong and mealies with him, and took his meal anywhere and by preference when on the run. Perhaps that was one reason why the Sparrow in after years made one of the best of South African fighters.

When the Sparrow was disinclined for active occupation, and desired to improve his mind by contact with the greater world, he took a cab, or hotel 'bus (the box-seat of every one in Muirtown was at Sparrow's disposal, and his edifying conversation was much enjoyed by the driver), and went to spend his hour at Muirtown Station, which, as everybody knows, is at the shooting season a spectacle to be classed with Niagara or the Jungfrau for interest, and at any time is worth seeing. It pleased the Sparrow, whose interests were varied and human rather than classical and literary, to receive the English express, or even one from Edinburgh, as it swept into the station; or to see the Aberdeen fast train fairly off; to watch a horse safely entrained, and if necessary to give understanding assistance; and to pass the time of day with the guards, ticket-collectors, and carriage-cleaners, the last of whom would allow him as a favour to see the inside of the huge mail-carriage, with its pigeon-holes and its ingenious apparatus for delivering letters at roadside stations while the train passed at full speed. It was an hour of what might be called irregular study, but one never knows what he may pick up if he only keeps his eyes open (and the eyes of Sparrow were as open as a savage's), and it was on a visit to Muirtown railway station that Peter found the opportunity for what he ever considered

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his most successful achievement at the Seminary, and one on which the recollection of his companions still fondly dwells.

When a cab passed the "Muirtown Arms" bus at the entrance to the station, and the cabman signalled to Peter on the box-seat, and referred to the contents with an excited thumb and great joy on his face, Peter knew that there would be something worth seeing when the cab emptied at the ticket-office; but he could not have imagined anything so entirely satisfying. First, Bailie MacConachie emerged, dressed in the famous frock-coat and grey trousers, in the high collar and magisterial stock, but without his usual calm and dignity. His coat was only half buttoned, his tie was slightly awry, and although his hat had been distinctly tilted to the side on getting out of the cab, he was too much occupied to set it right. Instead of clearing his throat as he alighted among the waiting porters, and giving them, as it were, the chance of honouring a live Bailie going forth upon his journey, he did not seem to wish for any public reception, or, indeed, for any spectators, and, in fact, had every sign of a man who desired to be *incognito*.

"No, no, I've no luggage to-day," the Bailie hastily explained to an obliging porter, and he stood between the man and the cab so as to block all vision. "Just running down to Dundee on business and . . . seeing a friend off."

As the embarrassed magistrate endeavoured to disperse the porters, the driver, leaning over the roof of the cab, winked with much unction to Peter, and indicated to that ingenuous youth that it would be worth while for him to wait and see the mysterious friend. The Sparrow, in fact, understood from all this telegraphic communication that there were going to be circumstances of a quite remarkable character, and in which he—Peter McGuffie—was expected to be personally interested. He dragged Jock Howieson, who was spending the hour with him, behind a pile of luggage, and from their hiding-place they saw, to their utter amazement, a second Bailie come slowly and gingerly, but yet withal triumphantly, out of the cab. The same height as the great man himself, and built after the same pattern; a perfect reproduction also in dress, except that the trousers were baggier, and the coat shabbier, and the collar frayed at the edges, and the hat had the appearance of having been used either as a seat or as a pillow, or perhaps for both purposes, at different times; and the air of this second, but by no means

ghostly, Bailie was like that of the first, as confident, as mighty, as knowing, with the addition of a certain joviality of expression and benignant humanity, and a certain indifference to all the trials and difficulties of life which is characteristic of a man who has been "tasting," not wisely, but too well.

"Lean on me, James," said the Bailie nervously, as the figure came with a heavy lurch on the pavement. "The faintness may pass off. Take care of your feet," and the Bailie shouldered his double to the ticket-office and propped it against the wall while he went to take the tickets.

It might have been ill, and the remarkable walk might have been due to weakness of the heart, for you never can tell, and one ought to be charitable; but there was no sign of an invalid about this new Bailie, nor was he at all too exhausted for genial conversation. He explained during the other Bailie's brief absence, to all who were willing to listen, in a style that was rather suggestive than exhaustive, that he had been paying a visit to Muirtown for the good of his health, and that he felt better—in fact, very much better; that where he lived the supply of liquid refreshment was limited, and that in consequence he had suffered through weakness of the heart; that he had intended to stay longer in a place where there was every comfort of life, and that nothing would have induced him to leave but the immoral conduct of his twin brother; that Bailie MacConachie, he was sorry to say, being his brother, was fearfully given to drink, and that he, James MacConachie, could no longer stay with him; that he, his brother, was not fit to be a Bailie, and that he was a hypocrite whose judgment would not tarry, and indeed, according to his language, was already pronounced. He also gave a certificate of character to the refreshment to be obtained at the "Black Bull," Muirtown, and cheerfully invited any person who had a friendly heart to go with him there and then to drink the Queen's health. On seeing his brother returning, the figure concluded his address—which had been mightily enjoyed by three porters, a couple of Highland drovers, a Perth loafer, who had once passed through the police-court when the Bailie was on the Bench, and an elderly lady, who was anxious that a doctor should be sent for—by explaining once more that his brother was a gentleman beside whom the Pharisees were straightforward and honourable members of society.

As the procession was again re-formed, and the two Bailies left the ticket-office together,



"'Lean on me, James,' said the Bailie nervously. 'The faintness may pass off.'"

one of them waving a regretful farewell to his sympathetic congregation, the boys executed a war-dance of triumph; for the contrast between the twin brethren afforded just that kind of comedy which appeals to a

boy's heart, and because they had an instinct that the incident would be of service in the war between the Bailie and the Seminary, which had gone on for a year and showed no signs of closing.

"The Bailie keeps him oot o' sight somewhere in the country, I'll warrant," said Sparrow to Jock, in great spirits, "and there's naebody in Muirtown kens he's got a twin brother. Dod, Jock, he's juist the very eemage of him, and he's got a suit o' his auld clothes on. It would take Dr. Manley himself or the Chief Constable to tell the one from the ither. Jock Howieson, if you and me could get the use o' that lad, we would have a mighty time. I would give my four rabbits and . . . and my Skye terrier pup just for an hour of him." And although they had no hope that circumstances would deal so kindly with them, yet they went on to the platform to see the last of the two Bailies.

Under the influence of the senior Bailie's chastening conversation, who at first reminded his brother of a drunkard's end, which had no effect, and then threatened to cut off his modest weekly allowance, which had an immediate effect, the figure consented to be taken along the platform, and might even have been safely deposited in its carriage, had not the word "Refreshment-room," printed in absurdly large type, attracted its attention.

"Div ye see that, man?" said the figure, pointing jubilantly to the board. "I declare it juist a Providence. It's no that I'm thirsty, Bailie, and I canna bear drinkin'; that's never been a fault of mine, though I doubt ye're fallin' into the habit yirsel'. No, I'm no thirsty, but I've a sinkin' at the heart. Ye'll come in, and we'll taste together afore we part. I forgive ye anything ye said. I bear no grudge, and I'll let ye pay, Bailie." And the figure had the Bailie almost at the door of the refreshment-room before he could make a stand.

"Mair than I can carry already, Bailie, did ye say? Gude forgie ye. I wonder ye're not black ashamed to say sic a word, and me draggin' ye along the platform and holdin' ye up, juist to cover yir character. Well, well, I canna fecht wi' ye, for I'm no the man I was once. The fact is, I havna strength to go another step, and if ye'll no let me get a cordial, I'll juist have to sit down on the platform." And the horrified Bailie had to accept the assistance of a porter to support his exhausted brother and to guide him to his carriage.

From an adjacent third class compartment, where the Sparrow and Jock promptly secreted themselves, they heard the senior Bailie's exhortation to his frail kinsman—that he must on no account come out of the carriage; that he must hold his tongue and

not talk nonsense to his fellow travellers; that he must not mention his—the Bailie's—name, nor claim to be connected with him; and that he must not come back to Muirtown again until the Bailie sent for him; and all this he must lay to heart as he valued his weekly allowance. The Bailie also expressed his deep regret, which, indeed, seemed to be very sincere, that he had to leave by the Dundee train before the departure of the slow Fife train by which his double travelled. And when this fact emerged—that the other Bailie was to be left even for five minutes at their disposal—Sparrow threw Howieson's bonnet to the end of the compartment, with his own following in a rapture of joy.

"Dinna be afraid," said the figure in the compartment to the Bailie on the platform, who was torn between his profitable business engagement at Dundee and the fear of leaving his brother to his own devices. "After the way ye've treated me and put me to shame afore the platform, I wouldna stay another day in Muirtown for a thousand pounds. I am no angry, Bailie," the figure continued with mournful dignity, "for that's no my speerit, but I'm hurt at yir conduct. Weel, if ye maun go, ye maun, and I heard the Dundee engine whistlin'; but for ony sake dinna be tastin' in Dundee and disgracin' the family. Drink is an awfu' failin', but ye canna say I havna warned ye." And as the Bailie hurried to catch the Dundee train the figure shook its head mournfully, with the air of one who hopes for the best, but who has had too good reason to expect the worst.

"Bailie," said Sparrow, presenting himself with a fine mixture of haste and importance before the figure which was still moralising to itself on the evils of drink, "div ye no mind that the Rector o' the Seminary is expectin' ye to address the laddies this afternoon, and they'll be waitin' this very meenut in the Latin class-room?" and Sparrow made signs that he should come at once, and offered to secure a cab. The figure could only shake its head and explain that on account of the disgraceful conduct of a relative, who had given way to drink, it had no heart for public appearances; but the idea of a return to the enjoyment of Muirtown was evidently filtering in.

"Are ye no Bailie MacConachie?" demanded Sparrow. "A porter threipit (insisted) that he had seen the Bailie in the Dundee train, but naebody can mistake Bailie MacConachie. The school will be terrible pleased to see ye, Bailie."



"The cabman, with Sparrow's assistance, induced the Bailie to leave the cab and convoyed him upstairs."

“Who said I wasna Bailie MacConachie?” and the figure was plainly roused. “Him in the Dundee train? Laddies, there’s a black sheep in every family, and that man is a poor, helpless brother o’ mine that’s taken to bad habits, and I’ve juist to support him and keep him oot o’ sicht. It’s an awfu’ trial,” and the figure wept, but immediately brisled itself up again. “Of course I’m Bailie MacConachie. Laddies, was’t at the ‘Black Bull’ they’re expectin’ me?”

“The very place, Bailie ; but ye maun say juist a word at the Seminary in passin’,” and Sparrow signalled to a ticket-collector who had just come upon the scene.

"Would ye mind helpin' Bailie Mac-Conachie oot o' the carriage, for he's forgotten an engagement at the Seminary, and he's juist a wee thingie faint with the heat?"

"It's no the heat, man," as the amazed collector helped the magistrate on to the platform, "it's family trouble. Are ye con-

nected with the 'Black Bull'? Well, at any rate, ye seem a well-behaved young man, and these are twa fine laddies." And outside the station, surrounded by a sympathising circle of drivers, who were entering into the spirit of Sparrow's campaign, this astonishing Bailie warned everyone to beware of strong drink, and urged them to take the pledge without delay. He also inquired anxiously whether there was a cab there from the "Black Bull," and explained that the Rector of the Seminary, with his laddies, was waiting for him in that place of hospitality. He added that he had been on his way to the General Assembly of the Kirk, where he sat as a ruling elder, and he warmly denounced the spread of false doctrine. But at last they got him into the cab, where, after a pathetic appeal to Sparrow and his companion to learn the Catechism and sing the Psalms of David, he fell fast asleep.

By a happy stroke of strategy, Howieson

engaged the attention of the sergeant in the back-yard, who considered that Jock was playing truant and was anxious to arrest him, while the cabman, fortunately an able-bodied fellow, with Sparrow's assistance induced the Bailie to leave the cab and conveyed him upstairs and to the door of the Rector's class-room. At this point the great man fell into low spirits, and bemoaned the failure of a strenuous life, in which he had vainly fought the immorality of Muirtown, and declared, unless he obtained an immediate tonic, he would succumb to a broken heart. He also charged Sparrow with treachery in having brought him to the County Gaol instead of to the "Black Bull." It was painfully explained him that he was now in the Seminary, and within that door an anxious school was waiting for him—Bailie MacConachie—and his address.

"Who said I wasna Bailie MacConachie, and that I was a drunken body? I'll teach them to smuggle me oot o' Muirtown as if I was a wauvie (disreputable character). He thinks I'm at Leuchars, but I'm here" (with much triumph), "and I'm Bailie MacConachie" (with much dignity). And the Bailie was evidently full awake.

"Losh keeps, laddies, what am I saying? Family trouble shakes the mind. Take the pledge when ye're young, laddie, and ye'll no regret it when ye're old. I've been an abstainer since the age of ten. Noo, laddie" (with much cunning), "if I am to address the school, what think ye would be a fine subject, apart from the Catechism? for it's a responsibility, especially me being a Bailie. If ye can mind onything, laddie, I'll give ye sixpence next time we meet."

Although Sparrow was reticent in the class, for reasons that commended themselves to his practical judgment, he had a rich wealth of speech upon occasion, and he fairly drilled into the head of Bailie MacConachie's double that it had been a very foolish thing for him—the Bailie—to quarrel with the Seminary about their playground upon the Meadow, and an act of unchristian bitterness to strike him—the Sparrow—upon the head and nearly injure him for life, but that he—the Bailie—was sorry for all his bad conduct, and that he would never do the like again as long as he was Bailie of Muirtown; and Sparrow concluded, while the cabman stood open-mouthed with admiration, "Ye might juist say that ye have an awfu' respect for me—Sparrow—ye know."

"I'll be sure to do that," said the delighted Bailie, "for it's a fact. Ye're a fine laddie

and have a fearsome power o' the gab (mouth); I expect to see ye in the pulpit yet; but keeps a' it's time I was at the 'Black Bull,' so ye might juist slip in and tell the Rector I'm at the door—Bailie MacConachie, of Muirtown."

Had it been the class-room of Bulldog, master of mathematics, arithmetic, and writing, and, it might also be added, master of discipline, the Sparrow would as soon have ventured into his presence on such an errand as into the lion's den of the travelling menagerie which had recently visited Muirtown, and at which he had spent many an unlicensed hour. But the Rector was that dear delight of boys, a short-sighted, absent-minded, unsuspecting scholar, who lived in a world of his own with Homer and Horace, and could only be fairly roused (to sorrow) by a false quantity or (to joy) by a happy translation.

Muirtown Seminary had an inexhaustible confidence in Sparrow's genius for mischief and effrontery of manner, but the Rector's class sat breathless when Peter came in with an unshaken countenance, and politely intimated to the Rector that a magistrate of Muirtown had come and desired to speak to the school. Before the Rector could fairly withdraw himself from a cunning phrase of Horace's, or the school had energy to cheer, the wonderful Bailie was launched into the room with almost too much vigour by the cabman, who remained in the shadow and whispered a last direction to "hold up your head and keep to the right." They had forgotten—Sparrow's only oversight—to take off the Bailie's hat, which was set jauntily on the side of his head, and the course which he took through the room was devious, and mainly regulated by the furniture, while his expression was a fine blend of affable dignity and genial good humour. "Gosh!" exclaimed Bauldie, and he liberated the feeling of the class, who understood that their enemy had been delivered into their hands, and that Peter McGuffie—their own Sparrow—had been the means thereof. Yet could it be the case? Yes! It was the very countenance, line by line, and the very clothes, piece by piece, though looking a trifle shabby, of the premier Bailie of Muirtown, and it was evident that he had been "tasting," and that very freely.

"I am—er—proud to bid ye welcome, Mr. Bailie," said the Rector, bowing with old-fashioned courtesy, and not having the faintest idea what like was the figure before him. "We are always delighted to receive a

visit from any of the magistrates of the city, who are to our humble school" (and here the Rector was very gracious) "what Maecenas was to Horace, whose *curiosa felicitas* we are now studying. Is it your pleasure, Mr. Bailie, to examine the school?"

During this stately reception the Bailie came to rest upon a desk, and regarded the Rector's flowing gown with unconcealed admiration, which he indicated to the school by frank gestures.

"It would be a great satisfaction to hear the laddies answer 'The Chief End of Man,' and to say juist a word to them aboot good conduct; but you and me has an engagement, and ye ken where we're expected. I juist

looked in to say——" And here the worthy man's thoughts began to wander, and he made an indistinct allusion to the "Black Bull," so that Sparrow had to prompt him severely from behind. "Aye, aye! we're all poor, frail creatures, and I'm the last man to hurt the feelings of the Seminary. Seminary laddie mysel, prize medal Greek. Bygones be bygones! . . . No man in Muirtown I respect more than . . . Sparrow an honourable tradesman" (breaking away on his own account with much spirit), "a faithful husband, and an affectionate father. What? All a mistake from beginning to end. Family trouble did it—conduct of a relative," and the Bailie wept. Bailies and other municipal

dignitaries were a species of human beings so strange and incalculable to the Rector, that he was hardly amazed at anything that they might say; and having some vague idea that there had been a quarrel between the Seminary and some Bailie or other, about something or other, some time or other, he concluded

that this was an official intimation that the quarrel was over, and that it was in style and allusion according to the habits of municipal circles.

"It is," he responded, bowing again, "my grateful duty, as Rector of the Seminary, to thank you for your presence here to-day—the Mercury of the gods, if I may so say—and for your courteous intimation that the—er—controversy to which you—er—have delicately alluded is healed. Any dispute between the Council and the Seminary could only have a favourable issue. *Amantium irae amoris integratio* has had another



"It was evident that he had been 'tasting.'"

illustration, Mr. Bailie ; but it would please us that you should hear the class translate the Ode we have in hand, which happens to be '*Ad Sodales.*' " And a boy began to translate "*Nunc est bibendum.*"

"Time to drink, did ye say?" and the Bailie, who had been taking a brief nap, was immediately conscious. "Man, ye never said a truer word. Work hard at yir lessons, laddies, and for ony sake dinna forget the Catechism. Yir maister has an engagement wi' me, and he'll no be back for an hour. Come awa', man" (in a loud whisper to the amazed Rector), "it's time we were off." And the Bailie, making a hurried rush for the door, found himself in the arms of the school sergeant, who had caught the sound of the uproar in the Rector's class-room, and suspected trouble.

"Preserve us a', body and soul!" cried the Crimean veteran, as he brought the Bailie to an equilibrium. "Could onybody have expected this?" And then, with much presence of mind, he closed the door of the Latin class-room and conducted the

Bailie downstairs to his cab, while the magistrate remonstrated that the Rector was coming with him, and that both were going to discuss the higher education of youth at the "Black Bull."

"Na, na, Bailie," said the sergeant. "It's no to the 'Black Bull,' or ony other bull, ye're to go this afternoon, but back to yir ain hoose. If ye maun taste, would it no have been more respectable to keep indoors, instead of making an exhibeetion of yourself afore the Seminary? It's no becomin' in a magistrate, and it's mighty bad for the laddies."

It was the sergeant who delivered the astonishing figure at the blameless home of Bailie MacConachie, although it is right to say that this visit was not at all in the plan, and called forth a vigorous protest from the Bailie's substitute. And to the day of his death, the real and proper Bailie spent his spare time in explaining to an incredulous public that he had never "tasted" in his life, and that on the day in question he had been transacting private business in Dundee.

A SONG OF SPRING

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR.

WHEN the Year was young and the Earth was sweet,
He came, and I knew that our hearts must meet;
For, deep as the depths of the stream in shade,
His eyes sought mine in the fresh Spring glade,
And soft as the breath of the tender May
Was his voice in mine ear that fair, sweet day.
Few words though he spoke and I fewer replied,
Each knew the secret as softly we sighed.

Sweet and clear the cuckoo sang:

"'Tis you!" and "'Tis you!" through the woods it rang!



When the rose bloomed red and the nightingale
Sent her passionate song through the moon-lit vale,
He came, and the tale of his love he told,
And I thought of our secret that day of old.
And though roses die, and the Autumn breeze
Sigh and moan through the Autumn trees,
In our hearts the Summer can never die,
For Love will lighten the Winter sky.

The cuckoo sang: "'Tis you!" "'Tis you!"

And the nightingale echoes: "For ever true!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THE following humorous interview appeared in a recent number of that interesting American weekly, *The Saturday Evening Post*, under the title of—

INTERVIEWS I'VE IMAGINED.

By Charles Battell Loomis.

"I have long wanted to interview Thomas Alva Edison, and when I saw him step into one of the express elevators in a down-town New York 'skyscraper,' I saw that the occasion spelled Opportunity for me with a large and ornate capital. Quick as thought I jumped in after him, hustled everybody

else out except the elevator man, and immediately chartered the elevator for half an hour. Somebody ought to write me up for a hustler some day.

"I asked the elevator man to hold the elevator at the top, as I feared I should get car-sick, going up and down. Too many ups and downs are not good for anyone. Edison took his imprisonment good-naturedly. I explained my mission and said, 'To what do you attribute your success?'

"'To the newspapers, and to the fact that I always try to patent my inventions while the other fellow is thinking about it.'

"'Oh, there's another fellow, then,' said I.

"'There's always another fellow,' said Edison. 'Nothing was ever invented once for all. It's like you story-writers. Four or five men tell the same story at the same time. The man who prints first is all right. The rest are plagiarists. It's thought-transference, that's all.'

"'Please give me a short story of your life.'

"'It'll have to be short, as I have a directors' meeting to attend to as soon as I get out. I was born in the West, so I did not need to follow Horace Greeley's advice, but, on the contrary, I came East and made the country grow with me, and I tell you it has had to hustle sometimes.'

"'The elevator bell now began to ring, as there was a crowd downstairs waiting, and it threatened to become annoying; but Edison immediately invented a way to stop it and took out a patent on the invention at once.'

"'When I was a baby,' said he, 'I invented a bib that wouldn't get all knotted up when you wanted to take it off

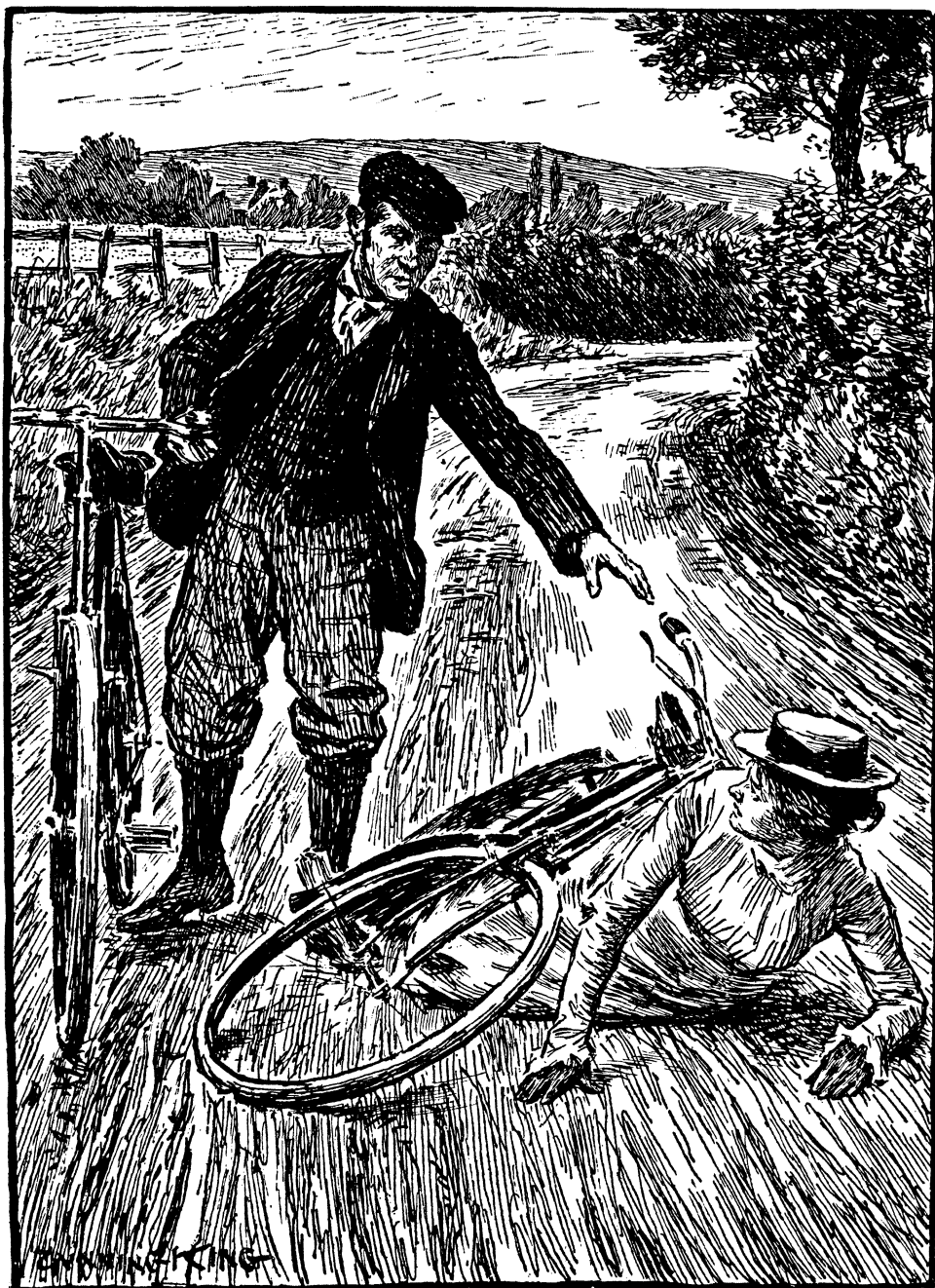


"THE LABOUR WE DELIGHT IN PHYSICS PAIN."

MRS. HICKLEBY: I am really delighted at the interest Tommy is taking in his writing; he spends two hours a day at it.

MRS. NICKLEBY: How strange! How did you get him to do that?

MRS. HICKLEBY: I told him to write out a list of everything he wanted for his birthday, and he's still at it.



ANXIETY UP-TO-DATE.

FOND HUSBAND (to his wife, who has had a nasty side-slip): Hang it, Maria! I hope to goodness you haven't damaged that new machine!

in a hurry, and my mother immediately rose up and called me blessed—it was a habit she had; and when I was seven I invented a contrivance that would allow me to lie abed until father called for the last time, and then it would dress me before he had a chance to, and I always got down to the table ahead of everyone. When I was a train boy I invented a manikin that would walk up and down the train and cry out my wares in the raucousest voice you ever heard, while I laid off in the baggage-car and invented things by the dozen. It pays to advertise, but it pays better to get into the news column, and when I was seventeen I invented a way to do that, and there hasn't been a day since that I haven't had free notices in a score of papers all over the country.'

"Here Edison's bright face lighted up with an electric smile, and I asked him what caused it, and he told me a little dynamo that he carried in the roof of his mouth. 'I was thinking,' said he, 'of how I invented a tramp detector.'

"What is that?' I asked.

"Why, an apparatus that would indicate to the engineer of a train the presence of a tramp on the cars; but just as I was going to show it to the President of the Pennsylvania road I was visited by the King of the Hoboes, who begged me to forget it. Said he: 'A hobo has to travel, like any other man. You take a hobo that stays in one place, and he gets narrow-minded. Travelling enlarges the mind and widens the heart. If you would improve the *status* of the poor, down-trodden tramp, drop this idea, and I'll put a mark on your barn that will make every hobo your friend.' I dropped the invention, and people have since wondered why it is that tramps are so willing to cut our wood and do other chores, but you're the first newspaper man to whom I've



"HOW THEY BRING THE GOOD NEWS."

FOND WIFE: Oh, Edwin, there you are! What do you think?

HUSBAND: What's the matter now?

FOND WIFE: Why, Mrs. Jones has been here with the most amazing story about the Browns! She made me promise not to breathe a word of it to a living soul, and I've been looking for you everywhere to tell you all about it.

told the reason. Why, some days in early winter there'll be as many as twenty tramps at work at my wood-pile, and we never feed 'em. Just gratitude to me because I let my invention go.

"Now you'll be kind enough to let me out, because I don't like to miss any directors' meetings. Five dollars earned is better than a gift."

"Are you a millionaire?" said I, at the same time motioning to the elevator boy to open the door.

"I haven't counted my money in years, but I've just invented a strong-box that will hold a half-million dollars. When the box is full I know how much is in it. Just sent in an order for a dozen of the boxes—"



NO GOOD AT A PORTRAIT.

MODEL: I was sitting to Mr. Bow, R.A., last week, sir. Clever man, ain't 'e? But Lor! 'e ain't no good at catching a likeness. 'E was a-doin' a picture of the Dook of Wellington, but you wouldn't never a-known as I sat for it.

"Here the door was opened and we stepped out into the hallway.

"If you know any reliable person who wants the job of filling the boxes, just send him to me, and I'll keep him out of mischief for some time to come."



MRS. HAYSEED: I should dearly like to hear those howling Dervishes at the Exhibition.

MR. HAYSEED: H'm! The youngster's quite good enough for me.



"SHE says her collection of old china has all been handed down in her family."

"Then it is just as I expected—her ancestors kept no servants."

It was the end of a children's party, and the hostess was giving a final bun to her small guests before they left. One little girl said, "No, thank you, I cannot eat any more."

"Then put it in your pocket," said the hostess.

"I can't," she replied tearfully; "it's full already; but next time I come I'll bring a basket."



LADY OF THE HOUSE: Go away from here! We have no old clothes, no cold victuals, no—

PATIENT TRAMP: I didn't want nothin' to eat nor wear. I jist called to see if you had an old automobile to give away.



STUDIES IN FICTION: THE EDITOR.

This gentleman was born in the short story. Of course, there *are* editors outside of the short story—but then they don't count. The short-story Editor is unique. His ability for concealing the brilliant powers bestowed upon him by the author argues nothing less than genius. There is always a look of concentrated power upon his face; also a keen, searching expression about his piercing, deep-set eyes. It is a

great advantage to have deep-set eyes. Otherwise, with this tendency to search perpetually, they might accidentally fall out. But the most impressive part of the face is the mouth. Firm, tightly compressed lips suggesting more concentration! This time indomitable purpose and an iron will. With his fellow-men he is hard as nails—which is perhaps due to his iron will or to the steely colour of his eyes—but he is not a tyrant. Oh, dear, no! merely masterful to an extreme and intensely resolute; in his clear ringing voice there is ever the note of command. And then a ringing voice is such an advantage—it saves the office bell. Yet at the corners of his mouth lurk "curves of contingent tenderness." (I don't quite know what these are, but I found them in a book, so it must be all right.) This prepares us for the way he succumbs to the lady contributor. Of course, the lady contributor is divinely fair, and equally, of



THE COUNTRY MEETING.

There are other things besides horses that demand attention.

course, deeply in love with the Editor. The Editor hasn't the least idea of this—deep-set eyes must make you a trifle short-sighted. But he grows more concentrated than ever, so it is clear he loves the lady. There is a rival with no pretence to concentration. In days gone by the villain was the concentrated person. This is no longer the case. The villain is expansive and spreads himself generally. But he has no chance with the lady contributor; for his lips are *not* tightly compressed nor his manner stern and brusque. Politeness is a sure sign of moral instability, so naturally the lady won't have anything to do with him. Then he tries to ruin the Editor by some impossible journalistic plot. The Editor, whose concentration has now reached almost bursting point, is saved by the tact and cleverness of the lady contributor. The concentrated Editor gets tired of keeping his emotions in tabloid form. For a brief moment his words pour out in a lava-stream of passion, as those of unconcentrated lovers do. Then, when it is all happily settled, he is concentrated once more. Certainly a most wonderful man. If I were a lady contributor, I should, no doubt, be delighted to come across him. But as I'm not, well, I bear the loss with tolerable equanimity.

A. R.

INTELLIGENT-LOOKING YOUTH (entering a fishmonger's shop): Have you any dry fish?

FISHMONGER: Yes; what would you like?

INTELLIGENT-LOOKING YOUTH: Nothing, thank you; but the fish would doubtless like a drink.



SHE: I wouldn't marry the best man on earth.

HE: Of course not—the bride never marries the best man.



"HAVE you bought your automobile yet?"

"No, I've altered my mind. My wife wanted one of those automobile coats."



"WHY don't you sing out the names of the stations clearly?" said the irate railway traveller.

"Because I don't git the wages of a hopper singer, but only those of a railway porter," replied the bawler of unintelligible gibberish.



A RECORD DRIVE.

MR. TIMKIN (whose "drives" are somewhat erratic): Have you seen anything of a little white ball I hit over here by mistake?

COTTAGER: 'Ave I seen it? Why, it's killed two chickens, lamed the dog, and spoilt my prize g'ranum!





FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C.
FROM A PORTRAIT-SKETCH BY MORTIMER MENPES.

LORD ROBERTS.

By WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.*

IT is only in rare circumstances that we are enabled to read the autobiography of a great man in his lifetime ; and the reader who may wish to study the work and character of Lord Roberts cannot do better than read the Field-Marshal's own account of his career, entitled "Forty-One Years in India." The style throughout is simple and not ungraceful, nor does it stand in any need of the extenuation which the author sets forth in the preface—that he is not a man of letters, but a soldier. Indeed, as the tale unfolds itself, and the reader becomes drawn more and more into sympathy with the brave, honest, kindly man whose fortunes are described, the very plainness of the writing will be found to exert a charm of its own, apart from the facts with which it deals. Although it is as a record of facts that the book should be regarded, the force of tremendous facts lifts the style in several passages of military chronicle to a sober grandeur which cannot fail to produce a powerful impression on the receptive mind.

The great popularity which has always surrounded, like a halo, the personality of Roberts, and the extraordinary interest which the modern world takes in records of war, guaranteed the book an extensive sale, but the result must have surpassed all expectations. Within three years of its publication, and apart from the stimulus of recent events, "Forty-One Years in India" passed in its more expensive form through thirty-two editions, was translated into French and German, was prepared in Braille type for the blind, and occupied a position on the shelves of almost every library. It is curious to reflect that this book was written by the author and accepted by the public as the record of a life's work. It was the beginning and the end of a long story, early difficulties, opportunities seized, advances made, fortune won, and retirement in calm old age amid honours and respect. How little could the writer have foreseen the glory which gleamed behind the dark clouds of the future, which, throwing into relative obscurity

all those years of work and achievement on which he justly based his reputation, was to make "Forty-One Days in Africa" the most memorable period of his life !

Those who read the two thick volumes will find them a stirring record of character and success, and may follow the small, alert figure as he presses forward on his road, from the day when he sailed as a cadet for ten years' exile to India, to his final departure from Bombay, leaving behind him the greatest reputation possessed in that land of military caste by any British soldier since Lord Clive.

It is always superfluous to write about the courage of commanders, since so many ordinary soldiers are quite fearless ; and if it is worth while for the private to run the risk, how much more is it worth while for the general ! But the good luck which carries them safely through a thousand perils must command our interest and perhaps excite our wonder. We read in Roberts's pages of many stirring fights and hairbreadth escapes. His first experience of actual war was gained in the Indian Mutiny. Four successive times in July, 1857, during the siege of Delhi—or, perhaps, it would be more appropriate to call it at this time "the defence of the ridge"—did he accompany one of the columns which operated towards the Subzi Manzi. On each occasion the little force returned with nearly two hundred killed and wounded out of a total of about eight hundred. The fourth time he was wounded by a bullet, which struck him in the back, and would have killed him "but for the fact that a leather pouch for caps, which I usually wore in front, had somehow slipped round to the back ; the bullet passed through this before entering my body, and was thus prevented from penetrating very deep." He next took part in the building of the batteries, only five hundred yards from the walls, preparatory to the assault on the great city of mutineers. He relates many more adventures during this dangerous service. On the desperate day when the walls were stormed he hurried from his battery to share the fighting after the attack had succeeded. He escaped unhurt through all the street

* Copyright, 1901, by Winston Spencer Churchill, in the United States of America.

fighting that preceded the capture of the city. Finally he "attached himself" to the party of riflemen who had to rush through the door of the Mogul fort after it had been blown down. Such were his fortunes at Delhi.

From Delhi he moved with a column of troops to Agra, on the way to join the army forming for the relief of Lucknow. And so he passed into the other set of fierce operations which were in progress. Action after action was fought; the surprise of Agra, the Alambagh, the relief of Lucknow, the engagement at Cawnpore, Khundaganj, Mianganj, Chakar Kothi, and skirmishes innumerable. Through all he preserved his life, while comrades were struck down right and left day by day; and the belief grows upon the reader, as it must have grown upon the man himself, that some strong hand, quite different from capricious chance, was preserving him alone in all the Army, for mighty deeds in future days.

At Khundaganj he won the Victoria Cross, which, as soldiers think—and they should know—is the greatest honour in the gift of the British Crown. His was not a deed which displayed any surprising military skill, or ability to profit amid the clash of arms by some scientific error of the enemy. He won fame by sheer physical strength and personal prowess. The cavalry were dispersed among the scattering fugitives. A comrade was hard pressed. Lieutenant Roberts rode to his assistance and cut down his antagonist. Turning, he perceived a mutineers' standard guarded by two Sepoys. He attacked them, sabred one man, "the other put his musket close to my body and fired; fortunately for me it missed fire, and I carried off the standard." "For these two acts," says a modest footnote, "I was awarded the Victoria Cross." The matter is then dismissed and never alluded to again. Indeed, when it was necessary for me to verify this reference, it was a long time before I could find the passage, so insignificant a place did Roberts allow his act and its reward.

The interval of nearly twenty years which elapsed between the Mutiny and the next serious war was passed by Roberts on the Staff of the Army in the Quartermaster-General's department. He took part in the severe fighting of the Umbeyla campaign of 1863, which arose out of the first quarrel with the Bunerwals, a frontier tribe who were not finally beaten until Sir Bindon Blood marched through their country in 1897. He served on the lines of communi-

cation of the army operating in Abyssinia in 1868, and lastly he held a small command in the Lushai expedition in 1871. His continued distinguished service, whether in the office or the field, and these opportunities carried him through the various lower grades of the Army, and whereas he had embarked upon the Indian Mutiny as a subaltern officer, the outbreak of the dispute with the Amir of Afghanistan found him a brigadier-general.

Sir Frederick Roberts's part in the Afghan war divides itself into three sets of operations—the daring advance through the Shutagardan to Kabul, in the face of stubborn opposition, without communication with India, and dependent for supplies only upon a hostile country; the fierce fighting following the rebellion of the tribes, the actions in the Chardeh Valley, and the defence of Sherpur; and, thirdly, the march from Kabul to Kandahar and the defeat of Ayoub Khan. It would be a pleasant and profitable task, but one far beyond the scope of the present sketch, to follow the General through the two years of war, from the morning his brigades stormed the Peiwar Kotal, to the decisive victory at Kandahar. The account of all these things and of many others, the descriptions of the actions and the explanation of the strategy, will be found set forth with admirable impartiality—though there are a few disputed passages—in the pages of the autobiography.

On the conclusion of the Afghan campaigns he returned to England and was received with every sign of welcome and respect. Cheering crowds awaited him when he landed at Dover. He was created a baronet, and a sum of £12,500 sterling was voted to sustain the title. He was offered the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. He was presented with the freedom of cities. Besides the ordinary medal for the war, a special star was struck to commemorate his famous march to Kandahar. Even the horse he rode, "Vonolel," was decorated by the Queen.

The prizes of war are the greatest that a man may wish. The artist who has painted a wonderful picture, the philosopher who has written some mighty book, the statesman who may have carried a measure which gives food or freedom to millions—all their triumphs pale before the triumphs of the successful soldier. Yet it is easy to remain unsatisfied by indiscriminating praise, however lavishly bestowed. Lord Roberts, who was in no way altered by his good fortune, and continued quiet, restrained, and matter-of-fact,



LORD ROBERTS IN THE INDIAN MUTINY: HIS DISCOVERY OF A COMRADE WITH HIS ARM TAKEN OFF BY A ROUND SHOT BEFORE DELHI, HE HIMSELF HAVING BEEN KNOCKED OVER BUT NOT INJURED.

From the picture by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

was astonished at the popular opinions about his campaigns. He expostulates mildly.

"It surprised me very much to find that the kind people by whom I was so greatly honoured invariably appeared to think the

march from Kabul to Kandahar was a much greater performance than the advance on Kabul the previous autumn, while, to my mind, the latter operation was in every particular more difficult, more dangerous,

and placed upon me, as the commander, infinitely more responsibility."

And again—

"I could only account to myself for the greater amount of interest displayed in the march to Kandahar, and the larger amount of credit given to me for that undertaking, by the glamour of romance thrown around an army of ten thousand men lost to view, as it were, for nearly a month, about the fate of which uninformed speculation was rife, and pessimistic rumours were spread, until the tension became extreme, and the corresponding relief proportionately great when that army reappeared to dispose at once of Ayoub and his hitherto victorious troops."

While Lord Roberts was in England, on the crest of the wave of public confidence and affection, the Boer war of 1881 reached its shameful climax in the fight at Majuba Hill. The cry was raised that he should be sent to retrieve the situation, and at a few hours' notice the General started for the Cape, with the rank of Governor of Natal and Commander-in-Chief in South Africa. He arrived at Cape Town to command an expedition of some ten thousand men, and met with a great surprise. An officer on his Staff described the event to the present writer. As the ship came to her moorings, a small boat was heard to be approaching through the night. The soldiers on board shouted out, "What's the news of the war?" Back across the waters floated the fatal word which was to cause so much misery and bloodshed in South Africa, "Peace." "A peace," says Lord Roberts, writing in 1895, "alas! without honour, to which may be attributed the recent regrettable state of affairs in the Transvaal." The Government had telegraphed inviting the General to take a fortnight's rest, to relieve the monotony of the voyage. Roberts, however, declined, and sailed for home within twenty-four hours, disgusted at the "wild-goose chase," as he describes it, on which he had been sent, and still more pained by the humiliation cast upon his country, of whose honour he had always been so jealous.

When in 1881 he returned to India, it was as a lieutenant-general to command the Madras Army. What a change from the days of his first journey to the East to join the Native Field Artillery! "I was a supernumerary subaltern," he writes in his first chapter, "and nearly every officer in the list of the Bengal Artillery had over fifteen years' service." Distinction in war and the advantages of Staff employment had carried him

far ahead of his comrades on the long ladder of promotion. His services in the Mutiny were rewarded by a brevet-majority on promotion to captain, which means that he obtained two steps at once, being made captain one day and major the next. Such a start, turned to good advantage, together with his own personal character, had given him his command in the Afghan war, and his brilliant achievements there marked him as one of the foremost soldiers of the Army. His reputation was improved by his command in Madras. At the end of 1885 the Commander-in-Chief's appointment fell vacant. The War Office were undecided between the claims of Sir Frederick Roberts and another distinguished general in England. But the Secretary of State for India, Lord Randolph Churchill, turned the scale in favour of the soldier of Indian fame, and Roberts became Commander-in-Chief, a position which he filled with honour until 1893. In 1892 he was created Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford.

After Lord Roberts had returned from India there seemed to be a very general impression that his active work as a soldier was done. He was promoted to the rank of field-marshal, and appointed to the command of the Forces in Ireland. The influences at the War Office were mostly unfavourable to him. It was said that his whole life had been wrapped up in India, that he was unacquainted with any of the great matters of Army administration, and other similar reasons were advanced to justify his exclusion from the office of Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Indeed, as is well known, the late Liberal Administration had actually made up their minds to appoint General Sir Redvers Buller to that post in 1895, in direct supersession of both Field-Marshal—Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts.

The circumstances attending the Indian frontier war of 1897 were scarcely favourable to Lord Roberts's chances of great employment. The forward policy with which he had been closely identified was held to be responsible for the spontaneous tribal movement which spread fire and sword through the frontier valleys. The debates upon the subject were acrimonious. The Field-Marshal availed himself of his rank as a Peer to defend the forward policy in the House of Lords. He prepared his speech with great care, and committed the greater part of it to memory. When it was known that he intended to speak, general interest was excited. The House and the galleries

were crowded. The speech was weighty in substance, effective in delivery, and occupied upwards of an hour. It discussed the question exclusively from the strategic point of view. The financial aspect—so inseparable from every Indian problem—was entirely and avowedly ignored. The Peers listened with profound attention, but though the

approaching its culmination. In this Roberts had no part. He was quite unconnected with Egypt or the Soudan, never having served in peace or war in those countries. Kitchener became the man of the hour, and after the victory of Omdurman most exaggerated language was used respecting him and his achievements, not only by the newspapers, but by persons whose eminence requires that they should preserve a due sense of proportion. In a word, Roberts was under a temporary eclipse, and when the growing tension between Great Britain and the Transvaal turned men's minds to the possibilities of war with the Boers, the popular choice for the command of the British Forces rested almost evenly between

Buller and Kitchener. Roberts was forgotten.

The possibilities of the war soon grew into probability. But almost to the last the mass of the nation hoped for peace; nor was there anyone who dreamed that the cloud that had appeared in the South, no bigger than a man's hand, would overspread the skies and rack the land with storm and thunder for so many months. People were sharply awakened to the realities of war by the operations in Natal, which resulted, in less than a fortnight, in the whole army for the defence of that Colony being flung back upon Ladysmith and locked up there. "Never mind," they said; "wait till our

army comes." And presently the army came. The astonishing difficulties which confronted Sir Redvers Buller on his arrival have not been understood by all who have written about the war. The tactics and nature of the enemy, the extraordinary power of modern rifles, the employment of heavy guns, the use of the spade, not one of

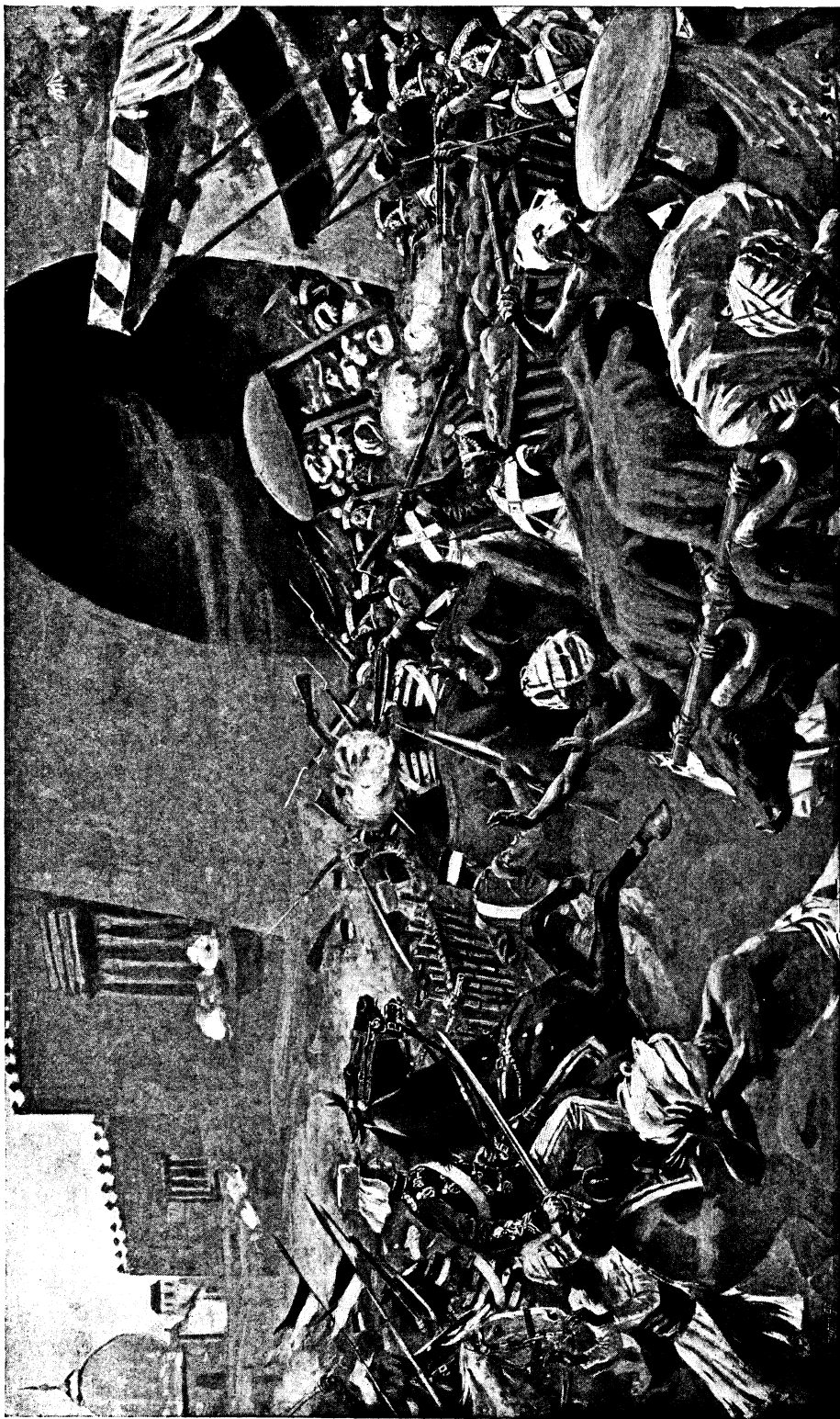


LORD ROBERTS WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS IN THE INDIAN MUTINY: HIS CAPTURE OF THE STANDARD FROM TWO SEPOYS, IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS RESCUE OF A COMRADE, DURING THE ADVANCE FROM CAWNPORE.

From the drawing by S. H. Vedder.

statement was received with every appearance of respect, it failed to stem the currents of public opinion, which at that time were running strongly adverse to forward action on the North-west frontier.

India became unfashionable. Public attention was next directed to the Nile, where a long and interesting enterprise was



From the picture by

[S. Begg.]

LORD ROBERTS IN THE INDIAN MUTINY: HIS LIFE SAVED AT BULANDSHAHR BY THE REARING OF HIS HORSE, WHICH RECEIVED THE BULLET IN ITS HEAD.

these things was appreciated as they have since all been appreciated by the British commanders. We had to buy our experience with blood and grief.

The first act of the drama had begun with the invasion by the Boers of the British Colonies. The unprotected territory was everywhere overrun and annexed to the Republican Dominions. The forces for the protection of Natal, Kimberley, and Mafeking were surrounded and closely invested in their entrenched camps. Then the curtain fell for a brief interval. The next act began with the tides of invasion coming to a full stop. Troops had arrived. "So far, and no farther," was everywhere the motto. Joubert abandoned his scheme of raiding South Natal, and was content to fortify the line of the Tugela. Olivier strengthened himself at Stormberg. De la Rey observed the growing forces at Orange River Bridge. Cronje blockaded Mafeking. More troops arrived. The tide began to turn.

In the second week of December the British troops were everywhere advancing. The hopes of the British rose high. The sharp fighting between Orange River and Kimberley—Belmont, Graspan, and the passage of the Modder—seemed to show that the Boers could not arrest the march of the British columns. But what a surprise was in store! On the 9th of December Lord Methuen was repulsed with heavy loss, especially among the famous Highland Brigade, at Magersfontein. On the 10th, Gatacre was broken at Stormberg, and fell back almost to Queenstown. And on the 15th, Buller, in whom all hopes were centred, was defeated with a loss of ten guns and twelve hundred men at the battle of Colenso.

Thus, within the space of a single week, all the forces which the British Government had considered sufficient not only to relieve the beleaguered towns, but also to clear the invaded territory and subdue the Boers, were cast backward in blood and disaster.

The news of Colenso was the climax of misfortune, and the nation writhed with exasperation. Everyone was anxious to do the right thing. Opinion was divided whether it would more befit the national dignity to let the defeated generals have other opportunities. "Have confidence," was the cry, and it might have prevailed. But Death himself had called aloud the name of Roberts, and all eyes turned in sympathy and expectation to the iron-grey figure in the Royal Hospital at Dublin, whose head was bowed in bitter sorrow. His only son,

the youth who was to sustain the coronet won in the field, and carry on an honourable name, had been killed at Colenso; killed, moreover, under circumstances of extraordinary gallantry which had won him the Victoria Cross, and seemed to show that not only was he stamped in every line and feature with his father's personality, but that he inherited the same lion heart. Then people remembered Lord Roberts's former work that he had commanded greater armies in the field and seen more war than any general in South Africa, that he was to have settled this matter with the Boers some twenty years before. What influence popular feeling has upon the Executive we cannot presume to know. Let the fact suffice. The Committee of National Defence met and deliberated. That very afternoon Lord Roberts was offered the direction of the campaign. The Commander-in-Chief—it was a needless procedure—learned of the appointment next morning from the columns of the newspapers. There was an interval of a few days, when the General was very busy settling his private affairs and reaching his hands out here and there to find the men he wanted on his Staff. Although the official pick of the Army had already been sent to the front, he knew where others might be found. The country was in no mood to hear, nor was the War Office anxious to offer, any objection to his choice. "Bobs" should have his men; let regulations and seniority stand aside. From far and wide, through all the beats of the Empire, and from beyond its bounds, they came—Kitchener, the handy man, from the sultry heat of Khartoum; Nicholson, knight of sword and pen, from Calcutta; Neville Chamberlain, the confidential secretary, from the Khyber; Henderson, the strategist (he who wrote "The Campaign of Fredericksburg" and "The Life of Stonewall Jackson"), from his professorial chair among the beeches of the Staff College; Burnham, the famous American scout, from the snows of Klondyke. Judge of a man by his judgment of men. Roberts knew what sort he needed, and had them ready at his fingers' ends.

He found also occasion during these last few days in England to visit Queen Victoria at Windsor, and might have been cheered by the knowledge that his Sovereign shared in his grief for the past and had all his confidence in the future. Then came the day of departure. The great concourse who waited on the quays and pier to see him off were singularly silent. The shouts that acclaim a war were over. Those that hail a

victory had not yet begun. The General, dressed in deep mourning, stood bareheaded for a few minutes on the bridge, there was a farewell cheer, and the ship started forward on her voyage. It was the same vessel—the *Dunottar Castle*—which two months before had borne Sir Redvers Buller from the same jetty to the war in the South. Towards what fortunes was she leading his successor? And there were many whose hearts wavered at the thought.

Lord Roberts promptly landed at Cape Town in January, and immediately applied himself to the important business of reorganising the army and preparing to strike at the enemy. How hard he worked! Snapshot photographs reveal the extraordinary "all aliveness" of the little Field-Marshal. You see him walking with the superabundant appearance of energy of some magnificent horse, impatient for the chase. His physical strength shamed men twenty years younger than he. His endurance and capacity for work surpassed all, even the hard General of the Nile. If he put his hand on a man's arm, the grip of every individual finger was felt. His manner was unruffled, he rarely frowned, but when he did, generals obeyed without demur. His eyes, so people noticed, had a curious power of conveying the strongest emotions, even though the face remained perfectly motionless. Sometimes they blazed, and there seemed to be hot, yellow fire behind them. Then men found it best to speak up straight and clear and make an end quickly. At others there was a steel-grey glitter, quite cold and uncompromising, which had a most sobering effect on those who saw it. But more often his eyes twinkled brightly with kindness or pleasure, and officers who had been to see him returned to work with redoubled energy for "Bobs."

It has been said that "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." We should hesitate to accept that as an explanation for all cases. But if it be true of any, then it is probably true of Lord Roberts's powers. Great care and exhaustive thought are the two most powerful influences to which he has owed his glory and good fortune. The tireless attention to little things, the undiscouraged pursuit and study of an idea and all its developments, is as much the secret of success in war, as the bright imagination from which the idea itself is born. A great officer, now perhaps Lord Roberts's most trusted lieutenant, who was once his aide-de-camp, said to the present writer one day:—

"He thinks everything out himself. Once

in India he sent me to take some of his horses from Bangalore to the North-west Provinces. I was used to travelling in India, spoke Hindustani, and generally thought I could take care of myself and the horses, too. I was therefore surprised when the Chief handed me a sheet of paper with all kinds of instructions written out upon it. The horses were to go by such and such a route. They were to be taken out of the train and exercised at such and such a place. They were to go on by the down express at 7.30 that night. If the night train could not pull horse-boxes, the morning train was to be taken. This might mean missing the connections at Manmar Junction. In which case, etc., etc. All of which," said the former aide-de-camp, "I thought extremely unnecessary. Well, curiously enough, two or three hitches which he had contemplated actually occurred. You can't think what a help it was to me to know exactly what I was to do, and I found that the plan he had chosen was in every case the best, costing less both in time and money than any alternative."

It is not intended to assert the principle that commanders in the field should waste their time amid unnecessary details, or fail to grasp that system of devolution without a thorough comprehension of which no man, however able, is fit to manage a great enterprise of war, of business, or of government. But, upon the other hand, the power of giving precise yet all-embracing orders only belongs to those whose brains are not irritated by the necessity of dealing with scores of obstinate facts, and of thinking their schemes out to the very last detail. It was a faculty which Napoleon certainly exhibited in a wonderful degree. Much besides is, of course, required to make a man a general, still more to make a general an emperor. Lord Roberts certainly has this habit of mind very strongly developed. Nothing could exceed the care with which his Secret Instructions were prepared. When a great operation was designed, it was his practice to give such orders to all the independent commanders involved. In a war fought over a vast extent of country, as many as nine and ten separate forces were sometimes moving in combined and simultaneous action. But every general had his own special Secret Instructions, drawn up by the Commander-in-Chief himself, and very often in his own handwriting.

He infused this personal element into the administration of the army and the conduct of the war from the hour he landed in Cape Town.



LORD ROBERTS IN AFGHANISTAN: THE ATTACK ON THE PEIWAR KOTAL, DECEMBER 2, 1878.

From the picture by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

Every morning, in camp or quarters, before it was daylight he was at his desk. He personally supervised every department, decided every important and many unimportant questions, and controlled the

whole organisation of the great army which was being drawn from a dozen countries and lay scattered across a continent. In the largest operations of war, where forces equal in numbers to several corps are employed, the

Commander-in-Chief is often among his principal generals scarcely more than *primus inter pares*. Roberts was *facile princeps*. But besides bearing this heavy burden of business and responsibility upon his shoulders, he found time and energy for all manner of other affairs. He conducted much of his correspondence himself, writing long letters with his own hand to comparative or total strangers—to the bishop who had written a prayer suitable for soldiers in time of war, to the casual acquaintance who sent him a horseshoe, to the schoolboy who complained that his parents would not let him fight on account of his youth. He inspected guns, stores, and men, as they streamed out of the troopships. He visited the hospitals, finding a smile and a kindly word for the wounded—Boer and Briton alike. He spent the best part of one whole afternoon upon the hospital ship *Maine*, examining her fittings and admiring the cunning and generosity with which she was arranged. He discussed political questions with the High Commissioner. He accorded personal interviews—ten minutes' undivided attention—to numberless people, soldiers, civilians, Dutchmen and British. When did he find time to think? Yet all this while a deep and intricate scheme was developing in his brain. The fleeting weeks had slipped by, preparations were approaching completion, and the moment of action drew swiftly near.

The reader who has not followed the war with a soldier's care must try to grasp the general shape of the military situation at this time. The fire of war burned sullenly along a thousand miles of south and eastern frontier, and far away in the north and west isolated conflagrations smoked and glittered. Plumer and Baden-Powell were fighting, as it were, in another world, and nothing that might be done by the armies in Natal or the Cape Colony could help or damage them. Ladysmith was slowly starving to a surrender that seemed worse than death. Buller had struck a second time at the terrible line of unfordable river and entrenched mountain that fended off relief, and his troops had recoiled with sulky discipline and heavy loss from Spion Kop. Gatacre maintained a precarious outpost line across the Boer front at Stormberg. French had woven a thin curtain of cavalry around three sides of Colesberg. Methuen glowered at Cronje on the Modder River, and Kimberley impatiently clamoured for relief.

Lord Roberts believed that by invading the Free State and advancing upon Bloem-

fontein he would draw off some of the Boers from the Natal front, and perhaps enable Sir Redvers Buller to relieve Ladysmith. But his own first objective was Kimberley. When Methuen's army—little more than a division—had been brought to a standstill in the middle of December before the fortified lines of the Boer covering force, the troops had withdrawn to their camp on the banks of the Modder and had dug trenches. There, within long-range gunshot of the enemy's position, they had remained ever since, and meanwhile the Dutch used their spades industriously and looked forward for another chance to use their rifles. The Boer lines had indeed become so long that they extended almost around both flanks of the British position at Modder. Their strength was such as to make all question of a frontal attack foolish and futile. With what satisfaction, then, must Cronje and his Boers have watched the gradual yet steady concentration of troops upon their front? The mad, block-headed soldiers were massing together in the very jaws of the trap for their own destruction. But they totally miscalculated both the intentions of their antagonist and the strength and composition of his force.

It must be admitted as wonderful that the secret was so well kept. The country swarmed with spies, and the Boers should have had all the information they required. Yet it is a fact that in spite of scouting, spies, and newspaper correspondents, French and his cavalry division were abstracted from around Colesberg—drawn off little by little during the nights—moved round by march and rail to the Modder river, a distance of several hundred miles, and their places taken by an infantry brigade, without either the Boers in Colesberg itself, or anywhere else, realising what had happened. The whereabouts of the Sixth Division was equally unknown or uncertain. The Dutch looked across towards the British camp and saw new areas of canvas or shelters rising day after day, and laughed to themselves—not without some shuddering, for they are a humane race so far as white people are concerned—to think of the reception they would give the English army next time it came.

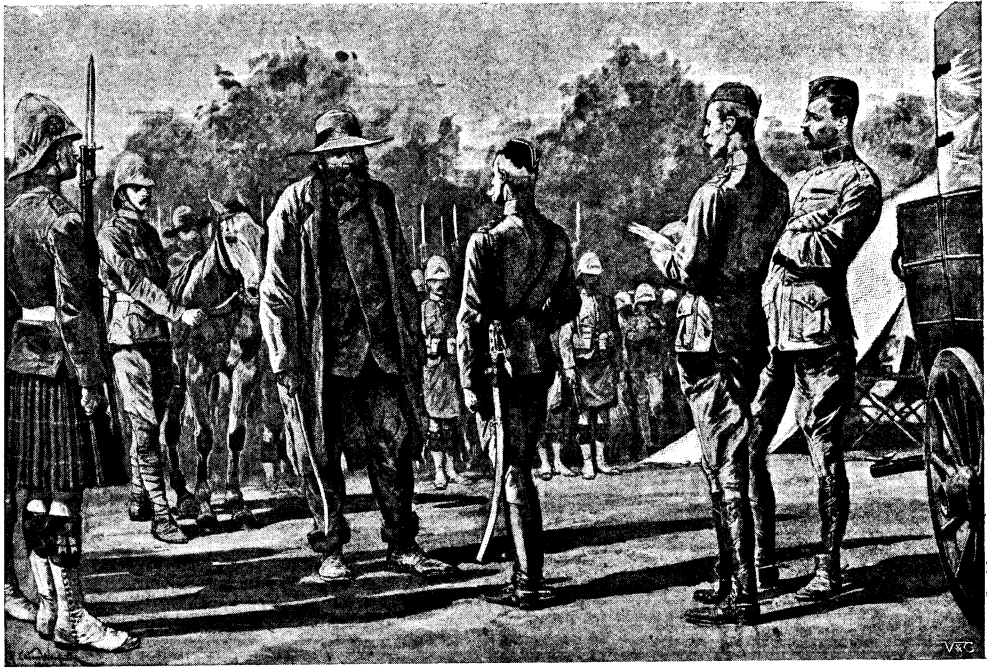
Almost the last thing Lord Roberts did before embarking on his great enterprise was to set his pen to composing the despatch on the battle of Spion Kop. It is not proposed to discuss here the discretion or justice either of those remarks or of their publication. But it is a fact by which we may appreciate the level coolness of this man's mind, that he

wrote these caustic comments, at which military Europe has whistled, upon a general whose reputation two months before had been at least equal to his own, before he had himself achieved any notable success, and when he was marching against the same formidable enemy who had already wrought so much that was unexpected.

In the beginning of the second week in February it seemed to us in the army of Natal that we had reached the darkest day in the war. We had been repulsed at Colenso. We had had to retire from Spion Kop. Sir Redvers Buller had declared that he held the

difference. We did not then know what manner of man he was; we did not gauge the quality of Sir Redvers Buller's determination; and we did not understand that, although the British soldier may be repulsed or mishandled five times, he will attack again the sixth with unaltered vigour and resolve. Ladysmith must, we thought, surrender. Far-off, lonely Mafeking could not possibly escape. Perhaps the folks at home would weary of the war and change the Government; or foreign Powers would intervene. It was an hour of gloom.

Suddenly, as a stray shaft of sunshine

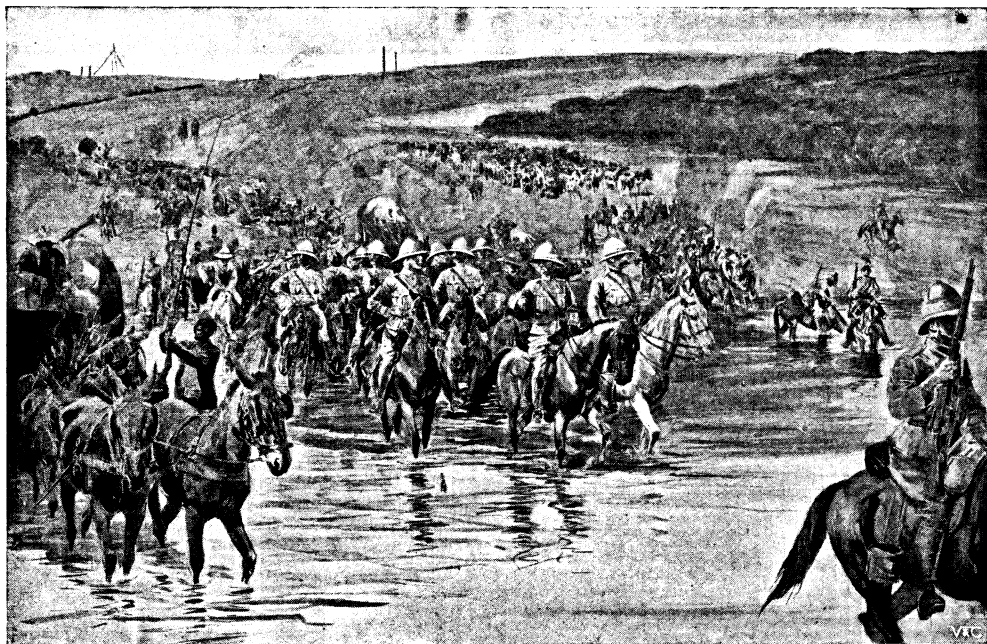


LORD ROBERTS IN SOUTH AFRICA: CRONJE'S SURRENDER TO HIM AT THE CAMP OF PAARDEBERG, MODDER RIVER, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MAJUBA, FEBRUARY 26, 1900.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I., from a sketch by Frederic Villiers.

key to Ladysmith, and we had attacked at Vaal Krantz, believing that the supreme effort was to be made. After we had lost 400 men this attack was broken off and the whole of our force marched sorrowfully back to the scene of our first failure. All this time Ladysmith was wasting and weakening from hunger, and it looked as if all attempts to save it would now be abandoned. At the best we were to have one more try, "for honour's sake." The news from the western theatre of war was not encouraging. There had been an unsatisfactory skirmish near the Modder. Roberts had arrived, but it did not seem that his arrival made much

pierces through a thundercloud, came a telegram from the Field-Marshal. "Tell all ranks that I have this day invaded the Orange Free State with a large army, particularly strong in cavalry and guns." The news spread through the camp. The soldiers gathered together in little groups to discuss it. "'Bobs' is at 'em at last," they said. "Now we shan't be long." Three days later the news of the relief of Kimberley arrived. "French had captured five laagers." "French! How the devil did he get to Modder?" asked the officers. "We thought he was at Colesberg." Curiously enough, the Boers were asking just the same question.



LORD ROBERTS IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE CROSSING OF THE VAAL RIVER.

Drawn by R. M. Paton, from a sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

I remember the evening well. Buller had marched his army out to the east of the railway, in preparation for his final attack. We had had an artillery duel during the day, and desultory and occasional shelling was still proceeding when the sun hid behind the blue, jagged outline—like a great steel saw—of the Drakensberg Mountains. The smoke of a thousand cooking-fires curled through the still air, as from post to picket, and bivouac to bivouac, orderlies rode about spreading the good news. And as it circulated, battalion after battalion rose up and gave three resounding cheers, so that the Boers came out of their entrenchments—ugly-looking sandbag works on which they had lavished three months' toil—and were doubtless mightily perplexed that men they had repulsed so often should cheer so loudly. The next day, the 17th, at dawn, we began a general attack, and thereafter the guns did not stop firing for a single day till Ladysmith was relieved. Often checked, never again stopped, the army of Natal won its way forward literally yard by yard, and on the 27th the last position was stormed and Ladysmith was free. Our small force of about twenty-two thousand men had lost more than a quarter of its strength, which means hard fighting in this nervous age. But those who were not stricken themselves

did not grudge the price, for they knew that an unprecedented disaster to the British arms had been averted. Nor was this the only British victory.

On the afternoon of the 14th, Lord Roberts, having perfected his plans, collected his principal cavalry officers and General French, and having withdrawn them to a private place, explained to them the details of the great cavalry movement which was to begin on the following day. When he had done he put away his maps, and turning to his cavalry leader, whose command at that time was not less than eight thousand horsemen and forty guns, said with a flashing eye, "Now, General, the day after to-morrow you must dine in Kimberley."

That night the whole army at Modder, leaving one single brigade among the deserted tents to pretend they were six, withdrew twenty miles to Ramdam, up to which point the other forces, smuggled away in the south, were marching. In thirty-six hours the concentration was complete. On the 16th the march began right outside the Boer enveloping lines, and by nightfall French had galloped through into Kimberley. It is not my present purpose to describe the military operations in any detail. Cronje, as everyone knows, escaped the first clutch

that was made at him. By a forced march in the dead of night he left his lines at Magersfontein and tried to place himself between Bloemfontein and the invaders. It became necessary to make a second clutch. The heads of the columns were turned eastward, the weary cavalry started off hot-foot from Kimberley, and the grip began to close again round the burgher army. Swiftly as the Boers moved, Roberts was before them. But this operation required that the British divisions should move fast, far from the railroad, while the floundering convoys struggled and sweated after them without much security or order. One great train of wagons, with supplies for many days, was captured and destroyed by the enemy. All the nice, exact calculations for the march to Bloemfontein were upset. Was it possible to go on? "Bobs" interviewed his supply officer.

"Can you guarantee three-quarter rations?"

"No, sir."

"Can you guarantee half rations?"

"No."

"What can you do?"

"Something like two-fifths—taking one day with another—perhaps a little more."

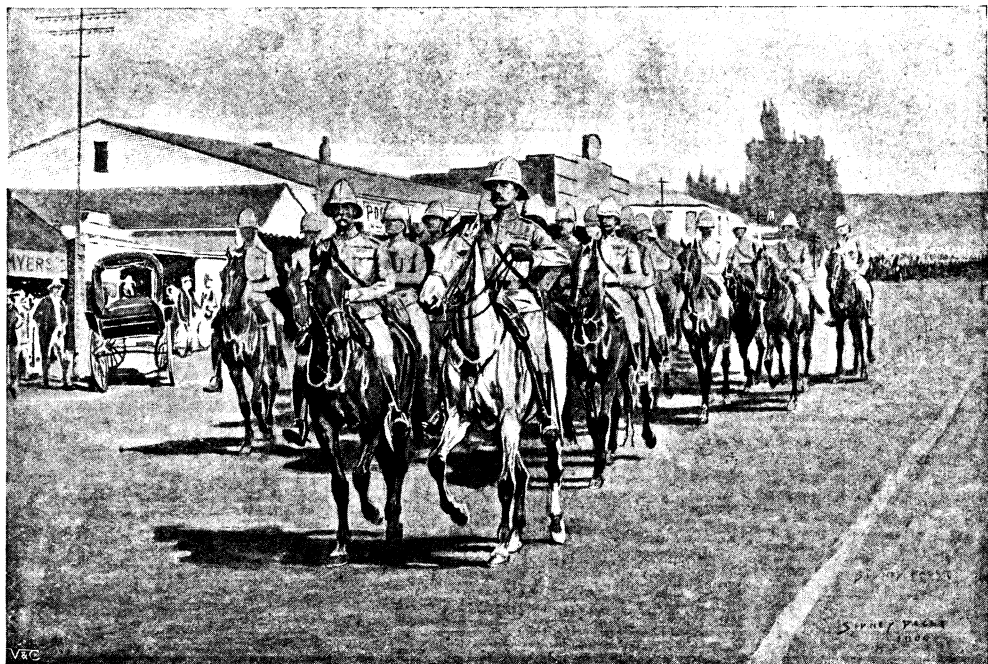
The Field-Marshal reflected—hard fight-

ing, forced marches, starvation diet; then he said, "I think they'll do it."

And they did it—for him.

We catch several glimpses of him during this famous march—at least the equal of his march to Kandahar. At Paardeberg, when he arrives on the field to find the dead and wounded from Kitchener's impetuous attack scattered about the field, and is deeply shocked; at Poplar Grove, where he has spread his line of battle over fifteen miles of ground, and sits on a knoll at the exchange of signals and telegraphs, waiting for his net of cavalry to close round the enemy's force, and learns that through weary horses or mistaken orders the cast failed. "Never mind"—no sign of vexation or disappointment. At Dreifontein a sidelight is thrown upon him. In the words of a witness before the Hospitals Inquiry Commission: "I was wounded in both legs. They put me down in the sun for five hours. Lord Roberts came by and gave me water from his bottle . . ."

At length Bloemfontein is reached successfully, and he finds time, amid many anxieties, to make suitable speeches—exactly the right thing—to the Guards Brigade: "I would have liked to lead you into Bloemfontein, but instead I will lead you into Pretoria";



THE ENTRY OF LORD ROBERTS INTO PRETORIA, THE CAPITAL OF THE TRANSVAAL, AT THE END OF HIS HISTORIC MARCH FROM MODDER RIVER, JUNE 5, 1900.

Drawn by Sidney Paget, from a photograph taken by the Earl of Rosslyn.

to the newspaper correspondents, whom he always treated with scrupulous courtesy (one flash of good-natured irony: "I shall be interested, gentlemen, to read your criticisms. No doubt I shall profit by them"); and to the foreign *attachés*, who were strongly impressed—particularly the Russian—with his personality.

The dramatic and sudden turning of the tables, the conversion of defeat and disgust into almost inordinate triumph, produced an intense impression upon the public mind, and Roberts received the fullest measure of that high honour and admiration which vast, educated communities can alone bestow. In the words of a letter written at the time by one well in touch with popular feeling—

"We had been everywhere defeated. It seemed as if the greatest disasters must come upon us. The progress of the war was most unsatisfactory, and then suddenly this wonderful little 'Bobs' appears, and all is changed as if it were by magic. There is nothing they would not do for him. The belief here is that he has saved the Empire, and he is looked upon as the greatest man in it."

That impression may be obscured by the swiftly moving clouds of modern opinion, but it is not impossible that history will some day revive it.

The next critical moment in the war occurs three months later, when the army comes to the Vaal River at Vereeniging. Railroad not repaired; communications threatened a hundred miles to the southward, threatened again two hundred miles to the southward, actually cut a few days later, a barren country and supplies running low. On the other hand, the enemy are demoralised. Can we bounce them out of Johannesburg and Pretoria, circle of modern forts notwithstanding, or shall we wait a fortnight at the Vaal to secure our line, replenish our stores, rest our horses and travel-stained infantry—and let the enemy recover? Never! Forward at once. It was a daring stroke. When we arrived before Pretoria, we found a position which eight thousand Boers could have held indefinitely, and forts which would have demanded regular siege—a matter of months. And we had but two days' food in the wagons, and Christian de Wet was tearing up the vital railway behind us—cutting the air-pipe between the diver and the surface. But "Bobs" was right again. The Boers were bluffed. The heights where they

attempted some resistance were seized. By nightfall our cavalry approached the capital.

At noon on the next day, mounted on an Arab horse, the gift of a prince of Inde, the Field-Marshal, as he had promised, led the Guards into the Parliament Square. The scene was a memorable one; the site was spacious and imposing. Within the quadrangle of high red sandstone buildings crowds of people had gathered, everywhere held back by thin, brown lines of soldiers. Under the shadow of the old Dutch church Lord Roberts, his generals, the great Staff, and the foreign *attachés*, a fine cavalcade, sat on their horses, while the victorious army defiled. For four hours the stream of khaki and steel—light glinting on muddy waters—flowed unceasingly. The sun blaze, refracted from the red houses, threw a golden glitter upon everything. The jaunty, merry music of the marches, the bursts of cheering, the continuous pulsating concussions of the drums, and under all, yet above all, the monotonous rhythm of marching feet, produced a profound impression on the mind. And when the old Flag flickered up to the top of the Parliament House, what with the memory of twenty years of shame and bitterness, "Remember Majuba, you dirty English!" and the memory of thirty thousand good men and true scattered behind, dead, wounded, or diseased along the track of invasion, even the dullest, heaviest souls were powerfully stirred, and all men felt this was an hour to live.

Someone—a Staff officer—turned to Lord Roberts when all was over.

"You must be a happy man to-day, sir."

"No," replied the Field-Marshal, with a momentary expression of intense weariness, "not happy—thankful."

And the officer remembered the grave in Natal which had swallowed up a father's hope and pride.

Let us leave this scribbled sketch unfinished. Something of the likeness it may have caught—a twinkle of the eye, a characteristic pose, or the cut of the coat. To elaborate would be to destroy. The great artists of history will paint their solemn pictures with time and materials not at our disposal nor within our powers to use. Let us not smudge their canvas beforehand, but leave our sketch lying in the corner, in the hope that it may perhaps suggest something to them when they come to do their work.

MORE DOLLY DIALOGUES.

By ANTHONY HOPE.*

A FATAL OBSTACLE.



"WHAT I can't make out," I observed (addressing myself to Lady Jane), "is why women don't fall in love with me. I'm all a man should be, and a reasonable number of things that he shouldn't."

Lady Jane always tries to be polite.

"Perhaps it's just that you don't find it out," she suggested after a moment's consideration.

"I shall adopt that view," said I cordially. "It will add a spice to the most formal greeting."

"It'll make you do awfully silly things," remarked Dolly, with an air of experience.

Lady Jane was looking thoughtful. "Mamma says love comes with marriage," she went on presently.

"Yes, generally," I assented. "Not," I added, turning to Dolly, "that three in a brougham is really comfortable, you know."

"One has to invite him sometimes," Dolly murmured.

"Oh, but I'm sure mamma meant——"

"Mamma meant that you'd been flirting with the curate, Jane."

"Dorothea dear!" gasped Lady Jane.

"The secret of love lies, I suppose, in unselfishness" (I threw out the suggestion in a tentative way).

"That's what makes Archie such a good husband," said Dolly.

"It must, of course, exist on both sides, Lady Mickleham."

"Oh, no, that's tiresome. It's like getting through the door—nobody'll go first."

"True. You spend all your time trying to be allowed to do what you don't want to do; and the other party does the same."

"Mr. Shenton says that the power of sympathy is the real secret of it." Mr. Shenton, by the way, is the curate.

I glanced at Dolly and shook my head; she nodded approvingly. Thus buttressed, I



“Come, now, we’ll run through my vices.”

remarked deliberately, “The power of sympathy has wrecked far more homes than it has—er—blessed. I would, on the whole, back it against the Victoria Cross.”

“I think I could love a man just for being good,” mused Lady Jane.

“Oh, you impossible kind of an old dear!” Dolly gurgled affectionately. “Besides, that’s no use to poor Mr. Carter.”

“I am not so very bad,” said I. “Come, now, we’ll run through my vices and——”

“I think I forgot to water that fern,” said Lady Jane rather suddenly.

“There was once a governess——” I began, thinking to beguile Dolly’s leisure with the story. Lady Jane had left us.

“I know about that; Mrs. Hilary told me.”

“Then you’re quite friends now?”

“Not particularly, but one must talk about something. There was another girl in love with you once, too.”

“Why not have told me at the time? I should have enjoyed it.”

“I mustn’t tell you her name.” I did not speak for a moment. “Well then, it was Agatha Hornton.”

"Agatha Martin that is?"

"I suppose she thought that, as you were hopeless" (Dolly was seeming a good deal amused at something), "she might as well marry Captain Martin."

"One can be unhappy without being absurd," said I, rather crossly. "Dear, dear! Having known me to decline——"

"Decline? I didn't say she absolutely asked you!"

"I wish you would read a little poetry sometimes. Your ignorance cramps my conversation. Was she very fond of me?"

"She thought you *handsome*," said Dolly conclusively.

"It was a *grande passion*?"

"Oh, no. She'd been very well brought up. But she just adored you."

"She was a nice girl—a thoroughly nice girl. I never thought much of Martin. Ugly fellow, too."

"She used to bore me awfully about you. You see, I was her great friend, and she knew she could trust me."

"Not to give her away?"

"Yes," said Dolly, gently caressing the Japanese pug that the Admiral Commanding on the Pacific Station has recently sent her.

"It's beautiful how you women stand by one another," I observed. "What was it that particularly attracted her in me?"

"I really cannot think," said Dolly. "Any more than I can think what attracted—— Oh, do you mind ringing the bell? It's Fushahima's tea-time."

"I wish she took it a minute later," said I, as I obeyed. "Martin was a very dull chap, you know."



"I took my tea and stood on the hearthrug."

"Something seems to have set you thinking of Captain Martin."

"I met them all coming back from church (they were coming back, I mean) a Sunday or two ago. Four, aren't there?"

"Five. Three girls and two boys."

"Getting big too, aren't they?"

"Fine children, Mr. Carter," observed Dolly cheerfully.

"She was certainly a clever girl—in those days."

"Ah, in those days!" Dolly murmured, with an indulgent smile—one that means you can go on if you like, but that you are obviously rather foolish.

"Idyllic happiness," said I, resuming my seat, "comes to very few of us, Lady Mickleham."

"Well, one marries, or something, you see."

"There is, of course, one's career."

"Archie's quite keen on being an Under-Secretary."

"I may not understand, but I am willing to admire. Why didn't the girl encourage me? I expect that's all I wanted."

"Well, what do you mean by encouragement?" asked Dolly, pulling Fushahima's ears. She is always alive to the artistic value of the brute creation.

"What I mean by it is conveying, however delicately, that I was the only man in the world she ever did or could care for. Isn't that what you used to mean by it, Lady Mickleham?"

"You can take Fushahima, Pattern," said Dolly.

"Yes, my lady."

"Not too much cream in her milk."

"Very good, my lady."

"What were you saying, Mr. Carter?"

"I forget, my lady."

There was a moment's silence—sometimes there should be.

Then I took my tea and stood on the hearthrug, drinking it.

"Solitude, I believe, has its consolations, when one looks at other people's families. Besides, it's surprising the number of little luxuries I get for nothing."

"For nothing?"

"Well, out of Mrs. Carter's dress allowance. It's quite moderate—only four hundred a year—but it keeps a cab, and buys a little drawing, perhaps, and so on. It's a great comfort, I assure you."

Dolly began to laugh gently.

"She'd have exceeded it, and I never do more than anticipate it," I pursued.

"I've sometimes wondered at your extravagance."

"Ah, well, you understand it now."

"Did the allowance include frocks for the girls?"

"Pray curb your imagination, Lady Mickleham."

"You quite shuddered!"

"I had visions of short stiff frocks and long black stockings—like a family group at the Royal Academy, all legs and innocence, you know."

"Yes, and all named Carter!" sighed Dolly, with a commiserating air.

"You don't like the name?"

"Not much."

I looked at Dolly. I think we must have smiled.

"I might have known there was some such reason," said I.

"I do wonder what's become of Jane, and why they don't bring Fushahima back," said Dolly.

"It's always a comfort to get at the real reason of anything. Now if my name had been Vavasour—or——"

"I don't mind 'Mr. Carter' so much, but 'Mrs. Carter' sounds horrible," Dolly explained.

"Girls being, as we all know, in the habit of writing the competing names in conjunction with their own Christian names on the backs of envelopes and the fly-leaves of library books, in order to see how they look, I can well understand that, if it came to a choice between Carter and——"

At this point, before I had fully developed my remark, Lady Jane came back. She sometimes does by accident what the Dowager would do on purpose. Heredity, I imagine.

"I've been thinking about it," said Lady Jane, "and I'm quite sure it's goodness of heart."

"A fatal obstacle," I said, shaking my head despondently.

"Another!" murmured Dolly, with a lift of her brows.

"Shining through, you know, Mr. Carter," added Lady Jane.

"I really don't see the use of continuing the conversation."

"You must encourage him, Dorothea," said Lady Jane, with a smile.

Dolly laughed. I won't swear she didn't blush just a trifle.

"Oh, I've given up trying to do that, long ago, Jane dear," said she.

"She used to succeed far too well, you know. Oh, but pray allow me to hand you a cup of tea."

I went away soon afterwards. I had to pay a call—on the Martins.



THE DOME OF THE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER.*



REVERENT love of tradition is in most of us. We love the fabled and the mysterious, and stories of the uncertain past incline us to a reverence we could never bestow

on anything belonging to the present. I have been in many corners of this old earth, and witnessed the worshippings of Christian, Moslem, Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian; and devoutness, whether it be to an ideal or an idol, is ever impressive.

So there will always cling to me the remembrance of the strange sensations of worship, of joy and yet of fear, that shook my frame when first I walked down the narrow, crooked ways in Jerusalem, and entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and saw the spot where tradition tells the body of Christ was laid; when I looked at the hole on Calvary in which the Cross was fixed, and stretched forth my hand and felt the rock that was riven when the world's

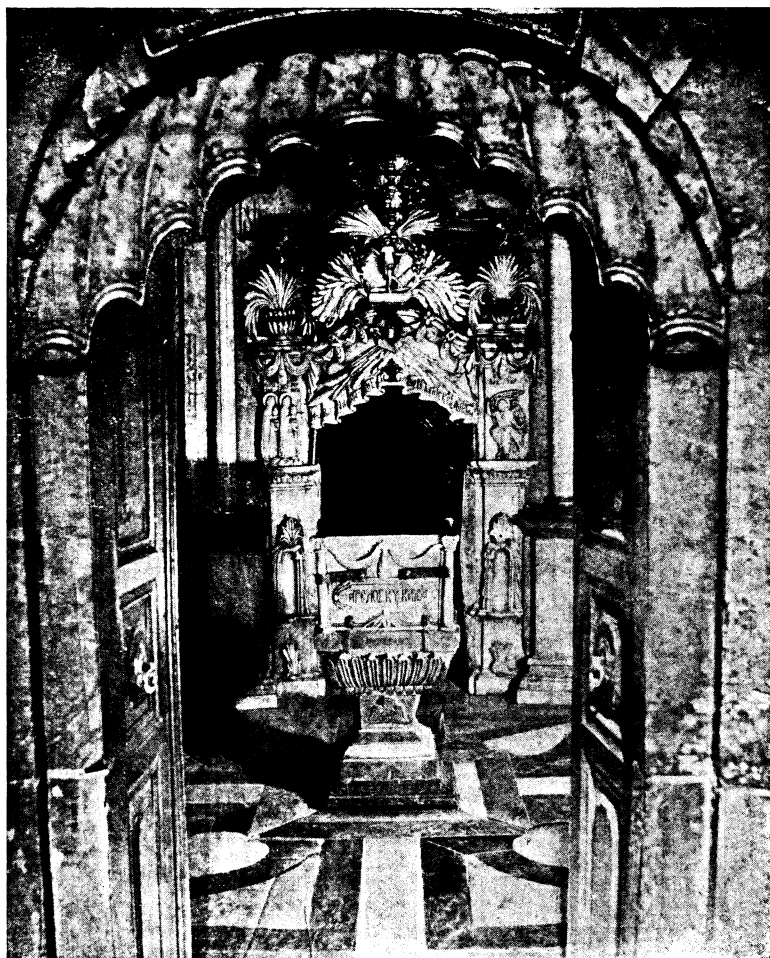
great tragedy was over. The very thought that millions of my fellow men and women had prayed, and believed, and prayed again, that aching hearts had sobbed out their agony, and that the stones had been wet with hot tears, was intensely moving.

I know nothing about the disputes that have fiercely waged, whether this or that can be in connection with the Sepulchre, and have no opinion whether the Sepulchre be inside the walls of the city or outside of them. All Jerusalem is historic ground, and one need not worry about identical spots.

The church itself is not an inspiring building. Looking over Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, or from the summit of some of the houses, it is anything but attractive, with its heavy, bulbous dome and mixed, debased architecture; and it is absolutely insignificant when the majestic swelling Mosque of Omar is in the forefront.

Looked at, however, from the court, with its rude, cracked pavement, there is much that is impressive about the pile, although it all seems made up of odd pieces, with jutting, useless walls, projecting, unornamental chambers, windows blocked up and masonry

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THE CHAPEL OF THE ANGEL, WITH DOORWAY LEADING TO THE SEPULCHRE.

crumbling to decay. The hot glare of the sun beats down upon the stones, and the shrubs which somehow gain root through a broken crevice are parched and withered.

There is a delightful shady way, with cool, overhanging trees leading from the street to the court. Along this is a continuous and motley crowd of pedestrians. Swarthy-skinned and barefooted Arabs, with their white camel-hair cloaks and crimson sashes, hurry by; Bedouins, who have just come in by the Damascus Gate, after a journey across the Syrian desert, slouch in groups with long, inlaid rifles slung across their shoulders; stout Arab women, swaddled in folds of black cloth, which make them look like bats, and with faces hid behind handkerchiefs over which peer lustrous eyes, waddle by, casting glances at all they meet; thin-chested, pale-faced, and ringleted Spanish

Jews shuffle past with dejected mien; Greek priests, Roman priests, heavy-cheeked Turks, and pretty European girls—many races, from the North and the South, the East, and the West—jostle by each other in front of this most famous of churches.

And while half a dozen guardians of the Greek chapels lounge against the walls, basking in the genial light, a crowd of hawkers—many deformed and helpless—have their wares spread out on the pavement and pester passers into purchasing villainous coloured prints, glass pilgrim rings, charms, olive wood, pencil cases, and even pocket combs! The court is utilised as a kind of mart where everything you are not likely to want is sold, save, perhaps, long, slim

tapers, helpful when exploring the tombs or some dim corner of the church.

There is a medley of architecture about the church, some Romanesque, some Byzantine, some Gothic. Of the two portals one is walled up, but there is elaborate and ornate carving about the columns and arches. Above the doorway is fine relief work depicting incidents in the life of Christ.

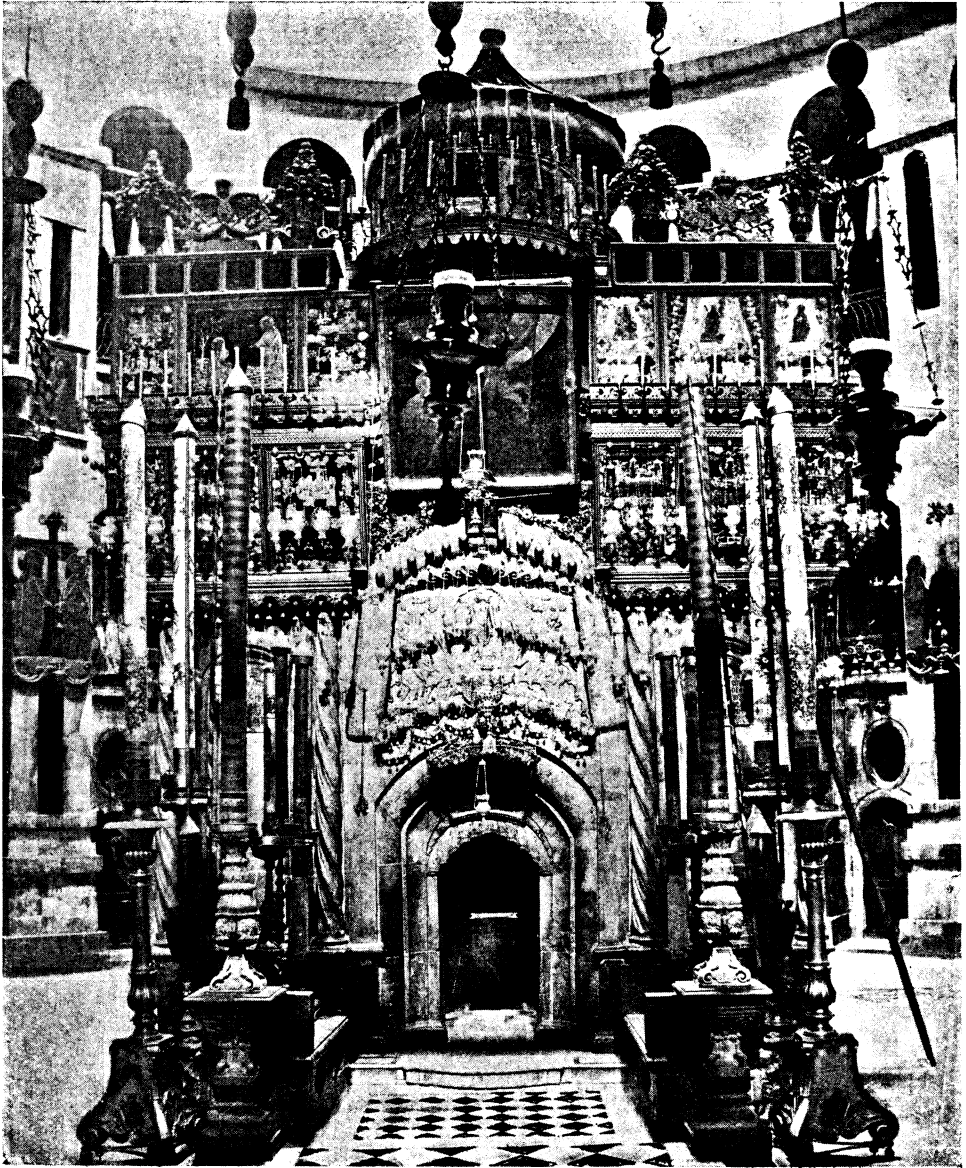
And on a balmy Sunday morning in autumn, while the bells were clanging and calling Christian believers to pray, my memory roamed back over the history of the church, and I sat in its courtyard and wondered whether this was the real Golgotha or not.

Anyway, for over fifteen hundred years—ever since, according to the story, Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, had a vision which led to the discovery of the Holy

Sepulchre and the broken Cross—this has been the consecrated site. And—since the first little church was built—what scenes of slaughter and desecration have been perpetrated! Its sacking by the Persians; its capture by the Crusaders, who entered barefooted and singing songs of praise; its subsequent destruction by the Arabs; its rebuilding by the Crusaders, only to be razed soon after by the Kharezmians; its erection again and then its burning down, to say nothing of the squabbles and riots amongst

the Christian sects, lying and fighting and thieving to have the control of the place, even down to this very day. Actually, there is always a Moslem guard of soldiers within the portals to see that the followers of Christ do not get one another by the throat during service!

I have mentioned the sensation of awe that seized me when first I crossed the threshold. And now I stood in the church itself, with massive marble slabs and great, dark pillars about, while the dim light



EXTERIOR OF THE SEPULCHRE.

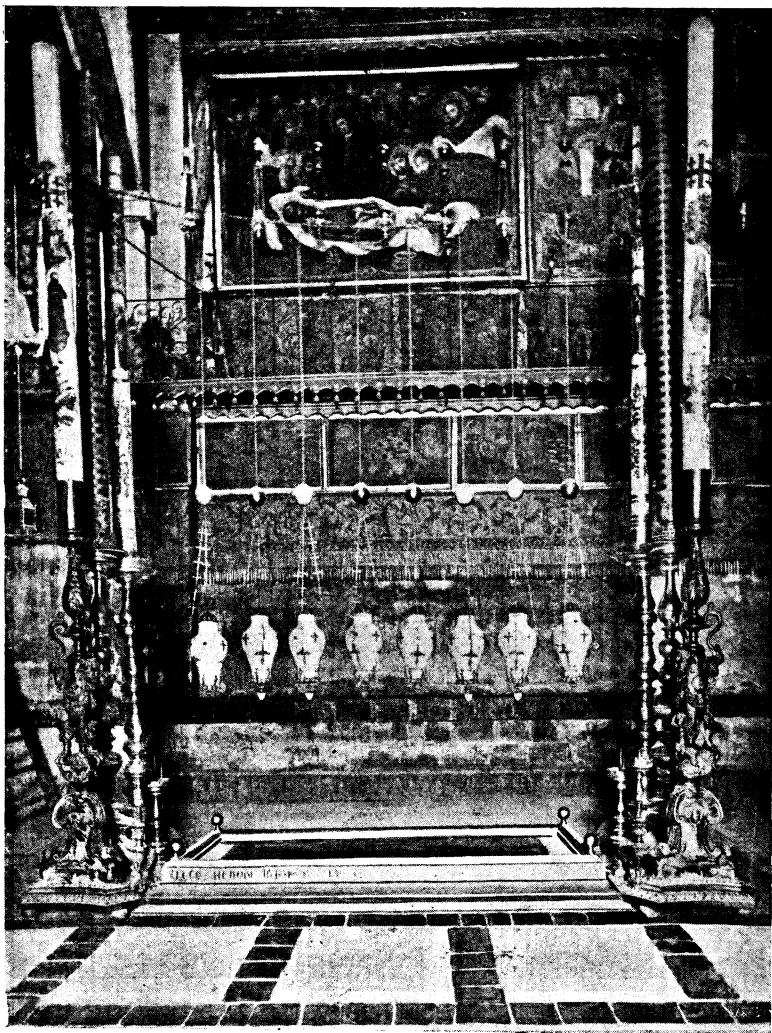
streamed on golden decorations, and there was wafted through the aisles and chapels a cold and shuddering breath.

As I write I recall that feeling and experience it over again. Though the decorations of the church are crude and, indeed, deceptive—such as the painting of plaster to resemble marble—at every turn is

old Russian woman, her whitened hair falling down her wrinkled and tear-stained cheek, press forward and in an ecstasy of devotion throw herself upon her knees and kiss passionately and sobbingly a slab of red-veined stone, I forgot the men of war. For the sight was one full of pathos, pregnant with serious reflection, one that flashes for a moment

upon a man's eyes and remains fixed upon his memory for ever. She was pressing her lips to the stone of unction, the stone on which tradition records the body of Christ was laid when taken from the tomb and anointed by Nicodemus.

How shall I describe the attendant decorations on this slab? Gorgeous, rather than beautiful, is the word which will best serve. The stone is edged with marble, and at each end are a number of massive gold and ebony candlesticks. The pedestals are richly wrought with figures of cherubs. The candles themselves are gaudy—whether they be of wax, or are imitation, I know not—for the floral ornamentation is of glaring colours and the figures are shockingly bad. There are, however, eight well-moulded lamps of



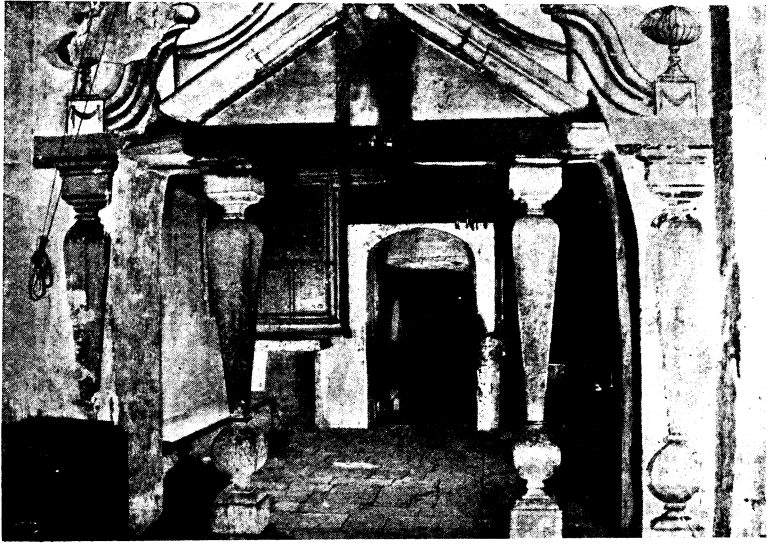
THE STONE OF UNCTION.

proof of veneration. The gold, the silver, the inlaid gems, all given as offerings—often ostentatious and inartistic—proclaim the majesty of the place. The lounging Turkish soldiers, ill clad, sleepy fellows, who glance with contempt at the worshippers, certainly gave a check to the flood of sentiment that rushed upon the fancy. But when I saw an

white ware, suspended from ostrich eggs, over the slab. Just enough gold bands and crosses and fretted work have been placed around the lamps to add charm and grace to them. Higher up are suspended a similar number of smaller lamps, of Eastern shape, with coloured lights, giving forth a soft and subdued glow. On the wall behind the

stone is a long sweep of exquisite tapestry. Above are a series of paintings dealing with the last hours of Christ's life, and a large picture representing the Anointment of the Body. I don't think, however, the Muscovite woman, who was poor and plainly clad, and had evidently come on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, saw any of these. Her old heart was breaking, and the tears coursed down her worn face as she poured out her soul in supplicating prayer.

Not far from her, and in a dim recess where they were scarcely to be perceived, stood four Coptic women. Nobody noticed them; they took notice of no one. A long, flowing robe of dark blue was wrapped about their slim Egyptian bodies. Their eyes were full and sad, and they held their hands tight-clasped before them. There was no movement of the lips, and the features were as immobile as those of the Sphinx. Several times as I wandered through the church



THE TRADITIONAL PRISON OF OUR LORD.

during the afternoon, when it was almost deserted, I saw these women. They shrank from observation, but stood hour after hour on the spot where, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, other women stood and witnessed the Anointment.

And passing them by, treading with cautious step over the marble floor, I came to what is regarded by millions of Christians as the most sacred spot on earth, the Sepulchre! I hesitated to go near it, not because I was dazzled by the blaze of splen-

dour, but because of the rush of thoughts, solemn, plaintive, awe-inspiring, that confused my brain. I had always associated the place where the body of Christ was laid with an aperture in a bare rockside, and a simple ledge, like those that were commonly used two thousand years ago on which to place the dead. I was prepared to see the sacred grave covered with the precious offerings of the devout. But I was not prepared



CHAPEL IN WHICH THE CROSS WAS FOUND.

for the magnificent and bewildering display on which I fixed my gaze—riches laid on riches, beautifully cut marbles hid by masses of embossed gold, and embossed gold covered with jewels that are beyond price! The approach to the doorway is of marble mosaic, and by the side stand tall and bedizened candlesticks. The walls are of white marble. There are fluted pillars and delicate carvings, studs of gold and fringes of silver. There are rows upon rows of lamps, made of rare metal, and rows upon rows of candles set in alabaster sockets. There are oil paintings and sacred devices, chiseled work over which men must have worn their lives—everything that is brilliant and rare covers these walls that enshrine the Holy of Holies.

Ever since the time of Constantine to this spot the feet of pilgrims have turned. I felt my breath come quick as I passed from the light of day into the vestibule, ablaze with

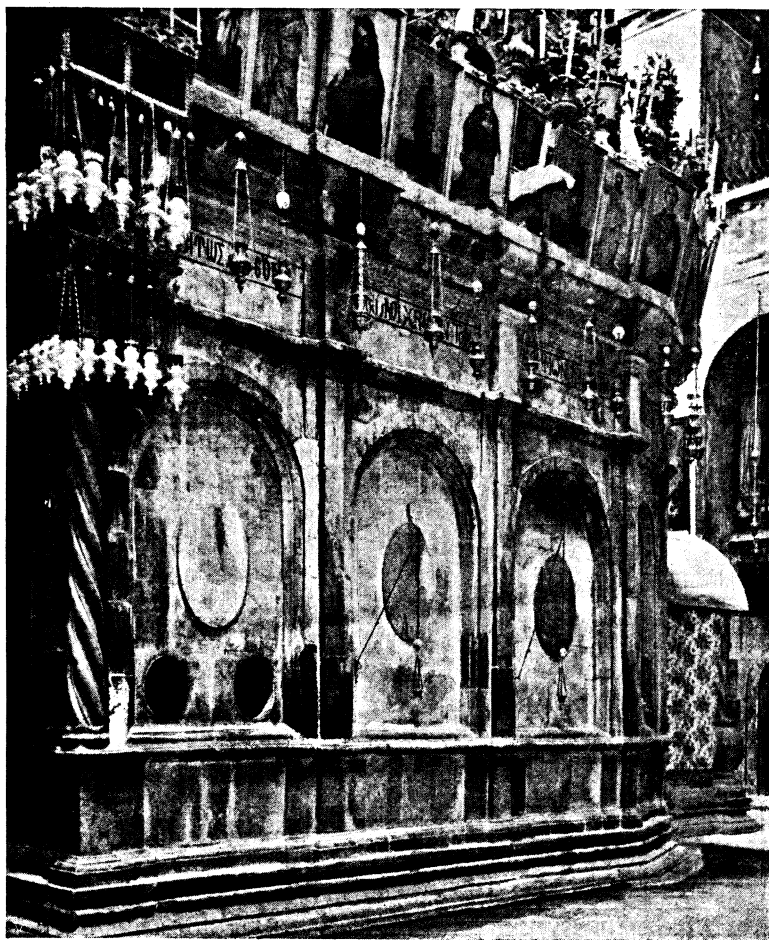
candles sparkling on and reflected by the marble sides. This is the Angel's Chapel. The marble is cut in frescoes, and figures of saints, and swelling wreaths. From the vaulted roof hang fifteen lamps, which, day and night, year by year, always shed light. In the centre of the chapel lies a stone set in the whitest of Carrara marble, said to be the stone which the Angel rolled away, and on which Christ afterwards sat.

And now, through a door not more than four feet high, I stooped to enter the Sepulchre. Three or four persons can stand in it at once, but I found myself there, having as an only companion a black-frocked, black-bearded priest.

There is no hewn-out cavity in a rock to be seen—nothing but marble and precious lamps and precious stones. I stood like one transfixed in that little chamber, which I could reach from side to side with the stretch

of my arms. In the dim early centuries tradition says there was a sepulchral grotto, but now there is only a split marble slab. From the top of the Sepulchre hang nearly fifty golden lamps; on the wall is a marble relief, representing Christ rising from the dead, and the bright light of a hundred waxen candles illuminates the tomb with radiance.

Can you conceive the thoughts a man has at such a moment, standing in such a place? I cannot recollect what mine were. I only know I was rapt in mysterious admiration and reverence. A Greek woman, clad in white from head to foot, crouched through the door, fell on her knees by my side, and kissed the marble



THE APERTURES THROUGH WHICH HOLY FIRE IS PASSED.



CEREMONY OF THE GREEK CHURCH IN FRONT OF THE SEPULCHRE.

beneath which the sepulchral stone lies. She kissed it again, crossed herself, and went out. A palsied old man, with shaking limbs, put his forehead on the marble, and prayed with his clasped hands stretched before him. A bright young Levantine solemnly bowed, kissed the stone, and went away. I moved close to the priest to allow the people to come and go. I saw the belief in the eyes of the worshippers; read something in their countenances of what their faith was to them; I knew that when the heart ached with

many trials, and the soul was weary, it was here the unspoken prayer would be offered; and when I realised what this slab meant to the world, what promises of reform had been whispered with trembling lips over it, how for hundreds of years millions of men and women had bowed the knee here in reverence and kissed the stone in awe, my heart grew large within me, and I, too, fell and pressed my lips to the cold marble. It was the strangeness of the scene, the bursting forth of uncontrollable sentiment, that

prompted me so to do. To-day, writing thousands of miles from Jerusalem, an ordinary man living his life among ordinary men, I feel that my heart acted not unrightly.

An atmosphere of serene holiness pervaded the air. The very walls seemed to have become impregnated with sanctity; all was silent, holy, impressive. Then I made a round of the chapels that Sunday morning and heard various services. They were different to anything we see in the West; they were more gorgeous, and even weird. The first chapel entered was that of the Syrians. It was a dark chamber, and there were no seats, and, indeed, no worshippers. But there was an elaborately attired priest standing at a decorated table, with two candles glimmering at the sides, and he chanted in a dull Arabic monotone, while two other priests, less elaborately clad, broke in every now and then with an obligato of wailing.

With a taper held before me I felt a way to a corner of the cell, crawled through a rock-bound archway, and slid down several uneven steps to see what are undoubtedly ancient Jewish rock-tombs. Tradition has it that these are the tombs of Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus.

Nearly all the chapels—and there are a number—have richly covered altars, and over them are generally pictures of Christ. Every spot to which any tradition connected with the Crucifixion is attached has a chapel dedicated. And the traditions that have been gathered are wonderful. As I have said, I love traditions. Anything that takes a grip of the human heart and binds it in a fetter of love, or even awe, to some great event in centuries gone by, has a supreme fascination. Near the Latin Chapel of the Apparition I saw where Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene. The exact place where Christ stood is indicated by a marble ring, and where Mary stood by another ring. In the chapel itself, where legend says Christ appeared to His mother after the Resurrection, the altar is of white marble inlaid with veined quartz, and a cloth of delicate texture, edged with antique lace, covers the table. Between two great candlestands are bunches of flowers and decorated candles. In a dark niche is a fragment of the Column of the Scourging. This stone is probably the most authentic relic in connection with the last hours of Christ. So precious is it that not even the lips of pilgrims are permitted to

touch it. A lattice prevents anybody reaching it, but a stick is provided, and one end of this is placed against the column while the believer kisses the other end.

Anything more splendid than the chapel called the Catholicon, and belonging to the Greeks, it would be difficult to imagine. In the middle of the floor there stands a ball which you are told marks the centre of the world, and from where the earth was taken when the Almighty created Adam.

Close to the Greek Church the custodian pointed out to me two impressions in the stone, said to be the footprints of Christ, and the prison, with two holes in stone stocks, where His feet were put while the preparations for the Crucifixion were made. There was the chapel where the raiment was parted, the chapel marking the place where Christ was crowned with thorns, and beneath the altar was the Column of the Derision.

As I walked along there came a waft of thick incense, and I turned aside to visit the Chapel of St. Helena. On the right of the altar, and overlooking a stair leading to a dark underground chamber, is a stone seat where the Empress Helena is said to have sat and watched the search for the Cross. I relit my taper and entered what is little more than a cavern. This is the place where it is believed the Cross of Christ was found.

Then I turned and climbed the steps into the Armenian Church, and up more steps to the Church of the Sepulchre itself, and up still more till at last I was on Mount Calvary. I know there have been hot discussions about the possibility of this being the site on which the world's great tragedy was enacted, but with these I have nothing to do. Had I not mounted steps to reach it I could not have realised I was on a "hill." Penitent pilgrims crawled on their knees over the pavement and touched the cold stones with their lips. I went forward and put my hand in the hole where the Cross is said to have been inserted. I stretched forth my arm and felt the cleft in the rock. Through a grating I was able to see the spot where the Body was nailed to the Cross, and I stood aside while an old man came and kissed the railings and passed on.

And then I went from the dim, shadowy light of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre into the blaze of sunshine without, and heard the birds twittering in the bush where the ram was entangled that Abraham offered as a sacrifice in place of his son Isaac.

CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. VIII.—AN EXPLORATION ENTERPRISE.

MR. JULIUS PEMBRIDGE was practically the Exploration and Enterprise Finance Association. If you could not get money from Pembridge for your little scheme, it was not worth while to try elsewhere; you might give it up and go home. He was the friend and comforter of wild cats, but he was not a fool. If most of these ungrateful beasts bit and scratched him, now and again one turned out very good. It was said that he lost more money in a year than any man in his street, but that did not disturb him. At the end of the year he had generally made a living, and a little over. Wherever he saw the faintest glimmer of light—the least possibility—in went Julius Pembridge. If he was right once, that more than made up for ten times when he was wrong.

Pembridge was a dominant male man. He was powerfully built, and rather a handsome man, with keen eyes and a strong chin. He had two distinct manners in general use. One was slangy and good-humoured; the other was different. He was content to let the best possible tailor dress him in the best possible way. His office was well lighted and well and solidly furnished; it was an eccentricity of his to have his office as cleanly and properly kept as his private house, which, by the way, was not a house, but a flat in Jermyn Street. He possessed the smartest and most silent office boy within the cab radius.

One fine morning in May, when Pembridge had gone through his correspondence, he was sitting back in his chair and wondering whether it would be worth while to back anything for the Derby, when the office boy brought in a card. It was not an immaculately clean card, and on it was written—not engraved—"Mr. Percy Mardner." Pembridge held the card by the extreme corner, looking at it through half closed eyes. Then he turned to the boy. "All right," he said.

The boy placed a chair, put the whisky and soda handy, and went out noiselessly. In a moment he returned and announced Mr. Percy Mardner. Mardner's appearance was against him. He looked furtive and shabby and shaky. His appearance was that of a man whose nerves have suffered, one who has been a good deal broken up. His eyes blinked as they met the light.

"It's very good of you to see me, Mr. Pembridge," said Mardner.

"Not at all," said Pembridge. "Always glad to see anyone on business." He spoke genially, but there was a slight emphasis on the word "business," enough to indicate that a charitable appeal would not be considered in the light of business.

"Well, it's on business that I wished to speak to you. It's very queer business and a very queer story that I have to tell. But there's upwards of a hundred thousand pounds at the end of it."

"And what made you come to me?"

"I went first to a man whose name I had seen in an advertisement—a money-lender. He wouldn't let me finish my story. He said it was a fairy tale, and he did not deal in fairy tales. I asked him if he knew of anybody who might help me, and he mentioned your Association, without holding out any great hopes."

"Go on."

"I must begin by telling you that I have been in trouble. I yielded to a temptation, and—well, they gave me three years' penal servitude. I have not been out long. My people gave me a hundred pounds, and told me that was all they would have to do with me."

"And you blued your hundred on booze?"

"Yes, I have been drinking hard, and gambling a little. But I still have a few pounds left. I was at it last night; that's why I'm all to pieces this morning." He looked significantly towards the whisky.

"All right. Help yourself. And get to the business as soon as you can; in fact, tell me what it is before you go on with your yarn."

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Percy Mardner poured out a great deal of whisky and a very little soda-water. The glass clattered against his teeth as he drank. Then he wiped his ragged moustache with his hand and resumed with more confidence of manner.

"Thank you, Mr. Pembridge; that's done me good. I'll tell you the business at once; only don't send me away until I've told you the story as well. The business is buried treasure—money buried in a little piece of land that is for sale at this moment."

"Ah!" said Pembridge reflectively. "You seem a particularly candid person. One might have said shameless. You speak of the fact that you are an ex-convict who has taken to drink, very much as another man might describe himself as a stockbroker. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me, to save time and trouble, whether this is a variation on the Spanish prisoner swindle, or something on the gold brick lines—or, in short, what is it you have been getting up for me?"

"I knew you would say something of that kind. When you hear the story you will see that I do not stand to make a single penny unless my story is absolutely true. You give me nothing in advance."

"Well, well," said Pembridge impatiently, "get on."

"While I was in prison I rendered a service to a fellow-convict; in fact, I helped him to escape. He got clear away to America, and a few weeks ago I got a letter from him. He said that he was dying, and that he would tell me something which might be useful to me, for there was no longer any chance that he would be able to go in for it himself, and I had once done him a good turn. This man had been a poacher and had pretty nearly killed two keepers. It was while he was living in a Sussex village that he learned what he afterwards told me. In that village there lived two brothers. They were supposed to be wealthy, but they lived in an ordinary labourer's cottage with a bit of garden at the back, and in the most miserly possible manner. They did everything for themselves, and no one but themselves ever entered the cottage. They were quarrelsome and eccentric; for instance, they divided the night into watches, and one slept while the other watched. Though they grudged every farthing that they spent, and practically half-starved themselves, they kept a light burning all night in the kitchen always. They lived in the village for twenty years, and died within a week of one another; one of them

was carried off by pneumonia one hard winter, and the other hanged himself when he got home from the funeral. It was found out that all those twenty years they had been in receipt of an income of two thousand eight hundred pounds each under their father's will. In each case the money producing this income was left in trust to the son for life, and afterwards, if he had no children, to different hospitals and charitable institutions. It was shown that these two men drew the whole, or nearly the whole, of their income from the bank every year, and always drew it in gold. They had not spent it, for it was doubtful if they spent fifty pounds a year between them; and no trace of any investment could be found. Both men died intestate, and the cottage and garden, with about a hundred pounds that was in the bank, went to a relative, a man called Jordan. Of course he tried to find out where the savings of twenty years had gone to. He had the whole cottage pulled down, under his own inspection, and the whole of the garden dug up, and found nothing. Then he decided that the savings had been invested, and spent a lot of money in trying to trace them. That was no good, either. Jordan rebuilt the cottage, and left the place on his death, which happened about a year later, to an old woman who had acted as his housekeeper. She is willing to sell—I have just been down there—and I want you to buy, and then share and share alike with me in what we find there."

"At present," said Pembridge, "there doesn't seem to be the slightest earthly prospect that we should find anything."

"That," said Mardner, "is where my friend the poacher comes in. It was always his conviction, in spite of the search that failed, that the money was hidden in the garden. The cottage stands on the road, and the garden slopes rather sharply downwards behind it until it joins a plantation. There may, perhaps, be a third of an acre of this garden altogether, and, of course, when the two old men were working in it they were out of sight of anybody who might happen to be passing in the road. A few months before they died my friend happened to be coming home very early one summer morning about half an hour before dawn. He came through the plantation, and as he got to the edge of it he looked up the garden and saw that the back door of the cottage was open and a light showing in it. At that moment out came the two brothers; the first was carrying on his back a small sack—the kind of thing that would take half a hundredweight of coals—

and was bent nearly double under it; the other carried a coil of rope and a lantern. They came right down to the bottom of the garden, where a high yew hedge hid them. Not a word was said, but my friend the poacher heard a spade being used. He had half a mind to call out to them, and ask them what they were up to, but there was a special reason why he did not want anybody to know that he was not in bed and asleep that night, and so he passed on. He never thought much about the incident until after the death of the old men, when the talk about the buried treasure began, and then he kept

cellar with—say at the bottom of a garden by a high yew hedge. It keeps out the damp, and you can store your sacks of anything in it—sacks of gold, for instance. But it is not all guesswork. When Jordan had pulled down the cottage and found nothing, he was discouraged. He began to dig up the garden, but the further he went the more discouraged he got. By the time that they had got to the lower end of the garden the thing was being done very slackly. They dug very shallow, and often, to save a fruit tree, they would leave a bit untouched. By this time Jordan had the idea that the



"He wiped his ragged moustache with his hand."

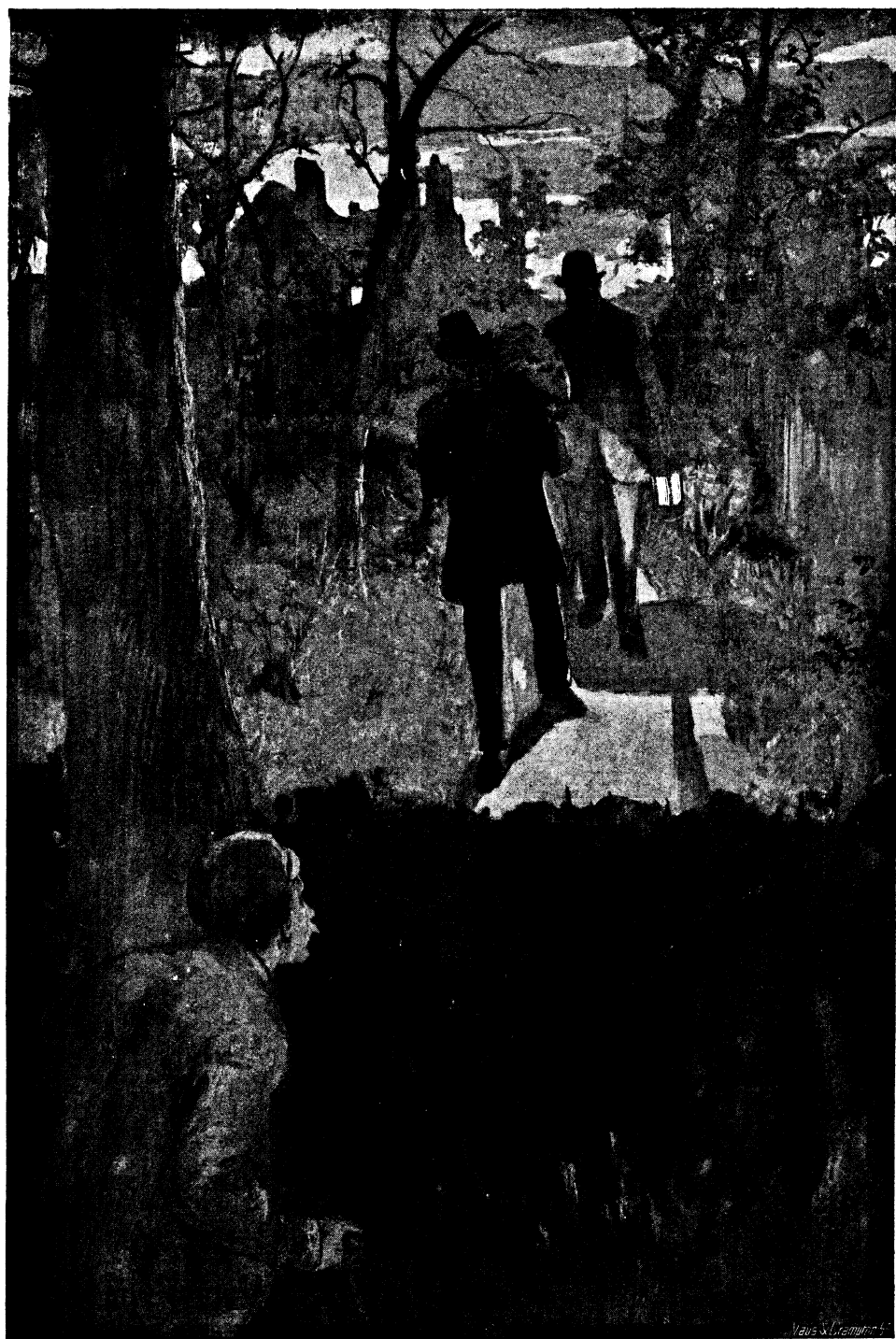
his own counsel. He got himself taken on at the job of pulling down the cottage, and there he found in the roof a number of bags that had been used for Portland cement. Then he tumbled to it."

"Well, I don't," said Pembridge.

"At some time or other the two brothers must have wanted a lot of concrete; that's what they had the cement for; the gravel they could get anywhere in the garden simply for the trouble of digging for it. Now, there was no concrete at all used anywhere about the cottage. But concrete's fine stuff to make an underground

money was not buried at all, but was invested; and this digging was costing money. My friend was digging by the yew hedge, and there was nobody to look after him much; he felt his spade come down on concrete—there wasn't a doubt about it. He said nothing. A week later he was fool enough to have that row with the keepers, and that finished him. He got seven years, and when he escaped, this country wasn't healthy for him. But he meant to come back one of these days and to have the money."

Mardner paused and finished his drink at a draught. "Well," he resumed, "there's



"They came right down to the bottom of the garden."

the story, and it's the truth, every word of it. What are you going to do, Mr. Pembridge?"

"I'll do it," said Pembridge—"on terms."

"What terms?"

"To start with, I must have all the names given me now, and I must have a week to investigate your story."

"I'm not afraid of that."

"Secondly, if I go in for it, all that we find will be declared."

"But then we lose it all. Don't you know what the law is?"

"I do, and also what the custom is. If the sum is anything like what you suppose, there will be enough for you in any case."

"I don't know what you mean by enough," said Mardner querulously.

"We share alike. What's enough for me has got to be enough for you. If you don't like that, clear out and take your yarn somewhere else."

"All right. Of course, I can't help myself."

"The third condition is also important. I don't much care to go into any partnership with a man of your stamp. I don't trust you, and I don't like you. You will have to leave the direction of the matter entirely to me. I shall treat you as a servant, and you will have servant's work to do; you will address me as a servant would. If we are fortunate, and there is anything to divide, you can take your share and go to the devil your own way. Until then you have got to do what you are told, or I don't help you."

"As I said before, Mr. Pembridge, I've no choice."

"Then address me properly. Now, then, give me all the names, and I'll go into this. And, by the way, whatever your poaching friend saw the old man carrying in that sack, it was not sovereigns. You can make up your mind to that."

* * * * *

A week later the abnormally intelligent office boy once more ushered Mardner into Mr. Pembridge's room. Mardner had changed a little. He was less shabby, and in dress and manner was a good enough imitation of a servant to suggest to Pembridge that this had once been his walk in life. He was also noticeably less shaky.

"Well, I've been into this," said Pembridge, "and I find that your story is substantially correct. I have also been down to Shadenham, and have been able to pick up one or two pieces of additional information. So far, so good."

"Then, sir, if I might suggest," said

Mardner, "I think the next step to take is to buy the property in our joint names."

"You needn't trouble about that," said Pembridge. "The property is already bought in my name."

"You're trying to do me," said Mardner truculently.

"Not in the least. If there is anything to divide we shall share equally, so long as you keep to the conditions that I have laid down. I have not the least intention of doing you, as you so prettily put it, but neither do I intend to let you do me. The land's my property—not yours. Behave yourself, and that will make no difference to you. Give me any trouble, and I will have you thrown out. I've got the whip-hand. See?"

Mardner looked sulky, but became civil. He whined a little. It was quite natural that he should be suspected, but he hoped to be able to show that the suspicions were quite needless. If he didn't act on the square, he wished his hands might drop off at the roots.

"Don't talk that kind of rubbish. You'll act on the square, because you will get no chance to do anything else. Now, then, we start for Shadenham to-morrow, and there's not much time to lose. Hold your tongue and listen to the instructions I am going to give you."

* * * * *

Pembridge and Mardner, who travelled as his servant, put up at the only inn in Shadenham. It was conveniently near to the plot of ground where it was supposed that the misers had buried their money; it was not comfortable, though, and expensive discomfort annoyed Pembridge.

"Look here," he said on the morning after their arrival, "how long is this going to take, Mardner?"

"Not more than three or four hours. I've taken the tools over and I'm quite ready to start. I know where to dig, and my friend in his letter said it was not more than three feet down. Of course, if we were both going to dig——"

"We're not. My work will come in afterwards. For the present I will confine myself to keeping an eye on you. Well, if we get through in that time, it will be all right. I don't want another night here. Come along, then."

The cottage stared at them with blindless windows. The old housekeeper had removed her belongings two days before, and straw and other litter lay about on the cinder paths. They passed down the garden to the

yew hedge at the bottom. Mardner looked around him. "This is it, I think."

"Go ahead, then," said Pembridge. A rustic seat had been fixed under an old apple tree close by, and there he established himself, with the morning papers and his cigarettes. Mardner took off his coat and waistcoat and laid into the work with a will. He was obviously excited. It was a quiet morning; the blows of the pick and the scrape of the spade came with monotonous regularity, and the only other sound to be heard was the song of the birds or the rustle of Pembridge's paper. Pembridge had finished his second newspaper before a word was spoken. Then Mardner threw down his spade and said, "I'm fully four feet down here, and there isn't a sign. I think I should try nearer the hedge, sir."

"Then, so far, you've done nothing but waste time. Try again, of course. And for goodness' sake get it right this time. We haven't all the day to spare for your blunders, you know."

Mardner made no answer. In another minute he was working as hard as ever. The perspiration streamed from him and his breathing was loud and laboured. But he never stopped for one moment; the fever of the chase was on him. He worked as if he were working for his life.

And once more he worked to no purpose; the second attempt at location was a failure also. Pembridge, gloomy and sarcastic, left his place and came over to Mardner. He was studiously unpleasant and insulting, and Mardner remained as studiously respectful; but Mardner's face when he was turned away from Pembridge was not pretty—it was the face of a dangerous man.

Mardner resumed his digging, and Pembridge went back to his seat. For a while he dozed, and then the midges worried and woke him. He had finished his newspapers and he was inexpressibly bored. For the sake of something to do he walked up to the cottage and went over it. It was a fairly new and quite commonplace building. But the country around was pretty, and the quiet was rather pleasant as a change from the City. As he had bought the place, it might be worth while to spend a little money on it, and use it for Saturdays to Mondays in the summer. There would probably be some fishing procurable. It was a pity the golf links were not nearer. Yes, it was worth thinking about. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was half-past two. He had had no idea that it was so late; it

was time to go and eat an abominable luncheon at that incompetent inn. And then, as he glanced out of window, he saw Mardner running up the path towards the cottage.

Pembridge met him in the doorway. "Well?" he said brusquely, as Mardner came up.

"I've got it," said Mardner, panting.

"Then why the deuce couldn't you have got it before?" He showed no sign of satisfaction. "Well, come and show me it." Mardner led the way to a hole big enough for a man to work in, and about three feet deep. At the bottom of the hole was a bed of concrete, that might have been the roof of an underground cellar.

"Yes," said Pembridge, "that looks like it. Now, then, put on your coat and waistcoat, and come back to the inn for lunch."

"Excuse me, sir," said Mardner. "If you don't mind, I would sooner go straight on. I've got the spike and hammer here for the concrete. I don't want anything to eat myself. I'd a good breakfast. I should have the thing opened by the time you came back."

"I don't doubt," said Pembridge, "that you are well trained for working hard on very little food. But considering the circumstances under which you got that training, I won't have that concrete opened except when I am here."

"Very well, sir," said Mardner. And he turned to put on his coat. Once more he looked dangerous.

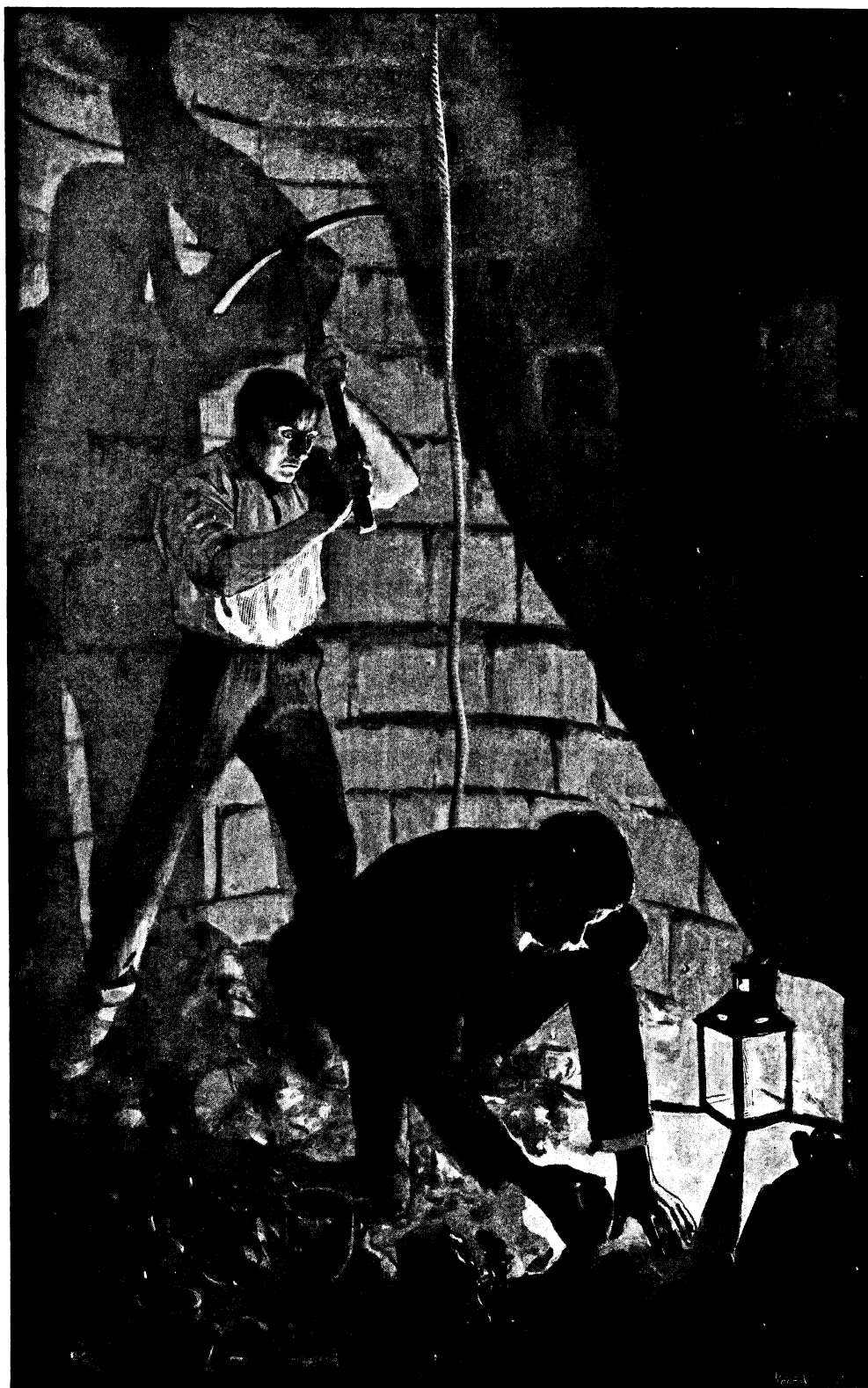
* * * * *

It was past three when the work was resumed, and the job proved longer than they had expected. The earth was loose and gravelly, and the sides of the hole had to be roughly shored up; the concrete was hard and thick, and Mardner was not used to this kind of work. It was already dark before enough of the concrete had been broken away for a man's body to pass through.

"Now, then," said Pembridge, "fasten your lantern to a string and give it to me. I'm going to see what there is down there."

He remained for some minutes on his knees peering down the hole, and taking no notice of the excited questioning of Mardner. Then he stood up and drew the lantern up again.

"Yes," he said. "I see what it is. It's a well which had run dry and been disused. The old men found it, and thought it a safer place to hide their treasure in than the cottage. The well must have been partly



"He got a good grip and raised the pick high above his head."

filled up with rubbish, and they put concrete over it; the walls are concrete, too. With the concrete roof over it, and three feet of earth on the top of that, it doesn't make a bad sort of cash-box. I can make out two sacks and some smaller bags lying on the floor, and that's about twelve feet down. We've got rope enough?"

"Plenty, sir."

"Very well, the place looks perfectly dry, and I suppose the air's all right, as the lamp did not go out. You can fasten one end of the rope round that tree and, let yourself down as soon as you like."

Mardner had a little accident while he was fixing the rope; in moving his tools out of the way he dropped his pick down the shaft.

"What a clumsy fool you are!" said Pembridge. Mardner mumbled something and prepared for the descent. His hands were blistered and bleeding with the work that he had been doing, and the rough rope cut into them; but he was hardly conscious of the pain. The moment was coming.

"All right," he called from the bottom of the shaft.

Pembridge came rapidly down the rope after him. He looked quickly at the sacks; Mardner had not touched them.

"Now, then," said Pembridge, "I'm going to make an inventory of what we find here before we hand it all over to the police."

He opened the first sack. It contained some exquisite pieces of old silver, wrapped in washleather and packed in sawdust.

"Ah," he said, as he unpacked them and noted them down, "those old men did not make a bad investment. This kind of thing

is worth far more now than when it was bought. And they seem to have only bought really fine pieces. When I've finished with this sack, you will pack it up again while I am going through the next. The gold will be in the small bags."

"Very well, sir," said Mardner. His face and hands were twitching nervously; the moment had come. As Pembridge bent over the sack to take out the last piece, Mardner, without a sound, lifted the pick from the floor.

He got a good grip and raised the pick high above his head and brought it down straight—there was no room to swing it. There was a crash among the silver, and a curious gulping sound. And Pembridge was dead. Mardner stooped down and began to move the silver out of the mess. As he did this he knocked over the lamp and was left in darkness.

Then quite suddenly his nerves went. He had no matches, and his one idea was to get out and get a light as soon as possible. Pembridge had matches, but Mardner did not dare to look for them on the dead man's body. He caught hold of the rope and began to climb. The rope fell coiling over his head; the rough edges of the concrete on which it played had frayed it. Mardner was trapped.

There was nothing else to be done; he had to feel for the matches that Pembridge carried. He bent down and stretched out a hand. It went on the dead man's face, and after that Mardner did not dare to move at all. He remained huddled against the wall until, next morning, the search-party from the inn found him.

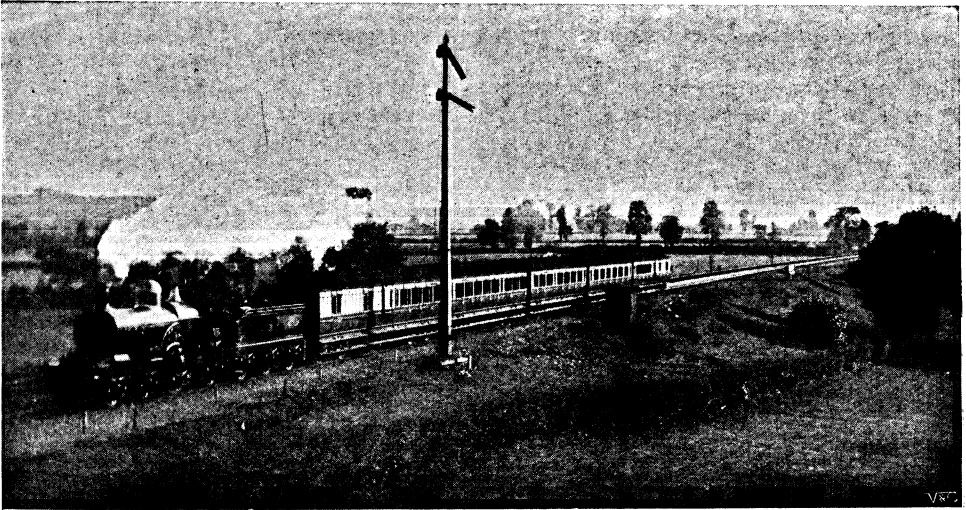


NOTABLE TRAINS.

By HERBERT RUSSELL.

ALTHOUGH most of us do indeed outlive that phase of youth (generally following upon the desire to be a clown) when the only career which appears at all worth while contemplating is that of driving a locomotive, yet it must be confessed that boyish interest in a railway train is one of those very few early fancies which we seldom outgrow. That most potent expression of the achievements of science, an express train sweeping along the

of speed alone stands unimproved. Trains ran over the ground quite as fast thirty or forty years ago as they do at the present day. In one sense this is true, but the fact is in no wise due to lack of development of the capabilities of the locomotive in this direction. A queer-looking engine, the "Cornwall," with its huge driving-wheels and spidery frames, was built for the London and North Western Railway hard upon half a century ago, and as late as within a fortnight of



THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY'S CORNISH EXPRESS: 10.20 FROM PENZANCE.

reverberant track in hurricane flight, is a spectacle which never fails to detain the eye and appeal to our wonder and admiration, familiar and commonplace though it be. One has but to recall the racing contests to the North in the summer of 1896, to realise the keen and widespread interest the public takes in the splendid fabrics of wood and iron which daily whirl their living freights down to the remotest corners of the Kingdom. It is natural that the enormous increase of travelling which takes place year by year should be accompanied by an ever-growing interest in the mechanical means of travelling.

One hears it frequently remarked that, amid the marvellous strides which have been made in travelling of late years, the matter

writing this account was employed to run an American boat "special" from Liverpool to London, returning the following day with that formidable load, the West Coast Dining-Car Express. A locomotive that could run two fast trains such as these at the present day must have been equally capable of similar feats when she first came out of the Cornish engineer's shops, glittering with the bravery of her new paint and bright brass, especially when one takes into consideration the difference of weight between a load of coaching stock in those days and at the present time.

So then, apparently, we do not actually travel so very much faster than our grandfathers. The trains make infinitely longer



THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY'S SOUTH WALES EXPRESS · 8.30 FROM SWANSEA;
ENGINE, "GREYHOUND."

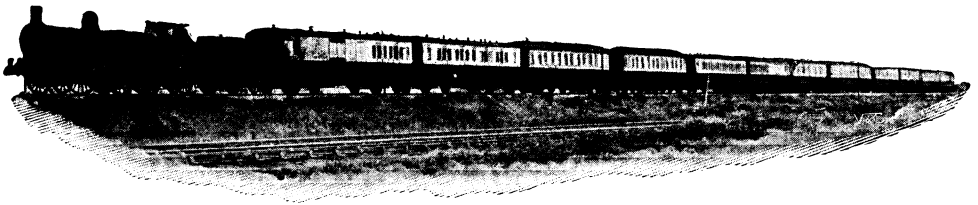
runs without stopping, and are gradually increasing in weight, so that if the locomotive of the present day does not traverse the road with greater speed than her predecessors, she is called upon to do double the amount of work. For example, when Mr. Patrick Stirling brought out the first of the celebrated Great Northern "single" engines, with eight-foot driving-wheels and outside cylinders, in 1869, the average weight of the Scotch expresses they were required to draw was 120 tons; to-day these same trains seldom go out of King's Cross under 250 tons load. The result has been that the Great Northern Railway Company has been obliged to replace Mr. Stirling's beautiful and meritorious engines by a quite new type, of which we give an illustration; and all the leading companies are substituting coupled locomotives, with smaller driving-wheels and consequent increased tractive power, for the "singles" which were so popular in the express traffic of this country up to the period when the steady increase of the loads they were required to pull rendered them no longer suited to the work.

It is difficult for the conservative eye of the British engineer to look with complete equanimity upon the gradual "Americanising" of our locomotives which has taken place in the last few years. However, the whole tendency of science is to be prosaic, and one must be content to see grace and symmetry sacrificed to utility. The "extension front," introduced

first of all into this country by Mr. Dean, of the Great Western Railway, on his return from the United States, certainly does not add to the beauty of the magnificent Swindon locomotives; but when we are told that this addition to the length of the smoke-box has a powerful tendency to arrest the flying of sparks, and that there is less chance than ever of getting a cinder in one's eye, the "compensating clause" is at once manifest. The performances of the locomotives which the Midland Railway Company have had built for them at the famous Baldwin Works, in America, were watched with the most critical interest by engineers in this country, and thus far have accomplished feats of fair merit. Yet, we believe, the Midland Railway officials do not consider



THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY'S SOUTH WALES EXPRESS: 10.45 FROM PADDINGTON;
ENGINE, "BLENHEIM"; BETWEEN BOX AND MIDDLEHILL TUNNELS.



THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY'S DAY SCOTCH EXPRESS.

them in any point equal to their own best types. A good many years ago the Great Northern Company imported a Yankee engine, to test its qualifications upon their system; but, to judge by the results, they considered that the locomotives turned out of Doncaster by Mr. Patrick Stirling were better suited to the work required of them.

The historic express trains of this country, whose names have for a long generation past been symbolic of velocity, have nearly all been gradually eclipsed by more modern services upon their own systems, until their records have ceased to be anything more now than the mere commonplace achievements of everyday railway work.

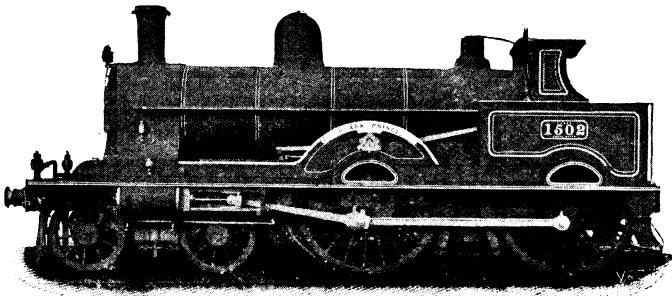
That famous train, the "Flying Dutchman"—which, by the way, is one of the oldest regular expresses in the Kingdom—was for many years regarded as the fastest train of its time, and its London to Swindon run, of seventy-eight miles without a stop, looked upon as a remarkable exploit for an hour and twenty-seven minutes' work. Nowadays the traditional 11.45 a.m. from Paddington, continuing to perform exactly the same journeys, in the same time, as made the name of the "Flying Dutchman" one of admiration

and wonder, has sunk quite into the second class category of fast long-run expresses. Indeed, down to the time that the present able general manager of the Great Western Railway assumed office, there was no more conservative line amongst our great systems. Now, it may be fearlessly asserted, Brunel's great railway is assuredly second to none in the Kingdom. The South Wales Express, 3.35 p.m. *ex* Paddington, is timed to make the run to Bath, 109 miles, in two

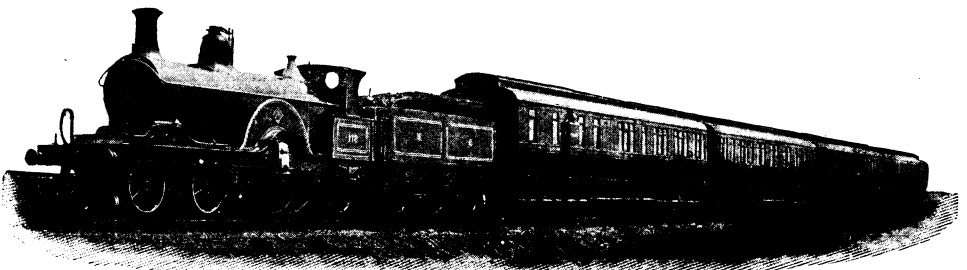
hours, or 53½ miles an hour over the ground, including start and stop, and the several "service checks" through the big, busy stations *en route*. There are, of course, many trains whose

booked time records quicker running, but none of them, we believe, sustain such a rate of speed over so great a length of road. When one considers that frequently the train is not doing more than twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, upon banks and during checks, it will be manifest that her speed must occasionally rise to fully seventy miles an hour, in order to accomplish the distance in the time stated.

The morning Up South Wales' Corridor Express, of which the one just referred to



THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN COMPOUND ENGINE, "BLACK PRINCE."



THE MIDLAND RAILWAY'S "MANCHESTER DINING-CAR EXPRESS."

forms the corresponding return train, certainly deserves a conspicuous place amongst the famous trains of to-day. Running from Newport to London, *viâ* the Severn Tunnel, a distance of 144 miles, without a stop, this train, when it was first put on, nearly five years ago, made the longest regular unbroken journey in the United Kingdom—perhaps in the world. The acceleration of the Night Scotchman on the London and North Western Railway shortly afterwards eclipsed it by the Euston to Crewe run of 158 miles, performed in three hours and five minutes, a very meritorious piece of work. Since that comparatively recent period the introduction of water-troughs upon the principal railways has been the cause of a general increase in the length of distances traversed without stopping, the running powers of the loco-

in two halves, the first portion of it going from London to Exeter without a halt, a magnificent journey of 194 miles, covered in several minutes less than three hours and three quarters. The load of this splendid train usually consists of six eight-wheeled corridor coaches of the clerestory type, weighing, when freighted, thirty tons each, and drawn by one of Mr. Dean's splendid engines of the "Waterford" class, which weighs about eighty-five tons.

Perhaps, after all, the most popular of the notable trains of this country is the world-renowned 10 a.m. express from King's Cross, the "Flying Scotchman." The advent of Mr. Patrick Stirling's superb engines in 1869, and their remarkable performances over a by no means easy road, attracted great attention to this celebrated

train, and the London-to-Grant-ham run long held the record as a feat of unsurpassed pace-making. The new locomotives which Mr. Ivatt has designed to maintain the reputation of the "Greyhound of the North" are, perhaps, the most ponderous and powerful pieces of railway mechanism in the Kingdom.

Gazing at their



THE LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY'S "PULLMAN LIMITED" EXPRESS, TAKEN AT A SPEED OF SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

motive now being practically only limited by the amount of fuel that can be carried.

The mode of picking up water whilst running at express rate is ingenious, and, like many other ingenious things, very simple. Beneath the tender is suspended a kind of scoop or shoot; and the moment the engine comes over the trough, the fireman, by a swift turn of a lever, lets down this water-catcher into the narrow, brimming waterway. The velocity of the train forces the foaming liquid up the shoot, through an aperture in the tender, whence it cascades over into the tank.

Another famous train run by the Great Western Railway is their Newquay Express, popularly known as the "Cornishman." During the holiday months, from the 1st of July to the 1st of October, when railway traffic is enormous and managing directors are rubbing their hands, this express is run

immense proportions as they stand upon the road, one can believe them to be equal to almost any demands which could be made upon their pulling capacity; and when the difficulties of the long bank up to Potter's Bar, and the enormous weight of the trains, are taken into consideration, it will be evident that these mighty fabrics have need of all the power they are capable of generating, in order to accomplish their work.

One hears some queer and irresponsible statements made from time to time, usually by persons who make their assertions with a dogmatic air of conviction calculated to suggest that they really know what they are talking about, upon matters connected with the working of express trains. A few brief particulars relative to the working of an average express train might be of interest. The coal consumption of a locomotive with coupled wheels, maintaining power enough

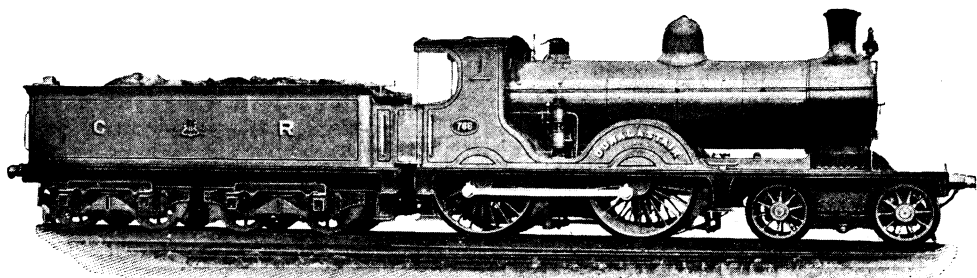


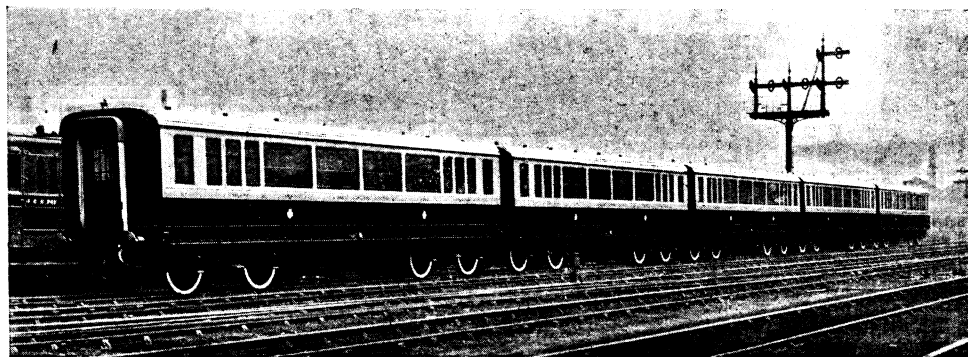
Photo by Turnbull & Sons, 7

[Glasgow and Belfast.

THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY'S "DUNALASTAIR."

to run its load at sixty miles an hour, is about thirty-two pounds a minute, for a heating surface of 1,400 feet. A locomotive of the single driving-wheel type burns about three pounds per minute less, with the same result as to speed, but less effectiveness in point of tractive power. With a firebox of the Belpaire pattern the fuel expenditure would be a little less. The heating surface of a boiler in first class passenger engines varies from twelve hundred square feet to nearly sixteen hundred square feet, the larger portion of which is gained by the area of the numerous tubes passing from the furnace into the smoke-box. The power which the boiler of such an engine as the Great Western Company's magnificent "Waterford" is capable of generating is equal to about twelve hundred and fifty horse. Few passenger locomotives in this country are worked at a less pressure than a hundred and fifty pounds upon the square inch, and many of them maintain their steam-gauge at one hundred and seventy-five pounds whilst running. The weight upon the boiler-plates, if calculated out on these figures, will be found to equal many hundreds of tons; and when one considers this mighty pent-up force, racking and straining within its steel confines, it is a

remarkable testimony to the care of construction exercised, that an explosion, through failure of the boiler to bear the load of its titanic forces, is practically unknown. The average quantity of water consumed, in express steaming, is very close upon two thousand gallons an hour; the oil taken up from the various lubricators, in the same period, about one quart. The revolutions of the driving-wheel of a locomotive such, for instance, as the Midland Railway use for their fast traffic, of the 7-ft. 6-in. "single" type, running at sixty miles an hour, is near upon two hundred and fifty per minute, and the number of blasts of steam exhausted from the chimney at this same speed is five hundred a minute, the beats of the *purring* volume being almost indistinguishable as the white stream pours from the funnel's lip. A standard express train, on any of our principal railways, weighs on an average about two hundred and fifty tons loaded, exclusive of the engine, which weighs about eighty tons. The impact of this mass, when it is hurling along with a momentum of a mile a minute, would present a figure rather startling to the contemplation of those who are timid of collisions. And yet with that wonderful mechanism, the automatic vacuum

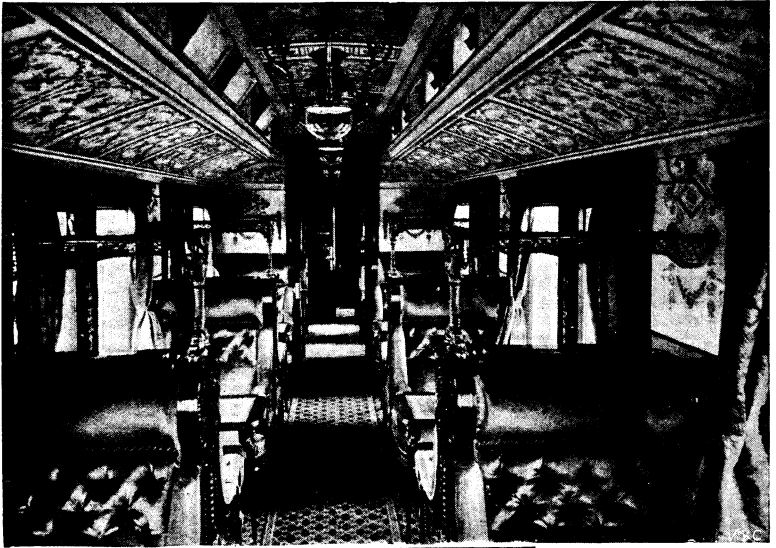


A CORRIDOR TRAIN ON THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

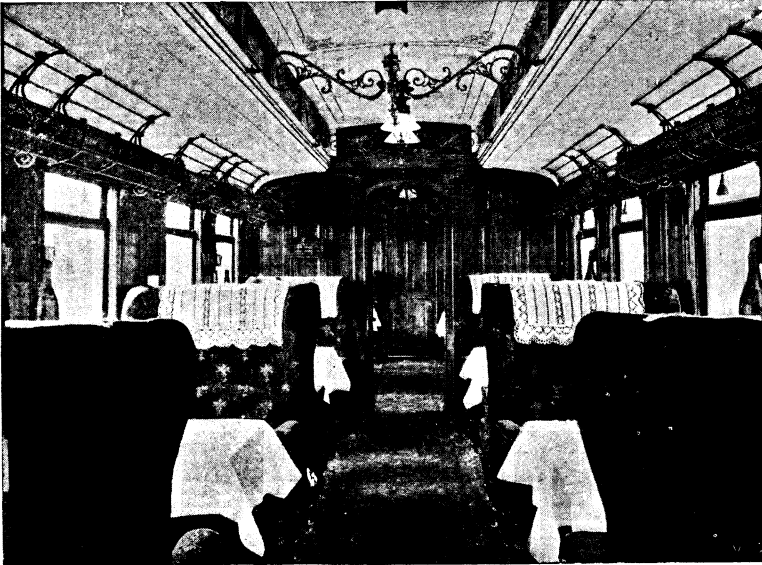
brake, a train racing along at sixty miles an hour can be easily brought to a standstill in five times its own average length.

The proud designation of "The Fastest Train in Europe" has been bestowed upon the Caledonian Railway Company's Tourist Express, running over their section of the West Coast Joint Stock route, and, even if on account of its title alone, this train deserves a place in any description of notable expresses of to-day. The performance of this train between Euston and Carlisle is nothing very wonderful, but when the locomotive of Crewe is taken off, and one of Mr. McIntosh's mighty machines backs

—a distance of 241 miles. This on the face of it may not appear any such extraordinary achievement; but when the difficulties of the road are realised, together with the fact that the train is often not doing more than about thirty miles an hour, it will be evident



THE "PALACE" CAR
ON THE MIDLAND RAIL-
WAY.



FIRST CLASS DINING-CAR ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

down upon it, awakening the midnight echoes of the great Carlisle station with the shrill hissing of its safety-valve, the train very soon justifies the *sobriquet* which has been bestowed upon it of "The Aberdeen Flyer." Leaving Carlisle at 2.17, this express runs, with four stops, to Aberdeen in 298 minutes

that the locomotive must carry its burthen at least seventy miles an hour over long stretches of the road in order to make its journey in the booked time. For instance, between Carlisle and Stirling there is the celebrated gradient from Beattock to The Summit, extending a distance of ten miles, and rising above 650 feet. The angle of incline is very heavy indeed all the way, never being less than 1 in 88, and frequently as steep as 1 in 74. Then, further on the road, there is a climb of 250 feet in a gradient of five miles long, between the Bridge of Allan and Kinbrick, the rise varying from 1 in 138 to 1 in 74. Such long and heavy banks as these make a surprising

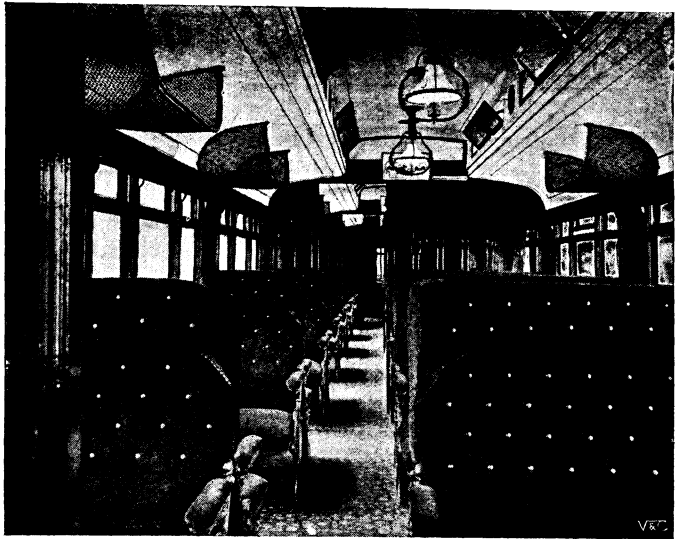
difference in the average mileage of an express. It was in order to maintain the reputation of this same Tourist Express that Mr. McIntosh brought out his celebrated engines of the "Dunalastair" type, during the memorable races to the North; but almost before these magnificent locomotives had an opportunity to give any account of their capabilities, the contest ceased.

Another express that must assuredly take rank amongst the notable trains of this country is the London and North Western Company's Irish Mail, popularly known as the "Wild Irishman." In this age of long runs without stopping, the achievements of the historic 8.45 p.m. from Euston have been somewhat eclipsed by the performances of the comparatively new 10.15 p.m. Irish Night Express, which runs through to Crewe without a halt, and covers the 264 miles to Holyhead in five hours and a quarter, as against the five hours and thirty-two minutes occupied by the Mail. But, notwithstanding that it has been beaten by a record of seventeen minutes by its own Company (unkindest

cut of all), the time-honoured Irish Mail will long continue to occupy a prominent position in railway annals, as a train whose name, perhaps, next after that of the "Flying Scotchman," has for many years been synonymous with great swiftness.

Although they cannot be included in this account of famous trains, owing to the irregularity with which they run, there is no doubt that some of the most remarkable feats of rapid railway travelling of the present day

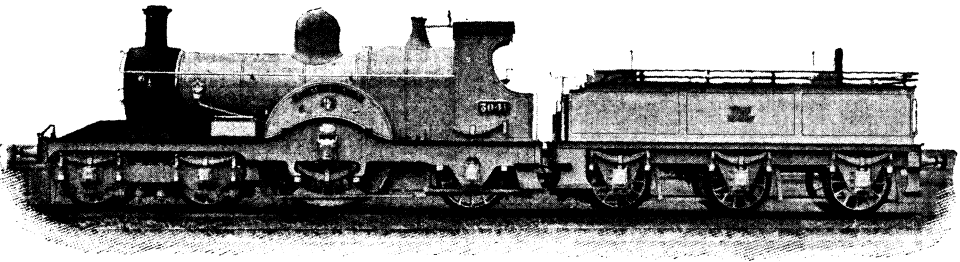
are achieved by the "Boat Specials" which are put on by several of the principal companies for the convenience of passengers arriving at the outports by the great ocean lines. The most notable among these are the Cape and Indian Mail Specials, run by the Great Western Railway from Plymouth to London, with stops at Exeter and Bristol merely to change engines, and the American Boat Specials of the London and North Western Company, which not infre-



AN EAST COAST RAILWAY OPEN SALOON CARRIAGE.



GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY FIRST CLASS DINING-SALOON.



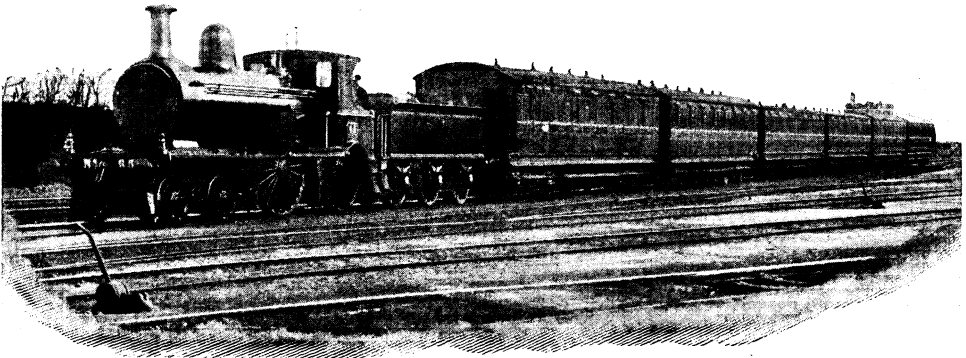
THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY'S ENGINE, "EMLYN."

quently run from the city of the Mersey into Euston without a stop. Indeed, this latter Company now book a special express vestibuled train to run on eight days in each month, in connection with the departure of the New York steamers, which makes no stop between London and Liverpool, doing this splendid journey of $200\frac{3}{4}$ miles in four hours precisely. This, however, as a piece of locomotive work is distinctly inferior to the performance of the Great Western Company's "Relief Cornishman," between Paddington and Exeter—a distance of only about six miles less, which is accomplished in seventeen minutes under the foregoing time. The London and South Western Railway also run some special boat trains between Waterloo and Plymouth which, considering the difficulties of that Company's road over certain sections, do very good work. But the best trains run by the South Western Railway are undoubtedly their Southampton Boat Expresses, and notably amongst these the "Eagle" Express, which runs with the American mail.

One will naturally look for some fine performances from the Great Central Railway when the management considers the new track sufficiently consolidated to attempt a higher rate of speed than they at present indulge in. In order to be fully equal to any competition in the way of speed, Mr.

Harry Pollitt, the locomotive superintendent of the line, has lately built a series of engines which are expected to prove themselves equal to any record-breaking feats that may be demanded of them. They are of the 7-ft. coupled type, with boilers constructed of Siemens-Martin steel, to work at 170 lb. of steam to the square inch. The cylinders are $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches in bore by 26-inch stroke, and are fitted with piston valves. The tenders carry 4,000 gallons of water and five tons of coal, the total length over buffers is 54 feet, and the weight in running order very nearly ninety tons.

It is somewhat unfortunate for that fine system, the Midland Railway, that the scope of its route to the North does not give the same opportunities for those sensational performances which have brought into such prominence the two other great trunk lines between which it runs. It is assuredly owing to no fault of those who are responsible for the efficiency of the rolling stock of this Company, that their trains are not the very fastest in the Kingdom. When not unduly loaded, there are perhaps no locomotives which can give a better account of themselves than the red-hued racers of Derby, of the latest "single" type. This is proved by the run which they make twice daily, from St. Pancras to Nottingham, without a stop, a distance of 124 miles, covered in two



THE KILLARNEY EXPRESS.

hours and twenty-three minutes, over some very long and heavy gradients. Between given points these trains frequently travel at a speed of seventy miles an hour over long reaches of the road.

One would scarcely suppose that the "distressful country" would produce an express worthy to rank amongst the notable trains of the Kingdom, and yet this account would be very incomplete without reference to the Dublin and Queenstown Mail of the Great Southern and Western Railway, and also the Killarney Express of the same Company. Whatever may be the state of "backwardation" of Ireland in most matters, including, perhaps, her railways, they are assuredly well up-to-date upon the

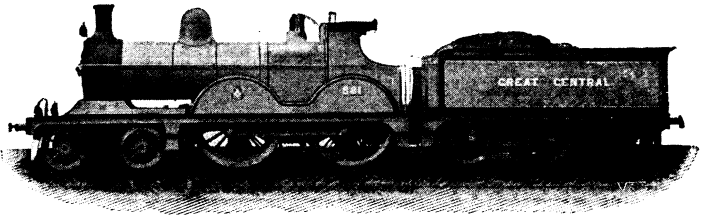


Photo by]

[H. Pollit.

A GREAT CENTRAL ENGINE.

forty-five miles an hour. When the three stops which are made *en route* are allowed for, the average actual running speed would work out at very little under fifty miles an hour. The Killarney Express, which runs only during the summer months and is precisely the same class of train, does even better than this, doing the journey from Kingsbridge (Dublin) to Mallow, a distance of 145 miles, in two hours and fifty-five minutes, stopping five minutes at Ballybrophy for water. The running speed, therefore, to Mallow averages fully fifty-one miles an hour, a performance of first class excellence. Beyond Mallow, to Killarney, a distance of forty-one miles, the line is single, and worked upon what

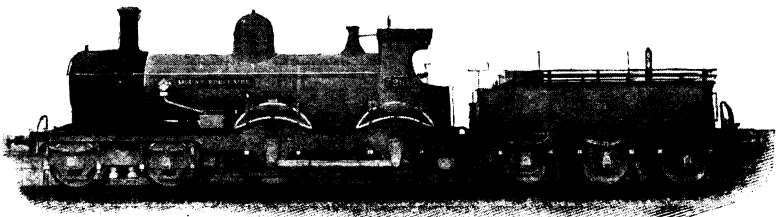


A GREAT CENTRAL THIRD CLASS DINING-SALOON.

Great Southern and Western route. The Up and Down Day Mails are composed of bogie coaching stock, including first and second class dining-cars, and are coupled together with covered gangways, on the corridor system, so that there is continuous communication throughout the whole length of the train. The locomotives employed to draw this load are of the most recent four-coupled bogie type, and are powerful and efficient machines, if indeed they are not so massive and handsome as the express engines of most of the principal English lines. The running time between Kingsbridge and Cork (166 miles) is three hours forty-one minutes, or an average speed of

is known as the staff system of signalling. The staff is changed seven times during this portion of the journey, and by a most ingenious electrical arrangement is picked up by the engine when travelling at a speed of forty miles an hour, the exchange staff being simultaneously deposited upon the ground in its place.

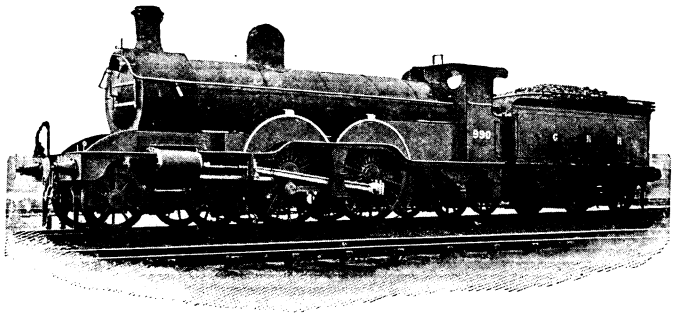
There are, of course, many trains outside of those already named which might justly claim a place in this account did space permit.



THE GREAT WESTERN ENGINE, "MOUNT EDGUMBE."

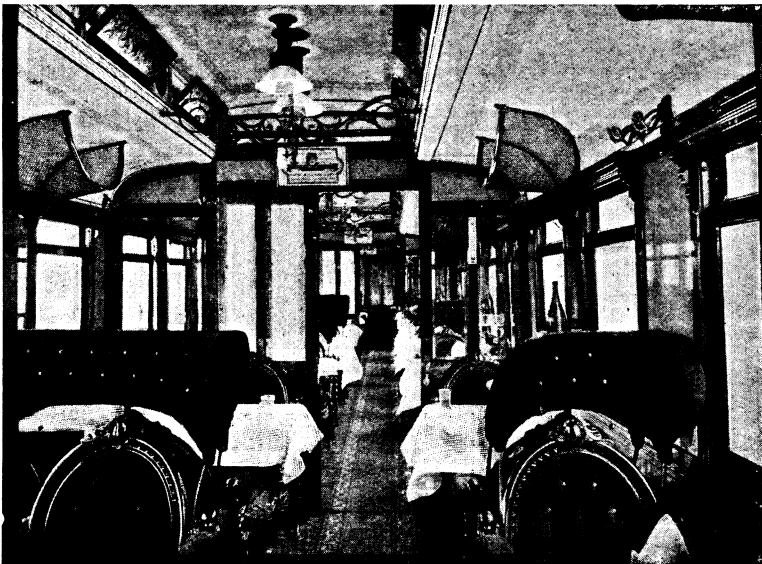
Chief among these would be the expresses employed in the fast Continental services, all of which do excellent work, notwithstanding the extent to which they are handicapped by the local suburban traffic, that happens to be exceptionally thick upon all the lines over which they are run. The Brighton Pullman trains, too, stand pre-eminent for their speed upon the comparatively short-distance journeys the limits of their runs enable them to make. The celebrated "Bankers'" train covers the 51 miles in 58 minutes, a rate of travelling which compares very favourably with the average speed of the fastest expresses in the Kingdom. It may be here remarked that the sensation of rapid travelling is not always by any means a criterion to the actual speed of a train. The "rattle-bang" of old-fashioned coaching stock over bad roads is apt to be taken as the oscillation of very swift travelling; whereas the actual fact is that with modern bogie coaches the faster they run, the more smoothly they skim over the rails, until they settle down into that lulling motion like to the sleeping of a spinning humming-top, which betokens the mile-a-minute flight.

When one reviews the enormous advances which have been made in the comforts and conveniences of railway travelling within the



ONE OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY'S MODERN ENGINES.

past few years, one can only wonder how much further the spirit of competition will carry the various companies in the provision of luxuries for travellers. Corridor and vestibule trains and Pullmans we have long ceased to look upon as anything but the merest commonplaces; perhaps the most recent innovation has come from the quarter whence one would have chiefly expected the very latest idea to emanate. The Great Central Railway has introduced a buffet-car, to run upon its principal expresses. The interior of this most up-to-date example of railway coaching stock is a very elegant and complete little bar, where the *blasé* traveller may lounge out the thunderous progress of his journey complacently peering into the mysteries of the glass, and musing upon the distinct advantage of an age of science which has brought about *this*.

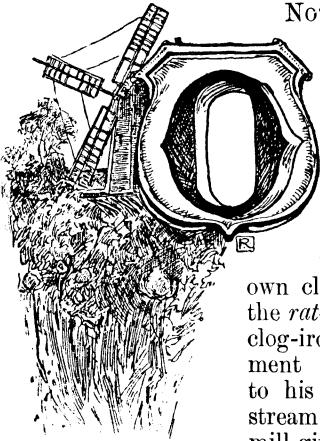


A GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY THIRD CLASS DINING-CAR.

THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.*

No. II.—THE PROFITABLE STRIKE.



OUT of sheer joy and exhilaration, Thomas Thompson was indulging in a clog-dance to the accompaniment of his own clear whistle; and the *rat-tattle-rattle* of the clog-irons on stone pavement drew many eyes to his performance. A stream of white-skirted mill-girls poured out of

the door of the weaving-shed beside him. They flung him a good deal of pleasant chaff whilst they pinned the shawls over their heads, and it was very plain to see that he was more than an ordinary favourite amongst them. Tom had not the vaguest intention at that period of cramping his movements or his efforts by matrimony, and said so freely; but he liked popularity and the admiration of women's eyes, and made it his business to obtain abundance of both.

But presently, when the stream of hands had ebbed away down the narrow, twisted street to make the most of their sixty minutes of dinner space, there arrived, in the doorway above, the tenant of the mill. He was a man of six-and-twenty, and so some six years Tom's senior. He was thin and white-faced, and he wore a heavy red whisker cut square from the lobe of the ear to the corner of the mouth; and just at that moment he appeared to be holding back with some difficulty an explosion of bad temper.

Tom winked at him cheerfully, and ended his dance with a final flirt of the clog-iron upon the stone. "Don't you wish you could step like that, Hophni?"

"I'm Mr. Asquith to my hands."

"Then I think I'll call you Hophni, like we always did up at Bierley, and you can consider me sacked." A stray cat came and

rubbed at his leg. Tom pulled its tail dexterously, and the cat writhed and gurgled in an ecstasy of enjoyment. "I reckon there's no more to be learned in your mill now. It seems to me I've sucked you dry."

"You can come in and get your time now, and thankful I'll be to see the last of you and your sauce. You don't come back again, either, though you'll be begging for employment in a week's time. Half the mills in Bradford are standing to-day, and the other half are only running on short time. Weaving overlookers as good as you, my man, are growing thick on every bush round here, with trade as bad as it is just now."

Tom whistled a bar or two of a sprightly air. "I can see you've got that matter of the dobbie-box still in your head, Hophni."

"It was my patent all along. You were in my employ, and as my paid hand, any improvement in the looms which you may hit upon belongs to me."

"Oh, yes, I've heard that tale before."

"And let me tell you that your original hint didn't amount to much. I have had to develop it. The thing has cost me scores of pounds in experimenting. It's been so altered that none of the original idea is left in it. You wouldn't recognise that dobbie-box as it stands to-day. And it isn't finished yet. I shall have to spend more on it before it's ready for manufacture as a perfect machine."

"They teach you the intention of lying pretty well at thy chapel, Hophni," said Tom thoughtfully, "but ye make a poor show at following out the practice. I should change chapels if I were thee, Hophni."

"You let chapel alone," said Asquith furiously.

"I'm likely to," said Tom. "Seen too much of chapel ways since I've been with you. But what's this tale about you ordering ten of the new looms, with my—that is, your dobbie-boxes, from Keighley? They said you were trying to keep it quiet, but the tale's slipped out."

Mr. Asquith's thin white cheeks flushed.

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It is not pleasant to be caught out in a lie, even by a discharged employee. "Well," he said, "I don't see why I need justify myself to you. It's no concern of yours. I'm paying for them, anyway."

"Ho! yes," said Tom delightedly, "you'll be paying the cost, and a nice fat royalty, too, if you don't want the looms broken up as soon as they are delivered. Ho! yes, Hophni, you're paying." And once more Tom's clogs clattered on the pavement with a joyous *rattle-tat-rattle*.

"Stop that immoral dancing. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, doing such a thing."

"Not I. David danced. But I'm just wondering how much royalty you can afford to pay without getting banked."

"Royalty, you poaching scoundrel! I tell you there is no royalty. The patent's taken out in my own name."

Tom froze into a sudden sobriety, and the big chin began to project itself with unpleasant firmness. "Yes," he said, "you took out the patent, but you waited a few hours too long in doing it. I made you a fair offer to begin with. I took my drawings to you and showed you the invention, on the offer of equal partnership if you would put the money in. You agreed to that. But I've known your shifty ways this long enough, Hophni, and I made so bold as to keep an eye on you. There's a lass you want to marry——"

Hophni Asquith's pale face grew ghastly. "Leave her out, please."

"Very well," said Tom, who was by no means merciless. "But you shouldn't promise anybody more than you've got. I picked up the hint, you see, from your own lips; and as I saw you'd every idea of throwing me over, I just got in at the back of you, and took out a provisional protection myself. Yours went off to London Thursday?"

"Yes."

"Mine was in the Patent Office by then, and filed. It was posted Monday. So you see I'm well covered."

"Your patent will never hold," said Hophni violently. "And, at any rate, ye've not enough brass to fight me for it."

"Eh?" said Tom, with one of his dogged looks, "and how much do you put me down for?"

"Your half week's wage which you have yet to draw."

Tom dived a hand into his pocket and produced a bank pass-book. "I thought

there'd be some question like this betwixt me and thee, Hophni, and so I brought t'book along. There's two hundred and thirty-two pound ten shilling there, as you'll notice, and though it's a deposit account, repayable at two months, I reckon I can get it out in time to fight thee, my man, if tha' shows awkward."

Hophni gasped in amazement. Money was his chief god; it was for him even above the God of the chapel, and he always bowed before it. "Wherever did ye get all that brass from, Tom? Never honest, I know. Why did ye not tell of it before, and I could have used it for you in the business?"

"If it was locked up in a business," said Tom drily, "'appen it mightn't be easy to come by at a pinch when it was wanted, like—well, say, like now."

Hophni Asquith gritted his teeth and tugged at his square-cut red whisker. He intended to use the new loom, because vast profit was latent in its improvements; he intended to pay no royalty or fee to Tom if fighting or dodginess could avoid it, because he preferred to have all that profit in his own pocket; and he was setting his nimble brain just then a-rummaging for some scheme by which Tom could be left out in the cold, or be conveniently packed out of the way. He was not scrupulous—they were neither of them very scrupulous, for that matter—and some of the schemes that flashed past him were not over creditable. But then Tom quite appreciated that in the immediate future he would have to keep his weather eye lifting for squalls. It was all part of the game, and he was perfectly ready to take his risks. In fact, he had a very appreciative taste for a scrimmage, and did not much care whether it was physical or whether it was mental. He had tried his thews many a time, and tried also his powers of strategy, and was chinful with confidence in both of them.

They parted at this point, and it was characteristic of the pair of them that Hophni Asquith should retire forthwith to his narrow little office to grapple there and then with the problem, and permit it to worry him incessantly from then onwards, and that Tom should dismiss the matter entirely from his thoughts. In 1856 there was no Yorkshireman in all the West Riding keener for commercial success than Mr. Thomas Thompson, but at the same time he had other objects in life to which he gave portions of his attention. He was a

fellow of infinitely quick decisions ; once he had made up his mind upon a matter, he could tilt it completely out of his thoughts till the moment came to take it up again ; and in the meanwhile find refreshment in some entirely different mental exercise.

Accordingly he took his leave of Asquith, whistled up his intelligent she-dog, which answered to the name of Clara, and marched off in this company at a smart pace.

He stopped once at the door of a cellar dwelling, and hailed down, "Maister still playing?"

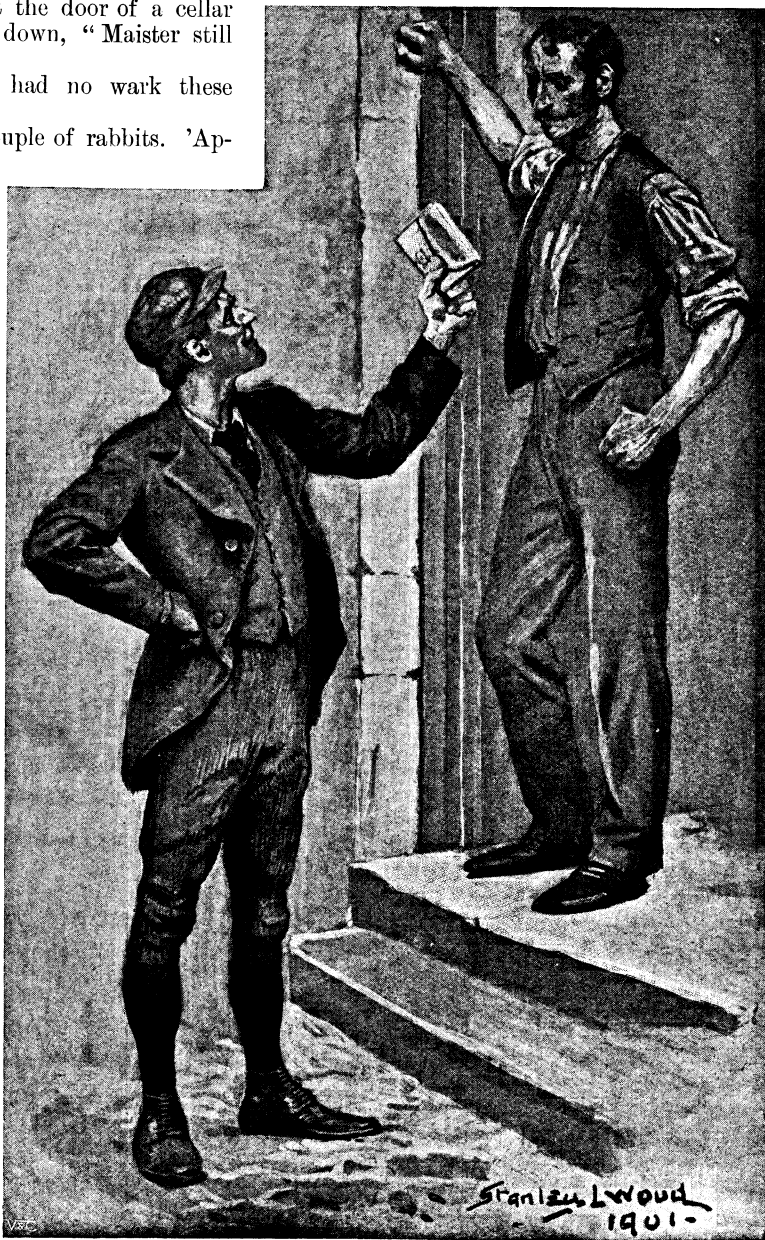
"Aye, lad. He's had no wark these three week."

"Sithee, here's a couple of rabbits. 'Ap-pen they'll do for t'bairns."

After which he went on again, whistling cheerfully, with the stolid Clara keeping close to heel, as befitted an elderly dog. These small, unobtrusive benefactions had come to be part of his nature, and he derived a curious inward warmth from them.

They went briskly up through the twisted, hilly streets of Bradford, and seeing that the town was only some one-sixth of its present size in those days, quickly reached its outskirts. Tom viewed the valley slopes beyond with an appreciative eye. What splendid sites were here for mills and dwelling-houses ! It is a matter of history that largely owing to his energy during the next half century, masonry covered the whole of this district ; and Tom was shrewd enough to buy up land, and re-sell at thumping profits.

But as he walked then, his position was lowly, his capital small, and his schemes correspondingly humble. He had given up successively the trades of collier and vagrant poacher, had entered the manufacturing life of the town in its lowest grades, and had learned very thoroughly all that was then to be taught of spinning, weaving, combing, and had obtained a shrewd insight into



"There's two hundred and thirty-two pound ten shilling there."

wool-sorting, dyeing, and machine-making. He had come equipped to his task with magnificent health, a body that required only four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, an abnormally useful memory, and an ambition without any limits to it whatever. And so at an age when other young men are just idling through their first year at Cambridge, this Thompson had got the trade of the worsted district at his fingers' ends. He had a great idea of making money, and making lots of it; but at the same time he kept very closely in touch with those two other great interests—the capture of game and the cultivation of music.

Tom walked on, enjoying the air, enjoying his thoughts. Clara for the most part pattered steadily along at his heels, to all appearance with no further thought than to follow abjectly. But it is probable that her mind also had its activity, for twice (when they had left the region of houses) she made sudden excursions away from the path, and each time returned unostentatiously with a rabbit. Tom received these gifts with scanty thanks, because the animals did not happen to be plump. He had a great taste for having the finest of everything. But Clara, in spite of her years and experience, could not be taught to differentiate between a fat rabbit and a lean one.

So in time they came out on to the moorland, and once amongst the heather this scheming, dreaming Thompson became the many-eyed and alert poacher. Grouse on their native heath are the most invisible of birds, as many a shooting man will proclaim; but there are here and there rare fellows who by custom and talent can pick out the comely brown creatures with surprising nimbleness, and can, moreover, approach them so delicately that they will not fly, but merely run cowering a few yards away amongst the heather stems, crouch in the new cover, and presently return to the old one. A dozen times Tom drove single birds or a covey in this fashion, and to his pride never flushed them once. He took his observations of the places from which they had moved, and in ten of them decided that the birds would return, and so set snares of brass wire for their reception. Clara showed her well-preserved teeth in a smile as she watched.

He was poaching for no profit then, and so had no need of nets. He wanted a few brace only, and so he chose this more difficult way from the sheer delight at pitting his own skill and wit against the knowledge of the grouse.

Tom set no more snares after the ten had been twisted on to the heather stems, but made his way over one of the knolls of the moor to a shallow dingle which was heaped with great grey boulders of sandstone. He trod always with a view of leaving behind him no readable tracks, but this caused him no conscious thought. He had reduced the art of stepping invisibly to an instinct, and so did it automatically.

At a place where three great slabs of sandstone lay heaped together, he stopped, and lay hands upon a small boulder which was apparently bedded in black peat. It swung out easily to his pull, as a door swings, and behind it was a tunnel. Clara slipped in first, to make sure the place was clear, and then Tom squeezed through and lugged the stone into place. He had been at much pains to arrange the easy poise of that entrance-stone. He crouched along for half a dozen yards, and then stood up, took flint, steel, and tinder from his pocket, and presently had his residence lit by a rushlight.

The sloping grey stone slabs formed the sides and roof, and for bed and carpet there was bracken and springy heather. To a jutting stick hung three brace of grouse in various stages of maturity; against one wall was stocked a crisp brown heap of peats. But day still rode in the sky outside, and though in those times the moors were not watched with that attention they receive now, Tom did not brazenly light his fire and send forth smoke as advertisement of his trespass. He waited for nightfall for that, and in the meanwhile got out his fiddle, put on the mute, and set to work to enjoy himself.

He had got written music to play from now. There were dealers in Bradford in those days who bought copies and duplicated them (in defiance of copyright laws), with their own pens at a halfpenny a sheet. There was a large sale for these, for all the townspeople, even down to the humblest of the working classes, were musical, and they were passed on as a sort of depreciating currency. If griminess was no object, you could get them as low as seven sheets for a penny at third or fourth hand. But Tom always got his music new, and paid the full halfpenny. Music and gifts were two great joys of his life, and his two extravagances.

At the same time he had an appetite for living well. In Bradford at that period—which was before the era of herrings and tea—the working man lived chiefly on oatmeal porridge, and if you had told him at the end of the century his descendants would



"Tom took out the turf plug from a reconnoitring place.

be grumbling over daily meals of meat, he would have called you a liar. But Mr. Thomas Thompson never fancied himself on this exclusively vegetarian diet. He worked better, he thought better, and more relishing music came to him on higher fare; and as a consequence he saw that he got it.

In this residence, which his trogloditic

tastes had made him construct on the moor, he lit a generous fire of peat as soon as night fell, and proceeded to prepare a meal. The primitive cookery of working-class Bradford contained nothing in its principles to meet a case like this, and, as in other things, he used a plan which experience and his own invention had taught him. He plucked and drew three plump young grouse. From one he cut the meat, mincing it fine, and associating with it an equal bulk of bacon. With this mixture he stuffed the other two birds, closing the gaps with wooden pins. Then he took clay, kneaded it soft with bilberry juice, and with this paste luted the birds all over with fastidious care. And finally he dug away the glowing peats from the hearth, clapped in the clay-covered corpses, heaped high the embers over them, and applied himself once more to his fiddle till they should be cooked.

In due season the roast was complete.

He raked away the glowing peats and pulled the birds towards him. The baked clay came from them as cleanly as the shell leaves a hard-boiled egg. They were brown, hot, and deliciously juicy. They were tender to a fault. They had been hung the exact number of days to bring out their most exquisite flavour, and Tom said his grace before eating

and meant every word of it. It is worth while at times to whet your appetite with hard work and long hours, and plain living, if you have a feast like this to save up for. He was always grateful afterwards that the interruption did not come till he had finished his meal.

It was Clara who gave the first alarm of danger. Clara, who had been lying as near the fire as any dog could lie without getting actually singed, got up, and stood on stiff legs, and bristled. She did not growl; she was a dog who had always been associated with the poaching business, and knew how golden was silence; but she looked round to make sure Tom had noticed her, and then worked with her mottled nose in the air to make further investigation.

Tom jumped to his feet and took out the turf plug from a reconnoitring place. He had three of these posts of observation, and he plugged each carefully after use. It was the third look which showed him Hophni Asquith with two policemen and a keeper searching about for a way into his stronghold.

Now Tom, like a rabbit, had more than one bolting-hole, and at first he was minded to make a run for it. But on second thoughts he refrained from this. Even if his face were not viewed, he was quite certain that Hophni would swear to him. And besides, the keeper carried a gun. He was prepared to risk a charge of shot himself, but he knew that the first barrel would be given to Clara, and if Clara were killed, he was quite certain that he would turn and tear the throat out of somebody.

Still, he was by no means contemplating surrender: he had yet another alternative. At one point in the floor, under the carpet of heather, was a large flat slab of stone. He got his fingers under this and lifted. It came up easily enough; like the entrance blocks, it had been carefully poised. Underneath was a hollow about the size and shape of a grave for two. Into this Tom descended, with the fiddle-case and Clara, and the slab of sandstone clapped down into place above them.

Almost simultaneously the raiders found an entrance, and at first seemed unwilling to trust themselves in the uncanny gloom inside. They shouted for Tom to deliver himself up to justice, telling him that all was now discovered, and it would be much best to come peaceably.

As they got no reply to this courteous invitation, they became more peremptory, and snarled threats; and presently the

keeper, with the remark that there was "no dang use talking," shoved his gun muzzle in through the opening, and followed it with a rush. His comments on finding the nest warm and empty were forcible.

To him came Hophni Asquith and a policeman, peering about them curiously.

"I knew I was right," said the manufacturer. "I felt sure that this was the place where I marked him down."

"That's no evidence of poaching," said the policeman.

"T'beggar's got two brace of my birds here, and Lord only knows how many more he's etten."

"There's no evidence who took 'em," said Robert.

"I nobbut wish we could ha' copped t'beggar. The way my grouse has been going this last year has been simply Hades. The fashion he can set snares beats anything you ever saw. I should walk into them mysen if I was a bird. He must ha' been living on grouse, and no trouble either, except just gathering them. Ye must work very short time at yar miln, mister, for him to get up here so often."

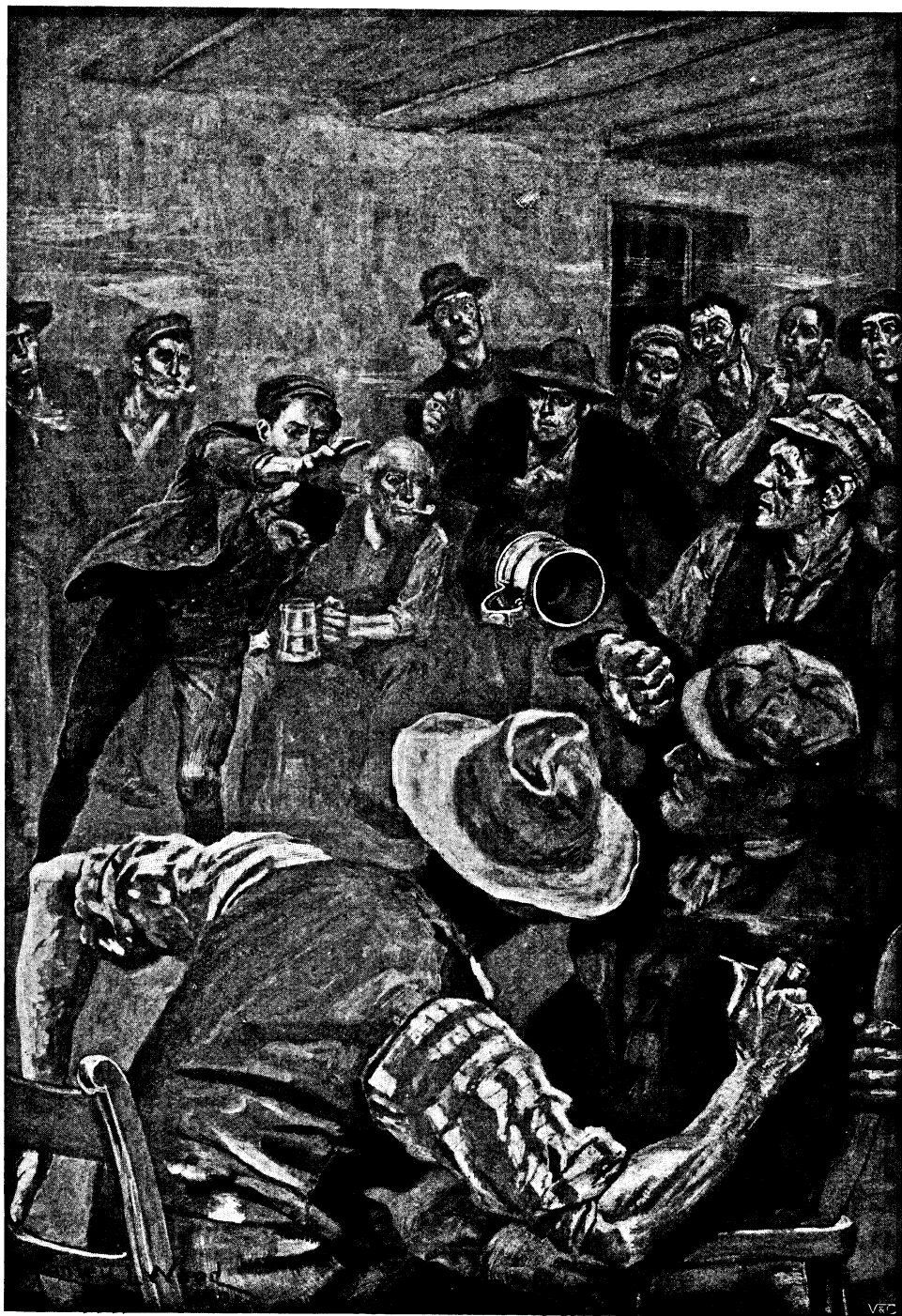
"Thompson's never done a short day since he's been with me. But then that wouldn't interfere with his getting out on to the moor here. I don't believe he ever sleeps. He's the most restless man in Bradford. Too restless for my taste."

"So it seems," sneered the keeper, with all the clean-handed man's contempt for the informer. "Well, mister, I don't know what for ye wanted him locked up out of the way, but I wish you success wi' your dirty job. I've got to stop him poaching. choose 'ow; and if I cannot get him gaoled and out of the way, I must ax t'maister if he willn't let me tak him on as under-keeper."

"I thought you said you didn't know the chap," said the policeman.

"Neither I do. I've never so much as clapped eyes on his coit-tails, far less his face. But I've seen his work, and I've seen my birds go, and that's enough for me. Here, come out of this, and let's be getting home to we'r suppers."

They left then, and promptly Tom disentangled himself. He was angry, of course, at having to abandon his country house, but not especially angry with Hophni. It was all in the game. Only he rather blamed himself for underrating Hophni's cleverness. He had judged the man to have no eye for anything but business—to be wholly wrapped



"He returned the pewter to its owner with the full strength of his arm."

up in money-getting. From the puny mill-hand of a few years back, Hophni Asquith had already raised himself to be a manu-

facturer; and though Tom admired the feat, until now he had always rather distrusted the cleverness that brought it about,

as being too much on a single string. The additional power shown in tracking him to his lair on the moor exhibited Hophni in a new light; here was a fellow of resource; and Tom quickly decided that the fortunes of Hophni Asquith should, to a certain extent, henceforward be advanced with his own. "I'll go into partnership with him," said Tom. "I didn't know he was worth it before. There's more behind that square red whisker than many folk would guess."

He knew of a concert-club meeting that night in Bradford where his fiddle would be welcomed, and when the coast was clear he set off for the town at a good sharp trot, with the fiddle-case under his arm and the ungainly Clara loping at his heels. Ahead of him the sky held the glow of blast-furnaces, so that a stranger might well have thought the town ablaze. But to Tom the spectacle was a normal one, and he gave it no consideration. Hophni Asquith, a patented loom, and a girl filled his thoughts to the brim and helped along his pace. He was always in hard training, and at go-as-you-please gaits could cover his easy six miles to the hour. Life for him was too short to allow leisure to move across any considerable distance at walking speed. And just now he was covering the ground even faster than usual.

He had an especial reason for wishing to visit the concert-club that evening. The girl of Hophni's fancy possessed a rather sweet soprano voice, and she would be there "singing the top line." Hophni would not be present. Hophni Asquith liked music well enough, but openly stated that he had no leisure to chuck away over its cultivation—business took up all his waking hours.

Tom came into the room when the concert was in full blast, tuned his fiddle, and singled out with his eye that Louisa who was just then hesitating as to whether or not she should adopt the surname of Asquith. Their eyes kept in touch, and Louisa presently understood that Tom had something to say to her alone, afterwards, and she signalled back that he might see her home. Tom had a very expressive eye when he chose, and, moreover, was very useful at picking up meanings from other people's eyes.

"It's mother that wants me to marry him," Louisa explained, when they were alone outside together, "and I'm beginning to think she's about right. I'm stalled o' being poor. Besides, I like him well enough."

"There's nothing comfortable about poverty," said Tom, "especially for a lass.

Then you'd not marry Hophni at all if it wasn't for his brass?"

"I'd wait and think it over a bit longer," said Louisa drily.

Tom laughed.

"Oh, you needn't be so scornful, Tom. He knows quite well how I think about it. He dangled out his brass himself as a bait for me."

"Well, be sure it's there, dear, before you're wed."

"Is there ote wrong?"

"I can't say yet, but you'll see for yourself presently."

"How do you mean?"

"If you see the firm of Thompson and Asquith joined in partnership presently, that would be a sort of guarantee that I thought well of his chances."

"That would be good enough for me. But are you going to join him, Tom? Besides, will he have you? He's a master already: you are only a man."

"When I make up my mind to a thing, don't I generally do it?"

Louisa laughed. "They say so. I heard there was a lass said she was going to wed you the other day, and you said no, and I haven't heard yet that there's been a wedding."

Tom twisted his face. "You let that alone, my dear. You and I are very good friends, and I'm sure will always stay good friends if only we're conveniently forgetful of just a few things that are best forgotten. Now, here we are at the door. I'll not come in. And I should say you'll forget to tell your mother who's walked you home. Good night, dear."

"Good night, Tom."

Tom's evening peregrinations were still unfinished. He went into unsavoury Sils-bridge Lane, and walked briskly into the "Bird o' Freedom" public-house. The reeking bar-room was filled with Irish, two of them fighting. There were women in that gruesome company as well as men, many of them young women. But Tom had no truck with any of these. He asked one of the attendants, "Meeting still on?" and, being answered in the affirmative, made his way to a door which stood (as it were) half way up the wall, at the head of a couple of steps.

A drunken Irish bricklayer put out a hand and collared him. "Here, my beauty, yez do not go up there till yez paid your footing."

Tom's sharp, quick blow, with eleven stone six at the end of it, was aimed at the

angle of the petitioner's jaw, and that person was *hors de combat* for the rest of the evening. Tom always considered himself first, and just then he was in a hurry. Besides, he never had any sympathy with drunks. A gangway was made for him to the door; but before he reached it, a girl clasped her arms round his neck and kissed him hotly on the mouth. "Ye're a brute, lad, but I love tha' for it," she said; and Tom laughed and kissed her back, because she happened to be pretty. Then he opened the door and stepped up the stair.

It was before the legal days of trades unions then, and the men who were congregated in that upper chamber conducted themselves after the manner of a secret society. There was a guard at the door, armed with a flimsy sword to keep off intruders; there was a password and sign; and the room within aped to some degree the ritual of a Masonic lodge.

Tom's reception was not entirely cordial. There was a current of socialism in this assembly—though they didn't call it socialism then—and Tom was no socialist. He had not the slightest intention of slackening his own pace down to the level of that of the slowest and idlest, and said so openly. He intended to climb to the top, and to get there very soon, and everybody was free to know it; but at the same time, if his principles in this respect were repugnant, they fully appreciated his shrewdness and insight, and the balance there lay well in his favour.

When he entered, the subject of a strike at Asquith's was being discussed with blunt freedom. It was the old tale which has existed ever since labour first commenced. Expense of living was growing heavier, wages were getting less, and hours showed no tendency to decrease. Moreover, machines were improving, and to the uneducated alarmist it was plain that there would be less demand for labour presently, and the state of the working man and woman would grow steadily worse. A word-bubbling agitator pumped out his twisted arguments through the tobacco smoke, and the meeting rumbled comments of "Let's strike" at intervals.

Then an elderly hand-loom weaver uprose, and pressed for the old remedy of machine breaking. He spoke with the dull violence of a ruined man who sticks to an obsolete trade, and his wrongs had endowed him with a certain sledge-hammer eloquence. It was plain at once that he had a large following. Destruction and a riot were always popular cries at these assemblies, and thus are revo-

lutions made. Those who did not assent were for the most part the cowards, and for their conversion cries of cowardice were freely levelled at them, as being the most likely taunt to stir their pluck.

The meeting then was in an unpromising temper when presently Tom was called upon for his views, and saw fit to give a flat defiance to everything which had been previously stated. He was no orator at that time, or at any other; he was not much more than a boy then, be it remembered; but he knew his own mind and he knew his own policy, and he stated both in lucid sentences. Others had cursed machinery, but he gave it his uncompromising blessing; others advocated restricted output, he was in favour of turning out every stitch that could be made—and finding good markets for it. "Hard work and good machinery," he said, "meant high wages." Hand-looms, he pointed out, were as dead as bows and arrows, and both nowadays were only fit for kindling-wood. But at that point the meeting refused to hear him further, and from the other side of the room an irritated hand-comber flung across at him a heavy pewter pot.

Now, one man with his bare arms cannot in an open room fight five-and-twenty, and Mr. Thomas Thompson afterwards appreciated this and stored it amongst his axioms. But youth is warm-blooded, and Tom rather liked a turn-up. He returned the pewter to its owner with the full strength of his arm, and presently was the centre-piece of a very tolerable *melée*. It is a wonder that he did not get the life kicked out of him by angry clogs, for he was in an assembly where a vote of censure was frequently fatal; but activity and luck saved him from any extravagant injury, and though he did leave the room by the window instead of the door, he reached the dirty street outside all in one piece, and presently was his own man again. An agitated Clara came up from somewhere to lick his hand.

Most men, after a hint like that, would have adjudged the neighbourhood unhealthy, and have retired from it with speed. But Tom was doggedly determined to get the information he came for. So at the risk of his life he crept back again, and found against the wall a fall-pipe by which he could climb up to the level of the meeting-room. He did not go up at once. As a preliminary, he picked up a stone and sent it neatly through one of the window-panes. Angry men came out to catch the aggressor, and Tom retired for a

space whilst they blew off their temper. But when the coast was clear, back he came again, and leaving Clara as a sentry at the foot of the fall-pipe, shinned up, took a lodging on the window-sill, and listened to the balance of the proceedings through the gap. By the time he came down again and departed towards the house where he had a lodging, he had got the information he needed.

There was battle, riot, and revolution mapped out for the future, but Tom did not lose any sleep that night through thinking of them. He had made his plans, and the matter was dismissed from his mind till the time came for them to mature. In the meanwhile there was leisure. So next morning he engaged himself as a striker at a millwright's, with the idea of getting some practical knowledge of forging and fitting, and in the evenings he learned the mother tongue of a German clerk who shared his lodging. The German was very content to take his fee in kind, and Tom fed him royally on rabbits and game, which he and Clara went out two evenings a week to collect by way of exercise and diversion.

It was two months after that meeting of the conspirators at the "Bird o' Freedom" that the climax was reached. The machine-makers at Keighley had finished the new looms, and they were duly set up in Hophni Asquith's weaving-shed. The ingenuity of them was plain for anyone to see. As compared with the old looms, with the same amount of overlooking, they would add thirty per cent. to the output, and would probably double it. Mr. Asquith announced a diminution in piecework wages, and invited his hands to attend to their duties as formerly. He pointed out very sensibly that he was not proposing to pay them less on the week; he was only readjusting the scale to changed circumstances.

Promptly the political economists of the "Bird o' Freedom" uttered their howl against over-production. For Hophni's hands the case needed little argument after that. If gentlemen who could earn beer merely from their knowledge of finance and economics recommended a strike, it stood to reason that their advice was good. The *Spectator*, a local paper which was always against any form of government whatever, hounded them on. And so out on strike they came, breaking the mill windows behind them as an announcement of the fact.

Hophni Asquith lived in the mill those days, armed somewhat tremulously with a horse-pistol, which he pointed at visitors.

The flesh had sunk underneath the clean line of his red whiskers, outlining the jaw in hard white relief. He victualled himself on biscuits and tea. When he slept, it was in a hard Windsor chair in the office. His bravery in doing this approached the heroic. He knew that the strikers would stick at little, and that any night a force of them might turn up to wreck the mill or set it alight, and leave him to fry on a grill of smashed machinery. Constitutionally he was a timid man, born of an ill-nourished stock and physically feeble. Every clog that clattered down the paved street without sent him into a sweat of fear. But—he stuck to his mill. He had built up the business in an incredibly short time by sheer industry and cleverness. He knew full well the devils of poverty from which he had arisen. He had tasted the keen delights of handling money, and the power that money gives, and he lusted with all the force of his nature for more. There was another impulse which drove him, but he did not know it then. If he had been forced to make confession at that date, he would have said that it was money and his mill that alone he would fight for.

To this unpromising person then came Thomas Thompson, with a mongrel she-dog at his heels, and bluntly proposed partnership. "And for Heaven's sake put down that pistol, man!" said Tom, squinting down at a bell-muzzle that wavered against his chest. "Fit a new flint to it if you want the thing to go off. Or, better still, chuck that on the scrap-heap, and buy a new one with percussion lock. I should have thought you'd learned by this, Hophni, that old machinery is not profitable—not even gun machinery."

Hophni ordered him off the place promptly enough, and the burly Tom pushed inside and sat himself in an office chair. "They'll be here to wreck the mill for you to-night and smash every loom in the shed. How does that new loom of mine frame, Hophni? I haven't commenced an action against you for infringement yet. It didn't seem worth while. It looks as if you'll either have to give me a partnership, or see those new looms smashed i' bits."

"So you've set them on to wreck the place."

"Nay, lad, but I've not. I tried to put in my bit of advice at the 'Bird o' Freedom,' and they threw me out—threw me through the window, for the matter of that. But I've made it my business to find out what goes on at the meeting, and here's the news."



“Put down that pistol, man!” said Tom.”

"I shall go to the police for protection. I shall demand to have the soldiers out."

"Yes, you're likely to get that. With the *Spectator* squawking for liberty of speech and freedom for the individual, you're likely to get a Bradford magistrate to order guns and cutlasses to be used upon the sovereign people in their legitimate agitation against a merciless employer!"

Hophni recognised the quotation and cursed the *Bradford Spectator*.

Tom laughed. "So much for your loyalty, lad. You swear by that paper most times. It's your own way of thinking in everything that does not touch your own individual pocket."

"If there's no way of saving the mill, I shall have to file my petition, that's all. But I shall start again. Everyone will know why I failed, and it'll do little harm to my credit. Besides——"

"You've got some brass put away in a stocking, that the creditors will not lay hands on? Well, maybe. But from all accounts, you're not overly liked, Hophni, and I should say they'll squeeze you pretty tight once you're down, and see that you don't get your discharge in a hurry. Much better not to go into bankruptcy at all."

"You seem to think you could keep me out?"

"Oh, I don't think. I know."

"Come now, I don't mind admitting that I'm pushed pretty hard just now, Tom. If you've got a way of getting over this trouble with the hands, and setting the mill agate running once more, I'll do the handsome thing by you. Come, lad, you like brass: you've said so. I'll give you twenty pound."

"Now, once for all, Hophni, what I'll take for the job is a half partnership, and no less. It isn't much to ask: the mill you rent, the machinery you paid for in bills at six months, and most of your other assets are liabilities; but I offer you that bargain because I think you really mean getting ahead, lad, choose now."

"Oh, you've discovered that, have you?"

"If you want to know when, it was that day you set keeper and Robert on me and Clara on t'moor. It was you that followed us there. I hadn't given you credit for so much cleverness outside your own narrow little line, Hophni. Look here. I know Bradford manufacturing trade as well as you do yourself, and all the other trades of this district a sight better. You'd better have me with you now than against you afterwards."

"You don't get a share of a business like this that way, my lad."

"A business like this? Poof! I shall have a concern as big as this running just for the export trade to Germany a year after I've begun."

"Germany! What do you know about Germany? Cats and dogs and poaching I believe you understand, but dress goods for Germany!"

"I've been lodging with a German for three months and better. I've a memory, like you know, and he's been learning me the language. I can talk German to that chap now as easy as I can talk good plain Yorkshire to you."

Hophni was obviously struck with this, but he pulled back his interest with an effort of temper. "Be done with your talk and get outside this mill. A workman you are, and a workman you'll remain, unless you make your way up by degrees from the bottom, like your betters did before you. Away with you now, and let's hear no more of this."

Tom got up, stretched good-humouredly, and scratched Clara's head with an affectionate forefinger. "All right, Hophni, but don't forget I've given you the offer. I said I would, and now I may as well tell her you prefer to be banked to having anything to do with me."

"Tell her? Tell who?"

"Louisa. Why, who did you think?"

Hophni Asquith's white face got if anything still whiter. "What have you been doing with her?"

"Oh, I've known the lass ever since she was as high as a bobbin skep."

"Is there—is there anything between you, then?"

"We're very good friends, that's all, and I'd like to see her well wed."

Hophni moistened his lips. "You know I've asked her, then?"

"Who doesn't?"

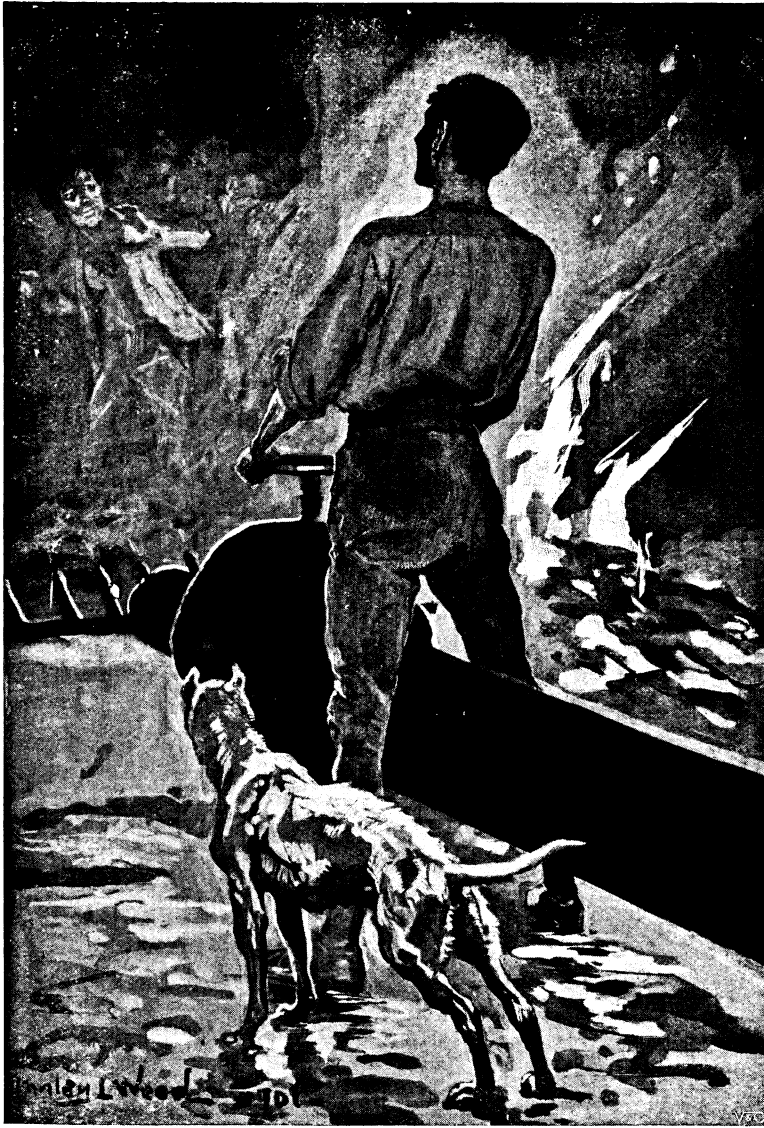
"I'd be a good husband to her. I'd let her spend t'brass. I care for her more than you'd think, Tom. And I know how she is to me. But I don't mind about that. It would all come right, once we were wed."

"Don't see how you could well marry just after you'd filed your petition."

"No."

"And you know best whether she'd wait for you."

Hophni dropped his ghastly face into his hands. He did not say anything. He did not even groan. But Tom saw that he



"There was that burly young Thompson."

appreciated the full hardness of the difficulty.

Tom let fall a hand lightly on to his shoulder. "Why fail at all, lad?"

"I mustn't. I daren't. I'd lose her if I did, and I can't do that. Tom, lad, but you don't know what that lass is to me. You're all smiles and jokes and laughs with all the women, but you don't care a rap for one of them yet. One day you will, and then you'll understand. Aye, whether t'lass cares for you or not, you'll know how it fair tears t'heart out of you to think of losing her."

He turned to the desk, picked up pen and paper, and wrote furiously. "Here's the partnership for you. You'll want it in writing, I suppose; and if you get me through this trouble, we can have it set out all legal and fair later on. And if we do not, it will be so much waste paper, for the business will be gone, and Louisa will be gone—and I don't blame her—and I shall try the Colonies. Now let's hear your plan."

"Well, we'd better doff our coats and be up and moving. There's too much time slipped by with talking already."

They toiled then with skilled fingers and frenzied energy. Night had fallen, black and moonless, and they carried lanterns to light them at their work. In the mill-yard a glow of lit fires came from the boiler-house, and, from the top of the lofty stack, smoke rolled forth in lavish billows.

The rioters did not come to their work cold-blooded. They had warmed themselves first with the beverages sold at the "Bird o' Freedom," and also with the fervid eloquence of an article in that morning's *Spectator*; and when at last, to the music of the Marseillaise as delivered from a battery of concertinas, they formed up into a solid regiment in the street, they were ripe for any mischief, and had the pleasant comfort of numbers.

The mill, after the architecture of those days, which paid little heed to light and ventilation, was already something of a fortress.

On three sides it was built in with houses : only the fourth side, which flanked the street, remained to be defended. Here the point of attack was really confined to a massive gateway, wide enough for a pair of wheels. Windows there were, to be sure, on the ground floor, but the glass in these had been smashed at the first outbreak of the strike, and staunch iron bars kept out the human invader. They builded strongly in such matters in the 'fifties.

The attacking force knew all this quite well, but they had confidence in their weight and numbers. The big gates were comparatively flimsy, and once these were down, they surely could rush through in the face of any opposition, and do their work with thoroughness. So they marched on vaingloriously, singing their anthem with fine musical effect.

As they drew nearer, the faint, laundry-like smell of wet steam met them, and some began to sniff curiously. It could only come from Asquith's mill, and the boiler fires there had been drawn ever since the beginning of the strike. When the next angle of the street showed them that the gates were open, and in place of darkness there was a good healthy glow of a bonfire, they began to suspect that there was some trap laid here. But though the song stopped, the rioters did not. The front ranks certainly did see the prudence of halting for a reconnaissance, but those behind pressed on without consulting their convenience. A *Spectator* reporter in front loudly complained of the lawlessness of mobs.

They surged round the front of the gateway, and there in the light of the fire another surprise was dished up for them. Instead of the slender, white-faced Asquith, whom they detested, there was that burly young Thompson, whom most of them knew and many of them liked. Beside him was an ugly, powerful-looking mongrel dog. The apparatus in front of him, gently leaking grey pencils of steam from many ill-made joints, needed no explanation to them. They worked for their living in the near neighbourhood of steam every day, and they fell instinctively to criticising the hasty workmanship of the men who had uncoupled the main steam-pipe from the engines of Hophni's mill, and led it direct from the boilers to this horrible sprinkler contrivance which threatened the doorway.

Nothing was said. They stood there in the glare of the bonfire, swaying, muttering, and beginning to fear, and then from some-

where amongst their feet a little black kitten ran out, mewing with fright, right into the open before the steam-pipe.

Tom saw it, too, and snapped his fingers alluringly. The black kitten, with a kitten's instinct, recognised a friend and capered lumberingly up. Tom stretched out a dirty, gentle hand and gathered it in. For a moment or two he stroked the kitten into confidence again, then, turning, pitched it deftly out of harm's way through the open doorway of the mill behind him. After which he turned again, and put hands on the throttle-valve of the murderous steam-pipe in front of him.

Then he laughed and said, "Now, what do you chaps think you're going to do with my mill?"

A hundred angry voices, glad at having the chance of speech, howled back the answer, "Asquith's mill."

Tom waited for silence again, and when they had bawled themselves out, "Partly Asquith's, of course," said he, "because Asquith still retains an interest, but partly mine. In fact, you might say it belongs to each of us, because I've bargained for a half partnership. Now, what you intended to do with Mr. Asquith's mill property does not concern me. But it seems to me that some of you there look as if you want to spoil property that's mine. Well, lads, when I get my fingers into a pie it's going to be my pie, and if anybody tries to take it away from me, they'll get hurt. See that?"

He delivered this speech in the full breadth of the vernacular and with a smiling face. But the big, dogged jaw of him, and the knowledge that those scalding steam jets would instantly play on them if the throttle were opened, stopped any attempt at a rush by those in front. There were other orators, though, in the snug security of rear ranks, who were by no means satisfied by this brusque change of front. "What abaht t'nnew looms?" they shouted. "Will ye promise to brak' t'nnew looms?"

"Certainly I will not," said Tom. "I'll even promise you to double the number of them within six months' time. And because why? Because those new looms have come to stay. If they were not used here, they would be used at Halifax and the other towns, and the trade would follow them and leave Bradford. I don't choose that that should be so. I'm going to run them here, and if I can't get hands from Bradford, I'm going to bring them in from Halifax—yes, or from France; and if necessary I will lodge

them in the mill and give them guns to keep out interferers. And do you know what else I'm going to have with my work-people here? I'm going to have none but first-class weavers, and I'm going to have none that don't want to earn high wages. Bradford weavers have been content to earn from eight to ten shillings a week up to now. I've been a workman all my life, at one trade or another, and I know."

"Yes, that's true enough."

"Well, a weaver that can't earn eighteen to twenty shillings in Thompson and Asquith's shed won't be asked to stay."

"Tha'tt bahn to revise t'wages?"

"Certainly we are. The new loom will turn out double quantity if it's properly worked, and there'll be just one weaver in the gait between each pair of looms. If that does not mean four times the old output, I'm no scholar. You needn't let those 'Bird o' Freedom' chaps squawk to you about 'over-production.' Knock off their beer, and let them produce a bit of something more solid than talk themselves for a change. I'll sell the stuff. Half the markets haven't been touched by Bradford goods so far, and the other half haven't been given what they want."

There is nothing so hysterical as a crowd. A girl plucked the shawl from over her head and waved it in the air. "By goy, Tom," she shrilled, "I'll work for tha', lad," and promptly a score of others joined in the cry. The mob-leaders in front were quick to

catch the changed humour of their following. They began to edge away out of the fire-light, lest they should be recognised and remembered to their future detriment. Presently, "It's late; let's be getting home," was the suggestion that was being passed about; and from out of the flickering light of the bonfire they dissolved away, till the last *rat-tattle* of the clogs faded in the distance. Clara, the unbeautiful, lifted up her mouth and yawned elaborately, and the black kitten came out from the mill door and rubbed her head against Tom's boot.

Tom caught the infection from Clara and yawned also. "Hophni," he said, "you may leave tending that fire and shut the gates. The strike's dead. It'll take t'engineer all to-morrow to get the boiler coupled on again. There are few men in Bradford that can work on steam-pipes as you and I have done this last few hours. I'll sleep with you in t'office after I've washed me. You haven't a spare pair of trousers you could lend me? These are fair ruined with that white lead, and I hate being filthy."

"No, I haven't," said Hophni wearily, "and if the only cash outlay you make for your partnership is a pair of trousers, you're getting it cheap."

Tom laughed. "I like a bargain, lad. But as the bargain's driven now, I don't mind giving you a bit back. I'll come in handsome for a wedding present for Louisa when you marry her."

MY LADY'S GARDEN.

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR.

O DAINTY garden-close,
Hedged with box and rose,
White with lilies tall and queenly fair!
Heap thy best for her,
Mignonette and myrrh,
Roses red to bind around her hair:

Blue forget-me-not
To be her bosom-knot;
Eyes of pansies yearning to her eyes;
Tender eglantine,
Poppy red as wine—
Which of all shall claim to win the prize?



Rose, nay, bow your head!
Pale, you poppy red!
Fairest rose is she that decks your bowers;
Proud as poppy bright,
Sweet as lily white—
My Lady still is Queen of all the Flowers!

HOW TO FIELD.

By GILBERT L. JESSOP.

FIELDING—to my mind, the most important branch of the game of cricket—is also, alas! even by first class players the most neglected. Some regard it as a necessary evil and, therefore, to be put up with, since without it batting and bowling are not feasible. How many matches are lost, I wonder, through careless fielding? I should not like to say, lest I should be accused of exaggeration. Still, the fact remains that matches are lost, and will continue to be so as long as fielding is regarded in the light in which it is. The reason why it is held in such disrespect is not far to seek. It commences from one's schooldays—namely, undue prominence given to batting and bowling. A selfish reason seems to crop up; one is able to see by the score-card what success has resulted to one's efforts in batting or bowling; but it is not recorded how well or badly, as the case may be, one has fielded. It is, after all, not an unnatural failing; when a batsman or bowler has met with any success, he feels he has done something of advantage to his own side and of pleasure to himself. There is no such thing as fielding for oneself. The fielder is a nonentity; he is “cover” or “mid-off” for the time being, therefore selfish fielding is out of the question. Many cricketers are too anxious to excel as batsmen or bowlers; they devote all their time to those branches of the game, and become moderate fields, just good enough to keep their places in a team, but they never go farther. It is much easier for a man to excel in fielding than in the other departments of the game. The importance of good fielding cannot be overrated; every catch missed means another man to get rid of; it is often a wise precaution for a captain to sacrifice a little batting for the sake of fielding. Given a bad fielder, or what is called a “rabbit,” on your side, how difficult it is to know where to hide him! No matter where he is placed, all the catches seem to be mysteriously impelled to him, and he seems to get more balls to stop than any two men on the side. “To err is human,” even amongst the most brilliant of “scouters,” yet with ordinary precautions

the chances of dropping a “sitter” may be considerably minimised. Good fielding makes even moderate bowling difficult, whilst bad fielding does more to demoralise a bowler than even some of Tom Richardson's famous “cuts” to leg. If the famous Australian and Gloucester bowler, Ferris, had had the assistance of the fielding side that the county of the Graces now possesses, he would have won a far greater reputation. In most teams there are brilliant fielders; it is not the excellence of a few that will save sides from disaster, but good fielding all through the team; and how many teams are there possessing such a quality? What can be grander than to see a side every member of which is straining every nerve to save runs? The sensational catches, wonderful saves, and magnificent ground fielding can, and do, appeal even to the novice, and never fail to elicit enthusiasm. The keenest fielding—as well as feeling—may be witnessed in the 'Varsity match; but though it is always keen, it sometimes falls below what may reasonably be expected



“ON THE ALERT.”



"TIME TO THINK."

from men who are, or should be, constantly practising the "neglected art." I never wish to witness finer and closer fielding than that in the 1897 'Varsity match. Both sides were above the average, but Oxford excelled. The best way to practise fielding is to obtain someone to hit the ball to you, as it comes off the bat differently from what it does when thrown; it is also by no means a bad plan to dispense with a net when practising batting, as this enables members to field in their regular places. The three rudimentary requirements of fielding are catching, ground fielding, and throwing. In catching one should let the hands give as the ball comes in, so that there shall be as little resistance as possible. Do not hold the arms and hands stiff, the ball will only be the more likely to bounce out; and, above all things, do not grab at it, as if you were picking cherries. Further, you must try to become as proficient with your left as with your right hand, but remember to use both hands when possible. It is a positive sin for a man to indulge in gallery catches; when a catch does come your way—goodness knows they are not too frequent—it should be regarded as a gift of Providence, and not to be lightly scoffed at by trying to see how difficult one can make it appear. Many a

catch has been missed and many a match lost by this selfish conceit. Good ground fielding is more difficult to excel in than catching—one has to judge the run of the ball on the ground; whereas it cannot be deflected by any impediment in the air, it can be, and often is, when on the ground.

One should always run in to meet the ball when possible and be prepared to return it in one and the same action. It is only an exceptionally brilliant man that can fill most positions in the field, but the ordinary cricketer should be able to field in more than one position; a man who has been accustomed to field close in will be hopelessly at sea when put in the country, and *vice versa* in many cases. Men who are accustomed to field close in and on the off side should be quite prepared to field anywhere on that side; and if a player has been used to fielding in front of the wicket, it would be a suicidal policy to ask him to field in the slips, as there is a great difference between balls hit in front of the wicket and behind. It is extremely important to learn how to throw properly; the best manner of returning is to do so below the shoulder—this applies more to those fielding close in.

By always watching the bowler and following the ball until it reaches the batsman, you are able to judge fairly accurately as to where it will be hit, and are thus on the *qui vive*. Nothing looks so bad as to see a fielder suddenly wake up and find that he is just too late to save that last four; if he had been attentive he could not have failed to have done so. Always start in time and be ever on the alert, as nothing is more valuable for a side than "dash."

Do not throw in hard to the bowler or wicket-keeper when unnecessary; remember their hands are not made of iron, and there is also the danger of overthrows. When throwing for a run-out, either aim for the "keeper's" head if you are close in, or when in the long field dash the ball in first bounce, but be careful, very careful, not to wind yourself up as if you were playing an organ—it is a dreadfully common fault; pick the ball up and return it with the same action. Never fail to back-up, as many things may happen before the ball is safe—it may bump, shoot, or twist away from the man at the wicket and result in the ominous waving of the umpire's arms, should no one be backing-up. When backing-up one should not be too close to the man one is backing, but just close enough to stop the batsman attempting another run. In the case of a

very short run do not be afraid to aim at the wicket, especially if there are men backing-up, as that is often the only chance of running a man out.

After these general remarks on fielding a few words should be said about the different positions of the field. Few people will dispute the fact of the wicket-keeper's being the most important place; without him the bowler is a nonentity. That a good "keeper" can *make* a bad bowler, and a bad "keeper"

to the papers, he always seems to be losing matches.

In fielding in the slips the most desirable attitude is a slight stoop forward, with the hands held forward ready for a catch. One must be ever on the alert, must not snatch at the ball, and should be careful always to stand in the place one is put in, as an alteration of even a foot often means the difference between a catch missed and a catch held. Short-slip should always back-up the wicket-keeper and be ready to run after "snicks" and byes.

"Point" should not be regarded as a place where one may indulge in afternoon naps with impunity, although it is frequently looked upon as the spot in which to "hide" the "rabbits" of a side. It is a difficult place to field in, and requires quickness and sureness of eye. It is utterly useless to stand too far away, as is the common mistake; on a slow wicket one should come in quite close, as the ball is apt to get on to the shoulder of the bat and go up in the air, and one may be the only man able to get to it.

When fielding at "third man" one should be like a sprinter—always on his toes, as it is not easy to save short runs; the slightest fumbling, and a stolen run is the consequence. The ball comes off more awkwardly than at most places, as there it has generally some bias. It is easier to run a man out by returning to the bowler than by doing so to the wicket-keeper when short runs are attempted, as the striker does not get into his stride as quickly as the non-striker.

There is no place that requires more all-round fielding than "cover"; the position is somewhat similar to "third man," though "cover" has many more duties. He has to be continually on the alert in order to prevent short runs, must also back "point," and be ever ready to sprint for the hits that escape the vigilance of "point." Everything hit to him, whether catches or ground balls, has a "screw" on it; catches resulting from mis-hits, that to the ordinary onlooker seem so ridiculously simple, are, indeed, amongst the hardest that one could have, as, in addition to the "bias" resulting from such a hit, or rather mis-hit, the ball very often curls in the air and makes the catch doubly hard to judge. It is a grand position to field in when one is accustomed to the place; but to acquit oneself creditably requires aptitude of feet, hands, and eyes. "Cover" should not stand too deep, especially when a slow bowler is on, though his position varies with the wicket; when there is no



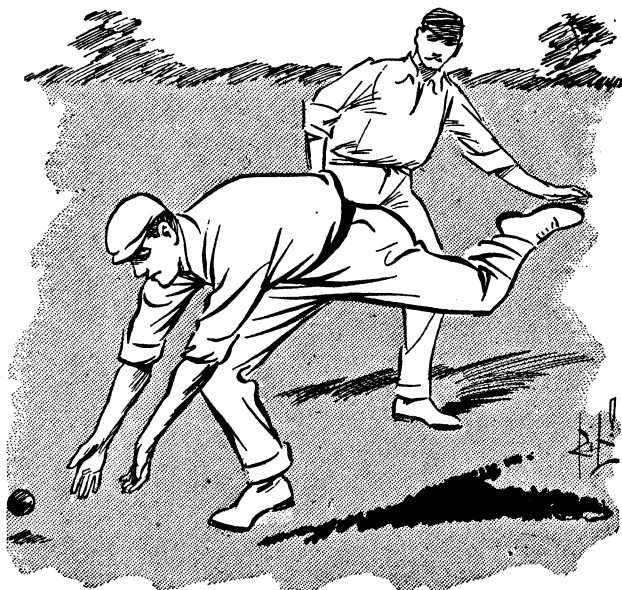
A "RABBIT."

can *mar* a good bowler, is an axiom in cricket. To watch a good "stumper" is an exhilarating sight; he makes everything so simple that one is led into the belief that his is an easy position to fill. Try it, and you will soon discover your mistake. Everyone knows the duties of a wicket-keeper, but few know how to excel in that difficult position. Suffice it to say that the wicket-keeper—like the football referee—is a much-abused person. More mistakes are put down to him than to any three men on the field, and, according

"extra cover" he has an immense amount of ground to look after, and should take care not to be too close to "point." In returning the ball, he should do so from below the shoulder.

One of the easiest positions to field in is "mid-off," as in most cases the ball is generally hit straight at you; it is a place that requires a considerable amount of pluck, as the ball comes very fast. "Mid-off" must always back-up the bowler, especially when there is a hard return, as it is extremely difficult for the bowler, when on the move, to stop the ball; but as he often partially does so, by backing-up a run may often be saved. He should not be in too close—except on sticky wickets—as he will not be in a position to back-up properly. He should also be able to throw with precision, as he often has an opportunity of running a man out.

"Mid-on" might be termed "rabbit-hutch," for it is here that the "rabbits" of a side are generally "hidden," as, with ordinary fortune, they are here less likely to have a catch than in any other position. The duties of "mid-on" are too similar to "mid-off" to call for any special remarks. A good field in this position can often save his side many short runs. "Square leg" is



BACKING-UP THE BOWLER.

another place in which it is customary to put incompetent fielders, though it is really a difficult position to fill. The ball comes very quick, and with a considerable amount of "twist" on; one is often unable to tell when a batsman is going to play one in that direction. Bowlers who are confident of their ability not to bowl on the leg side rarely have a man at short or square leg when the wicket is good; but when the ground is on the soft side, it is very necessary to have a man there. "Long leg," except to "lob" and leg-break bowlers, is a thing of the past; but when used, he should be a fast runner and a good ground field. Catches in this position are few and far between; but when one does come, it is generally difficult, the ball curling considerably to the right of the fielder.

Besides a safe pair of hands and swift throwing, nerve plays an important factor in the selection of an outfield. A catch in the country is a very different thing from one close in; the latter is over in a moment, but the former is a matter of some seconds. Before the ball reaches the "long field" he has time to *think*, and it is this item that is the cause of so many catches being missed. Once get to the



"PICK UP AND RETURN WITH THE SAME ACTION."

ball fairly, and there is no excuse possible to offer for dropping a catch except loss of nerve, which so often is the case, or a more heinous crime still—superabundance of confidence. If the catch is missed, the fieldsman gains no sympathy from the crowd, and, in addition, earns the well-deserved disgust of his side.

It is impossible to overrate the advantage of having a good fielding side, and the sooner batting is sacrificed somewhat for it, the sooner shall we see the number of drawn matches diminished. Let me reiterate that it is easier to become proficient in fielding than in either bowling or batting



A SECRET.

From the picture by John Lawson.

THE NAVAL BASES OF THE EMPIRE.

By C. DE THIERRY.

I.—GIBRALTAR.

BY the capture of Gibraltar England laid the foundation-stone of the British Empire. The first link in the chain of fortresses with which she has encircled the globe, it surpasses all others in historical interest and romantic charm. A peninsula, about three miles in length and seven in circumference, it hangs from the Spanish mainland towards the African shore as a bunch of grapes hangs from a

vine-branch. Its teeth are those murderous batteries that bristle in every part of the giant "head," and its roar the thunder from their thousand iron throats.

As a rule the average Briton knows little of the mighty Empire which the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race has built up for its everlasting monument; but Gibraltar is an exception, perhaps because its name and badges are the boast of the Army and Navy.

The "Castle and Key," the word "Gibraltar," and the motto, "Montis Insignia Calpe," are borne by the Suffolk, Dorset, Essex, and Northamptonshire Regiments of Foot. The word "Gibraltar" is borne by the Royal Marines. In 1704 our first permanent artillery train was fitted out for service at Gibraltar, and in 1772 the formation of the Gibraltar Company of Military Artificers led to the es-

tablishment of our Corps of Royal Engineers. Moreover, the Rock has been a bone of contention and a coveted possession for nearly five hundred years. Its war record shows no fewer than fifteen sieges. In the story of European diplomacy it plays a leading part; and in history it not only exerts a peculiar influence on the conduct of war, but on the destinies of nations. In the pages of a naval writer, such as Captain Mahan, it is constantly used to "point a moral or adorn a tale."

This proud pre-eminence is the more remarkable seeing that less than twelve hundred years ago it was in the happy

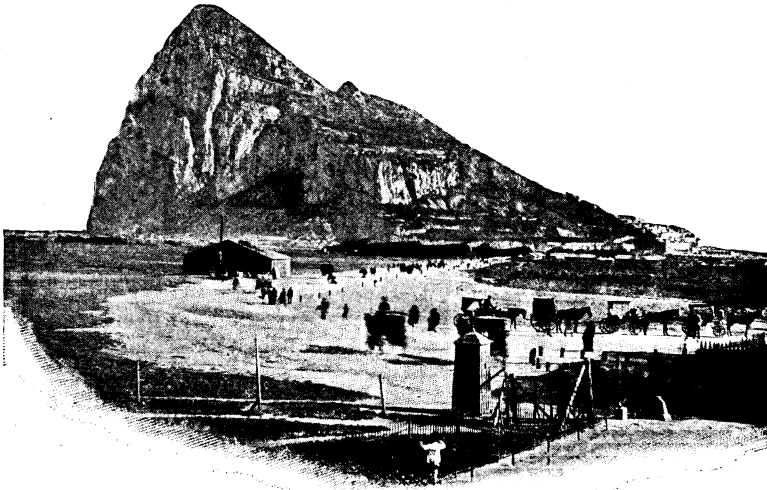


Photo by G. Dauterz.]

GIBRALTAR, FROM THE NORTH.

[Gibraltar.

vine-branch, the stalk being represented by the mile of low, sandy soil, divided into the "Neutral Ground" and "North Front." Beyond these, rearing its beetling front sheer from the depths of the ocean to a height of fourteen hundred feet, stands the Rock. Towards Spanish territory it presents an inaccessible cone, from which a long ridge runs southward, ending with a sudden drop to a level of only one hundred feet at Europa Point. Outlined against the evening sun it gives the illusion of a lion couchant, whose head is turned towards Spain. Hence the origin of a favourite name. Nor is Gibraltar the symbol of the king of beasts

A GENERAL VIEW OF GIBRALTAR.
Photo by G. Dauter, Gibraltar.



position of having no history, save only the legend which identified it with one of the two pillars of Hercules. The reason is to be found in the natural situation of Gibraltar as the stepping-stone between two continents and the lock-gate between two seas. It is thus the centre of two movements, one passing to and from Africa, the other passing to and from the Mediterranean. Before the eighth century, however, these currents were still; for the tide of invasion rolled across the Hellespont from Asia, not across the Straits from Africa; and the Phœnicians, the first great sea power of the world, having no rivals, preferred a seaport to a fortress; and this they found in Carteia, about five miles distant from the Rock. With the advent of the warlike Moor began a new era; and Tarik, the first of the Saracen conquerors of Spain, was the military discoverer of Gibraltar. To him it owes not only its name, *Gebel-Tarik*, or *Tarik's Hill*, but the nucleus of its fortifications and harbour. He found it a barren rock; he left it a great naval and military stronghold, second to none in the world. With a curious irony, considering the bloody history of the place, he inscribed over the battlements of the castle he built: "To the God that pacifies, and of Peace; and to the God that lasts for ever."

The history of Gibraltar may be divided into two distinct periods. The first, fascinating and romantic, embraces eight centuries of Saracen domination; the second, the four and a half centuries which have elapsed since the Crescent gave place to the Cross. Up to 1462, when it was finally lost to the Moors, the Rock had been besieged eight times, six times by the Spaniards. To these may be added two more sieges undertaken by the house of Medina Sidonia, which claimed the "Lion" for its own. But after 1504, when it was incorporated with the dominions of the Spanish monarch, peace reigned for two hundred years, broken only by one last frantic effort of the Barbary pirates to plant the Crescent in its old place. With the failure of this attempt attention was called to the defences of the fortress, which were entrusted to Italian engineers, Calvi and Frattino. To the former we owe Charles the Fifth's Wall, which runs up the western side of the Rock; to the latter, Jumper's, South, and King's Bastions.

It was not until the war of the Spanish Succession broke out that Gibraltar became of vital importance to England. Our rivalry, first with the Spaniards, and then with the

Dutch, had been succeeded by that long naval and colonial duel with France which, though it nominally ended at Waterloo, has steadily continued up to this very hour. When the last Austrian King of Spain died without issue, Louis XIV. secured the succession for his grandson, in order that henceforth there might be no more Pyrenees. As this would destroy the balance of European power, England espoused the side of the Archduke Charles, and it was during the course of the war which followed that Admiral Rooke captured Gibraltar in 1704. As usual with the master-strokes of English statesmanship, it was not premeditated. The Fleet was ordered to take Barcelona, but having been repulsed from that port, the Admiral, rather than return to England empty-handed, resolved to attack Ceuta, Cadiz, or Gibraltar. By a happy

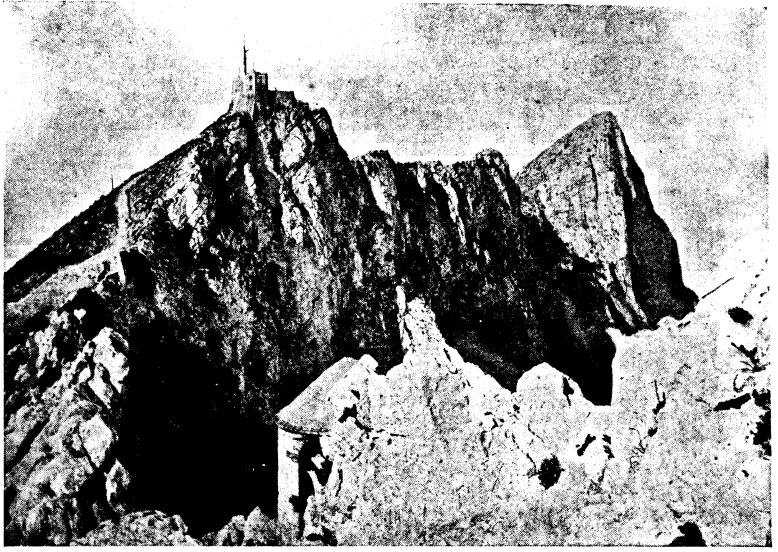


Photo by G. Dautez.]

[Gibraltar.]

THE SIGNAL STATION.

chance he discovered that the garrison of the Rock had, with a royal carelessness truly Spanish, been reduced to the perilous number of one hundred and fifty men. He therefore bombarded the place and carried it by assault, planting the English flag on the battlements, from which it has waved ever since. No sooner was the majestic "Lion" lost to them, than the Spaniards realised their folly and determined to recover it at



Photo by G. Dautez,]

[Gibraltar.]

OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR.

all hazards. Before three months had elapsed the thirteenth siege was begun with operations on land and sea. Neither was successful, and a second attempt, twenty years later, was equally disastrous. For the ensuing fifty years Gibraltar enjoyed peace. But the clash of arms was only exchanged for a war of words—that is to say, when the Rock was not the plaything of war, it was the shuttlecock of diplomacy.

In the 'seventies of the eighteenth century England was in the midst of the struggle with her revolted Colonies. France having acknowledged them as an independent power, war was declared, and Spain, thinking her old rival's sun was about to set, joined the hostile coalition, which finally concentrated its efforts

they were reinforced by the French, one of whose engineers designed ten floating batteries with such consummate skill that they were regarded as invincible. But the Spaniards had forgotten the lesson of the Armada. They were not discomfited by fireships at Gibraltar, however, but by red-hot shot. The scene on the night of the 13th September was indescribable. Even before the great batteries came into position a shower of red-hot iron poured down upon them from above. The Rock, with the furnaces kept going to supply the guns with their terrible missiles, was like a volcano in eruption. Below, four hundred of the heaviest guns were blazing and crashing at the same moment. The shocks were so tremendous

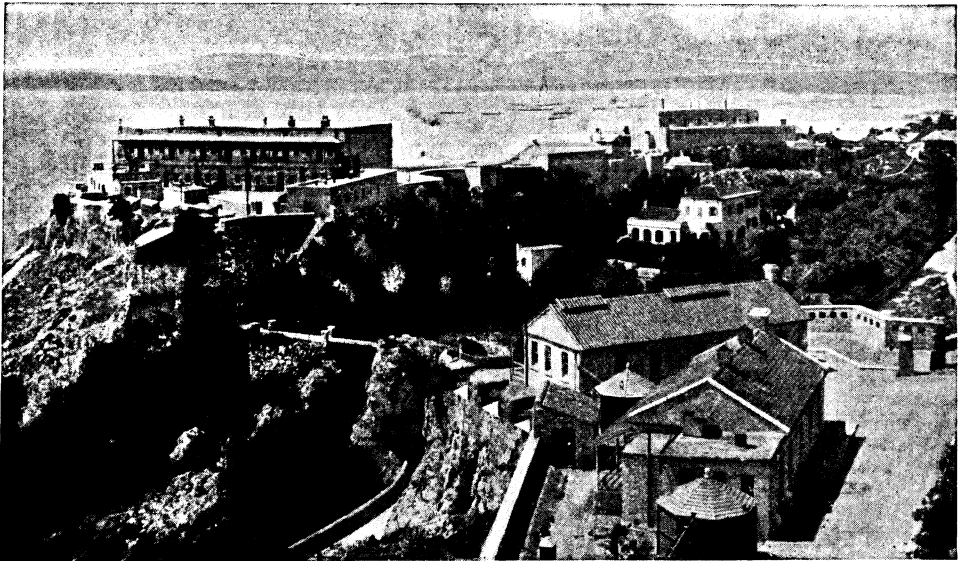


Photo by G. Dauterz.]

EUROPA PASS.

[Gibraltar.]

on Gibraltar. Thus began the fifteenth and last siege of the Rock, commonly called "The Great Siege." At first the enemy's plan of operations was a blockade, and so strictly was it enforced that Admiral Early only succeeded in bringing the necessary supplies and reinforcements when the garrison was at its last gasp. The blockade was made more rigorous than ever, and so dire were the straits to which Elliott and his men were reduced that the Spaniards firmly believed that victory would be theirs. Again they were disappointed by the British Fleet, the dreaded "wooden walls" of the days of Nelson and Trafalgar. Enraged by this second check, the Spaniards turned the blockade, which had already lasted two years, into a siege. In 1782

and incessant that the very earth seemed to rock and tremble, as if by an earthquake. All day the battle raged. Night fell, and still Elliott's guns thundered defiance from the Rock. By morning nine out of the ten "invincible" batteries were destroyed, together with the pride of the fleet. The old Scottish General and his eighty guns had given a good account of themselves, and England's possession of Gibraltar has not since been disputed.

Though the great Oliver saw the value of the Rock as a naval base, Pitt and the England of his day were blind to everything but the necessities of the moment. So was Spain when she left her garrison so weak as to invite the capture of the fortress by a fleet

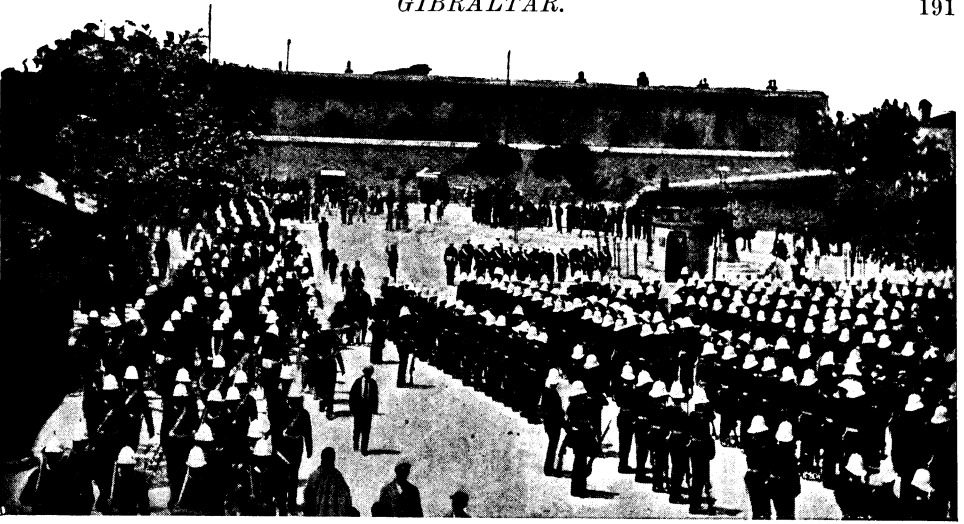


Photo by G. Dautez,]

A "QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY" REVIEW.

[Gibraltar.

which she knew to be hovering in the neighbourhood. But if the vital importance of Gibraltar was not fully recognised in the eighteenth century, it is in the twentieth, and Ceuta, Tangier, and Tarifa, will all be occupied on the outbreak of the next European war. Already coming events cast their shadows before. At the earliest intimation of the Sultan of Morocco's illness, in 1888, there was a sort of international race between the Powers as to whose warships should reach Tangier first. What will it be in time of war?

That England's position as the greatest of maritime and commercial nations is inseparably bound up with the possession of the "Lion" is proved by the fact that it is

the object of attack whenever she exposes a weak front to the world. This was the case in 1774 and again in 1779. Only thirty years ago, when Russia robbed us of the fruits of the Crimean war, a large section of the public advocated the cession of this our first link with the East, and the strongest in the chain. Without it we should never have been where we are, for, had Spain retained it, she would have held a position analogous to ours—that is to say, she would have controlled one of the two great highways of the world's traffic.

Not only is Gibraltar a fortress, it is a flourishing town, with a civilian population of twenty thousand. As a port of call it does an enormous trade. From its situation it is

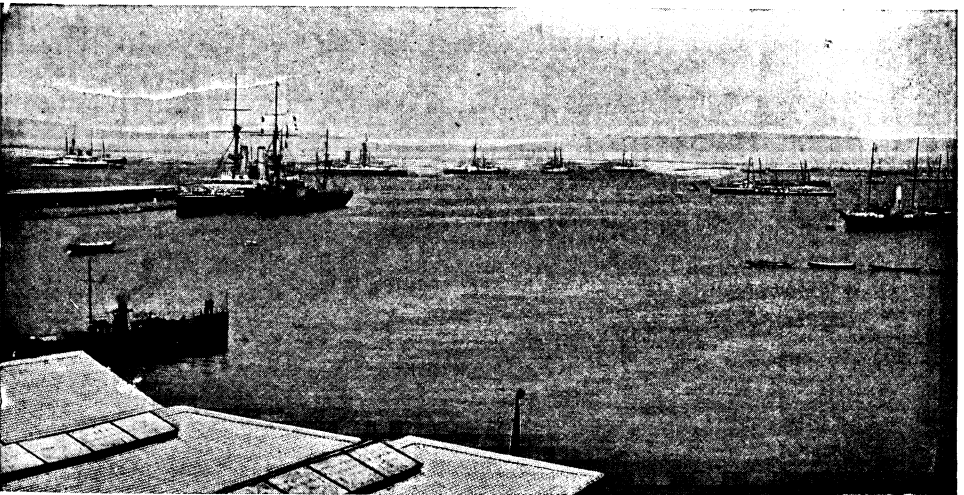


Photo by G. Dautez,]

THE DOCKYARD.

[Gibraltar.

also an *entrepôt* of the trade between England and Northern Africa. All legislative and executive functions are exercised by the Governor, who is always an officer of distinction. The whole community is, therefore, regulated by military usage. The gates are opened and shut precisely at gunfire morning and evening. A visitor in the town must produce a pass from the Town Major, and should he desire to prolong his stay, he must find a Consul or a householder to be his sponsor. Passes are not granted for more than twenty days, though they can be renewed. The purely local business of the town is in the hands of a board of sanitary commissioners.

The curious union of colony and fortress, trade and the military, is not the only interesting feature of Gibraltar. The archi-

ture of the houses on either side of the narrow streets is a picturesque jumble of Moorish, English, and Spanish, flat roofs, overhanging foliage, white walls, and cell-like windows predominating. Then there are the barracks, hospital, powder magazines, and those vast areas of sheds peculiar to a town which is naval, military, and commercial.

The Convent is the Governor's residence, as it was in the days of Spanish rule, of which it is a legacy. Even the fortifications speak eloquently of the "Lion's" three masters. Side by side with the latest inventions of Peace, as the devoted servant of War, there is the handiwork of the Moor and the Spaniard. The population, too, is a medley as picturesque as it is incongruous — Jack Tars in white, Tommy Atkins in scarlet and buff, languorous daughters of Spain with

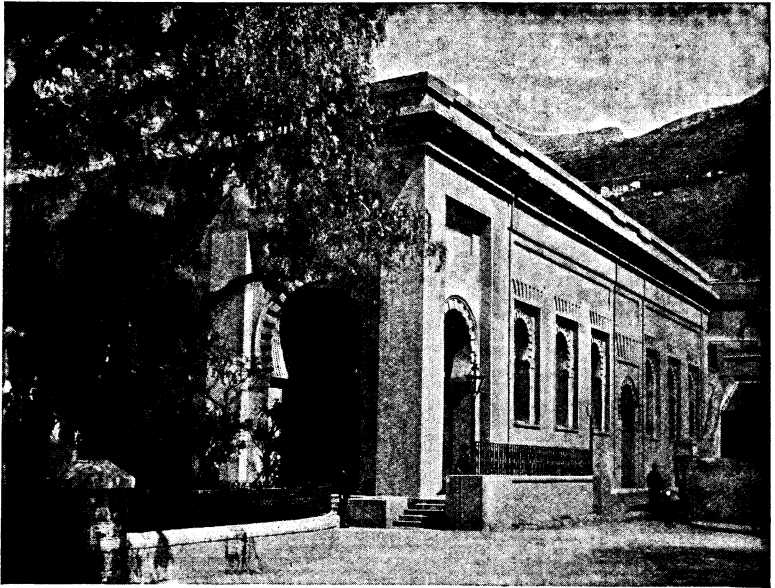


Photo by G. Dautez,]

THE CATHEDRAL.

[Gibraltar.

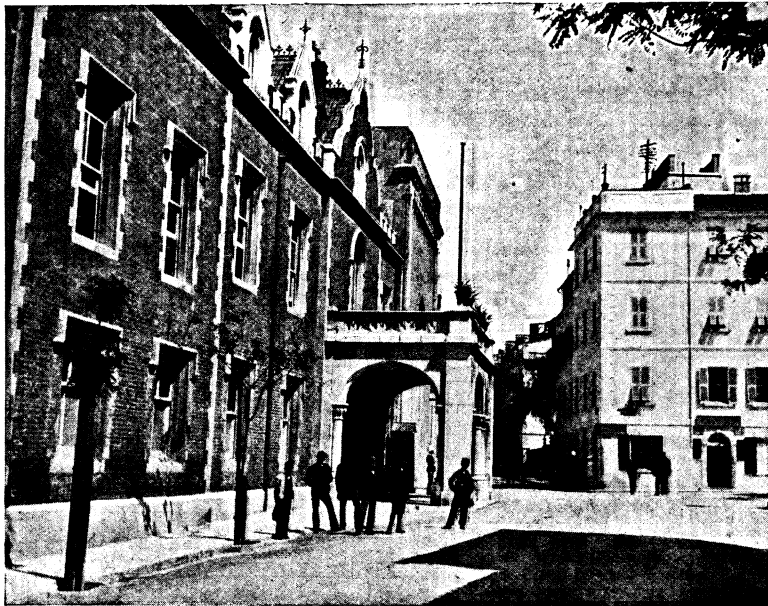


Photo by G. Dautez,]

GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

[Gibraltar.

the graceful mantilla, fashionable English ladies, Moors, Jews, and more low-class Spaniards, Italians, and Portuguese than are at all desirable. High up on the Rock live the Barbary apes, which have given rise to a curious legend. But they are not allowed to be molested.

The sights of Gibraltar are the galleries on the north and north-west fronts. They have been hewn out of the solid rock by the Royal Engineers, and are so wide that an ordinary carriage can pass through them. The far-famed Alameda is the public park of Gibraltar.

Algeciras, on the opposite side of the Bay, a Commission has been appointed to inquire into the question. If it should decide that the batteries command the new works, they will be valueless in the event of war. Gibraltar costs the British taxpayer about £350,000 a year.

By some naval and political writers it seems to be taken for granted that England is mistress of the seas because she has so many naval bases and coaling-stations. Whereas it is exactly the reverse. We should have lost Gibraltar several times had it not been for the strength of the Navy, without



Photo by G. Dauterz,]

CHURCH STREET.

[Gibraltar.]

For many years Gibraltar was more of a fortress than a naval base. But the dangers of the European situation have forced us to realise that the Navy is our first line of defence, and so the authorities are vigorously pushing on great public works in the Bay. There is to be an enclosed harbour, three graving-docks are to be constructed, and the northern end of the harbour is to be enclosed by a mole, built at the joint expense of the Imperial Government and the Colony. This latter was only begun in 1897. As opinions are divided as to the capacity for mischief of the massive guns mounted by Spain at

which the Rock, impregnable as it is, would be a white elephant. With the command of the sea, and Gibraltar in our hands, we can prevent a junction of the Eastern and Western Fleets of Spain and France. We can, also, prevent the junction of the Russian Black Sea Fleet and the Mediterranean Fleet of France, and we shall be on the spot when the struggle for the possession of the country from which came the discoverer of the Rock bursts into the flame of war. Gibraltar has no doubt played a great part in the past, but in the near future it is destined to play a greater.

A PLEASANT INNER PARTY



By
George P. Hawtrey

THE class list was out, and George Ainsworth had not got his first. No; and, what is more, he had not even got his second. His name appeared in the third class. He had gone up to Brasenose four years before with excellent prospects. The headmaster at Rugby had been immensely pleased when he won his scholarship, and had hinted to him that if he got his first in Greats he might do worse than come back to his old school as an assistant-master. And his dear old father, who was the rector of a country parish in Warwickshire, was never tired of talking about the boy's success. To be sure, it was a terrible effort to spare a hundred and fifty pounds a year to keep George at Oxford. But the lad had done so well. He deserved encouragement. And he was so good and steady. He only had to obtain that first, and he was provided for. It was worth while to pinch for these few years to secure for the boy such a capital start in life. And to this Mrs. Ainsworth heartily agreed, and so did the girls. All sorts of expenses were cut down, and economy was the order of the day at Binfield Rectory. But the sacrifice was cheerfully made, and everyone would be fully repaid when George got his first.

Two years slipped by, two pleasant, enjoyable years. There is no place in the world where a young man can have a better time than he can at Oxford, if he gets into the right set, and doesn't waste too much time on reading. George was a good classical scholar already, so for Moderations (a classical examination which is most thoughtlessly and awkwardly fixed right in the middle of one's

time at Oxford) it wasn't necessary to read very hard. In Moderations George got a second.

Never mind! There were still two years left to prepare for Greats, and, after all, that was the important test. He would work all the harder for this first disappointment. But habits are not so easy to break through, and everybody knows the use to which good resolutions are commonly put. So after two years more the class list in the Final Schools appeared, and George Ainsworth came out an inglorious third.

Sick at heart, he was sitting alone in his rooms, thinking over the wasted opportunities—the four years that might have been turned to such good account, the four precious years that could never be recalled.

There came a knock at the door, and Jim Coventry made his appearance. Jim was not a reading man. A very nice fellow he was, but one who had come up to Oxford determined to enjoy himself thoroughly and to scrape through the schools somehow if he could; and if he could not, to go down at the end of his time quite happily without taking any degree whatever. Not the best sort of companion for George, of course, but that was George's look out.

"Cheer up, old man," he said; "there's nothing to worry about."

"Yes, there is," replied George.

"Hang it all, you've got a third! My word! how proud my old governor would be if I could get a third! I tell you, it's thundering good."

"Don't talk nonsense," said poor George.

"My dear old chap," cried Jim, "it isn't nonsense."

"Yes, it is. You know it is." And then in a sudden fit of confidence George told his friend the story of his short life's tragedy and the wreckage of his hopes.

"Oh, well," said Jim, when he had heard the tale out to its bitter end, "of course it's a bore to have failed. But I shouldn't wonder if it turned out a blessing in disguise."

"It's not a bit of good talking like that," exclaimed George, "though its awfully kind of you to try and cheer me up."

"Rot!" said Jim. "A schoolmaster's life is a beastly one. It wouldn't have suited you."

"There's nothing else that I'm good for," replied the other mournfully; "only, instead of going to Rugby, I shall have to start as usher in some beastly little preparatory school."

"Nothing else that you can do? Rot!" Jim was almost as fond of this expressive word as was the late Lord Arthur Pomeroy in "A Pantomime Rehearsal."

"Look here. I've got an uncle in business in town. He's a merchant of sorts. He imports things from all kinds of places, and sends other things out. I don't understand anything about it, but I know he makes pots of money. Shall I ask him to take you into his office?"

"Thanks, old man," said George doubtfully, "but I should be too old, shouldn't I?"

"Too old?" exclaimed Jim. "Rot!" "I don't suppose I'm fit for a job of that sort."

"I say, don't you be the one to make objections. You'll find plenty of other people ready to do that for you."

"I only meant to warn you——"

"Rot!" said Jim. "Are you any good at modern languages?"

"My French is rather shaky," replied George, "but I'm pretty fair at German."

"That's all right. Will you try it?"

"Thanks, old boy, awfully. I will."

And he just gripped Jim's hand for a moment. It's the English way of saying "Thank you," and it means ever so much more than a long, flowery speech.

"All right. I'll write to my uncle to-night."

It wasn't by any means such an easy job as Jim Coventry had anticipated. Jim was a great favourite with his uncle, or George wouldn't have stood the ghost of a chance. Throughout many walks in life there is a strong prejudice against University men. You give a boy the best education the country can provide. He goes to a preparatory school when he is about nine, and when

he is thirteen you send him on to a public school. From that he proceeds to the University and takes his degree when he is one or two and twenty. And then nobody wants him. If he has a little money he can go to the Bar, and if he hasn't he can choose whether he will be a parson or a schoolmaster. It is a magnificent result.

Mr. Campion reluctantly consented to allow George to enter his office as a clerk, but he warned Jim that no good would come of it.

"He'll have to begin from the beginning, you know. He'll be below young fellows of sixteen and seventeen—smart, clever chaps, most of them, but not gentlemen, you understand. He won't like it."

"There's lots of grit about George



"Cheer up, old man."

Ainsworth," said Jim. "Give him a chance, Uncle Jack."

And Uncle Jack said he would.

Mr. Campion was quite right. George didn't like it. He didn't like it one bit. But he wasn't going to "squeal." He just sat tight and did the very best that he could. Evans, the head clerk, had the greatest contempt for University men, and took no pains to conceal his scorn. More than once he gave George some work that involved little technicalities—things that were simple enough in themselves, but just wanted explanation. The explanation was not forthcoming, and of course poor George was stumped. Then Evans with a sneer would hand over the work to the youngest boy in

the office, and allot to George the intellectual task of addressing envelopes and sticking on postage stamps.

The other clerks were quick enough to take their cue from Evans. It was a funny position for a fellow who had been in the Sixth at Rugby, and in quite the best set at Brasenose. The humorous side of the situation often struck George when he was alone and made him laugh. It was just as well that he could see the humorous side, for the side which was not humorous was very unpleasant indeed, and that was the side which was usually uppermost. However, George looked upon it as the penance which he had to do, and he was determined not to fail in this new position. At any rate, if he did fail, it should be through no fault of his. So he put a tremendous restraint on his temper and bore every snub with a gentleness and meekness which he was very far from feeling. As a matter of course his self-restraint was neither understood nor appreciated. The smart little Cockney lads in the office soon began to regard him as a butt on whom it was quite safe to try their small attempts at wit, and before long it occurred to them that here was a capital subject, too, for practical jokes. And George bore it all quietly, biding his time.

Mr. Campion never took the slightest notice of him. He never even nodded to him or said "Good morning" when he happened to come across him on arriving at the office. He, too, was prejudiced against his new clerk, regarding him as a sort of abnormal excrescence who would probably soon move on to some more suitable sphere. The junior partner in the firm, Mr. Ferrar, had had a rather sharp bout of illness, and was away on a prolonged holiday, and a good deal of extra work was consequently thrown on Mr. Campion's shoulders. It was somewhat unfortunate, because Mr. Ferrar was a good linguist, and Mr. Campion did not particularly shine in this direction. However, he managed to get through.

One day the clerks were all at work in their room; but as Mr. Evans happened to be out on this particular morning, a brisk conversation was being kept up.

"Ainsworth," said Ross, a fair-haired young man who took an especial delight in annoying George, "what's the Latin for tobacco?"

The others all looked up, ready to share in the fun which was evidently coming. George did not reply.

"Evans told me to write this letter in

Latin, and I can't think of the word for tobacco. You might help me."

"I've got to do mine in Greek," said Morris, a cheeky little boy of seventeen. "I find it quite easy."

"Mine's Hebrew," said Royston. "Evans always gives me the stiffest job."

"Shall I help you?" asked little Abraham.

"No. You're too modern. If I want any assistance I shall go to Ainsworth. He can put us all right."

"And he's so good-natured," said Ross.

"By the by, Ainsworth, has old Campion asked you to dinner yet?"

"No," said George.

"That's odd," observed Ross. "We were



"Has old Campion asked you to dinner yet?"

all invited soon after we came into the office. Weren't we?"

"I was," said Royston.

"So was I," said Morris.

"Let me see. How long have you been here? Three months, nearly. It's very strange that you haven't had an invitation yet."

"But it's sure to come," said Morris.

"Oh, certain. You'll have to get some dress clothes, you know," continued Ross. "I got mine from Morris Angel."

George smiled.

"Perhaps he's got a dress suit of his own," suggested Royston, with a laugh.

"Have you?" cried little Abraham.

"Hush! Here's Evans," said Ross, and they all began to write for dear life.

"There's too much talking in here when I'm away," began Evans, as he came into the room. "Mr. Ainsworth, I heard your voice distinctly."

George made no reply, and the others were only too delighted that the blame should be laid on to his innocent shoulders.

About a week afterwards, when he arrived at the office George found a little note from Mrs. Campion, inviting him to dinner on the following Thursday, at eight o'clock. Of course, if he had really had his wits about him he would have remembered the conversation which had taken place with the other clerks, and would have had his suspicions. But, after all, considering how intimately he had known Jim Coventry, Mr. Campion's nephew, there was nothing very surprising in the fact that he should be asked to dine, and the idea of its being a hoax never entered his head.

Ross, oddly enough, happened to be by his side when he opened the letter.

"Ah," he said, picking up the envelope, "the invitation! I know the handwriting quite well." This was strictly true, for the letter had been copied out for him by his landlady's daughter. "You'll find Miss Campion charming. But don't you attempt to cut me out in that quarter. Not that you would stand much chance, for I have reason to believe that—ahem!—"

Needless to say, he had never spoken to Miss Campion in his life.

"But I don't like Mrs. Campion, do you?" said Royston. "She's too—too—"

"Quite right," said Morris. "She is."

An hour or two later, when Evans happened to be out of the room, Ross started another conversation, and just by way of a change he was particularly civil and pleasant to George. At length, in quite a casual tone, he asked if Ainsworth had written the reply to that note yet, because he should be going out directly, and would post it for him if he liked. It was more by way of responding to the kindly manner, which came as such a welcome novelty, that George scribbled off a formal little note accepting the invitation and handed it to Ross. That unprincipled young man took it and, putting on his hat, walked to the door. George's back was turned, and consequently he did not see the

portentous wink with which Ross greeted his fellow-conspirators as he left the room.

On the following Thursday morning Evans sent George out on an errand. Shortly afterwards the head clerk was summoned into Mr. Campion's room.

"To-night is Ainsworth's dinner party," said Royston. "You won't let him go, Ross, will you?"

"Not let him go? Why not?" asked Ross.

"It's rather a shame," said Royston.

"A shame! Not a bit of it. It'll teach him not to give himself such confounded airs."

"It'll serve him right," said Morris.

"Won't he look a fool!" exclaimed little Abraham kindly. "I wish I could be there to see him."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Royston. "I think he ought to be told."

"Look here, if you're going to spoil sport—"

"No. If you're all agreed, I won't spoil sport. But I think it's beastly hard lines."

"You shouldn't have gone in for it if you were going to funk at the last moment. There's no risk. Evans hates him."

"Detests him," said Morris.

"So do I," chimed in little Abraham.

Mr. Campion meanwhile was talking to Evans in his private room.

"It's very unlucky, Mr. Ferrar being away. Someone will have to go over to Hamburg this week, and I don't know whom to send but you. You can speak German, can't you?"

"Yes, sir. A little. Quite sufficient, sir."

"I don't quite like your leaving the office. But I suppose I can manage."

"It would only be for a few days, sir," said Evans, who thought he should like the trip. "And I can leave everything in perfect order."

"Yes, to be sure. Well, I'll think about it. By the way, how is Mr. Ainsworth getting on? He's not much good, I'm afraid."

"None whatever, sir. And never will be."

"Is he punctual?"

"Well — yes, sir. Fairly punctual, I think."

"Attentive?"

"H'm. Yes, sir. Fairly attentive. But he's very stupid."

"Stupid, is he? I'm surprised to hear that."

"And he doesn't get on at all well with the other clerks. They're pretty quick, all of them, and they can't help seeing what a fool he is. And, besides, he gives himself such airs."

"Then you don't think it's any good his remaining with us any longer?"

"Not a bit of good, sir. He'll never be any use in business. It would be doing him a kindness to send him away and let him find some work that would suit him, though I'm sure I don't know what he would be good for."

"Well, then, I think I'd better have a talk with him to-morrow and explain to him that he's mistaken his vocation. Poor lad! I'm sorry for him."

It was about five minutes to eight when a hansom drove up to Ferryhill Lodge, at Hampstead, and George, emerging, paid the cabman and rang the bell. The door was opened by a maidservant. George entered and, taking off his hat and overcoat, just murmured, "Mr. Ainsworth."

The maidservant looked rather puzzled and disturbed.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but I don't think my mistress is expecting anyone to dinner."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed George, "can I have mistaken the day?"

Even now he hadn't the slightest suspicion of the trick that had been played upon him.

"Perhaps I'd better ask, sir. What name did you say?"

"Mr. Ainsworth. Mr. George Ainsworth."

"Oh, here is Mr. Campion," said the maidservant, and off she tripped, not sorry, apparently, that all further responsibility was taken off her hands.

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Campion, as he reached the bottom of the staircase. "What? Mr. Ainsworth! Do you want to see me? Is anything the matter?"

"I'm afraid I must have made a mistake in the date," said George. "But I was certainly under the impression that Mrs. Campion said Thursday in her note."

"Mrs. Campion? Said Thursday? I don't understand."

"I received a note from Mrs. Campion," said George rather stiffly, "kindly inviting me to dine here—to-night, as I read it—at eight o'clock. There seems, however, to be some mistake, so if you will allow me——" And he picked up his hat and coat.

"Nonsense, my dear boy!" said the old gentleman. "Let's solve the mystery. Come and see Mrs. Campion." And taking George by the arm, he led him into the drawing-room.

"Eleanor," he said, as they entered the room, "this is Mr. George Ainsworth, a great friend of Jim's. He's going to dine

with us to-night." Mrs. Campion smiled. "He says you asked him."

"I?" exclaimed Mrs. Campion, in genuine surprise. By this time George was feeling extremely uncomfortable. "I'm delighted to make Mr. Ainsworth's acquaintance," continued Mrs. Campion, "but I could hardly have ventured to ask him to dinner before I was aware of his existence."

"I certainly received a letter," said George, "and replied to it by return of post. Didn't you get my note?"

"No."

"Did you post it yourself?" asked Mr. Campion.

"No," replied George. "I gave it to——" He paused, and a light broke in upon him. "Good gracious! I see it all now. It must have been a hoax."

"To whom did you give your letter?" inquired Mr. Campion.

"To Mr. Ross. He offered to post it for me."

"Who is Mr. Ross?" asked Mrs. Campion.

"One of the clerks," said George. "He has played a silly trick upon me."

"Not only on you," said Mr. Campion grimly, "but on Mrs. Campion and myself."

"I'm sure I'm exceedingly obliged to him," cried Mrs. Campion, with a merry laugh. "He has enabled me to make a very pleasant acquaintance," and she held out her hand to George. "And now let me introduce you to my daughter Muriel." George bowed to a pretty, bright-looking girl who had been listening to the conversation with keen interest and amusement. "And to Fräulein Müller." Fräulein Müller was a stout, comfortable, and extremely plain German lady, who was the governess to Muriel's younger sister.

Nothing could have been kinder than the way in which George was treated by Mr. and Mrs. Campion. In ten minutes he had got over his feeling of discomfort and was quite at his ease. When he liked he could talk uncommonly well; indeed, it was just because he was such extremely good company that he had been so sought after at Oxford, and had found such difficulty in devoting the necessary time to his reading. During dinner he was the life and soul of the party, delighting Mr. Campion with his dry humour and his amusing stories. Fräulein Müller perhaps felt just a little out of it, for her knowledge of English was not quite good enough to enable her always to see the point of a joke. The consequence was that while the others were

in fits of laughter she smiled wearily, wondering what it was all about and feeling rather disgusted at her own stupidity.

"I am very unhappy, sir," she said at last, when the others were enjoying an anecdote George had just been telling about an Oxford adventure with the proctor. "I cannot understand."

George smiled and immediately retold the story for her benefit in German. He spoke

"My mother is German," replied George modestly, "so I ought to know something about the language. I have often spent my holidays in Berlin."

When the ladies retired Mr. Campion and George discussed a bottle of port together, and the old gentleman set to work to find out how much George had managed to learn during the three months which he had spent in his office. He also contrived to extract



"Let me introduce you to my daughter Muriel."

quite fluently and without the least hesitation. Fräulein Müller laughed every bit as heartily as the other three. Mr. Campion meanwhile sat with round, widely opened eyes, gazing at George with no little astonishment.

"How well you speak German!" he remarked.

"It is wonderful," said Fräulein Müller. "It is admirable. You talk as correctly as I myself."

from his guest a good deal of information about the methods and the discipline exercised by Mr. Evans in the management of the clerks. Not that George spoke unkindly at all, but Mr. Campion was enabled, for the first time, perhaps, to see matters from the point of view of a junior clerk. Before they adjourned to the drawing-room he had formed quite a new opinion of George's capacity, and, what was of far greater

importance, he had taken a great liking to his nephew's friend.

"Well," said Mrs. Campion a little later, when George was taking his departure, "I think we are all greatly indebted to Mr. Ross."

"That may be," observed Mr. Campion, "but I shall have a word or two to say to him in the morning."

"I hope, sir," said George, "that you won't be hard on him. I dare say it was very much my fault. I ought to have seen through the trick."

"Indeed, John," put in Mrs. Campion, "if Mr. Ainsworth is generous enough to ask for his adversary's pardon, I think you ought to look on the offence with a lenient eye."

"Well, well," answered the old gentleman, with a smile, "we'll see about it in the morning."

When George arrived at the office next day the other clerks were all agog to know what had happened.

"Hullo, Ainsworth!" cried Ross; "did you have a pleasant evening?"

"Very," said George.

"Miss Campion's a pretty girl, isn't she?" suggested Morris.

"Very," said George.

"Did Mrs. Campion make herself agreeable?" asked little Abraham.

"Very," said George.

There was no time for any more questions, as Evans came into the room. He looked at George with a hard, cruel smile.

"Mr. Ainsworth," he said, "Mr. Campion wishes to speak to you."

George rose at once and went out. Ross looked round at Morris and winked.

"Mr. Ross," said Evans, "go on with your work, or you will be getting the sack, like Mr. Ainsworth."

"Good morning," said Mr. Campion, as George came into his room. "Get safely home last night?"

George smiled.

"I've got a little job that I think I can safely entrust to you. Mr. Ferrar is away, and I want someone to go over to Hamburg for me." And then he explained the details of the business that had to be done. It was nothing very difficult, and George saw at once that he could undertake it without fear.

"That's all right. And now about Mr. Ross," and he rang the bell. Evans appeared.

"I want to speak to the clerks. Send them in here and come yourself."

Evans went out.

"Sit down here, Ainsworth," said Mr.

Campion, pointing to a chair. "When will you be able to start for Hamburg?"

"This evening, sir," said George.

"That'll do capitally."

At this moment the door opened and the clerks came in, wearing a guilty look that was positively comic. Evans closed the door and took up a position at one end of the line. George rose to his feet as the procession entered.

"Sit down, Ainsworth. Sit down," said Mr. Campion. So George sat down at Mr. Campion's right hand, while Evans and the other clerks stood in a row on the further side of the room.

"An exceedingly impertinent trick was played last night on myself and Mrs. Campion by one of you gentlemen." There was a delightful emphasis on the word "gentlemen," which spoke volumes. "Who is the culprit?"

There was a dead silence, during which Evans looked with surprise and indignation at the trembling four.

"It wasn't me, sir," said little Abraham.

"I sent the letter, sir," said Ross, after another pause.

"We were all in it, sir," said Royston.

"Ross was no more to blame than the rest of us." And he cast a contemptuous glance at little Abraham.

"Mr. Evans," observed Mr. Campion severely, "I look to you to keep order and discipline in the outer office. I am very much surprised that so gross an act of insubordination should have been planned and carried out without your knowledge. As for you," he said, turning to Ross, "I should certainly have dismissed you, had it not been that Mr. Ainsworth begged me to forgive you. You can go back to your work."

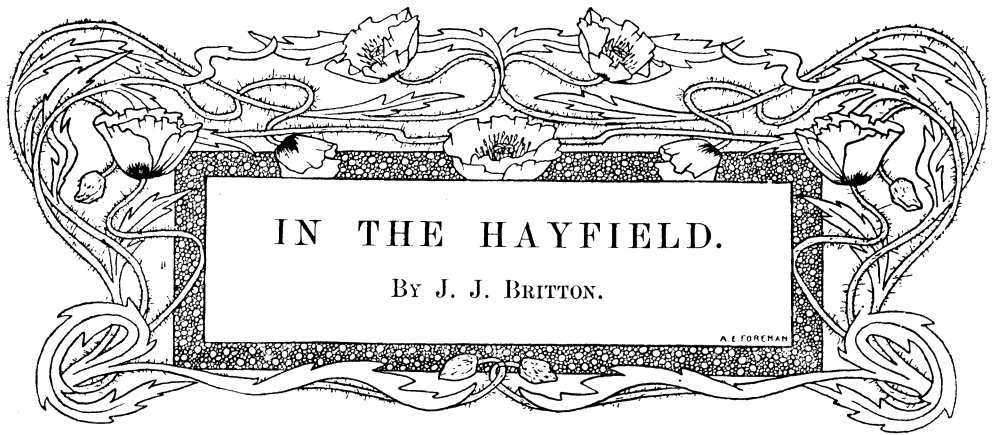
"Mr. Evans," continued Mr. Campion when the others were gone, "Mr. Ainsworth is going to Hamburg for me to-night. When he returns, he will act as my confidential clerk, and will have a table in this room."

Ten minutes later George, in a wild state of excitement, was making his way back to his lodgings to prepare for his journey. He was just turning into Moorgate Street Station, when whom should he meet but Jim Coventry.

"Hullo, George!" exclaimed Jim. "How are you getting on?"

"Splendidly," replied George. "And it's all thanks to you."

"Rot!" said Jim.



IN THE HAYFIELD.

BY J. J. BRITTON.

A. E. FOREMAN

IT was a blazing hot summer's day, and the Cotswolds, our local heights, were indistinct in the shimmering haze. In the fields bordering on the dusty country road, haymaking was in full swing. My pipe had gone out, and I vainly searched through my pockets for a match wherewith to relight it. Perhaps, I thought, some of the haymakers in the field on my right hand would be able to give me a light. I opened the gate and turned into the meadow. It was the hour of *noon-shun*, now disguised under its modern spelling of *luncheon*, and groups of men, women, and girls were seated or lying on the hay, some in the full blaze of the sun, and others in the shade of the hedgerow trees. Among the latter I recognised my old friend, Ted Tyrell, and with him, in close proximity to a large blue mug and a jar of cider, that redoubtable woman of our village, Mrs. Hewitt. They were both seated in the shade of a mighty elm, and both at work upon big hunks of bread and fat bacon, and both now and then wiped off the sweat from their brow.

Tyrell was a squat, square sort of man, grizzled and bristly as to his face, which was just then the colour of an underdone beef-steak, with a whiter band where the disgraceful, battered straw hat had protected it from the sun. His massive breast was partly bare and very hairy, his brown arms were knotty and sinewy. He was in his shirt-sleeves, or what remained of them, and his greenish blue eyes looked from under the eaves of greyish eyebrows like a couple of thrush's eggs half hidden in the nest. As for his age, that was a village mystery. Everybody had known him for many years and never known him young. He had come

to a point where Time obligingly stands still for a little, and might be of any age so long as he kept his square strength and held back rheumatism. His companion, Selina or "Leena" Hewitt, was one of our "characters," a brisk bag of bones, with keen, black eyes and a face of russet-apple complexion, aged perhaps fifty-six, voluble of tongue and not over particular in her selection of epithets when roused; esteemed as half a witch by the village children, dreaded by them and also by animals; handy at everything, and doing a man's work in the fields or elsewhere as well as a man; her tongue feared by all, and the freedom of her manners often causing scandal, the mild reproaches of the vicar and the lady parishioners, and the laughter of the men. Honest, though, it seemed, and full of vivacious fun of a Rabelaisian flavour, and a notable figure wherever she appeared. Her features were regular, and at one time she might well have been a village beauty. Just then her white sun-bonnet was tipped up, so as to shelter her forehead, and showed a dusky neck with wisps of coarse, black hair.

"Rare haytime, this," I observed.

"Yes—that it be," assented Ted. "Gie the gemman a drink o' cider, Leena."

The woman half rose, took the jar, and having emptied the mug, pouring out the drop that remained, filled it again with the gurgling, straw-coloured liquor; then, carefully wiping the rim of the mug with a wisp of hay, she offered it to me. I took it, as in duty bound. The cider was not of the first quality, but at any rate it was cool. I duly wished health and good luck. "Now, Tyrell," I said, "have you got a match about you?—that's what I came for."

Ted turned his clothes inside out in his hunt for the required article, but was not successful. "Danged if I got one, arter all."

"He's never got nothing, 'e ain't," laughed the scornful Leena.

Tyrell had another mild scrimmage with his tattered raiment. "Ne'er a one," he said. "And I've bruk my pipe, tew," and he dragged out a black bowl and a broken stem of clay, with much the same air that a millionaire might look upon a shattered vase of great value.

"Oh, I can remedy that; I've nearly always got a spare pipe about me," and I produced an old briar and bestowed it upon him.

"A real good 'un, that, sur—thankee."

"But we must have a light," I said.

Tyrell scrambled on his feet and, looking back at a group not far off, shouted—

"Abram! Abram! 'Ere!"

A copper-coloured, lint-headed young fellow rose and came slouching towards us.

"Gie I a match or tew, Abram." Abram made his search in the same manner as his elder had done, but with complete success, for he produced a handful of lucifers, entangled in a ball of twine and complicated with an ancient piece of cheese and a pocket-comb. Then I handed my pouch to Teddy, and in a few minutes we were both environed with content, I lying stretched on the fragrant hay, and Leena sniffing up the smoke as if she relished it.

"I see you do the haymaking here in the old way, still by hand labour," I observed.

"Yes, us does," said Teddy, waving his pipe in a sort of oratorical manner. "None o' them dog-rotted machineis, as teks the work out of a man's 'ands, for me—I 'ate the whirring, nasty devils. Muster Brown's a good 'un, and 'e wun't ha' none of 'em."

"They certainly do take the picturesque out of haymaking."

"Eh?" gaped Ted, to whom the word was probably unknown. "No doubt; there's a great change in haymaking. Did you ever mek hay, sir?"

"Oh, I've fiddled about a bit at it from time to time—tossed it up, and all that sort of thing; but I can't say that I understand the art and mystery of it."

"Aye, there is a hart and mystery in it, as in most things—ain't there, Leena?"

"I reckon so; but there ain't none to us, as has bin born and bred up to it," said Leena.

Ted smoked for a few minutes in silence, and then said, flourishing his pipe over the

landscape, "I minds this pplace afore the enclosures—when fields was all open and no 'edgerows to 'em."

"Indeed?" I said. "A long time ago."

"Yes, it were. The medders was all open; this 'ere was the parish medder, and these was stones—'mere-stones,' they called 'em, set up across, like, to mark one man's piece from another; and they 'ad letters cut on them to show whose they was."

"Yes, I see."

"Well; and a man mowed from stone to stone, the breadth of a swarth as a boundary-line, like, and the first man to reach the stone—'e or 'is master 'ad the hay in that swarth."

"This is very curious," I said. "Mere-stones—good old word—Saxon, no doubt; not big stones, eh?"

"No, sir—p'inted stones, 'bout a foot high, but set deep under ground. You mind, Leena, there's one o' them stones in the windy piece yonder." Leena assented with a nod and a pull at the cider-mug.

"Then, you see, it was a sort of a race whose man should fust cut to the boundary-stone and get the hay. When I wur a young chap, I've bin up in the mornin' afore it wur light to mow up the line to the stone; and you cuddn't see 'im for the long grass, and you 'ad to feel for 'im with your bare foot. In them days folk from these parts used to go up reg'lar every year to Lunnon for the mowing. Good wages they got, and lots of tuck, and lots of fun, tew. Feyther used to say, when a man cud put 'is foot on three daisies at wunst, it wur toime to be off for the mowing Lunnon way——"

Here we were interrupted by Mrs. Hewitt springing to her feet and calling out excitedly, "Hadah! Hadah!"

A rather pretty, though very freckled girl, with her sun-bonnet awry and her face flushed, came from a group of young lasses and fellows.

"Well, mother, 'ere I be. What is it?"

"I wun't 'ave it, carryin' on like that with that fule of a fellow. Keep away from 'im, I tell you, or I'll 'ide you, I will, you dratted laazy cat; you wun't never come to no good. Get off to your work with you!"

The rebuked girl moved off sulkily, and her parent's anger growled itself into silence, with many choice vituperative terms bestowed, under her breath, in which not only her daughter, but the parents and grandparents of some young man, whose attentions were not welcome to the house of Hewitt, came in for their share. A thunderstorm



"In the shade
of the hedge-
row trees."

was in her face as well as on her lips, and the cider alone seemed able to soothe her.

"Go on," I said to Teddy.

The man, amused at his companion's fierce outburst, gave a nod in her direction and puckered his face into a grin.

"Yes, and rare larks they 'ad up in Lunnon, them mowers. My feyther and a huncle o' mine and another, they wunst went up together, and it wur bad weather, and the

hay had to bide ; and so, to raise the money, one of 'em gets a fiddle and goes fiddlin' through the streets, and pretended as he wur blind, and another he was his dog, like, and led him about. Lots of coppers they got ; but one day a woman throwed a penny, and the 'dog' cuddn't find it, and the blind man he p'inted it out, and that did up the job."

Teddy laughed out at this old-world joke and went on—

"Well, they used to have lots o' larks in Lunnon, and they lived like fightin'-cocks; but often they couldn't get no lodgin's, 'cos all wur full, and 'ad to sleep where they cud. Feyther knowed a poor chap as slept on the top of a big rick, for theree wur ricks close to Lunnon in them days, though you wuddn't think it now; and as he wur a sleep-walker he just walked off and bruk 'is neck, and the crowner 'ad to sit on 'im. Well, sir, and how much do you know about haymaking?"

"I find I don't know much now, Teddy. Just tell me your process."

"Well, the grass be mowed, you knows that. Them dratted machineis does it now, but theree used to be lots of clever men iv'rywhere as could mow their swarths beautiful, all in a line, like, reg'lar as clock-work—all in a 'armony together, a real sight to see."

"Yes, I've often admired that work."

"Well, that's the first step. The grass be mowed, and lies in the swarth; then it is tedded——"

"Tedded?"

"Yes; spread out level all over the medder, like spreading bread and butter. Then it be hatchelled. What's that? Whoy, it be raked up in shortish rows, loose like, for the wind to get in and dry it. Then we throw it."

"What's that?"

"Whoy, we throws it with the fork into rows about two yards wide; then we rakes all clean between the rows."

"Oh, then," I said, "you put it up into little cocks, and after into big cocks for the carrying."

"Noa, we don't put it i' cocks at all, 'cept the weather be very bad; then us cocks it, that the rain may run off, sure enough."

"Well, go on."

"Last comes the putting in. What's that? Whoy, putting it together; and the pitchers comes with their big forkses and reaves it all up, and the wagons comes down the insides of the rows, and they load up for the ricks. That's all, 'cept the rick-making and the thatchin'. And now we must get to work—time's up."

"Thank you very much, Teddy, for the lesson," I said, giving him some coppers as his professional lecturing fee.

He duly knuckled the battered hat-rim and thanked me; then the different groups dispersed, and men and women turned again to their labour, which was just then the operation of "tedding." I watched them a few minutes, and then went on my way, knowing a good deal more about haymaking than I did before.



MUCH POMP AND SEVERAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.*



ACK of Pennington's barn, which was the royal castle of the Court of Boyville, ran a hollow. In the hollow grew a gnarly box-elder tree. This tree was the courtiers' hunting-lodge. In

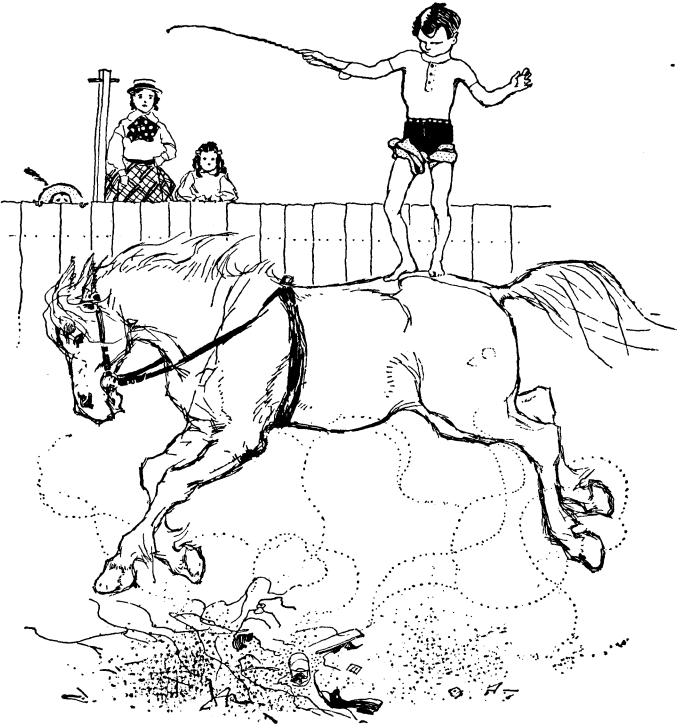
the crotches of the rugged branches Piggy Pennington, Abe Carpenter, Jimmy Sears, Bud Perkins, and Mealy Jones were wont to rest of a summer afternoon, planning for the morrow's chase, recounting the morning's adventures in the royal tourney of the marble-ring, and following such sedentary pursuits as to any member of the Court seemed right and proper. One afternoon late in August the tree was alive with its arboreal aristocracy.

Into their midst rushed Mealy Jones, pell-mell, hat in hand, breathless, bringing war's alarms. "Fellers, fellers!" screamed Mealy, "it's a-comin' here! It's goin' to be here in two weeks. The man's puttin' up the boards now, and you can get a job passin' bills."

An instant later the tree was deserted, and five boys were running as fast as their legs would carry them towards the thick of the town. They stopped at the new pine bill-board, and did not leave the man with the paste-bucket until they had seen "Zazell" flying out of the cannon's mouth; the iron-jawed woman performing her marvels; the red-mouthed rhinoceros with the bleeding native impaled upon its horn, and the fleeing hunters near by; "the largest elephant in captivity" carrying the ten-thousand-dollar beauty; the acrobats whirling through space; James Robinson turning handsprings on his dapple-grey steed; and, last and most ravishing of all, little Willie Sells in pink tights on his three charging Shetland ponies, whose break-neck course in the picture followed

one whichever way he turned. When these glories had been pasted upon the wall and had been discussed to the point of cynicism, the Court of Boyville reluctantly adjourned to get in the night wood and dream of a wilderness of monkeys.

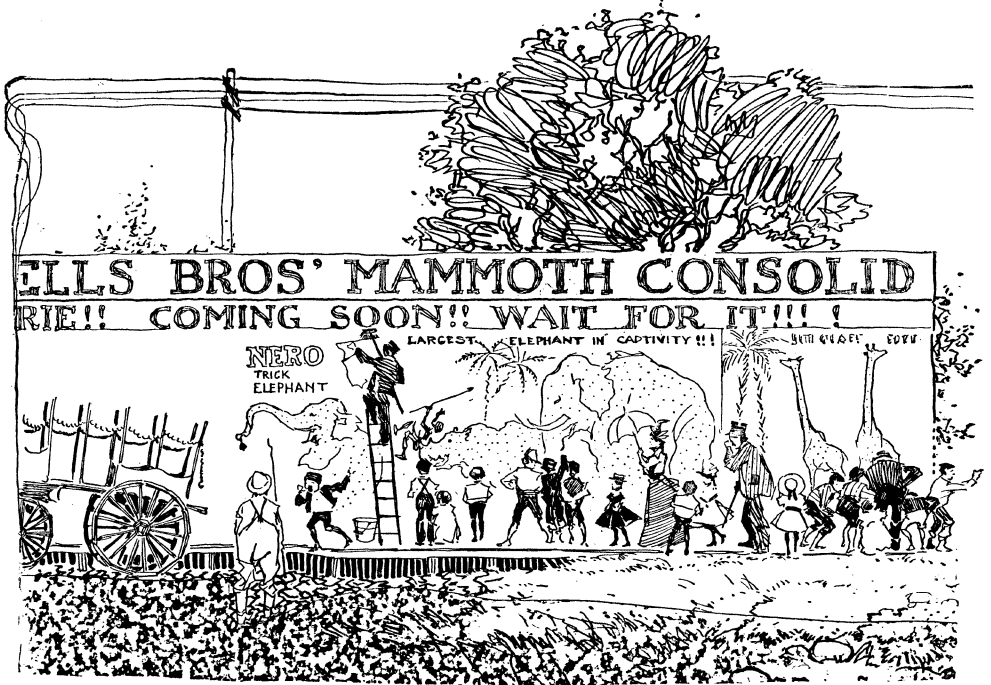
During the two weeks that followed the appearance of the glad tidings on the bill-boards, the boys of Willow Creek spent many hours in strange habiliments, making grotesque imitations of the spectacles upon the boards. Piggy Pennington rolled his trousers far above his knees for tights, and galloped his father's fat delivery horse up and down the alley, riding sideways, standing, and backwards, with much vainglory. To



"Piggy Pennington galloped his father's fat delivery horse up and down the alley."

simulate the motley of the tight-rope-walking clown, Jimmy Sears wore the calico lining of his clothes outside, when he was in the royal castle beyond his mother's ken. Mealy donned carpet slippers in Pennington's barn, and wore long pink-and-white-striped

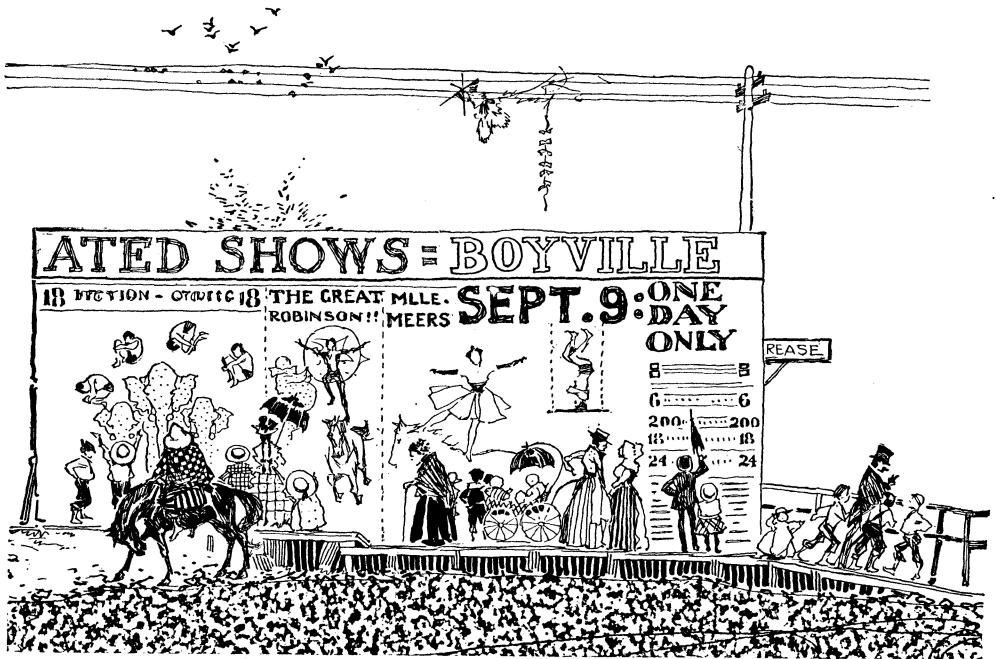
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stockings of a suspiciously feminine appearance, fastened to his abbreviated shirt-waist with stocking-suspenders, hated of all boys. Abe Carpenter did his shudder-breeding trapeze tricks in a bathing-trunk; and Bud Perkins, who nightly rubbed himself limber in oil made by hanging a bottle of angle-worms in the sun to fry, wore his red calico baseball clothes, and went through keg-hoops in a dozen different ways. In the streets of the town the youngsters appeared disguised as ordinary boys. They revelled in the pictured visions of the circus, but were sceptical about the literal fulfilment of some of the promises made on the bills. Certain things advertised were eliminated from reasonable expectation—for instance, the boys all knew that the giraffe would not be discovered eating off the top of a cocoanut tree; they knew that the monkeys would not play a brass band; and they knew that they would not see the "Human Fly" walk on the ceiling at the "concert," for no boy has ever saved enough money to buy a ticket to the "concert." Nevertheless, they gloated over the pictures of the herd of giraffes and the monkey band and the graceful "Human Fly" walking upside down—"defying the laws of gravitation"; and they considered no future, however pleasant, after the day and date on the bills. Thus the golden day approached, looming larger and larger

upon the horizon as it came. In the interim, how many a druggist bought his own bottles the third and fourth time, how many a junk-dealer paid for his own iron, how many bags of carpet rags went to the ragman, the world will never know.

Now, among children of a larger growth, in festive times hostile demonstrations cease, animosities are buried; but in Boyville a North Ender is a North Ender, and a South Ender is a South Ender, and a meeting of the two is a fight. Boyville knows no times of truce. It neither asks nor offers quarter. When warring clans come together, be it work-day, holiday, or even circus-day, there is a clatter of clods, a patter of feet, and retreating hoots of defiance. And because the circus billboards were frequented by boys of all kiths and clans, clashes occurred frequently, and Bud Perkins, who was the fighter of the South End, had many a call to arms. Indeed, the approaching circus unloosed the dogs of war rather than nestled the dove of peace. For Bud Perkins, in a moment of pride, issued a ukase which forbade all North End boys to look at a certain bill-board near his home. This ukase and his strict enforcement of it made him the target of North End wrath. Little Miss Morgan, his foster-mother, who had adopted him at the death of his father the summer before the circus bills were posted, could not understand how the lad



managed to lose so many buttons, nor how he kept tearing his clothes. She ascribed these things to his antecedents and to his deficient training. She did not know that Bud, whom she called Henry, and whose music on the mouth-organ seemed to come from a shy and gentle soul, was the terror of the South End. Her guileless mind held no place for the important fact that North End boys generally travelled by her door in pairs for safety. Such is the blindness of women. Cupid probably got his defective vision from his mother's side of the house.

When a boy gets on his good behaviour he tempts Providence. And the Providence of boys is frail and prone to yield. So when Bud Perkins, who was burning with a desire to please Miss Morgan the day before the circus, went to church that Sunday night, anyone can see that he was provoking Providence in an unusual and cruel manner. Bud did not sit with Miss Morgan, but lounged into the church and took a back seat. Three North End boys came in and sat on the same bench. Then Jimmy Sears shuffled past the North Enders and sat beside Bud. After which the inevitable happened. It kept happening. They "passed it on," and passed it back again; first a pinch, then a shove, then a cuff, then a kick under the bench. Heads craned towards the boys occasionally, and there came an awful moment when Bud Perkins found himself looking brazenly into

the eyes of the preacher, who had paused to glare at the boys in the midst of his sermon. The faces of the entire congregation seemed to turn upon Bud automatically. A cherub-like expression of conscious innocence and impenetrable unconcern beamed through Bud Perkins's features. The same expression rested upon the countenances of the four other malefactors. At the end of the third second, Jimmy Sears put his hand to his mouth and snorted between his fingers. And four young men looked down their noses. In the hush, Brother Baker—a tiptoeing Nemesis—stalked the full length of the church towards the culprits. When he took his seat beside the boys, the preacher continued his discourse. Brother Baker's unction angered Bud Perkins. He felt the implication that his conduct was bad, and his sense of guilt spurred his temper. Satan put a pin in Bud's hand. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Satan moved the boy's arm on the back of the pew, around Jimmy Sears. Then an imp pushed Bud's hand as he jabbed the pin into the back of a North Ender. The boy from the North End let out a yowl of pain. Bud was not quick enough. Brother Baker saw the pin; two hundred devout Methodists saw him clamp his fingers on Bud Perkins's ear, and march him down the length of the church, and set him beside Miss Morgan. It was a sickening moment. The North End grinned under its skin as one boy and was



"How many bags of carpet rags went to the ragman."

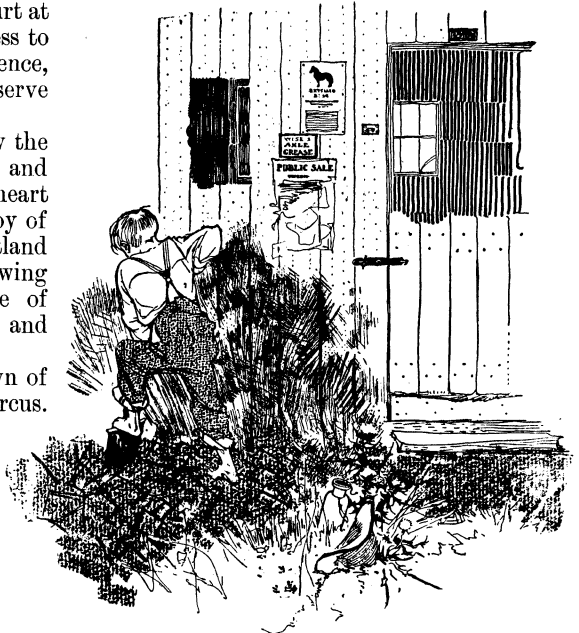
exceeding glad. So agonising was it for Bud that he forgot to imagine what a triumph it was for the North End—and further anguish is impossible for a boy.

Miss Morgan and Bud Perkins left the church with the congregation. Bud dreaded the moment when they would leave the crowd and turn into their side street. When they did turn, Bud was lagging a step or two behind. A boy's troubles are always the fault of the other boy. The North End boy's responsibility in the matter was so clear—to Bud—that, when he went to justify himself to Miss Morgan, he was surprised and hurt at what he considered her feminine blindness to the fact. After she had passed her sentence, she asked, "Do you really think you deserve to go, Henry?"

The blow stunned the boy. He saw the visions of two weeks burst like bubbles, and he whimpered, "I dunno." But in his heart he did know that to deny a boy the joy of seeing Willie Sells on his three Shetland ponies, for nothing in the world but showing a North Ender his place, was a piece of injustice of the kind for which men and nations go to war.

At eight o'clock that morning the town of Willow Creek was in the thrall of the circus. Country wagons were passing on every side street. Delivery carts were rattling about with unusual alacrity. By half-past nine dressed-up children were flitting along the side street, hurrying their seniors. On the main thoroughfare flags were flying, and the streams of strangers that had been flowing into town were eddying at the street corners. The balloon-vender wormed his way

through the buzzing crowd, leaving his wares in a red and blue trail behind him. The bark of the fakir rasped the tightening nerves of the town. Everywhere was hubbub; everywhere was the dusty, heated air of the festival; everywhere were men and women ready for the marvel that had come out of the great world, bringing pomp and circumstance in its gilded train; everywhere in Willow Creek the spirit which put the blue sash about the country girl's waist, and the flag in her beau's hat, ran riot, save at the home of Miss Morgan. There the bees hummed lazily over the old-fashioned flower-garden; there the cantankerous jays jabbered in the cotton-woods; there the muffled noises of the town festival came as from afar; there Miss Morgan potted about her morning's work, trying vainly to croon a Gospel hymn; and there Bud Perkins, prone upon the sitting-room sofa, made parallelograms and squares and diamonds with the dots and lines on the ceiling paper. When the throb of the drum and the blare of the brass had set the heart of the town to dancing, some wave of the ecstasy crept through the lilac bushes and into the quiet house, for the boy on the sofa started up suddenly, checked himself ostentatiously, walked to the birdcage, and began to play with the canary. But the wave carried the little spinster to the window.



"Oil made by hanging a bottle of angleworms in the sun to fry."

The circus had a homestead in human hearts before John Wesley staked his claim, and even so good a Methodist as Miss Morgan

and we've agreed that he shall stay home from the circus."

Piggy advanced a step or two inside the door, laughing diplomatically. "Oh — no, Miss Morgan; don't you think he's agreed. He's just dyin' to go."

Miss Morgan smiled, but did not join in Piggy's hilarity—a bad sign. Piggy tried again. "They got six elephants, and one's a trick elephant. You'd die a-laughin' if you saw him." And Piggy went into a spasm of laughter.

But it left Miss Morgan high and dry upon the island of her determination.

The debate lasted ten minutes, and at the end four boys walked slowly, with much manifestation of feeling, back to the tree where the fifth sat. There was woe and lamentation after the manner of boykind. When the boys left the yard, it seemed to Miss Morgan that she could not look from her work without seeing the lonesome figure of Bud. In the afternoon the patter of feet by her house grew slower and then ceased. Occasionally a belated wayfarer sped by.



"Dressed-up children were flitting along the side street, hurrying their seniors."

could not be deaf to the scream of the calliope or the tinkle of cymbals.

To emphasise his desolation, Bud left the room and sat down by a tree in the yard, with his back to the kitchen door and window. There Miss Morgan saw him playing mumblepeg in a desultory, listless fashion. When the courtiers of Boyville came home from the parade, they found him; and because he sat playing a silent, sullen, solitary game, and responded to their banter only with melancholy grunts, they knew that the worst had befallen him. Much confab followed, in which the pronouns "she" and "her" were spoken. Otherwise Miss Morgan was unidentified.

Then Piggy and Abe and Jimmy and Mealy came trapesing up to Miss Morgan's kitchen door. Bud sat by the tree twirling his knife at his game. Piggy, being the spokesman, stood in the doorway. "Miss Morgan," he said, as he slapped his leg with his hat.

"Well, Winfield?" replied the little woman, divining his mission and hardening her heart against his purpose.

"Miss Morgan," he repeated; and then coaxed sheepishly, "can't Bud go to the show with us, Miss Morgan?"

"I'm afraid not to-day," smiled back Miss Morgan, as she went about her work. A whisper from the doorstep prompted Piggy to "ask her why?" whereat Piggy echoed, "Why can't he, Miss Morgan?"

"Henry misbehaved in church last night,



"Brother Baker, a tiptoeing Nemesis."



"The balloon-vender wormed his way through the crowd, leaving his wares in a red and blue trail behind him."

The music of the circus band outside of the tent came to Miss Morgan's ears on gusts of wind, and died away as the wind ebbed. She dropped the dish-cloth three times in five minutes, and washed her cup and saucer twice. She struggled bravely in the Slough of Despond for a while, and then turned back with Pliable. "Henry," she said, as the boy walked past her, carrying pepper-grass to the bird, "Henry, what made you act so last night?"

The boy dropped his head and answered, "I dunno."

"But, Henry, didn't you know it was wrong?"

"I dunno," the boy reiterated.

"Why did you stick that little boy with the pin?"

"Well—well——" he gasped, preparing for a defence. "Well—he pinched me first."

"Yes, Henry, but don't you know that it's wrong to do those things in church? Don't you see how bad it was?"

"I was just a-playin', Miss Morgan; I didn't mean to."

Bud did not dare to trust his instinctive



"'One's a trick elephant.'"

carefully as he looked after those of other people, the world would be better. Then she said, "Now, Henry, if I let you go, just this once—now, just this once, mind you—will you promise never to do anything like that again?"

Blackness dropped from the boy's spirit, and by main strength he strangled a desire to yell. The desire revived when he reached



"The blue sash about the country girl's waist, and the flag in her beau's hat."

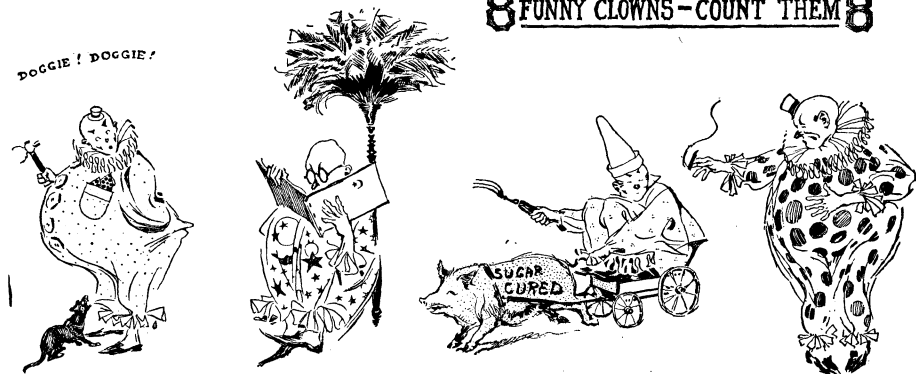
reading of the signs. He went on impulsively, "I wanted him to quit, but he just kept right on, and Brother Baker didn't touch him."

The wind brought the staccato music of the circus band to the foster-mother's ears. The music completed her moral decay, for she was thinking that if Brother Baker would only look after his own children as



"'You'd die a-laughin' if you saw him.'"

8 FUNNY CLOWNS—COUNT THEM 8



the alley, and he ran whooping to the circus grounds.

There is a law of crystallisation among boys which enables molecules of the same gang to meet in whatever agglomeration they may be thrown. So ten minutes after Bud Perkins left home he found Piggy and Jimmy and old Abe and Mealy in the menagerie tent. Whereupon the South End was able to present a bristling front to the North End—a front which even the pleasings of the lute in the circus band could not break. But the boys knew that the band playing in the circus tent meant that the performance in the ring was about to begin. So they cut short an interesting dialogue with a keeper, concerning the elephant that remembered the man who gave her tobacco ten years ago, and tried to kill him the week before the show came to Willow Creek. But when the pageant in the ring unfolded its tinsel splendour in the Grand Entry, Bud Perkins left earth and walked upon clouds of glory. His high-strung nerves quivered with delight as the ring disclosed

its treasures—Willie Sells on his spotted ponies, James Robinson on his dapple-grey, the “8 funny clowns—count them, 8,” the Japanese jugglers and tumblers, the bespangled women on the rings, the dancing ponies, and the performing dogs. The climax of his joy came when Zazell, “the queen of the air,” was shot from her cannon to the trapeze. Bud had decided, days before the circus, that this feature would please him most. Zazell’s performance was somewhat tame, but immediately thereafter a really startling thing happened. A clown who was holding the trick mule called to the boys near Bud, who nudged him into the clown’s attention. The clown pantomimed to Bud, drawing from the wide pantaloons a dollar. He held it up for the boy and all the spectators to see. Alternately he pointed to the trick mule and to the coin, coaxing and questioning by signs as he did so. It took perhaps a minute for Bud’s embarrassment to wear off. Then two motives impelled him to act. He didn’t propose to let the North Enders see his embarrass-



ment, and he saw that he might earn the dollar for Miss Morgan's missionary-box, thus mitigating the disgrace he had brought upon her in church. This inspiration literally flashed over Bud, and before he knew it he was standing in the ring, with his head cocked upon one side to indicate his utter indifference to everything in the world. Of course it was a stupendous pretence. For under his pretty starched shirt, which Miss Morgan had forced on him in the hurry of departure, his heart was beating like a little windmill in a gale. As Bud bestrode the donkey the cheers of the throng rose, but above the tumult he could hear the North End jeering him. He could hear the words the North Enders spoke, even their "Ho-o-oho-os," and their "Nyayh-nyayh-nyayhs," and their "Look-at-Old-



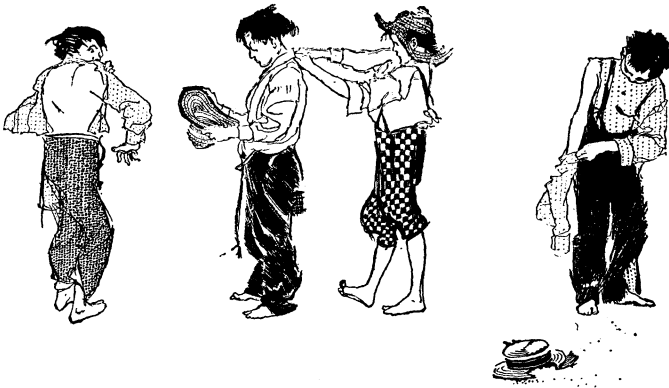
"Well, son, you're a daisy. They generally drop the first kick."

Pretty-boys," and their "Watch-him-hit-the-roofs," and their "Get-a-baskets," and similar remarks less desirable for publication. As the donkey cantered off, Bud felt sure he could keep his seat. Once the animal bucked. Bud did not fall. The donkey ran, and stopped quickly. Bud held on. Then the donkey's feet twinkled—it seemed to Bud in the very top of the tent—and Bud slid off the animal's neck to the ring. The clown brought the boy his hat, and stood over him as he rose. Bud laughed stupidly into the chalked face of the clown, who handed Bud a dollar, remarking, in a low voice, "Well, son, you're a daisy. They generally drop the first kick."

What passed in the ring as Bud left it, bedraggled and dusty, did not interest him. He brushed himself as he went. The band was playing madly, and the young woman in

the stiff skirts was standing by her horse, ready to mount. The crowd did not stop laughing. Bud inclined his head to dust his knickerbockers, and then in a tragic instant he saw what was convulsing the multitude with laughter. The outer seam of the right leg of his velveteen breeches was gone, and a brown leg was winking in and out from the flapping garment as he walked. Wildly he gathered the parted garment, and it seemed to him that he never would cover the ground between the ring and the benches. In the course of several æons—which the other boys measured by fleeting minutes—the wave of shame that covered Bud subsided. Pins bound up the wounds in his clothes. He drew a normal breath, and was able to join the mob which howled down the man who announced the concert.

After that the inexorable minutes flew by until the performance ended. The boys dragged themselves unwillingly away into the commonplace of sunshine and trees and blue sky. The North Enders had been following Bud at a respectful distance, waiting for the opportunity which his separation from his clan gave to them. They were reinforced by a country boy of great reputed prowess in battle. Bud did not know his danger until they pounced upon him. In an instant the fight was raging. Over the guy-ropes it went, under the ticket-wagon, into the thick of the lemonade-stands. And when Piggy and Abe and Jimmy had joined it, they trailed the track of the storm by torn hats, bruised, battle-scarred boys, and the wreckage incident to an enlivening occasion. When his comrades found Bud, the argument had narrowed down to Bud and the boy from the country, the other wranglers having dropped out for heavy repairs. The fight, which had been started to avenge ancient wrongs, particularly the wrongs of the billboard, only added new wrongs to the list. The country boy was striking wildly and trying to clinch his antagonist, when the town marshal—the bogie-man of all boys—stopped the fight. But, of course, no town marshal can come into the thick of a discussion in Boyville and know much of the merits of the question. So when the marshal of Willow Creek, seeing Bud Perkins putting the finishing touches of a good trouncing on a strange boy, and also seeing Bill Pennington's boy, and Henry Sears's boy, and Mrs. Carpenter's boy, and old man Jones's boy dancing around in high glee at the performance, the marshal quietly



"The other wranglers dropped out for heavy repairs."

gathered in the boys he knew and let the stranger go.

Now, no boy likes to be marched down the main street of his town with the callous finger of the marshal under his shirt-band. The spectacle operates distinctly against the peace and dignity of Boyville for months thereafter. For passing youths who forget there is a morrow gibe at the culprits, and thus plant the seeds of dissensions which bloom in fights. It was a sweaty, red-faced crew that the marshal dumped into Pennington's grocery with, "Here, Bill, I found your boy and these young demons fightin' down't the circus ground, and I took 'em in charge. You 'tend to 'em, will you?"

Mr. Pennington's glance at his son showed that Piggy was unharmed. A swift survey of the others gave each, save Bud, a bill of health. But when Mr. Pennington's eyes fell on Bud, he leaned on a show-case and laughed till he shook all over; for Bud, with a brimless hat upon a tousled head, with a face scratched till it looked like a railroad map, with a torn shirt that exposed a dirty shoulder and a freckled back, with trousers so badly shattered that two hands could hardly hold them together—Bud, as Mr. Pennington expressed it, looked like a second-hand boy. The simile pleased Pennington so that he renewed

his laughter, and paid no heed to the chatter of the pack that was clamouring to tell, all in one breath, how the incident began, progressed, and closed which had led to Bud's dilapidation. Also they were drawing gloomy pictures of the appearance of his assailants, after the custom of boys in such cases. Because his son was not involved in the calamity, Piggy's father was not moved deeply by the story of the raid of the North Enders and their downfall.

So he put the young gentlemen of the Court of Boyville into the back room of his grocery store, where coal-oil and molasses-barrels and hams and bacon and black shadows of many mysterious things were gathered. He gave the royal party a cheese-knife and a water-melon, and bade them be merry, a bidding which set the hearts of Piggy and Abe and Jimmy and Mealy to dancing, while Bud's heart, which had been sinking lower and lower into a quagmire of dread, beat on numbly and did not join the joy. As the time for going home approached, Bud shivered in his soul at the thought of meeting Miss Morgan. Not even a water-melon revived him, and when a water-melon will not help a boy, his extremity is dire. Still, he laughed and



"When Mr. Pennington's eyes fell on Bud, he leaned on a show-case and laughed till he shook all over."

chatted with apparent merriment, but he knew how hollow was his laughter and what mockery was in his cheer. When the melon was eaten, business took its regular order.

"Say, Bud, how you goin' to get home?" asked Abe.

Bud grinned as he looked at his rags.

"Gee!" said Mealy, "I'm glad it ain't me."

Bud's instinct piloted him by a circuitous route up the alley to the kitchen door. Miss Morgan sat on the front porch, waiting for the boy to return before serving supper. He stood helplessly in the kitchen for a minute, with a weight of indecision upon him.

He feared to go to the front porch, where Miss Morgan was. He feared to stay in the kitchen. But when he saw the empty wood-box, a light seemed to dawn. Instinct guided him to the wood-pile, and the law of self-preservation filled his arms with wood, and instinct carried him to the kitchen wood-box time and again, and laid the wood in the box as gently as if it had been glass and as softly as if it had been velvet. Not until the pile had grown far above the wainscoting on the kitchen wall did a stick crashing to the floor tell Miss Morgan that Bud was in the house.

But there is a divinity that shapes our ends, and just as the falling wood attracted Miss Morgan's attention, it was diverted by a belligerent party at her front gate. The belligerent party was composed of two persons—to wit: one mother from the North End of Willow Creek, irate to the spluttering point, and one boy lagging as far behind the mother as his short arm would allow him to lag. The mother held the short arm, and was literally dragging her son to Miss Morgan's gate to offer him in evidence as "Exhibit A" in a possible cause of the State of Kansas *v.* Henry Perkins. Exhibit A was black and blue as to the eyes, torn as to the shirt, bloody as to the nose, tumbled and dusty as to the hair, and as to the countenance, clearly and unquestionably sheep-faced. The mother opened the bombardment with, "Miss Morgan, I just want you to look at my boy."

Miss Morgan looked in horror and ex-

claimed, "Well, for mercy sakes! Where on earth's he been?"

And the leader of the war party returned, "Where's he been? Well, I'll tell you where he's been. And I just want you to know who done this." Here Exhibit A got behind a post. The recital of the details of his catastrophe was humiliating. But the mother continued, "Henry Perkins done this. I don't believe in stirring up neighbourhood quarrels and all that, but I've just stood this long enough. My boy can't stick his nose out of the door without that Perkins boy jumpin' on him. If you can't do anything with that Perkins boy, I'll show him there's a law in this land."

Miss Morgan wilted as the speech proceeded. She had voice to say only, "I'm sure there's some mistake"; and then, remembering the crash of the wood on the kitchen floor, she called, "Henry, come here!"

As Bud shambled through the house, the spokesman of the belligerents replied, "No, there isn't no mistake, either. My boy is a good little boy, and just as peaceable a boy as there is in this town. And because I don't allow him to fight, that Perkins boy picks on him all the time. I've told him to keep out of his way, and not to play with Henry Perkins, but he can't be runnin' all over this town to keep—"

And then Exhibit B, with scratched face, tattered raiment, and grimy features, stood in the doorway. The

witness for the State looked in dumb amazement at the wreck. Miss Morgan saw Bud, and her temper rose—not at him, but at his adversary. Exhibit A sulkily turned his face from Exhibit B, and Exhibit B seemed to be oblivious of the presence of Exhibit A; for the boys it was a scene too shameful for mutual recognition. Miss Morgan broke the heavy silence with,

"Henry, where on earth have you been?"

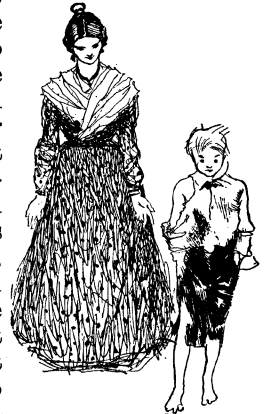
"Been t' the circus," replied the boy.

"Henry, did you blacken that little boy's eyes, and tear his clothes that way?"

"Why—no'm—I didn't. But he was one



"Miss Morgan, I just want you to look at my boy."



"Now, Henry, don't ever have anything to do with that kind of trash again."

of four fellers that picked on me comin' home from the circus and tried to lick me."

"Willie," demanded the head of the at-



"'Here's a dollar I got for ridin' the trick mule.'"

tacking posse, "did you pick a fight with that Perkins boy?"

"Oh, no'm, no'm! I was just playin' round the tent, me and another boy, and Bud he came up and jumped on us." And then, to add verisimilitude to his narrative, he appended, "Him and four other boys."

"Henry," asked Miss Morgan, as she surveyed the *débris* of Henry's Sunday clothes, and her womanly wrath for the destroyer of them began to boil, "Henry, now tell me honestly, is this little boy telling the truth?"

"Honest Injun, Miss Morgan. Him and them North Enders, why, they come along and called me names, and he tried to hit me, and I just shoved him away like this," and Henry executed a polite pantomime. "And I was swingin' my arms out to keep 'em all from hittin' me, and he got in the way, and I couldn't help it."

Miss Morgan asked, "Who scratched your face so, Henry?"

"Him; he's all the time fightin' me."

"No, ma, I didn't. You know I didn't."

Exhibit A and Exhibit B were still back to back. Then Exhibit B responded, "Miss Morgan, you ast him if he didn't say he was goin' to pound me to death if I ever come north of Sixth."

To which the leader of the raiders returned in great scorn, "Why, Miss Morgan, that Perkins boy is the bully of this town. Come on, Willie, your pa will see if there is no law to protect you from such boys as him."

Miss Morgan and Bud watched the North

End woman and her son depart. Miss Morgan turned to Bud and spoke spiritedly, "Now, Henry, don't ever have anything to do with that kind of trash again. Now, you won't forget, will you, Henry?"

Bud examined his toes carefully and replied "No'm."

She put her hand on the boy's shoulder and continued, "Now, don't you mind about it, Henry. They shan't touch you. You come and wash, and we'll have supper."

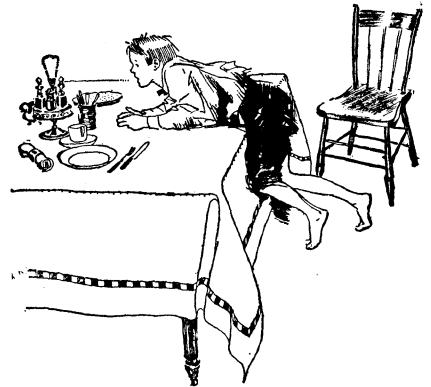
Bud went to the kitchen, picked up the water-bucket, and went to the well, partly to keep from displaying a gathering wave of affection for his foster-mother, and partly to let the magnificence of the wood-box burst upon her in his absence. When he returned, he found Miss Morgan pointing towards the wood-box and beaming upon him. Bud grinned and fished in his pocket for the coin.

"Here's a dollar I got for ridin' the trick mule," he faltered. "I thought it would be nice for the missionary society." That he might check any weak, feminine emotions, he turned his attention to the supper-table and blurted, "Gee! we're goin' to have pie, ain't we? I tell you, I'm hungry."

The glow of Miss Morgan's melted heart shone upon her face. Through a seraphic smile she spoke, "It's apple pie, too, Henry—your kind." As she put the supper upon the table she asked, "Did you have a good time at the circus, Henry?"

The boy nodded vehemently and said, after a pause, "I guess I tore my pants a little, gettin' off that mule; but I thought you'd like the dollar."

"I guess I can mend them, Henry," she



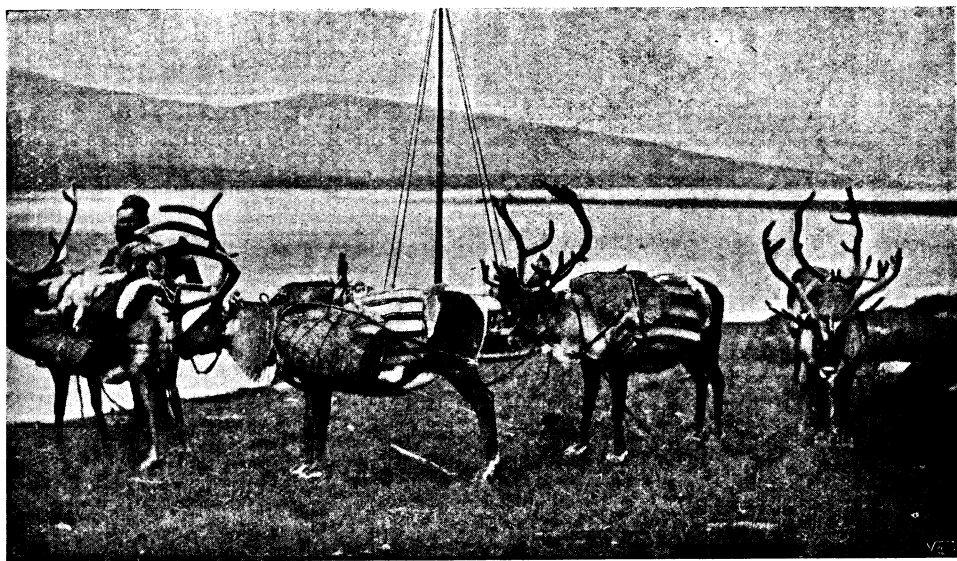
"'Gee! we're goin' to have pie, ain't we?'"

answered, and then she concluded that Henry Perkins was an angel—a conclusion which, in view of the well-known facts, was manifestly absurd.



THE WATER-NIXIE.

By A. L. BOWLEY.



A LAPLANDER WITH PACK-DEER ON THE MARCH.

LIFE AMONG THE LITTLE LAPPS.

BY ARTHUR MONTEFIORE-BRICE, F.R.G.S., F.G.S.*

IT is not so long since that a little Lapp found himself face to face with a bear—"the old man in the *mudda* (fur coat)," as the Lapps call him. Being unarmed, the little Lapp tried diplomacy.

"How now!" he shouted. "Are you not ashamed to attack your own countryman?"

The appeal was successful, and the bear, for this reason, or another, turned in his tracks and retired. But the point of the story lies in the reply which the Lapp made when he was asked if he had spoken in Lapp or Norwegian.

"In Lapp, of course," he said; "how else would he have understood me?"

Hereby you may measure the standard of civilisation reached by the Laplander. For it is an ancient belief, shared by the Samoyads, the Chukchi, and even by the Eskimo, that the bear has some sort of kinship with these nomads of the Arctic plains. The Samoyads, for example, always apologise to the bear before they set about his destruction; and their fear of his ghost is about as great as their dread of the spirits of their own dead friends. For the funeral service of these

primitive little people chiefly consists of a series of assurances, addressed to the departed one, of how far better is the land he has journeyed to than the land he has just left. And I believe they do this more for the purpose of quieting his spirit and preventing any "walking," than to escape unpleasant interruption in the dividing up of the dead man's goods, a festivity which immediately follows the funeral.

Now, Lapland is a general name for the three great divisions of that northernmost crest of Europe which juts into the Arctic Ocean and stretches from the extreme northwest of Norway to the icy waters of the White Sea. Norwegian Lapland is known as Finmark; Swedish Lapland as Lappmark; and the eastern portion from Varanger Fjord to the White Sea as Russian Lapland. But frontiers and governments are not particularly important in these wilds, and the Lapps are pretty much the same all over them. Moreover, they readily fall into the three divisions of Mountain or Fjeld Lapps, River or Forest Lapps, and Fisher or Sea Lapps. And even these distinctions signify little or no change in race; they simply indicate the modern variety of the life and work and habitat of a decadent people.

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FATHER AND SON.
Mountain or Fjeld Lapps.

For the aristocrat and the true type is the Fjeld or Mountain Lapp; he still maintains the ancient and once universal life. He it is who lives entirely on his deer and by means of his deer; who still wanders across the upland tundras, guided in his course alone by the occurrence of the grey patches of reindeer-moss; following his hundreds and thousands of deer as at the height of summer they seek the sea or retreat to the remotest and loftiest *fjelds* to escape the myriads of flies which the nightless summer brings into being. Compared with him the River or Forest Lapps are degenerates; for they have lost, from one cause or another, their herds of deer, and are "settled" along the rivers, with just a few stalled deer at most, and showing us how primitive man began the first stage of the pastoral life. For here and there they have a small patch of rye; they save hay from the rank, watery grass of the long, slanting slopes; they fish the lakes and the rivers, and on the mountains they hunt the ptarmigan; and in

Swedish Lapland they even keep a few cattle and sheep. Yet they have their hard times, and now and again a River Lapp ceases to be master of his little farm, and becomes the hired servant of a more fortunate Mountain or River Lapp, or sets his face towards the coast and joins the Sea Lapps. Now, the Sea Lapp is simply a fisherman, and in Norwegian Lapland is very frequently met with. Not once or twice, but hundreds of times, in the many *fjords* of Lapland, have I come suddenly upon that little turf tent-shaped hut of his, and his string of drying cod hanging from a high railing of birch poles. His slender boat and his hempen lines form his stock-in-trade, but they keep him and his often numerous family in comparative or, at any rate, Sea Lapp comfort.

Man is often said to be the creature of his stomach; food is the determinant of his character. If this is so, these Lapps may be easily summed up in diets, and I will leave students of that subject to infer the result. The reindeer forms the sole diet of the true Mountain Lapp; the meat, the milk and cheese made from it are his sole sustenance, except, perhaps, in the summer, when he adds the sweet berries which often grow in great quantities on the *fjelds*. A similar monotony, though diverse in kind, marks the food of the Sea Lapp—fish, fish, fish, week in and week out all the year through. They eat it cooked and they eat it raw; they eat it fresh and they eat it stale, and unpleasant experience convinces me that they like it best when it smells the most. I well remember one painful feast in the stifling, windowless, turf hut of a Sea Lapp; how I could not make up my mind which was more difficult—to gather up the rotten pieces and put anything like an appreciable quantity into my mouth, or to swallow them when they were there. Needs must when hunger drives; but phew! how redolent can memory be! Yet the Sea Lapp has one more article of food—a sort of soup made of rye-flour and water, with unconsidered trifles of "high" cod thrown into it. Compared with this, the River Lapp revels in luxury; for just as his life is between that of the Mountain and the Fisher Lapp's, so is his food a mixture of both; for he eats both reindeer meat and fish, and to these he adds the

game-meat of ptarmigan. He even grows a few potatoes, and here and there he possesses a milch-cow. Yet his disposition is not to be compared to that of either Mountain Lapp or Sea Lapp. He presumes upon you; he is disobliging; he has no sense of politeness. A Sea Lapp, for example, will greet you with "Good-day to you! Peace be with you!" and will cheerily curtsy to you in his quaint way; but the River Lapp will do neither, and seldom makes a sign that he is aware of your presence. Now, what will the student of the influence of diet on human character make out of this?

But let me get back to the high *fjelds* of the Mountain Lapp. Here are breadth and height and elbow-room, and to spare. I know of no region in the whole of Europe where you can live so free a life, and roam so far in any direction, without man or Nature to hinder you. It is the ideal country for a real holiday, if—perhaps a big "if"—you can make up your mind to overlook the dirtiness of the Lapp, who must be your comrade, your host, your most familiar, verminous friend. And it is not so difficult to reach the high *fjeld*, after all. You can get right into the heart of Lapland from several points, but I am quite certain that by far the best way is to approach it from the Alten Fjord, hard by

Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world. And there is no more beautiful avenue; for, of all the countless *fjords* I have entered, I have only seen two which, in early summer, could surpass the beauty of this wonderful waterway into Lapland. On either hand vast granite slopes rise sheer from the waters, only here and there receding just enough to leave a quiet bay, always with its little border of fresh green and the huts of a few Sea Lapps. Whether you look up or down the *fjord*, your eye is carried on from peak to peak, as they flash into the light of the sun golden fires from their mantle of eternal snow. Here and there, too, smaller *fjords* open and give you, in sharp perspective, long rows of white peaks and snow-laced cliffs; northward and westward lie the cold, green waters of the Arctic Ocean, with the mountains of Seiland and Stjernö, black at the base and crowned with ice, for ever standing sentinel over the entrance; and eastward, clearer and clearer as you sail up the *fjord*, the jagged, blue mountains of Lapland, with a glacier in every cleft of their crest, and soft, green forests of birch muffling their shoulders and sides as they slip down to the girdling valley at the head of the *fjord*. Here, too, is Bossekop—village of welcome, whether you come from the east or west;



A REST ON OUR JOURNEY.

A boat-sledge and single harness,

and here the mouth of the Alten, that famous salmon river which has rushed, leapt, foamed, swirled, and rolled its way down here from the mossy heart of Lapland.

Here, too, the real business of travelling begins. You can go, of course, where you like; but the best way to see Lapland, and not exhaust the whole summer in doing it,



CARRYING THE "KOMSE" OR CRADLE.

is to make a pilgrimage either to Karasjok, on the Tana River, or to Kautokeina, about one hundred miles inland, on the Alten River; and I would advise the latter, if you cannot combine both. The first day's journey is a steady climb on horseback or "Shanks' pony." Road there is none—only track. By a circuitous route you begin to ascend the birch-clad slopes, and you have left them behind at the end of the day. Then you come out upon the open mountain sides and climb to the tableland, and a day later you will know what Lapland bogs are like, and have also reached Lake Ladnijavre (*javre* being Lapp for "lake"). From that point it is, perhaps, best to ascend the Alten

in Lapp boats or canoes where it is only moderately dangerous, and to disembark and tramp along the banks where the river is highly dangerous. Thus the way is pretty evenly divided into a water and land journey; though you are often as likely to be drowned on land as on the river, for a real, soft, red, squelching bog will drown, and do it well.

Nevertheless, the journey is delightful. The air would compensate for everything, if everything called for compensation. But it doesn't. There is nothing on earth so beautiful to walk upon as the soft, springy carpet of reindeer moss. We sit and eat, and, wrapped in a Lapp *pesk*, or fur tunic, we sleep upon it in perfect comfort. The vast, rolling uplands, with icy streams foaming down every crevice, and beds of unmelted snow under every bank, slant towards the north and gleam in purple and green and silver under the unsetting sun of an Arctic summer. The very look of them fills your lungs with power and your nerves with iron. Hour after hour do you tramp across them, yet you suffer no weariness; and the excitement of being poled and paddled up a long stretch of foaming water—ever and again just escaping shipwreck in your slender canoe, built so lightly that its long sides bend or give to the water as canvas might—adds a fine zest to the journey, when your Thames ideas of boating have been finally left behind.

It was not far from Ladnijavre that I first met the Mountain Lapp at home. I had just got out of the boat to circumvent a high fall, when the barking of dogs and the loud clicking of reindeer hoofs announced a Lapp on his wanderings. In a few moments I came in full view of the camp. Some two or three hundred head of deer, with dogs constantly rounding up straying groups of them and effectually scaring the whole herd, were scattered over the long slope of a ridge; while some fifty yards from the river was pitched the *utla* or summer tent of the Lapp and his family. This family, I afterwards found, was made up of the Lapp himself, his wife, five children, and two hired Lapps, with their wives and three or four children.

Let me have a good look at this hardy child of Nature as he comes forward to welcome. I suppose he stands just five feet high, and he seems even shorter. His hair is long and bristly and black, but very rusty at the ends, which lie over his shoulders; his upper lip and chin are fairly covered with dark hair, but his cheeks are almost

bare. His brow is broad enough, but folded into furrows, and his small, dark eyes are lapped round with folds of wrinkled skin; the nose is bridgeless, but fairly straight; the mouth is wide, and the lips lie open; big cheek-bones make the eyes look even smaller and deeper set; while the brown skin, furrowed and seamed by exposure, is just flushed ever so little by this summer's sun. On his head he wears the curious close hat, with a square top like a college-cap, of blue and red and yellow cloth. The square top has a loose lining, and in the winter he would put a thick down cushion inside it. His thick-set body is enveloped



A FAMILY GROUP.

in the summer *pesk*. It is made of a coarse cloth, almost a canvas; is in shape like a man's shirt, but with a huge, stiff, upstanding collar; and in colour it is blue, with red and



A WAYSIDE MEAL.

The cup and saucer are imported articles.



FISHER OR SEA LAPPS.

yellow borders. It is closed back and front, and only to be dived into; yet it is loose, and hangs in great, baggy folds over the leather belt which is tightly fastened round the hips and well below the waist. His arms are long, his legs short and bowed, and they are covered with tight leggings of fine-tanned deerskin. The shoes are large, long, and pointed upward, and are of tanned leather. They are filled with dry hay and fastened tightly by two long bands, plaited, of various colours, which encircle the ankle for some six inches, and look as much like a dozen enamelled anklets as anything else. His general appearance, though short, baggy, and bow-legged, is most picturesque; but he is so obviously wiry and active, and his clothes are so well adapted to the life he leads, that you forget the picturesque in the conviction that he is at once the child and the master of the land.

And his wife gives you much the same impression, though she is five inches shorter and her face is almost gentle. At a distance she seems to be dressed in the same clothes, and the only difference that strikes you comes from the fact that her belt is not round the hips, but tightly girdles the true waist. The eternal feminine even here! At a distance the horizon of that belt will always tell you whether the baggy bodies and tightly clad bow-legs belong to male or female. But at closer quarters there are differences, for the hat loses its square top and becomes a close, ornamented cap. The loose, upstanding collar of the tunic disappears, and an ornamentally worked and sometimes silver-

studded *atsaleppe* covers her throat, and one or more small shawls her shoulders. The brightest and gayest come uppermost, of course. The underclothing of the Lapps of both sexes consists, in the summer, of a somewhat similar tunic of the same coarse cloth; and in the winter of a sheepskin, with the wool next the skin. In winter, too, the stuff tunic becomes the deer-skin *pesk*, and the leather shoes or *komager* give way to the fur *skaller*, and bare hands are cased in enormous fur gloves, stuffed full of hay. Children are dressed just like their parents—the boys like the father, the girls like the mother.

The Lapp baby is well provided for. That cradle in which it lives, sleeps, and has its being is really a most valuable invention. For the *komse*, a sort of small cradle, covered over with a leather apron and hood, and laced down—keeps the wee thing still, warm, and safe. A Lapp mother goes into a hut to pass the time of day; as often as not, she will stick the *komse* upright in the snow outside, and the baby will be far happier than in the hut, where stench and smoke fight for the mastery in a never-ending struggle. When sledge-travelling an upset is frequent, but the baby is never hurt by being pitched out, if it be laced in the *komse*. And much easier is it to handle, in a rough-and-tumble life like this. Moreover, a leather strap stretches from end to end of the *komse*; and thus the mother can sling the baby over her shoulders, or hang it up in the tent, or hitch it up in a tree, as occasion may require. We must remember that babies

are never left at home ; there is no one to look after them, and so they go to church or to the fair, or seek the reindeer, and share generally in the busy life of the hard-working Lapp woman.

Our new friend, Per Pertha, insisted on our having a meal with him, and would hear nothing to the contrary. So to the tent we followed him, and were received with much greeting from the fifteen human beings who lived and slept in it, from some half-dozen dogs who did ditto, and several thousand creeping things which were also very much at home. That is not a bad population for a small tent of a dozen birch-poles, covered over with a coarse sort of sacking, patched with birch-bark, and not ten feet across at the bottom. I could see no furniture, yet beds, chairs, tables, sofas, carpets, cupboards were all there, in a thickly strewn floor of birch-branches ! On these they slept and ate and stored their food. In the midst thick clouds of smoke rose from the fire, and, after conscientiously swirling round and round the tent, escaped through a large hole at the top, the only window of this Lapp home. Everyone lay prone on

the carpets, the sofas, the chairs, and the tables, to escape the maximum of that smoke supply. We could not move a limb without crushing a child or arousing a dog. Per Pertha—good fellow—put his hands into the pot which hung over the fire, and after feeling about for a minute, brought out a fine piece of reindeer meat and put it down before me. Fingers, of course, were forks, and with their help and that of a trusty knife I managed to do fairly well. The numerous hairs were difficult to swallow, but still more difficult to avoid swallowing. All hands—literally—dived into the pot, and the dogs were not forgotten. Neither did the Lapp mothers, who each had a young baby, forget them. Altogether we were a very domestic party.

After the meat came the cheese—very good cheese, too, if it had not been so dirty. And after the cheese coffee, with plenty of salt in it, and reindeer milk, and, wonderful to relate, loaf sugar, and plenty of that, too ! But, oh, the indescribable filth of it ! It looked just as if it had served as money among the Lapps for many years past. However, the coffee was hot and strong, and,



MILKING THE REINDEER.

The deer must always be held for this purpose.

after all, I am none the worse for it to-day !

The winter is the best time for travelling, of course, because you can then drive the reindeer in the *pulk* or *kjerris*, as the sledge is called. It is just for all the world like a miniature boat cut in half, for it has a regular sort of bow and an orthodox keel, and it is quite as difficult to balance as any boat would be on land. The most skilful Lapps are often pitched out, but they only fall into deep snow, and it is a mere nothing. You drive the deer with a single rein and many curses, and neither they nor anything else avails you. Down the steep snow-slopes the *pulk* shoots past the deer (which is only attached to it by a single trace running from his neck under the stomach and between the legs), and you may all roll together in a heap to the bottom. The deer starts at a full gallop, and never goes straight—he is first one side of you and then he is the other. There is no road, of course, and if there were he could not keep it. However, in this land of wide horizons, snow-covered boulders, and frozen rivers, it does not much matter. But it matters very much if, when you are pitched out, or at any other time, you should for one moment let go of the hide rein, with its end so carefully twisted round your wrist ; for at that moment the reindeer and the *pulk* will dart from your side like a flash, and be over the nearest ridge and away out of sight before you can count ten, or think of counting it, and it may be days before they are recovered.

These Lapps are wonderful people in many ways. They strongly object, for example, to learn Norwegian, and they argue that the Lapp language is more expressive. So it is—up to the limit of the Lapp horizon, which is, perhaps, as far as it need go. The great, natural conditions of their lives are made up of the reindeer, the rivers, and the snow. Now, the Lapp has not only words to express every part and every condition of the reindeer, but he has words even which will fit every age and every quality of the deer. So with the rivers—more than twenty words are used to definitely express the river in as many conditions. And as for snow—his lifelong background and his sole world in winter—he recognises in it, as he journeys, so many

different characteristics that he has not fewer than forty words, each of which gives an exact and definite description and quality to the high-road, pastures, and hunting-ground, without which his life would perish.

What a jolly fellow, too, is the Lapp ! In spite of much exposure, many losses, hard work, and the wildest weather for many months in the year, he will tell you that “life is good,” and if he can but get something in the way of spirits, he will set about having, he and his, a most uproarious carnival. But he rarely drinks ; his temptation comes at the times of the fairs, which are held now and again at the chief settlements, and then I am much afraid he forgets his native dignity not a little. Even his ladies will meet you with the most vociferous *yoiking*, and fling themselves on their backs in the snow and gesticulate wildly to tell you that they are getting drunk—“Lo-o, li-a, lo, lo, lo-o, li-a, lo-i-la !”—and don’t you forget it. Which you certainly will not. And love-making among the young couples is a great feature at these fairs, as well as burials, christenings, marriages, buyings and sellings. The itinerant magistrates, too, hold a sort of assize at this time, and the tax-gatherer collects his dues, and the Lapp pastor his tithes ; but I am much afraid that the dancing demon of drink allures money and debtors away ; and while the officials of the court rush out to collect a crowd to attend *their* entertainment, the tax-collector is trying to compel another to attend his, and the pastor vainly persuading a few to remember him, the great majority of the Lapps are rolling about in rows, with their arms round each other’s neck, oblivious of all business, *yoiking* without ceasing, laughing uproariously, and making of themselves the most absurd, the most comically amiable, and sometimes the most bestial spectacle I or you have probably seen.

And away down by the leafless birch grove are Lapp youths chasing Lapp maidens, seeking to snatch their great fur gloves from them—sign of surrender—and piteously entreating, while the sparkling-eyed girls—as girls all over the world—are declaring that they never, never, never will consent, and as they declare it are coming nearer, rapidly nearer to consenting.

THE HEART OF A MYSTERY.

BY L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE.*

No. II.—A LITTLE SMOKE.



LOOKING back on my startling experience, I come to the conclusion that in the whole of England there were probably few men in a stranger position than I, Rupert Phenays, when, on a certain dull February morning, I found myself, after my brief visit to Paris, once more back in London. In that visit all my life had been changed. I had gone to Paris to see my greatest friend, who, in struggling to tell me a terrible and important secret, had died. Agents of the French Secret Service believed me to be in possession of this great secret, and in consequence my life was in danger. Such was the state of affairs. Already I had been within an ace of being hurled into eternity; what further dangers were in store for me it was impossible to tell.

When I arrived at my comfortable rooms in Half Moon Street I owned to a momentary sensation of relief, but this was of short duration. My fears with regard to the future quickly returned, and I determined to put the whole matter before my lawyer, Mr. Charles Tempest, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and take his advice.

I called on Tempest soon after breakfast; he was within and saw me almost immediately. I told him of the curious position in which I found myself, and I could see that at first he was almost unable to take my communication seriously. It was not until I had driven home fact after fact that he assumed his normal professional attitude.

"Now for your advice, sir," I said. "I do not know anyone in such a deplorable position as I find myself in. All the British Government and Scotland Yard combined cannot prevent my assassination by desperadoes. Is it likely that the persecution will be continued?"

"It is certainly possible," replied Tempest. "The attempt already made on your life is

sufficient to show you that these people are in earnest. Your position is, I take it, this. You are supposed by the agents of the French Secret Service to be in possession of a great secret, and nothing you can say will convince them to the contrary."

"That is so."

"In reality you have no secret whatever?"

"Precisely."

"It is the lady you call Mademoiselle Delacourt whom you principally fear?"

"Yes."

"You believe that she is one of the agents of the French Secret Service?"

"Yes."

"There is little doubt that you are in danger," continued Tempest. "The issues, you see, are considerable; they are international, and lives are cheap when these things hang in the balance. Well, you have two courses open to you. One, to take no notice at all and go on with your usual life—the other, to disappear. The first offers the greatest danger to yourself, and the second may seem a trifle cowardly, but in your position and circumstances I should quietly drop out of sight. Go to some remote part of Europe, amuse yourself with your favourite occupation, sketching, and wait there until the thing blows over."

"I do not like the idea," I answered. "I should be, to all intents and purposes, a sort of escaped criminal, except that in my case the situation would be reversed, for the criminals would be hunting down the innocent man. Thank you for your advice, Tempest, but at present I like neither alternative which you have suggested, and yet I have no third plan to propose for myself. Is it possible that the law can do nothing to help me?"

"Nothing; yours is probably a unique situation in the annals of circumstance."

I could not help sighing in self-pity.

"I am only five-and-twenty," I said, "and at any moment my life may be taken by some low brute."

"I pity you, my dear fellow, but what is to be done?"

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"I am like a man in a nightmare," I answered. "The whole thing is horrible."

"Take my advice, Phenays, and leave England. I can watch your case in this country, and will employ a good detective for the purpose. Now, think over what I have been saying and let me know when you have made your plans."

I left Tempest's office in profound depression. It was something, at any rate, to know the exact, crude, legal opinion of my position, which briefly amounted to this: I was liable at any moment to be assassinated.

Piccadilly and Pall Mall looked bright and cheerful as usual, but as I passed through the familiar crowd I shuddered more than once; my assassin might turn up at any corner, he might lay his hand on me at any moment, anywhere. The thought was enough to upset the stoutest nerves.

I entered my club, ordered lunch, and sat down to eat. I had barely begun when I heard a voice behind me exclaim—

"My dear Phenays!"

A hand was laid on my shoulder. I swung round. Before me stood my old friend Jack Tracey, whom I had not seen for nearly four years. He was a civil engineer, and had been abroad for some time, in Ceylon, laying some electric tramways.

"Just the very man I want," he cried. "I got home last week and found another billet waiting for me. This time it is in Portugal. I am looking out for a mate to come with me. I know that you are a lazy sort of dog, also that you have nothing special to do—will you come? Lovely climate—beautiful scenery, and lots for you to paint; for my work will be in Cintra, about the most lovely spot in Europe—just the place for you to sketch in. The Portuguese Government are going to run a new road alongside one of the mountains, and

the work has been given to our firm, to the honour and glory of Cooper's Hill. Just lunching? I will join you; I am as ravenous as a hawk."

He took a seat at my table. His bronzed, honest face and breezy heartiness cheered me, and I was genuinely glad to see him again.

"When do you want to start?" I asked.

"The day after to-morrow. Is that too early for you? If you really make up your mind to come, I dare say I can put off for a day or two to suit you."

"Give me a little time to consider, my

"Before me stood
my old friend
Jack Tracey."



dear fellow. I never saw such a chap as you, always just the same, bursting with energy, enthusiasm, and impatience."

"I do not care what you call me, provided you come, Phenays. I want a mate, and you and I have always got on well together. Now, make up your mind and be sensible."

I finished my lunch without further remark; but while I ate, my thoughts were busy. Here, indeed, was a chance. Why should I not go? I should have just the companion I liked best, I should escape the east winds of the spring, and have a good excuse for that flitting which Tempest had advised me to undertake.

As we chatted and talked together, Tracey recounted all his experiences, and while I listened to him I made up my mind. Yes, I would leave England the day after tomorrow, and, taking the Royal Mail to Lisbon, escape from my persecutors—they surely would not follow me into Portugal. It had always been one of my greatest wishes to see Cintra, and here was the opportunity.

Two hours later I once more reached Tempest's office, and there told him that I had made my plans.

"The way of escape has come, and I have not sought for it," I remarked. "Such an opportunity ought not to be missed."

"It is the very thing," he replied, "and I am heartily glad, for your sake, Phenays. But now I will tell you what we had better do. It is most important that you and I should keep up a certain communication one with the other. I have already put a detective on your affairs. He is a capital fellow, and will watch things from this side of the water. By to-night's post I will send you a key of a private cipher, in which I can communicate with you if important news reaches me."

I agreed to this, and went back to my rooms to make necessary arrangements for my departure.

I had just settled down after dinner to write some letters when my servant entered.

"A lady to see you, sir," he said, handing me a card.

I started in surprise. What woman—unless, indeed, the terrible Mademoiselle Delacourt—took the slightest interest in me? I had neither mother nor sister, neither wife nor sweetheart. I glanced at the card which the man had given to me. The name I saw written upon it dispelled all thought of Mademoiselle. Miss Cecil Hamilton was a lady I had never heard of before.

"Show Miss Hamilton in," I said.

The next moment a slightly-built girl, with a dark face and beautiful eyes, entered the room. I rose and bowed; she bowed also to me. There was a deprecating, almost frightened look about her whole appearance which disarmed my anger.

"I am speaking to Mr. Phenays?" she said in a tentative voice.

"Yes," I answered. "Will you sit down?"

I pushed a chair towards her, but she did not take it. She continued to stand, laying one slender hand lightly on the back of the chair.

"I have much to apologise for," she said.

"My errand is distasteful and unpleasant. I am the bearer of a message from a lady, Mademoiselle Delacourt, whom you met in Paris."

"I do not wish to have any further communication with that lady," I interrupted, speaking hotly.

She held up her hand, as if to entreat my patience.

"I must deliver my message," she said. "I am Miss Delacourt's greatest friend. I am an English girl by birth, but have spent most of my life in Paris. In order to prove my identity, it will be sufficient for me to say that I am fully acquainted with your position as regards the secret entrusted to you by your late friend Mr. Escott, and which secret should have been given to Mademoiselle Delacourt."

Here she stopped speaking and looked earnestly at me. Her eyes were kindly and compassionate. Her lips slightly trembled.

"I am sorry for you," she said. "You are so young, and unless you accede to my request your fate is so terrible."

"I can do without your pity, Miss Hamilton," I answered. "Please tell me at once why Mademoiselle has presumed to send you to visit me."

"Because she also is sorry for you, Mr. Phenays. Because it has occurred to us both that, although you have already refused to put yourself into a position of safety, yet on mature consideration you will be willing to discharge your duty to your friend's memory and so act as a man of honour."

It was with difficulty I could restrain a burst of indignation.

"Mademoiselle wishes you to communicate your secret to me. Will you do so?"

"I will not," I replied. "Forgive me if I speak frankly, but you have intruded on me in what I consider an unwarrantable manner, and this is no moment for courtesy. Tell Mademoiselle that I possess no secret, and am therefore incapable of communicating what I do not know. Tell her also that I could, if necessary, throw light on a recent occurrence, in the neighbourhood of Paris, which would be by no means to her credit. Tell her, further, that at any instant I could put her within the arm of the law. And finally tell her that there is a law in England, if not in France, by which redress can be claimed for personal annoyance."

At these words, to my amazement and distress, the girl fell on her knees.

"It is for your sake, believe me, it is for your sake," she pleaded. "I can understand

your indignation, and forgive it. Please reconsider things. You will regret this—oh, terribly—if you do not. Please change your mind. Do you think I like forcing myself upon you? I beg of you to tell me your secret, because I have your true interest at heart."

"It is unpleasant to be rude to a lady," I replied, "but I must ask you, Miss Hamilton, to leave me. I have one answer to give to Mademoiselle, and that is, an emphatic 'No.' I have no secret; and if I had, she is the last person on earth to whom I would tell it."

As I spoke I rang the bell. My servant entered.

"Show this lady downstairs," I said.

She left me without a word. After she had gone I sent a line to Tempest to acquaint him with my interview. I received the following reply—

"Do nothing but get away," were his brief and emphatic words.

All the next day I was busy packing and settling my affairs, and the following morning, at eight o'clock, Tracey and I, with my large Newfoundland dog Zulu, had left Charing Cross *en route* for Portugal. It was only at the last moment that I decided to take Zulu with me. He was a splendid animal, and had been my constant companion since his puppyhood. Our journey to Cintra took place without any adventure, and when we had put up at Lawrence's comfortable hotel I congratulated myself on having left England and France so far behind. I surely must be safe in this remote corner of the world. It was therefore with an elation of heart that I received my first impressions of the charming spot where Tracey's work lay.

The little village was situated close to the base of a range of granite mountains, the extreme continuation of the Estrella. The mountains were clothed with verdure and trees of every variety and size. Towering above us, on twin peaks, stood an old ruined Moorish castle and the new royal castle of the Pena.

We arrived at Cintra about midday, and immediately after lunch we started out to climb to the Moorish castle in company with the Portuguese overseer, who was anxious to show Tracey the site of the projected new road. While they were talking business I had time to take in the romantic loveliness and exquisite richness of the colouring around me. The trees were just budding, birds were singing, and the air was full of the sweet scent of heliotrope that hung in clusters on the walls of the *quintas* as we climbed

past them. I felt light-hearted as I had not been since my terrible adventure in Paris. I saw before me months of undisturbed enjoyment, painting among these enchanting hills and dales, for surely the most inveterate enemy would scarcely follow an inoffensive and innocent man to this remote part of Portugal.

I recall my sensations on this first day very vividly, because of the darker recollections which were so soon to follow.

The next morning Tracey and I started off again to the site of his work. Already some Portuguese labourers were busy clearing timber and blasting rocks. The latter operation interested me considerably. A deep hole was drilled into the centre of a boulder, into this a handful of dynamite was poured—then a little moss was pushed on the top, and the fuse inserted. After it was lit we scrambled away to a safe spot. In a couple of minutes a terrific roar rent the air, and the great granite boulder lay split into half a dozen fragments.

I had spent over a week at Lawrence's Hotel, and a picture which I was painting was in full progress, my life was happy, my days fully occupied, when one evening, at a single blow, all sense of security was shattered.

Tracey and I were returning home, when we saw standing on the balcony of the little hotel the slight and graceful figure of Miss Hamilton.

"Good Heavens!" I could not help exclaiming; the blood rushed back to my heart and I felt my face turning cold.

My violent start and words of consternation caused Tracey to turn and glance at me in astonishment.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Do you see that lady standing there?"

"I see a remarkably pretty girl. Is she an old flame, Phenays? In the name of Fortune, what is the matter with you?"

"I saw her once before," I gasped. "I hoped never to meet her again. What has she come for?"

"How can I tell you? I presume visitors are allowed to stay at the hotel without our being consulted."

"If you knew all——" I began.

But I had scarcely spoken the words before Miss Hamilton, having seen us both, waved her hand to me with a gesture of recognition, and the next instant was tripping down the steps of the hotel to meet us.

"Mr. Phenays," she exclaimed, "by what good fortune do we meet? How do you do? Pray introduce me to your friend."



"The next moment she had dropped on her knees by the dog."

Her manner was so frank and pleasant, the expression in her eyes so joyous and unshaded by embarrassment, that in spite of myself I began to think it a hideous dream that this pretty girl had ever come to me to plead for Mademoiselle Delacourt. I replied to her stiffly, however, and when she glanced in Tracey's direction gave the necessary introduction with marked unwillingness.

"Oh, what a lovely dog!" she said as Zulu came up.

The next moment she had dropped on her knees by the dog, clasped her arms round his neck, and printed a kiss on his broad forehead. To these blandishments Zulu immediately succumbed, although, as a rule, he was extremely distant to strangers; he licked Miss Hamilton's hand, wagged his bushy tail, and when she slowly returned to the hotel, to my still greater amazement, he left us to follow her.

"Your friend, or your enemy, or whatever you like to call her, seems to have considerable power over the dog world," said Tracey.

"But what is up, Phenays? You look as if you had got a shock."

"So I have; and perhaps I'll tell you to-morrow, perhaps I'll keep it to myself. God help me! I do not know what to do."

"Your nerves are unstrung; you had better have some dinner and forget your trepidations," said Tracey, with a dash of impatience.

There was nothing for it but to follow his advice. At *table d'hôte* Miss Hamilton dined with us. She said quite frankly that she had a passion for travelling, had come by sea to Lisbon, and was making a brief tour through Portugal *en route* for Spain.

"I shall stay here for two or three days," she remarked. "Cintra is the most lovely spot I have ever seen in my life."

Tracey was evidently much taken with her; he was quite enthusiastic when he and I paced up and down the terrace for our evening smoke. He now asked me in wonder what I knew about her.

"She visited me in London," I answered. "The purport of her visit I prefer not to talk about."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Keep your secret, Phenays," he remarked. "Whatever you may know about her, I protest that Miss Hamilton is as charming a girl as I have often seen. I have promised her that she shall accompany us to-morrow to see some of the blasting operations; she is much interested in them."

Early the following morning I arose, and seeing Miss Hamilton up and walking in the direction of the shore, I resolved to follow her. Zulu, of course, accompanied me.

"Miss Hamilton," I cried as I drew near.

She stopped, turned, and looked me full in the face.

"How do you do, Mr. Phenays?" she remarked. "Oh, this lovely dog!"

Again all her attention was absorbed by the Newfoundland, who pressed close to her, wagged his tail, and licked her small hand.

"I want to ask you a direct question," was my next remark. "Why have you followed me here?"

"Our meeting at Lawrence's Hotel is a coincidence," she said. "Make what you like of it."

"Then you have not followed me?"

She glanced at me for a moment.

"No," she said.

"I do not believe you," I replied. "You are telling me a lie."

When I said this the colour swept into her face. She had been looking at me, now she turned away. The action was significant. I was certain now of what I was almost sure of before. She had come to Cintra because I was there, for what ghastly purpose Heaven only knew.

I would have questioned her further, but just then Tracey made his appearance. He was evidently more than attracted by Miss Hamilton. Her gentle words, her pretty, well-trained voice, her graceful actions, impressed this rough, good-hearted fellow in a way which amazed me.

"What are our plans for to-day?" he asked in a genial voice. "I, of course, shall be busy with my work, but if you would really like to see the blasting, Miss Hamilton, I will promise to look after you. You, Phenays, and I can lunch together just on the spot where Phenays is painting his celebrated picture."

"Oh, you are an artist, Mr. Phenays?" she asked, and she gave me a gentle and what looked like a beseeching glance. "Your plan is delightful, Mr. Tracey," she continued; "let us carry it out to the letter."

Tracey grew now almost boisterous. We interviewed our landlady, with the result that we were provided with an excellent luncheon-basket, and immediately after breakfast we started for our day's expedition.

I went to my accustomed place, sat down and made arrangements to continue my painting. I gazed right across the valley at the glorious scene which I was endeavouring to depict; my palette was in my hand, my brushes lay near. All of a sudden I missed the dog. Where was he? It was the habit of this faithful creature to lie at my feet during the long hours that I was employed over my work, and never for an instant to leave me. His absence puzzled me, until I remembered his extraordinary penchant for Miss Hamilton. Could it be possible that he was with her? At lunch time this turned out to be the case, for Miss Hamilton, Tracey, and the dog appeared together.

"Ah, Zulu," I cried, pretending to be angry with the handsome creature, "you have forsaken me for the first time in your life."

As I said the words I noticed a peculiar flash of satisfaction in Miss Hamilton's eyes. She was in high spirits and insisted on opening the luncheon-basket and acting as hostess. We two young men were as children in her hands. She was so gentle, bright, picturesque, and graceful that even I forgot my alarms and enjoyed myself thoroughly. After lunch Tracey rose.

"It is hard to tear myself away, but Duty calls," he exclaimed. "Are you coming back," he added, looking at Miss Hamilton, "or will you watch Phenays for a time?"

"I will follow you presently with Zulu," she answered, "but just now I should like to watch Mr. Phenays."

Tracey went off, and Miss Hamilton and I were alone. The dog lay at her feet. Now and then her pretty hand touched his black head, now and then she looked at me without speaking—her attitude was one of repose and contentment.

"How well you paint!" she said suddenly.

"This is the hobby of my life," I answered.

"I should, indeed, think small beer of myself if I did not do it fairly well."

"You are, perhaps, a professional artist, Mr. Phenays?"

"No," I replied, "I am an amateur. I have never earned my bread—I have enough money to live on."

"Ah, lucky you!" she replied.

"I do not agree with you," I answered shortly. "The man who has enough money to live on is deprived of the most powerful stimulus which can animate the human race. He need not work to live, therefore he scarcely works at all. But there," I added, reading a curious expression in her eyes, "I have done for to-day."

I put down my palette, collected my brushes, and, putting them back in their case, looked full at her.

"When are you going away?" I asked.

"Do not you like to have me here?"

"Frankly, no."

"That means that you are afraid of me."

I was silent.

"Mr. Phenays," she said gently, "I did not mean to say a word, but your question and your attitude towards me force me to speak. You dislike my presence at Cintra, you resent it. Cintra is your *hiding-place*, and I have come to it."

I shook my head when she said that Cintra

was my hiding-place. She gazed back at me and laughed, then she said abruptly—

"You need not deny it. You say that I have followed you here, I say that you have come here to hide; that means that you are afraid. Now, Mr. Phenays, I am sorry for you. It is a pity that one so young and good-looking, and with enough money to live on, should needlessly endanger his life—yes, I repeat the word, his life. I will go to-

very intelligent dissertation with regard to my picture. Soon afterwards we both wended our way in the direction where Tracey was busy superintending the making of the new road.

Notwithstanding my growing anxiety, the evening passed cheerfully. Miss Hamilton had brought her guitar, and she sang Spanish ditties, to her own accompaniment, with excellent taste. Tracey was in greater raptures with our visitor than ever.

"I tell you what it is, old fellow," I could not help exclaiming, when we found ourselves alone, "you had better look before you leap. The next thing I shall hear is that you have fallen in love with Cecil Hamilton."

"Is Cecil her Christian name?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I saw it on her card."

"In this hotel?"

"No, before I came to Portugal."

"Phenays, won't you explain this mystery?"

"I hope I may never need to," was my answer. "But, Tracey, one word of warning. Whoever you lose your heart to, do not let Cecil Hamilton be the girl."

He laughed, then he sighed.

"I never intend to marry; I would not tie myself to a woman for all creation, but I may as well own that if I could see myself

conducted to the altar for the sake of any woman, it would be for that of the pretty girl who is now at the hotel."

A few days went by, and my sketch progressed. Miss Hamilton did not leave Cintra, and Zulu became more and more attached to her. We two young men and this dark-eyed, pretty girl now spent the greater part of our days together; in the evening she sang to us. Tracey was like a moth coming ever nearer and nearer to the candle. Beyond these small facts nothing happened in the least interesting.

Another week went by, and a morning



"'You think me a coward,' I said.

morrow morning if you will confide to me that small secret which you refused to communicate to Mademoiselle Delacourt."

I rose now and bent over Miss Hamilton, who was still seated on the ground.

"You think me a coward," I said, "but I am not quite so bad as that. Listen. The subject to which you have alluded must be in the future a closed book between us. I decline to discuss it—you are not to allude to it. Now, what do you think of this view? Come and stand just here and see what I am making of it."

She rose and entered into a critical and

dawned with bright sunshine and cloudless sky. I had got up rather earlier than usual, intending to continue my picture before the sun got too hot, when the waiter entered the dining-saloon and handed me a telegram. I tore it open, my heart quickened with a sense of alarm. It was in cipher and was signed "Tempest." I quickly took out my copy of the key and translated the words, which ran as follows :—

"You are in the utmost danger. Enemy has been close to you since you left England.—Tempest."

I sank into a chair and grasped the paper in my hand. It did not need Tempest's words to tell me where the danger lay. Even a pretty girl, if employed by your enemies, can be ruthless and desperate. I felt a sick sensation round my heart. The inability to know from what direction the blow would fall was the worst of my trial. Till now I had refrained from telling Tracey a word of my extraordinary position, but on receipt of the telegram I determined to take him into my confidence. Perhaps he might help me. I sought his room and found him dressing. As piece by piece I communicated all the facts of my strange story, I observed a succession of changes passing over his face. First of all surprise, then incredulity, and last, as I showed him the telegram, a grave expression.

"What am I to do?" I cried. "This is fact, remember."

"So it appears," he answered. "You are a nice sort of companion to go about with." Here he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Never mind, old man," he continued, "I will stick to you through thick and thin; but do for Heaven's sake get the idea, that poor little Cecil Hamilton is mixed up in this affair, out of your head."

"By her own showing she is in communication with Miss Delacourt," I answered.

"That may be; but for any vulgar violence, any danger to your life, she would be the last person employed. If I were you, I would try to keep up my pecker, Phenays. We are not in fairyland or the realm of impossibilities; you cannot do any more than you are doing. Take my revolver with you this morning. I shall stay pretty near; and if there is the slightest sign of tricks, we will make it warm for the individual, whoever he may happen to be. Wait till I have had breakfast, and we will go up the mountain as usual. Of course, go on with your picture, it will help to take your mind off this nasty affair; and you have got Zulu, a bodyguard

in himself. If it is any sort of vulgar violence, he will account for somebody."

After thinking for a moment or two I resolved to take Tracey's advice. There was, as he said, no help for the present situation, and to sit still with my hands before me meant madness.

Just as he and I were starting for the mountain, Miss Hamilton came into the hall to meet us. She was fully dressed, as if for a journey, and at that moment I saw the hall-porter conveying her luggage downstairs.

"What!" I exclaimed, "are you off?"

"Yes," she answered. "I go to Lisbon by the next train. I have had a sudden message which obliges me to get to Paris as soon as possible."

Here she gave me a full and very penetrating stare.

"Then we shall not meet again?" I said.

There was unmistakable relief in my tones.

"We are not likely to meet any more," she answered gravely, almost solemnly. She held out her hand. I just touched it; as I did so I felt an extraordinary repugnance seizing me.

"I shall miss you both," she said, "and in especial shall I miss Zulu; but good-bye, don't let me keep you. *Au revoir*, gentlemen."

She waved her hand in the pretty way she had done when I had first seen her standing on the balcony, and the next instant Tracey, Zulu, and I started for our day's expedition.

"Well, that is a relief!" I could not help muttering.

Tracey shrugged his shoulders.

"I wish you would leave that unfortunate girl out of the thing," he said. "She is not what you think her, of that I am firmly convinced."

I did not reply. We went up the mountain by our usual path, and I soon settled myself in my accustomed nook to continue my sketch.

"There you are, old chap," said Tracey. "Paint away, and good luck to you! I shall be just above you, a hundred yards or so, and I will come down to have a smoke and a chat now and then. I do not wonder you feel capsized, but there is really no possible danger."

He started up the path and disappeared into a thicket of high laurels. I felt little inclined to work, and for half an hour scarcely touched my canvas; but by and by I became once more interested and then completely absorbed. Presently I rose from my stool

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"The explosion took place nearly an hour ago," I said. "Why did you not come to me sooner? You are concealing something—what is the matter?"

He did not speak.

"You are concealing something?"

"Yes, oh, my God! yes."

"What, Tracey? Speak, in Heaven's name! It was not that girl—tell me—Miss Hamilton had nothing to do with it?"

"Yes," said Tracey again—"yes."

He spoke in gasps, as though his breath failed him.

"I will tell you," he said. "You must know, and the sooner it is over the better. When the dog rushed to you I saw a girl crouching behind a boulder of rock. She was Miss Hamilton. She was straining her neck and bending forward to watch the movement of the dog. She never saw me. When the report came she clapped her hands to her ears, looked again as though her eyes would start from her head, uttered a shriek, and flew down the mountain in the opposite direction. I followed her like a madman. I called to her to stop. A sort of instinct told me what she was going to do. I knew that she was making for the cliff, just where

there is a drop of five hundred feet. She had an advantage of me and she ran like the wind. She got to the edge of the cliff while I was still a good way behind her. How she stopped herself I do not know, but she did. She stood as rigid as a statue, pressed her hand to her heart, turned and shouted to me—

"‘Your friend is alive,’ were her words. ‘I have failed. Those who belong to the French Secret Service *die* when they fail——’

"With that she was over the precipice. Phenays, old man—I—am—sick."

The great burly fellow fell like a lump of lead at my feet.

Tracey came to himself, and I brought him back to the hotel, and that evening I went with some workmen to discover the body of the miserable girl whose mission it had been to take my life. I found it mangled out of recognition. The next day we buried her on the side of the mountain. That evening Tracey spoke to me—

"I cannot stay here, Phenays; it is no use. I have wired to Cooper's Hill. They must send out another man to complete this job; I leave Cintra to-morrow morning."

"And I go with you," was my answer.





NO POWER OF APPRECIATION.

HE: That chap sent me a snake preserved in alcohol the other day.

SHE: What did he do that for?

HE: I don't know. I didn't appreciate either the gift or the *spirit* in which it was sent.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THE FREEMASON IN THE FOC'SLE.

By Wilfrid Klickmann.

"THE new hand's come aboard, sir," said the mate, putting his head into the state-room. "Came down in a cab, like a passenger for a liner, and sung out for the boy to help his traps down the foc'sle as if he was a Kruger."

When the *London Pride* had been towed out of Table Bay and set on her course, the captain and mate conferred anent the new arrival.

"Gives himself airs, you say?" queried the captain.

"I should think so, indeed. He told the men his name was James, not 'Jim,' and made nasty remarks about his bunk not being too clean."

"Oh, he'll soon get past himself," returned the other confidently; but in this he was over sanguine.

Mr. James Tamplin had not been on board many hours before his colleagues gave vent to their varied opinions concerning him, his ancestors, his belongings, and all that was his, with freedom and profanity. The cab incident had nettled them to begin with, and his fault-finding was irritating. When Bill ironically suggested his own berth instead of the one assigned to the new-comer, the latter inspected the offer critically, but declined it, on the ground that, if possible, it was worse than the other. This aroused the united enmity of the men, for Bill's bunk was specially coveted by them all, in that it was nearest the stove and farthest from the scuttle.

At supper, Mr. Tamplin produced a *Cape Argus* for a tablecloth, and shifted his tea-can up and down the "Fashionable Intelligence" column as

he read, with more apparent relish than he showed for the liquid itself. He finished his meal with the resigned air of a gourmand indulging *pro tem.* in a biscuit and soda-water diet under medical advice. The seamen resented it naturally, but worse was to follow. He lined his berth with sheets of newspaper, to the amazement of the crew, and added a dilapidated mosquito-net amid the sniggers of the boy, and to the imminent apoplectic danger of the cook. When, finally, he removed all his clothes before turning in, and donned a complete suit of pyjamas, the men's exasperation reached white heat.

"Boy!" shouted Bill savagely, "boy, ask the gentleman what time he'd like 'is shaving water, an' if he's pert'lar as to the pattern on the mug." But Mr. Tamplin's face was turned to the wall.

Secretly the crew of the *London Pride* could not but acknowledge that the new hand was a person of consequence.

"Sam," said Mr. Tamplin, on the third day of their acquaintance, "you seem to have more sense than the others. Do I look as if I was one of you?"

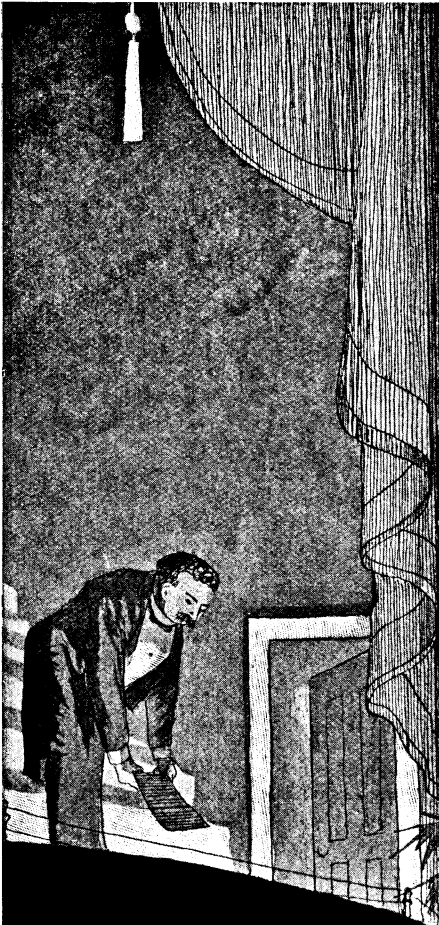
"No, Jim—James, I mean—you oughter be on the bridge, so to speak, or maybe in dock"—(Tamplin started violently at the word, used in all innocence)—"as 'arbour-master."

"Well, well, Sam, when you can call the Prince of Wales—or King Edward, as he now is—'brother,' like I can, p'rhaps you'll understand me better."

"Lor, sir! you don't mean ter say you an' the R'yal Family are—" Others of the crew gathered round and laughed.

"Yes," said Mr. Tamplin simply, "we meet on common ground as members of one society."

"Buffaloes?" inquired the boy, but it was loftily ignored by James.



"Foresters, I suppose," said the cook, anxious to show his versatility of knowledge.

"Better than that," was the answer.

"There's a Nodfellows' 'all down Wapping way—it ain't that, I suppose?" queried another.

"No, it isn't," said James, "but it's more than all of 'em put together. I'm a—I'm a Freemason!"

The men looked incredulous, and Tamplin went on: "Yes, a Freemason. I may tell you the King of England is proud to join us, and more than half the nobility. We drop all rank when we're in Lodge, and are just 'Brother Rothschild,' 'Brother Tamplin,' or 'Brother Edward' (that's the King), as the case may be."

The ensuing silence was relieved by Bill. "I asks yer pardon, sir, for my rude remarks when you first come aboard; I oughter ha' seed you was a cut above us."

The Freemason smiled and produced a shilling. "Perhaps the cook could get us a little something from the mate, as it's my birthday," he said persuasively.

The effect was magical. Subsequently Sam was overheard admonishing the boy, with a small piece of rope, for what might have been treasonable utterances on the part of the youngster. "Pickaxe and spade be blowed!" said Sam (whack, whack). "D'you suppose the Prince o' Wales always carries his shovel and trowel around with him (whack) to show to unbelieving little cusses like you?" (whack, whack, whack).

The victory was complete, and the new hand laid himself out to be agreeable. He told yarns



THE YOUNG IDEA.

Dor, aged six (on conclusion of song by celebrated bass): Oh, daddy, has that horrid man been making all that noise *on purpose*?



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

JONES: Look here, Abrahams, you've got three dances with Miss Daisy, and I haven't any. You might give me one of yours.

ABRAHAMS: Give you one? Not much! I'll sell you one for half-a-crown, or the three for seven bob.

more or less improbable of his wealthy friends—all Freemasons; and how he, James Tamplin, beginning as a shoeblick, had risen until he was never hard up for a shilling to get a little something if he felt faint.

Saturday arrived, and with it came Tamplin's turn at brass-polishing, holystoning, and other amenities of sailor life. "Bill," said the new hand confidentially, "Bill, I'm in an 'ole. Here's this bit of brass-cleaning to be done. I want to do it, mind you; yet it's against the rules of my Lodge to polish brass on Saturday afternoons. They're very partic'lar. Of course, I shouldn't like anything unpleasant with the skipper. D'you think a twist of tobacco would—er——?"

"Certainly, James; I'm sure it would. Sam'll be only too pleased to take on a bit o' polishing for you, won't you, Sam?"

"Ye-es," said that gentleman uneasily, being

uncertain as to the destination of the tobacco; but Bill, with an absent-mindedness that deceived no one, bonded the black twist in his own trousers pocket. Later it appeared that mast-scraping was another profession denied Mr. Tamplin by the rigid tenets of his Lodge, and the long-suffering Sam assured the mate that to be slung up to the mast in a rope chair was the height of his ambition.

The men's curiosity regarding Freemasonry at last overcame their discretion. With a fine show of reluctance Tamplin assured them that not even a man-o'-war with all the guns in the Navy could extort the secret from him. Yet that night, in a moment of weakness, he confided to the crew of the *London Pride*, having previously put the boy on deck, that the real secret of Freemasonry was the payment of pensions, up to ten shillings a week, to all deserving members.

"But why is it such a secret?" asked Bill incredulously.

"Well," admitted Mr. Tamplin, "it's a beautiful scheme whereby a married man always has a little pocket-money unbeknownst to his missis. If you look at it in that light, I think you'll agree there's a good deal in it."

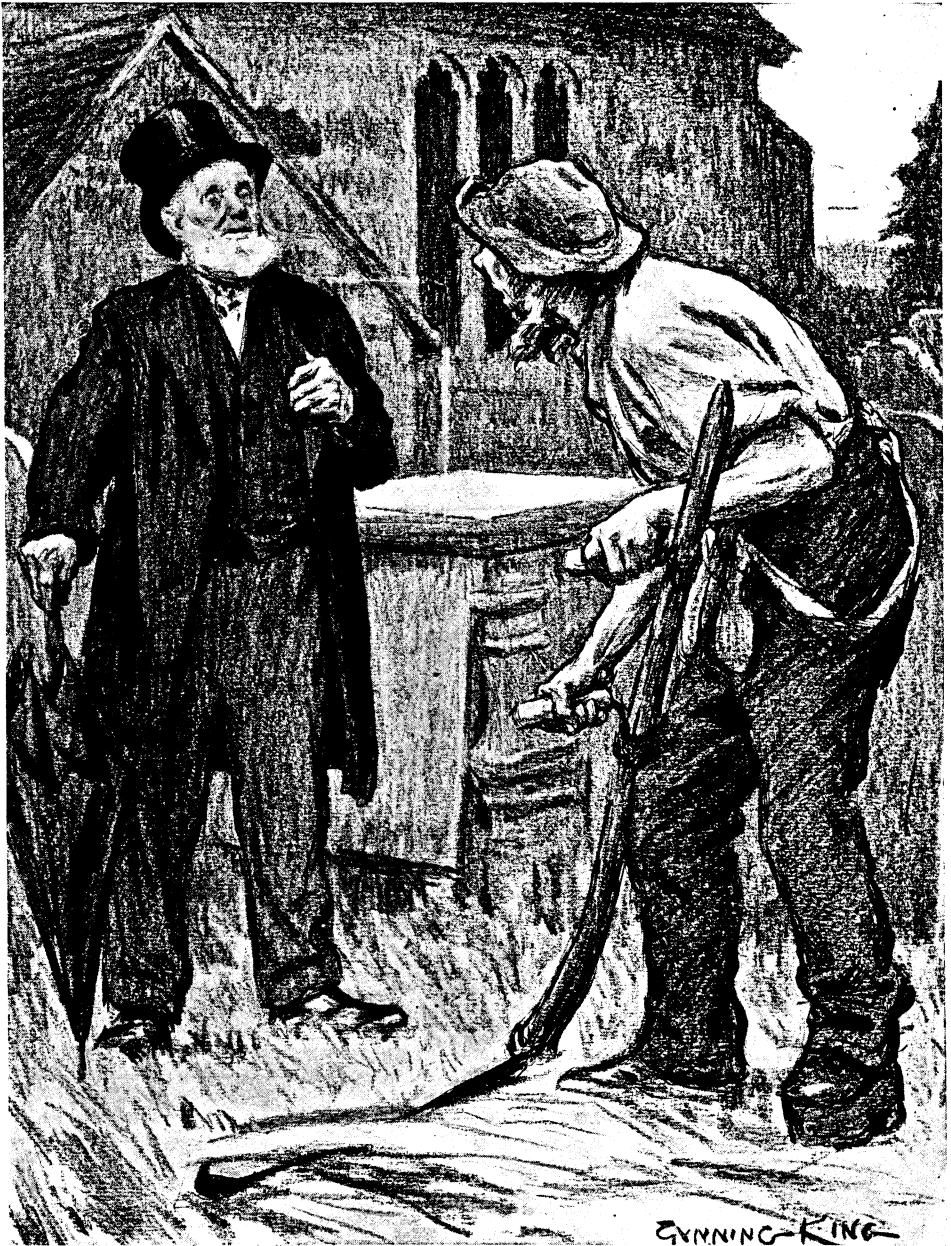
They did!

"An' where does the money come from?" queried another.

"From Brother Rothschild, of course. But you mustn't ask too many questions. My

Lodge might say you knew too much already. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. There's no reason why you shouldn't have a Lodge of your own aboard this ship. It's a fine thing, partic'ly when a man wants to give up sailing, to have a good steady income ashore." And with sundry innuendoes Mr. Tamplin worked on the imaginations of those honest sailormen until they vied with one another in relieving the Freemason from his night watches and other labours, in order that he might lie in his bunk and think out his plans. For him the cook selected the freshest-looking biscuit he could find, and likewise reserved the tenderest corner of junk, when it was possible to differentiate.

"There's only one thing I see in the way of a Lodge," said Tamplin musingly one day, "and that is the deposit. Every Freemason puts down a deposit of five pounds to begin with, like a



A TRIFLE MIXED.

CHURCHWARDEN (discussing the new ritualistic vicar): And what d'y'er think of the new parson, John?

JOHN: Bit of a Socialist, ain't 'e?

CHURCHWARDEN: Oh, dear no; quite the contrary, I should say.

JOHN: Well, any'ow, 'e keeps they saints' days.

savings bank, and you can have it out at the end of a year. You see," he went on, "these millionaires have such fine ways of investing money that five hundred per cent.—if you know what that means—is quite easy." Nobody did know,

but they all agreed that Freemasonry was a wonderful thing for helping deserving men.

The *London Pride* was duly berthed in the London Docks, and it was a comparatively simple matter for Mr. Tamplin to take charge of five

pounds out of each man's wages; and he left the ship to deposit the guarantee fund with Brother Rothschild.

When Mr. Tamplin entered the private bar of "The Bag o' Nails," Poplar, he was quietly followed by two men, who took a languid interest in his doings. Finally one of them addressed him by a name which may have been his baptismal name, but it certainly was not James, and added a surname that did not coincide with "Tamplin." At this juncture a small youth squirmed into the bar and listened to the conversation.

"Look here, Watson," said the interrogator again, "let's get to business. If you want details, I'll begin when you were first-class steward on board the *Kimberley Castle*. Berth 47 lost a gold watch and a jewel-case, I fancy? Then there was No. 22—old gentleman, very fussy about his early morning tea and toast, you remember—pocket-book, wasn't it? After that

you changed to the *Matabele*. The door of berth No. 17 was always locked, but they left the port-hole open at night. A walking-stick with a hook on the end makes a capital fishing-rod, eh?" The Freemason collapsed.

"Please, sir," interposed the boy, "what about the thirty pound he've just taken from our men?"

The youngster's further explanations were so interesting that he was persuaded to relate them at the nearest police-station to the inspector on duty, who entered the charge and likewise took care of the money.

"Better cut away to your ship and tell your captain," said the detective to the boy; but the latter hung back.

"I say, mister, is it all gammon about 'im" (nodding in the direction of a closed door) "being a Freemason?"

The officer chuckled. "Your friend's a very old hand," was his only comment.



Berte Livett 99

A TRUE BRITISH WORKMAN.

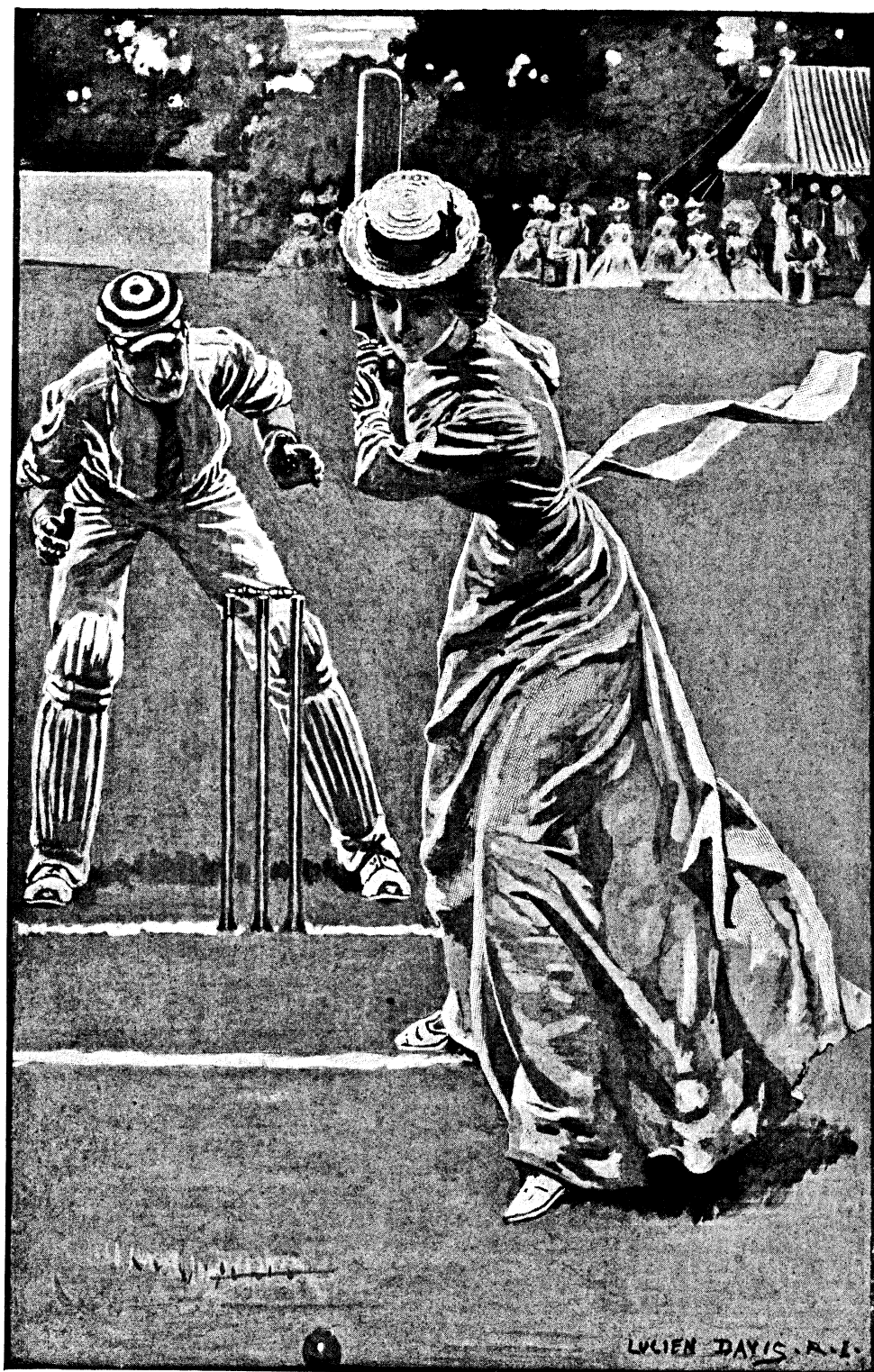
OLD LADY: Dear, dear, has he hurt himself?

BRITISH WORKMAN: Aye! fallen down a ditch and broke 'is leg!

OLD LADY: But aren't you going to take him to the doctor or the hospital?

BRITISH WORKMAN (horrified): Wot? In 'is dinner hour?





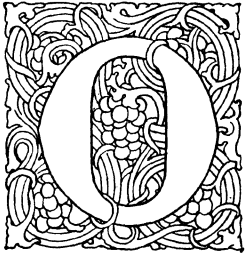
“THE LADIES’ MATCH.”

By LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.

LOVE AMONG THE BRASSES.

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN,*

Author of "Ships that Pass in the Night."



ONE hot summer morning young James Massingham leaned against the trunk of a fine old oak outside Felbrigg Church. He was wiping the heat from his head, but there was a look of grim triumph on his face; for, after innumerable difficulties undreamed of by a lay brother, he had succeeded in getting possession of the church key. None save a dogged brass-rubber can know what persistence is necessary for accomplishing such a feat.

Your lay brother comes to see a church, and, with a confidence born of ignorance, he marches up to the main door and finds it locked. Of course. He tries the side entrances. They are also locked. He walks round the church, glances at the tower for a few seconds, and bestows a few minutes on the tombstones. And lo! he is gone. He accepts the locked condition of the door as an unalterable law of Nature. Probably if he is telling you about it he will say, "I went to see that church, but it was locked." Just as he might say, "I went out for a stroll in the woods, but a terrific thunderstorm came on and I had to return."

But your brass-rubber is made of different metal. If he is specially knowing, he will not risk going to the church and finding it locked. This is his usual mode of proceeding. He arrives in the village and at once asks *where the key of the church is kept*. He is probably told that Widow Selborne keeps the key, and that she lives a mile down yonder, over the bridge and turn to the left. He sets out for Widow Selborne's cottage, and finds that the mile is two miles, and that Widow Selborne is gone out for a day's washing at The Hall, but that she left the key with her daughter in the village—

that thatched cottage the nearest to the windmill, about half a mile from the village green. The brass-rubber patiently retraces his steps, and is at last rewarded for his perseverance. With key in hand, and triumph in heart, he trudges another mile or so to the church, and when the key clicks in the lock, and he sees the treasures spread before him, all his sufferings are forgotten.

Something of the same sort had happened to young James Massingham, only that Widow Grant chanced to have finished her day's washing at The Hall, and had called in at her daughter's cottage to fetch the key, as she had herself to go down to the church and dust round a little.

"So, if you go on first, I'll follow you with the key," she said. "And I'm right glad to see you, sir. It's been a particular dull time with the brass-rubbing gentlemen lately. Times is bad everywhere. Why, last year I had ten gentlemen after these here brasses, and all of them so pleased, and none of them forgetting the poor widow. And this year there haven't been none. Well, you just go across the park and bide till I come."

Massingham would have liked to take the key and be off by himself. But, like all true brass-rubbers, he knew the etiquette of the situation. There is an unwritten law about most things in life, and wisdom generally tells us to conform to it.

So he leaned against the oak-tree and waited.

"And no doubt," said he to himself, "I can coax the old dame into letting me keep the tracing-paper down till to-morrow. Sir Simon Felbrigg and his wife will take me at least five hours to do properly. By Jove! what a good thing to get the Felbrigg brasses at last!"

He smiled with pleasure, and his smile lit up a countenance which was typically English and of the best kind. He could well have stood for the portrait of Kipling's Brushwood Boy. A fresh English face, a clean English heart and spirit, a desire, natural, and therefore unconscious, to make a brave and sweet thing out of life in every way—these were

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James Massingham's birthrights, handed down from ancestor to ancestor in unbroken line.

He had not long to wait, for Widow Grant soon arrived on the scene, opened the church, and dramatically uncovered the celebrated brasses which were situate in the nave.

"There, now, sir," she said triumphantly. "There they be. There be others in the chancel, but these be the gems. Just you wait, now, while I brush some of the dust away. Ah, the gentlemen as came last year, and treated the poor widow so handsome, were mighty pleased with them brasses."

Massingham smiled and nodded.

"And so they ought to have been," he said, as he took the mysterious weapons of brass-rubbing out of his waistcoat pocket—three or four pieces of heel-ball and a packet of wafers. He then unrolled a long brown-paper parcel, which contained several lengths of tracing-paper.

"And, of course, they ought to have treated you handsomely," he added. "Who wouldn't on such an occasion as this?"

He then sank down on his knees, arranged the tracing-paper over the brass of Sir Simon Felbrigg and his wife Lady Margaret, and became lost to the world. Keys, caretakers, and all other accessories of his craft passed from his mind. He must have been in this ecstatic condition for more than an hour, when he heard a fresh young voice say:

"Oh, what a disappointment! I so hoped that I might have begun on Sir Simon at once."

The voice thrilled through him. He looked up and saw a sweetly pretty young girl of about twenty standing in the porch. She carried a mysterious black case, in the form of an elongated sausage. A little knapsack was strapped to her back. A knowing little brown velvet cap reposed on her fair head of hair. She was of medium height, perhaps even a little under the usual standard. She looked the embodiment of health, hope, and good spirits, and ready for anything that might befall her.

If you had said to her, "Come along and scale that mountain," you would have known beforehand that she would answer, "All right—let's be off."

Or if you had said, "Sit down and let us edit a new Encyclopædia Britannica," she would certainly have answered, "With all my heart. I shall be delighted!"

So Massingham glanced up, and, seeing what he did see, he forgot all about his tracing, and actually got up from his knees.

"By Jove!" he said; "why, I believe you are a brass-rubber, too!"

For, of course, one brass-rubber recognises another instinctively, even as one scholar recognises another scholar. There are the outward and visible signs, but there is also the invisible and inward label. And then there is the "aura"—and what a mysterious thing is that "aura"!

She nodded at him in a genial way which seemed to promise good comradeship at once.

"Yes," she said, "I am a regular old brass-rubber, too. And I have long wanted to do the Felbrigg brasses."

"So have I," he said eagerly. "I have been planning this for years."

"So have I," she said, smiling. "I also have been planning this for years."

"I feel very sorry that I have begun on Sir Simon," Massingham said. "It is too bad that you should not start in on the best."

"Oh, never mind," she answered. "I will do the ancestors in front of the altar first. I suppose you are going to rub those, also?"

"Oh, yes," Massingham said recklessly. "I am going to rub every brass in the church—Felbriggs, Windhams, and all."

"So am I," she said.

"How delightful!" he said, half to himself.

And then young James Massingham did something which was much more chivalrous than most chivalrous deeds, because it was really self-sacrificing. He knelt down and, before she could stop him, he had taken up his tracing-paper, and the famous brass lay uncovered in all its glory.

"Oh, you shouldn't have done that!" she said excitedly. "But how very nice of you! I don't think anyone has ever done such a nice thing to me before."

And there they stood looking at each other for a moment, and then the blushes came into their young faces; and so they turned their eyes away to Sir Simon and his good lady and examined the former's face and armour, inscription, and the Royal standard and the garter on his left leg, for he was a distinguished Knight of the Garter and standard-bearer to King Richard II. Then they paid some attention to Lady Margaret and made out the details of her attire; and then they turned to the other brasses, especially that one known as the ancestors of Sir Simon, and situate within the chancel rails. There were four figures to this brass, on which James Massingham now set to work, whilst Katharine Caryl addressed herself to Sir Simon and Lady

Margaret. For about an hour no sound was heard except the soft scratching of the heel-ball and the voices of the birds outside in the sweet old churchyard. Once or twice Massingham looked up and glanced at the bent head yonder, which was caught in a bright ray of sunshine.

"I should like to be hungry if I dared," he answered smiling. "But I did not bring anything with me to-day—not even cigarettes. How stupid of me! But, you see, I did not know that I was going to have a companion. But I'll run off to the village and get something."



"They talked of everything—except love."

"By Jove!" he said to himself softly, and went on with his work.

Once or twice she paused, and a smile played round her mouth.

"Dear, nice fellow!" she said to herself, and went on with her work. At last she rose from her knees and stretched herself.

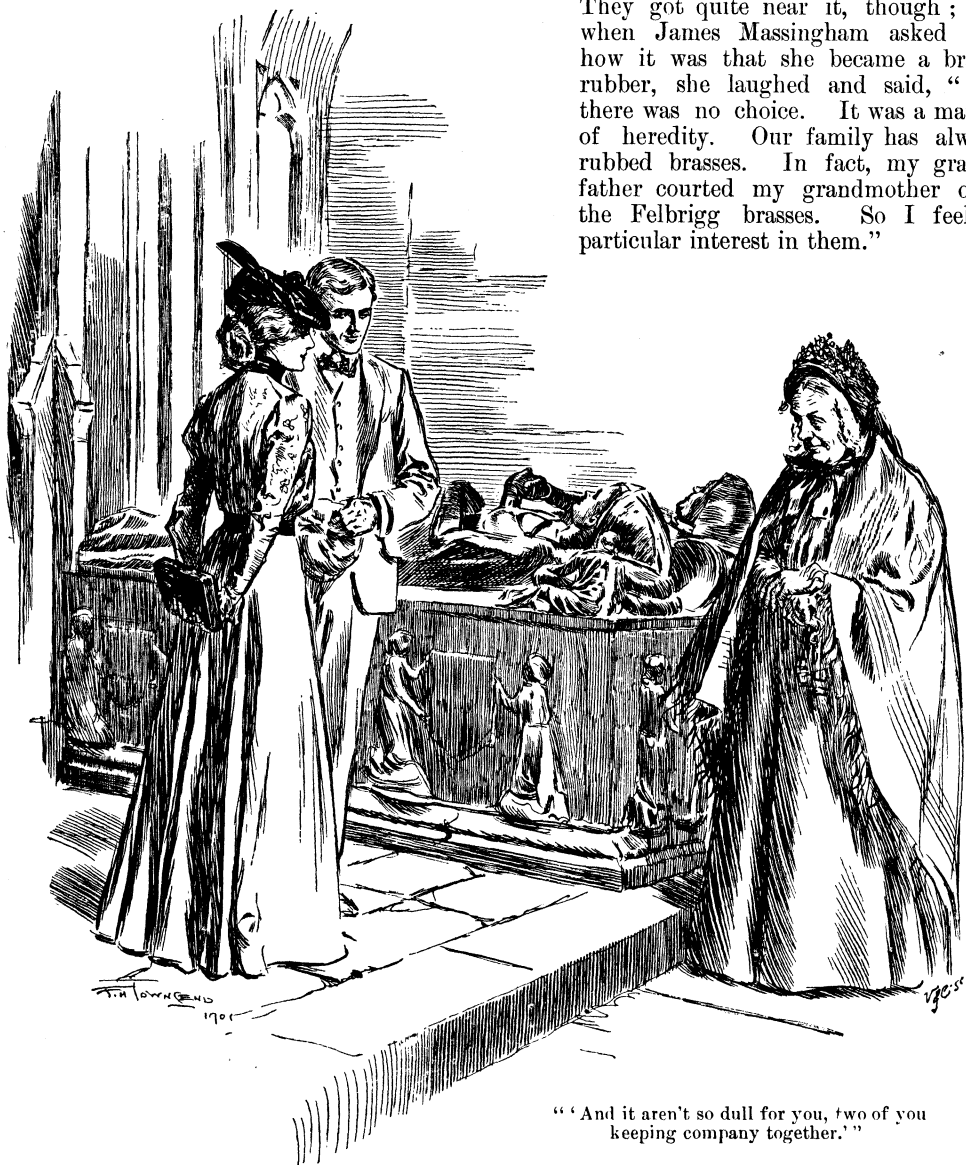
"Don't you think it is lunch-time?" she said. "I feel dreadfully hungry."

"No, no," she said. "I have more than enough for both in my tin botany-box. Let us come out into the air. What do you say to that beautiful beech-tree over there? I believe I could eat my lunch very comfortably under its shade."

So they sat under the fine old beech-tree and refreshed themselves. They seemed to have a great deal to talk about, these two

young strangers. Of course, the subject of brass-rubbing alone is known to be inexhaustible in itself, and it is evidently one which seems to make glad the heart of man and woman, too. Those who are wont to study closely the varying signs on the human face, know that there is a particular rapt expression on a brass-rubber's countenance when he is holding a close conversation with one of the initiated. Each of these young people, therefore, had the expression on their countenance typical of the *genus* to which they belonged. But they did not confine themselves to brass-rubbing. Not a bit of it! They talked of everything else under the sun—school, college, ambition, churches, pictures, dances, books and music, butterflies, moths, cathedrals, photographs, and all the subjects of the day. They could cover an immense range, for they only gave a few seconds to each one. They breathlessly settled all the most momentous matters of Church and State. They were so young and bright, and so full of healthy hope, that the world seemed just a soft piece of wax which could be moulded with a mere touch of the finger. Yes, they talked of everything—except love. And they had no need to talk of that, for it seemed to be in the air that summer day.

They got quite near it, though; for when James Massingham asked her how it was that she became a brass-rubber, she laughed and said, "Oh, there was no choice. It was a matter of heredity. Our family has always rubbed brasses. In fact, my grandfather courted my grandmother over the Felbrigg brasses. So I feel a particular interest in them."



"And it aren't so dull for you, two of you keeping company together."

"And did they meet here by chance?" asked young Massingham eagerly.

"Yes, I believe they did," she said.

"That is very strange," he said.

"And why?" she asked.

"Because, you see, we have met here by chance," he answered.

"Oh, well," she replied, "there is nothing in that. Times have changed. Young men and young women can spend long hours together now without wishing specially to court or be courted."

"I wonder if times have changed so much?" Massingham thought. But he did not speak the thought. He was too delightfully happy to dispute any point. If she had persisted that the church tower was Saxon instead of Norman, he would have remained silent. Nothing mattered. If she had declared that the date of Sir Simon Felbrigg was 1200 instead of 1413, he would have held his peace. Nothing mattered.

Once she half rose to go back to the church.

"Oh! it's almost too hot to go on brass-rubbing yet," he said.

"Yes, it really is," she said. "We might wait half an hour more, and then we might get to work again. There is so much to do."

"We can come to-morrow," he said rather masterfully.

She laughed secretly at his masterful manner. She felt it was quite delightful.

"Yes, we can come to-morrow," she said. "All the same, I must do some work this afternoon—in half an hour's time."

"Then I will, too," he said decidedly.

And in half an hour they were both on their knees in the old church, rubbing away steadily at the Felbrigg brasses. The heat of the day was passing. A breeze sprang up and touched the leaves of the trees. It was pleasant to hear their gentle rustle, and pleasant to feel the cool air wafted into the church. The birds were grateful, too, and a chorus of voices arose from the copse outside the churchyard. Everything seemed peaceful and happy. Exquisite clouds were floating dreamily, dreamily along the sky. Ah! and now the fragrance from the cornfields stole that way, and the low hum of diverse and countless insects fell soothingly on the ear.

Katharine Caryl was the first to give up work. "If I kneel another minute longer, I shall be a fixture," she said. "I feel as stiff as a marble effigy."

"Let me come and help you up," young Massingham said, hurrying to her.

But she had already sprung up, and now stood looking at her tracing.

"How well you are doing it!" he said, with generous approval. "Much more delicate than mine. Almost like an etching. And what a fine knight he looks! His armour comes out splendidly. But you have quite three more hours' work to do; and as for me, I have scarcely made any headway at all."

She passed to where he had been working at the ancestors within the chancel rails.

"Why, you *have* been slow," she said—"lazy, in fact!"

"I have never been so slow in my life," he answered. "I couldn't get on to-day. Probably it was the heat."

"And then you had been working a good long time before I came, you know," she said. "I shall help you to make up for that lost time."

"Oh! you mustn't do that," he said, blushing a little. "I was only too proud. But—but if you were to finish first—perhaps——"

"Well?" she asked.

"Well, perhaps you might—you might wait for me. I think we could make a pew comfortable for you."

"Of course I'll wait," she said, smiling. "It is the least I can do."

"Ah! that is good of you," he said. "And now we must get hold of the old dame and make her promise not to disturb our tracings. Here she comes."

This important matter was soon arranged by means of two bright pieces of silver, and Widow Grant expressed herself delighted to oblige her visitors.

"And it aren't so dull for you, two of you keeping company together," she said. "Ah! many a time I've had the brass-rubbing gentlemen on my mind, poor things! Down on their knees all the day long, and never a soul to speak to they. But when there's two, it do seem livelier and more human-like, don't it now, miss?"

"Yes, I really think it does," Katharine said, laughing.

"I'm quite sure it does," James Massingham said with great fervour.

Widow Grant looked after them as they passed out of the churchyard and into the park belonging to old Felbrigg Hall.

"I don't suppose them two young things will be finishing the brasses very quick," she said, with a smile on her old face. And then she went into the church to see how

far they had got in their tasks, for she was a connoisseur in these matters.

"Ah," she said critically, as she stood by the brass of Sir Simon Felbrigg and his wife, "the young lady has been terrible slow; but she's done the harmour just beautiful."

And then she glanced at the other Felbrigg brass before the altar.

"Ah," she said, "the young gentleman has been downright lazy here; but I must say it do come out wonderful nice—what there is of it. No, them two young things aren't going to hurry themselves!"

And they were not hurrying home, either. How could they? It was such a sweet evening and the country was so beautiful. They had now found their way out of the park into the entrancing woods. There they had a fairyland of beeches, larches and oaks, mountain ashes and pines, and a luxuriant carpet of bracken. They stopped constantly, now to look at this fair thing and now at that. At last they came to an avenue of fine old beeches—old giants of the past, and Katharine Caryl told him that it led on to the Cromer road.

"When we get to the Lion's Mouth," she said, "you turn to the right to go to Cromer, and I turn to the left for the inn where I am staying with my aunt. Ah! and there she is. She has been sketching the beech-trees, or else reading Ibsen underneath them. You need not be shy of her. She is the dearest creature that ever lived, and she likes seeing strangers, being a regular old traveller herself. And she is a brass-rubber, too—or used to be, when her knees were not so stiff."

A handsome woman came forward to meet the two young people. She glanced at the stranger strolling so happily by Katharine's side, but asked for no explanation of him, either by word or gesture. She put him entirely at his ease and let him be his own interpreter.

"We have been spending the whole day together over the Felbrigg brasses," he said, smiling confidently at her. "It has been delightful. It is so pleasant when one brass-rubber meets another, isn't it?"

"Yes," she answered gently, amused at him. "I can believe it is. And I suppose you have finished the Felbrigg brasses to-day?"

"Oh, dear, no," Katharine said. "Two more days' work, at least."

"Yes, two or three more days' work, at least," James Massingham said.

"Ah!" said Aunt Susan, "I expect it is rather too hot to work continuously.

"I, myself, have not sketched or read much."

"And the time goes so quickly, you know," he said.

"And then there was lunch," said Katharine. "You must not forget that."

"And then there was the beech-tree," he said. "You must not forget that."

"Ah!" said Aunt Susan, "and what beautiful beech-trees we have in England! I never saw a single beech in Denmark to compare with these fine fellows here; and yet, you know, Denmark is celebrated for its beech-woods. But the truth is, our beloved England is a garden."

She smiled as she spoke, for she knew, of course, that these two young people were not thinking or caring about the relative charms of England and Denmark. Only she felt that it was a nice, impersonal sort of remark to make; but it was quite a failure from an abstract point of view, for the young man said enthusiastically:

"Yes, by Jove! England is a garden, and I am glad to think I didn't go to Switzerland this year!"

They had reached the road now, and James Massingham felt that the moment had come for him to pass on his own way. He wished to accompany the ladies to their inn, but he denied himself this satisfaction.

"Well, good-bye," he said to Katharine brightly. "I have to thank you for a splendid day's companionship."

"And I have to thank you," said Katharine, holding out her hand. "Then to-morrow at half-past ten, and you will undertake to get the key."

"I'll get the key," he said, "and, if you will allow me, I will bring the lunch, too."

"Ah!" said Aunt Susan, "and a very important thing lunch is, too. If I remember anything about brass-rubbing, it makes one very hungry."

"Yes," he replied, "very hungry and very happy."

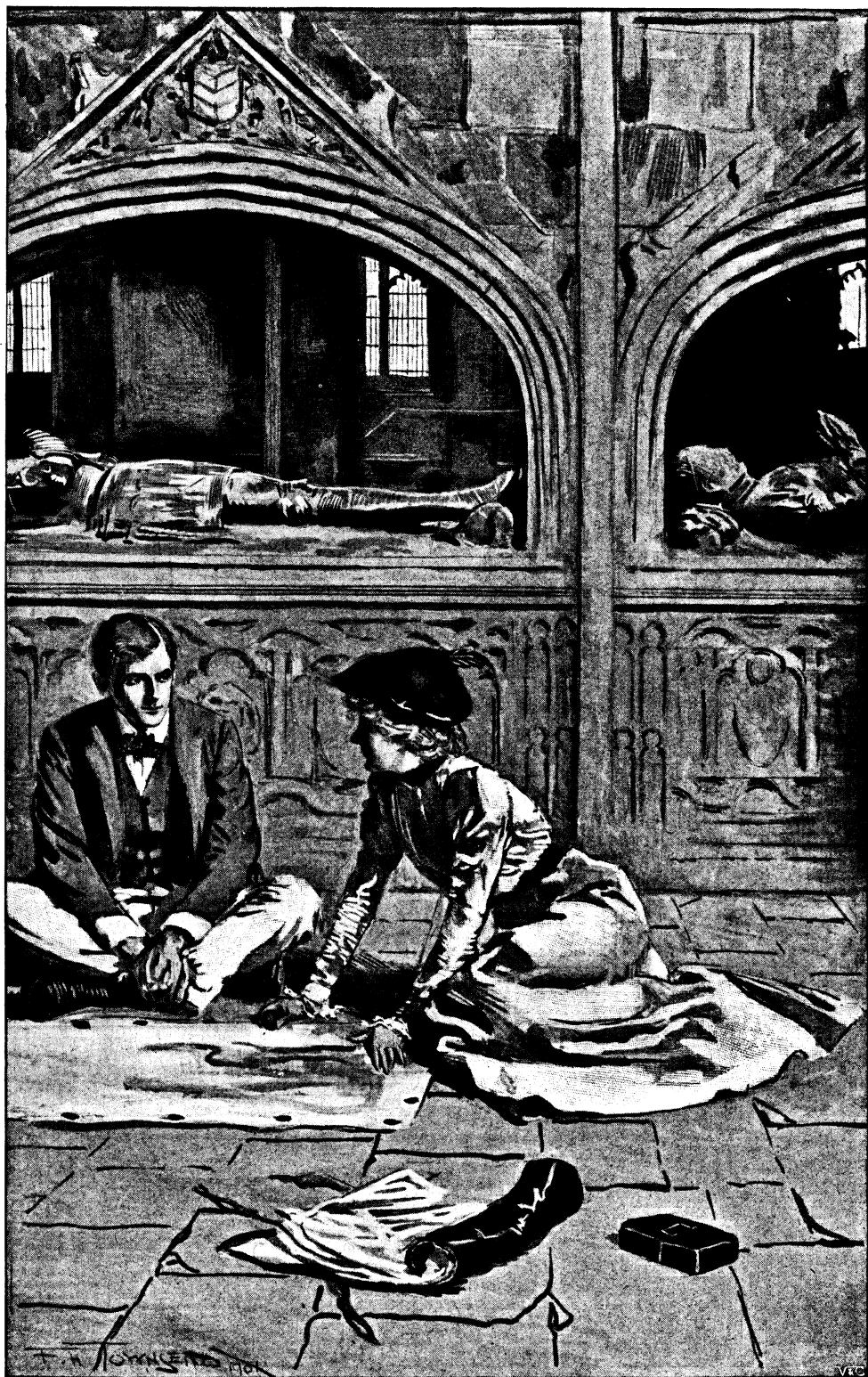
And off he started. They heard him whistling as he went further down the beautiful wooded Cromer road. They watched him until he was out of sight.

Then Aunt Susan said quaintly, "I think that young stranger seems to be astonishingly happy."

"I'm astonishingly happy, too!" Katharine said. And, lifting her skirt, she danced home to the inn, singing as she went.

* * * * *

So they met the next day, and the next,



"There was so much to be done."

and the next. They worked at the brasses, it is true, and quite diligently enough, considering the heat of the weather. They each did a tracing of Sir Simon Felbrigg and Lady Margaret, and also one of the ancestors. Then there was a shield before the font, and the brass of Thomas Windham in the nave. And there was a little brass before the altar, a figure of an unknown maiden with flowing hair—probably a Windham; and there was also an Elizabethan lady—Jane Coningsbie, also a Windham. All this they achieved, slowly but thoroughly. James Massingham manifested a discontent with his work hitherto unknown to him. Three times he tore up the tracing of his Elizabethan lady. She was his last and apparently most difficult task.

"I must get Jane Coningsbie as near perfection as possible," he said sternly. "One must be severe with oneself."

"Of course," Katharine said equally seriously. And then they nodded to each other and laughed, wicked young things that they were!

And when their task for the day was done, they strolled leisurely through the Felbrigg woods and straight on to the inn to find Aunt Susan. Sometimes she was sketching the beech-trees or reading her beloved Ibsen, at other times she was wandering on the Roman encampment, all amongst the gorse and heather and bracken. Then they would join her and watch the sunset on the sea, and they would note how the ships and boats revealed themselves on the face of the waters, just as the stars do, if one looks long enough.

"And are the Felbrigg brasses quite finished now?" Aunt Susan asked on the fifth evening.

"I am afraid they are," he said. "Another brass-rubber arrived on the scene, and we had to finish up quickly."

"Ah!" said Aunt Susan, "there comes an end to everything, you know."

"Oh, don't say that," he said. "Of course, I know I am only a stranger. But everyone has to be strangers to begin with. Even if we had met in a ballroom, we should have been strangers there. And what is the difference between waltzing together and rubbing monumental brasses together?"

"A great difference," said Aunt Susan. "The man one meets casually at a ball has not nearly such a good chance of turning out a satisfactory acquaintance as the stranger one meets casually over a monumental brass."

"Oh, Aunt Susan, you are a perfect old dear!" Katharine said.

"Then you won't mind if we do all the other brasses together?" he said delightedly. "Look here. This is the list. I drew it up in the spring. And, you see, it is identical with Miss Caryl's—word for word."

"Of course it is," said Katharine, laughing, "because we both came to this part of Norfolk to do the brasses."

"And it would be rather absurd for us to go to different places, wouldn't it?" he coaxed. "Why should I spend the whole day in Beeston Regis whilst she is spending it at Cley-on-Sea?"

"And why should I spend the whole day at Erpingham whilst he is spending it at Worstead?" said Katharine.

"It does sound rather ridiculous," said Aunt Susan, looking in a hopeless manner first at her niece and then at James Massingham.

"And, you see," he continued, "unless we deliberately arranged not to go to the same place on the same day, we should, in all probability, meet by chance. We could not help ourselves."

"And you could not expect us to sit down deliberately and draw out two distinct programmes which should not clash," said Katharine gaily, as she began to gather heather.

"That would be asking too much of human nature," he said, following Katharine with his eyes as she strolled a few steps away towards the sea.

"But supposing you fall in love with her?" Aunt Susan said, looking in the same direction.

"I have done that already," he answered.

"Ah! I knew I should be a failure as a chaperon," Aunt Susan said, shaking her head. "I have not the qualities which make for success in that profession."

"You are the best chaperon in the world," he said warmly; "you take care of her as none other could, for you make others take care of her, too."

"And may I dare ask how many churches you propose to visit together?" asked Aunt Susan, with a sigh of easy resignation.

"About fifteen," said Katharine, who had just returned with a bonny bunch of heather.

"Yes, about fifteen or sixteen," James Massingham said—"of course, not including Norwich. Norwich would be an extra!"

They all laughed, and that was the end of the discussion, for at that moment some

fairy clouds grouped themselves together, and Katharine, who had brought her camera, declared that it was a matter of life and death to catch the beautiful picture. They worked at it as comrades who had known each other all their lives, and their voices sounded like sweet music born of sweetest thoughts and wafted as a message to the world on the wings of the gentle evening breezes.

They went to Blickling and Beeston Regis, Metton and Cley, Worstead and North Walsham, Erpingham and Brampton, and several other villages. They had a splendid time together. It would have been a shame to deny them the pleasure. Once or twice Aunt Susan went, too, accompanied by the sketch-book and a volume of Ibsen.

"Come, too," Katharine had urged lovingly. "I'll drive you in the dog-cart, and Mr. Massingham can follow on his bicycle or else hang on at the back."

"Yes, come, too," he said in his frank, impetuous way. "We'll take care of you, and you will be as happy as we are."

So she went once or twice, just to satisfy herself that she was doing the stern part of chaperon. It was a joy being with them. Their frank pleasure in each other made her feel that kind of happiness which a fine, bracing morning gives to us, body, soul,



"But supposing you fall in love with her?"

and spirit. They sang in their grateful gladness. She sang, too, and waved her sketch-book in the air.

"Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning!" she sang.

"Why, Aunt Susan," laughed Katharine, "and did you have such a wild, wild youth? You never told me that, you know."

"My dear child," she answered, "I had a splendid childhood, a glorious girlhood, a thrilling womanhood! I have enjoyed myself so intensely in life, that I want all other people to enjoy themselves. That is why I make such a ridiculous chaperon."

"You know you are an example to the whole world," James Massingham said. "I think you are worthy of the finest Flemish brass in the kingdom."

"I always have said that she would make a noble brass," said Katharine. "She would look beautiful in a costume like Lady Margaret Felbrigg's, and with a jewelled girdle and a volume of Ibsen attached to it instead of a missal."

"And what a fine rubbing that would make!" said the young man archaeologically.

"Yes, indeed," said Katharine, with equal antiquarian fervour.

"Thank you," said Aunt Susan. "I know that true-hearted brass-rubbers could not pay anyone a greater compliment than that. Many thanks to both of you, and pray excuse me for being still alive."

Ah, it was all very pleasant, and the busy days fled by all too swiftly. There was so much to be done—distances to cover, brasses to rub, sextons and caretakers to conciliate, clergymen to be unearthed from lonely studies and induced to grant permission for the rubbing of the brasses, photographs to take of the churches and the old fonts and all other objects of antiquarian interest. Then, of course, they had to study the churches themselves—every arch, every window, every bit of old stained glass, every pillar, every tower. That took a long time. And then there was the resting, and lunching, sometimes under a tree, sometimes in a hay-field, and sometimes near the sea. That also took a long time. Sometimes they put away the tracing-paper and heel-ball and wandered about in the Felbrigg woods, or lay beneath the beeches and watched the glint of the sunshine on the leaves and branches of the trees, and on the tops of the bracken, whilst the fragrance of the pines was wafted to them, together with the fragrance of the damp earth and moss, and whilst the breezes fanned their young faces. Sometimes they

strolled off to the sea for a change, and watched the waves rolling in at Sheringham, and the lobster-boats being put out to sea.

"An emotional change for us," they said. "We must not become too archaeological."

But the truth is that they were hopelessly steeped in archaeology; for surely love may be called an archaeological treasure surviving intact through all the centuries. And they were learning more and more about it. The thrill of love had come to them suddenly, as it does to all of us, and without rhyme or reason; and rare good luck had sent it to them, enhanced by their many kindred tastes and enthusiasms. So they had no need to pretend to be interested in the same things. All they had to do was to love each other, and walk on together in the same direction in which they were going when they first met. Only, the world had changed and put on new beauties for them. Everything in God's work and man's work had become more beautiful in honour of them. The glory of love and life was holding them under a spell. Their delight in each other strengthened and deepened. The illumination of happiness was on their young faces, that wonderful radiance of loving and being loved.

But the days had passed into weeks by this time, and on the morrow James Massingham was obliged to go back to work and everyday life. They had only one whole day to spend together, and he suggested that they should leave out Horning Church, which was the last on their list, and go to Felbrigg once more.

"Why do you want to go to Felbrigg again?" she said. "We really ought to visit Horning. There is so much to see there."

"You can go there after I have left," he urged. "And you must surely know why I want to go to Felbrigg—because we first met there."

"Let it be Felbrigg," she said, and a soft light came into her eyes.

Then as they strolled through the woods, which seemed at their best that morning, with early autumn tints declaring themselves now here and now there, James Massingham said:

"It paralyses me to think what I should have missed if I had gone abroad to Switzerland this summer."

"Yes, imagine," said Katharine; "just think of all the brasses you would have missed—twenty-five at least."

"Oh, you know that it is not the brasses I am speaking of," he said.

"Not the brasses?" she said. "Well, perhaps it is the Saxon church-towers—aren't you thankful we've seen those? Let me count—one at Aylmerton, one at Bessingham, one at——"

"Oh, you know that I am not thinking of the Saxon towers," he said.

"Well, then, perhaps it is the celebrated rood-screen at Sheringham," she said. "I would not have missed that for anything. You are quite right—it paralyzes——"

"Oh, you know that I am thinking of you!" he broke out passionately. "You know that I love, and love you. I loved you from the first moment I looked up from Sir Simon Felbrigg, and saw your dear, dear face and heard your dear, dear voice. I heard your voice before I saw your face. It thrilled through me. It called to me, and something in me answered at once. I must

have been waiting for you, Katharine; and how glad, how glad I am that I've had to wait so short a time, and that we are both so young and have all our lives before us!"

"Yes, yes," she cried, "all our lives before us!"

"And to think that we might have missed each other!" he exclaimed; "the very thought fills me with fear—doesn't it you?"

"We could not have missed," she said jubilantly. "People who are meant for each other find each other somehow."

"Oh, Katharine!" he cried, and he folded her in his arms.

A few minutes later they stood together in Felbrigg Church.

"And here we courted," she said—"all among the Felbrigg brasses."

"And here we will be married," he said—"all among the Felbrigg brasses."



SOME HIGH DIVERS AND THEIR WAYS.

DESCRIBED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALTER KILBEY.

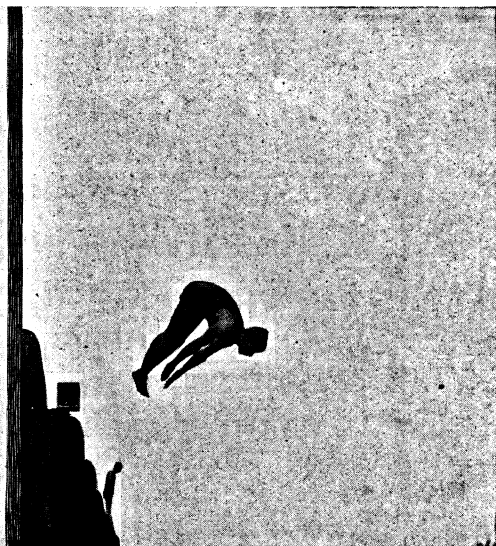
IF I had only to relate my own experiences of diving, especially high diving, I am afraid I should not have any very brilliant feats to record ; but having lived for some years at Brighton, where, I suppose, as much high diving takes place as in any other English town, and counting among my personal friends champion divers in different parts of the world, I hope to succeed in interesting the WINDSOR'S readers in the accompanying photographic record of certain diving performances. And I may claim this much, at least, of value for my article, that

boast very few diving-boards—none, perhaps, between eighteen inches high and six feet high. I think a sort of steep staircase would prove the most useful apparatus to lads learning to dive, as it would enable them to work up so gradually to a good height that the “funk” of a high dive would never have a chance of making itself felt.

If you would like to see some sensational diving “free, gratis, and for nothing,” I would suggest a trip to Brighton any day during the summer months. For example, let us take a return ticket from London Bridge or Victoria



I.—LEAVING THE BOARD.



II.—DOUBLING UP.

it deals chiefly with “the things that happen” when experts are at work.

“Champions are born, not made,” is a saying applicable to all branches of athletics and aquatics ; it may be applied with as much or as little truth, as the case may be, to divers ; for, though a good constitution and plenty of pluck are the first requisites of a champion, let it be understood that champions and experts are often made by sheer determination out of very indifferent stuff.

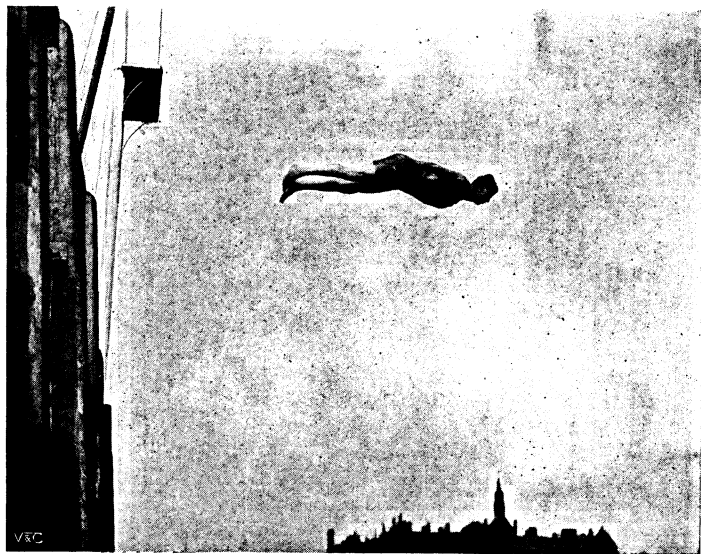
High diving is not sufficiently encouraged in England to get the best results. The baths in which most of us learn to swim

on a fine Monday. We shall arrive at Brighton about ten o'clock, and will lose no time in getting on to the West Pier, for there is no diving or swimming off the pier allowed after one o'clock. Better still, let us hire a boat off the beach, for from a boat you will, perhaps, get the best idea of the height of some of the dives.

At low water you will notice a spring-board out at a height of about twenty feet, then there is a board above the pier-deck about thirty feet from the water. Above this there is a scaffolding erected carrying a middle stage forty-two feet, and a top stage

fifty feet high—an amplified edition of the staircase I have already suggested as the best training-board for the young idea.

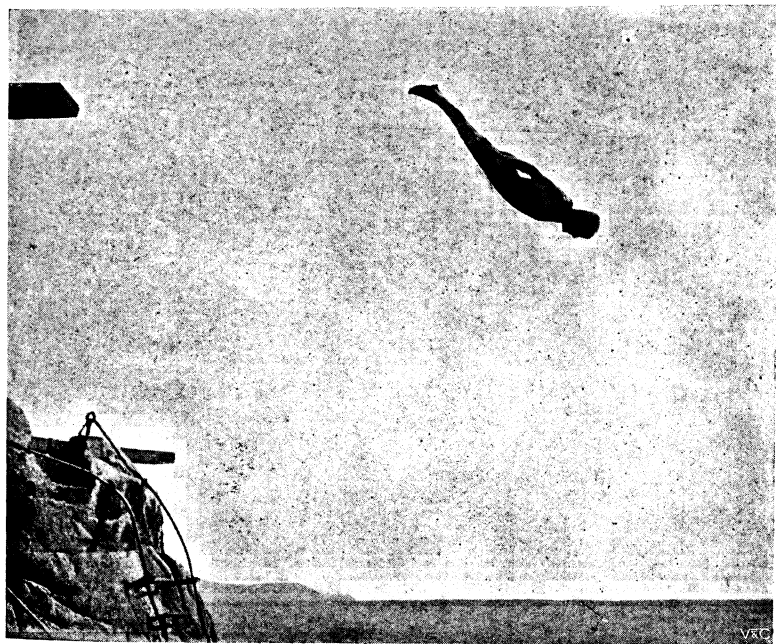
Divers of the gentler sex stop at the spring-board, and most ordinarily good divers at about thirty feet. Very few venture up the scaffolding—in fact, I doubt whether more than a tenth of the world's divers would relish a dive off the top stage. But you are almost sure to see a few go off the top, for there are several residents who do so nearly every day in the height of the season. It seems remarkable that anyone should feel at home diving from such a tremendous height. Even to watch them for the first time makes one's hair almost stand on end, and frequent is the involuntary "Oh!" that escapes from the onlooker's lips as the diver hurls himself out into space, cleaves through the air swift as an arrow—



IV.—A "PORPOISE" DIVE BY MR. J. NATTER.

down, down, down, splash!—and it is all over.

Many go up to the middle stage and come down as quickly; others have been seen to remain there for half an hour trying to pluck up sufficient courage to make the leap, and, notwithstanding a fair amount of jeering, have had to climb down. Even the

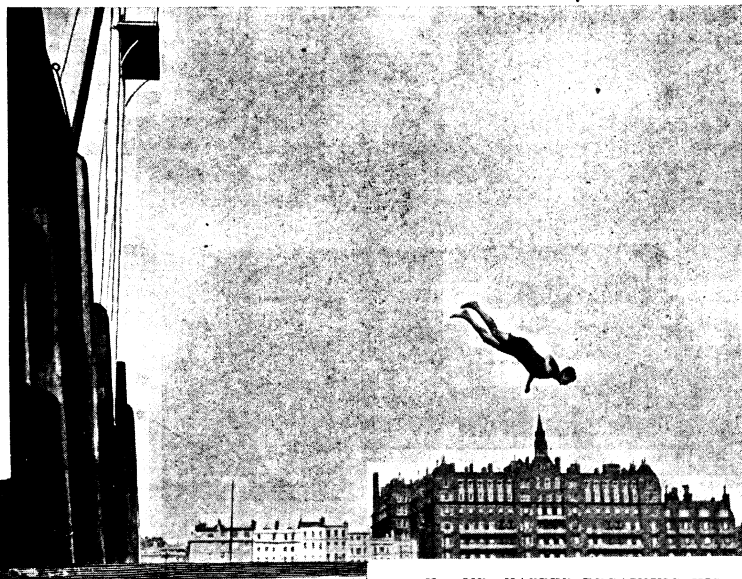


III.—MR. FRED MURCHISON'S "PORPOISE" OR "WOODEN SOLDIER" DIVE.

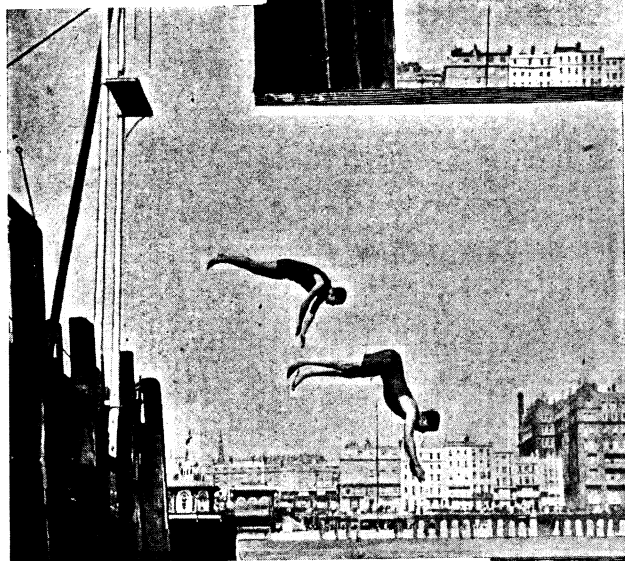
successful dive from this height is not necessarily a hall-mark of diving as a fine art. They are not all good divers that can go from the top—that is, from the point of view of "style." The seemingly clumsy way in which some of them go about their work makes it surprising that they do not kill themselves. The fact is, they cannot govern themselves sufficiently to make a stylish dive from such heights, save after years of perseverance and determination.

One of our champions told me it took him four solid years of hard work to learn to dive correctly.

In our illustrations I. and II. we have a South American gentleman just leaving the board, and immediately after. His style is very effective, and all his own. It is a kind of buck-jump. He always leaps up into the air, and then



V.—MR. NAPPER REGAINING HIS LOST BALANCE.

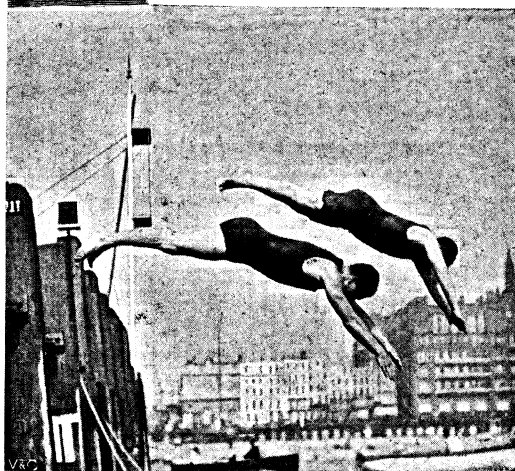


VI.—TOO CARELESS ABOUT HEAD PROTECTION.

doubles himself up into a sort of ball, and finally breaks into a nice, clean dive just as he enters the water. The next (No. III.), one of the only two pictures of the present series which are not located at Brighton, shows a plucky diver, Mr. Fred Murchison, of Kingstown, making a "porpoise" dive, or "wooden soldier," as it is named in the Emerald Isle. You will notice that the hands are kept by the side, and being from a good height (the highest obtainable at Sandy Cove, Ireland), it is a most daring feat. Mr. Murchison is a great exponent of this kind of header, never entering the water hands first. But as the hands are thus not available to assist in making a shallow

dive, there must be plenty of water to dive in, or such a method would mean certain death.

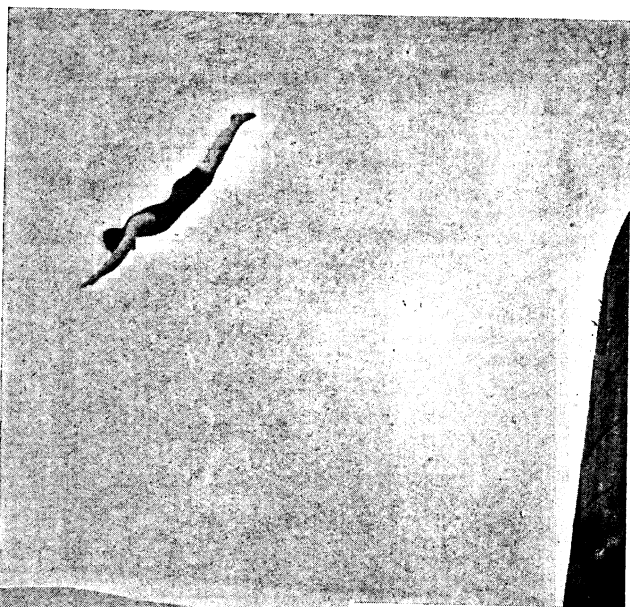
No. IV. shows the commencement of another "porpoise" dive, by Mr. J. Napper, a fearless performer, who is never happy unless he is trying some daring feat. No. V. also represents Mr. Napper, coming off the top stage. In the "take off" he has lost his balance somewhat, and is just regaining



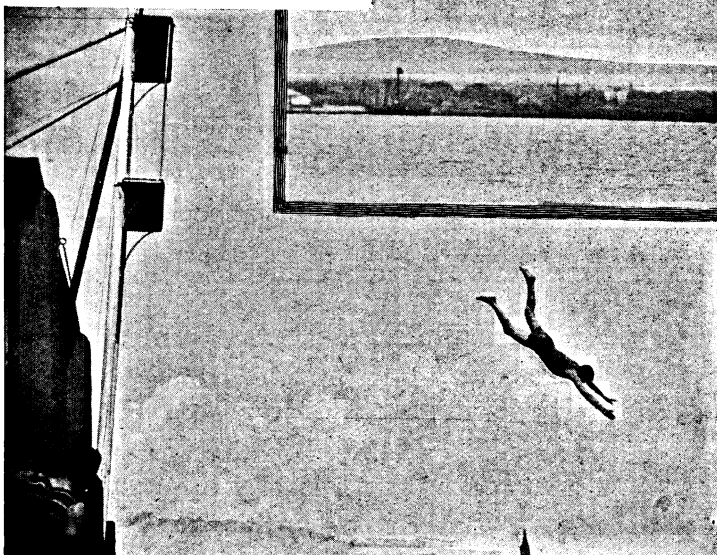
VII.—MESSRS. FOOTNER AND MARKS, SOUTH COAST EX-CHAMPIONS.

it. A good diver may occasionally lose his balance, but being generally cool-headed he can regain it, or at any rate sufficiently so to prevent injury to himself, for if he came from a great height flat on to his stomach, he would, we are told, be torn open, most probably with fatal results. This is anatomically possible, I suppose, but I'm inclined to think it would prove otherwise, should it ever happen. There is no actual case on record, so far as my inquiries have been made amongst medical and diving authorities.

Men sometimes go deaf through not sufficiently pro-



VIII.—MR. E. G. COLDWELL
MAKING THE 36-FOOT
DIVE OFF KINGSTOWN
PIER.



IX.—A STRUGGLE FOR LOST
BALANCE.

tecting their face and head. Many find it difficult to drop the head sufficiently to get it well between the arms; the result is, they get some tremendous blows on the head, and if the water is struck a bit sideways, the ear gets most of the concussion, and the result will not improbably be a rupture of the membrane of the tympanum. A little medicated wool, dipped in oil and placed in the ears, is said to be

a preventive to such an accident, but is disregarded by most experts.

The divers in No. VI. are very careless about protecting their heads, and will probably get a smart smack in the face. Contrast these with the two South Coast ex-champions, Messrs. Footner and Marks,



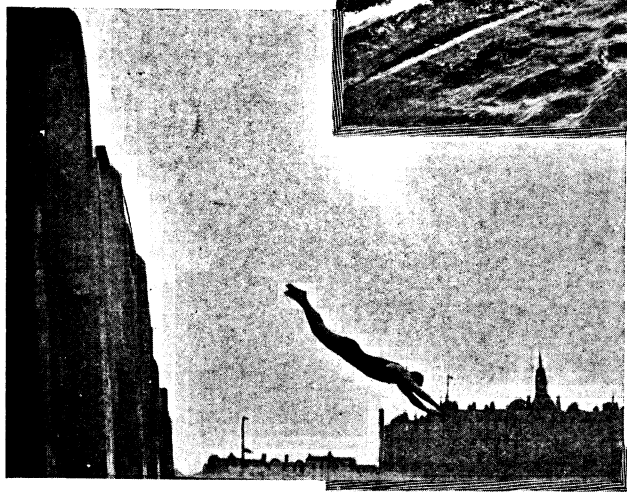
X.—LEGS BENT TOO FAR BACKWARD.

shown in No. VII., and E. G. Coldwell, of Sandy Cove (No. VIII.), who won the National Graceful Diving Championship, in June, 1900, at Highgate Ponds, before 20,000 spectators. Mr. Coldwell has only had five years' experience, is a most intrepid and determined fellow, and is quite at home with the highest dive in his part of the world—*viz.*, the thirty-six feet descent off Kingstown Pier. I have seen him make several successive dives off this spot on an icy cold morning, with the wind blowing half a gale. We who were attending on him in a

fine-made fellow he was, too, but I hazard the thought that he was not so used to high diving as we were led to believe. Anyway, he was a plucky chap, for after stripping he



XI.—LEGS BENT TOO FAR BACKWARD.



XII.—IN THE SWEDISH STYLE.

small boat were glad when we were once more on *terra firma*, so rough was the sea. Talking of his first high dive, he says: "My experience was none too pleasant. I got off and into the water all right, but it was then that the unpleasantness came. I was in the water with my head down and my heels up, and could not reach the surface for some seconds, which felt like so many hours. When I did reach the top of the water, I thought I had been somewhere down in the bowels of the earth."

Photograph IX. shows a diver who was introduced to me as an ex-champion, and a

went straight from the dressing-room to the top stage. As I had my camera with me I thought I would expose a plate upon such a good man. Well, No. IX. is the result. It was a surprise to me that I succeeded in getting this photo-



XIII.—MORE TYPICALLY ENGLISH.

graph at all, so startled was I at what I saw. The moment after he had left the staging he began to struggle for his balance, and I felt certain he would break his neck.

No article would be complete without a reference to the Swedish method, which is admittedly far and away the most stylish and effective. The Swedish divers are trained from

XV.—A FAIRLY GOOD START.



XIV.—JUST BEFORE "TAKING OFF."

However, he righted himself a little and came a fearful "whacker," which he must have remembered for a long time afterwards. This brings to our notice one of the chief dangers of high diving—that of coming over on one's back. Divers often get the backs of their legs fearfully bruised by neglecting to keep them quite straight, and allowing them to bend backward from the knees, as depicted in Nos. X. and XI.

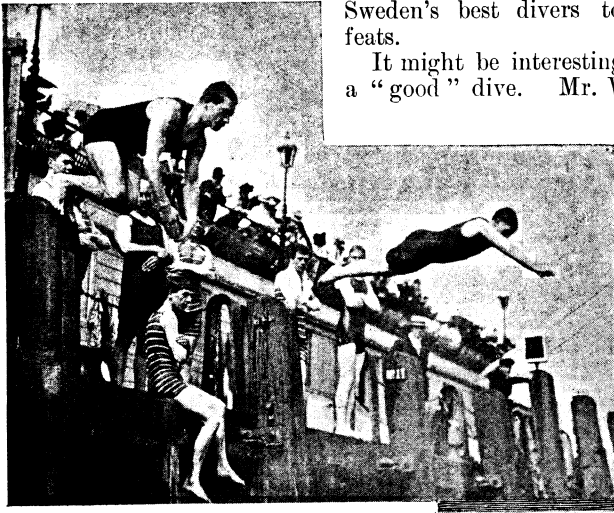


XVI.—A BETTER ONE: HEAD ALREADY PROTECTED.



XVII.—HALF WAY THROUGH.

childhood, and I suppose it would be impossible to become an expert in their style unless trained from the cradle, so to speak. They will come from a great height in a graceful outward curve—the heels almost hanging over the head—to within a few feet of the water, then



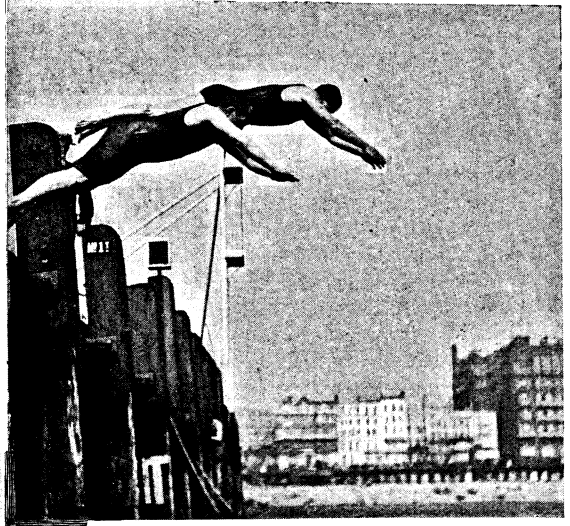
XVIII.—TWO DIVERS DIFFERING IN QUICKNESS OF START.

suddenly straighten out and take a very clean, shallow dive.

But although we are a very long way behind the Swedes in gracefulness, we keep to the front in strength and endurance, and hold the premier position for speed swimming. And since the English Life-Saving Society has done so much to encourage scientific diving we may expect yet better things of the coming generation. The above Society holds an annual international competition, and invites

Sweden's best divers to give displays of their skilful feats.

It might be interesting to know what is really meant by a "good" dive. Mr. William Henry, the hon. secretary of the above-named Society, and one of the most expert swimmers and divers of our time, says: "According to the rules of the Life-Saving Society, framed for the purpose of the National Graceful Diving Competition, a dive is defined as follows: A leap is made into the air, the body is then straightened almost horizontally, the arms are turned at once towards the water, and the legs thrown up for the downward drop. On entering the water the arms must be extended



XIX.—ONE GAINING ON THE OTHER.



XX.—A JOINT DIVE BY MESSRS. NAPPER AND SMITH.

in advance of the head, the forefingers must be in contact and the palms of the hands held downwards. The thighs and the legs, from the hips to the great toes, must be kept close together, and the feet turned back. No dive is counted in which the competitor, when entering the water, turns on his back."

English divers generally practise an opposite curve to that of the Swedes—i.e., an inward one. Nos. VIII. and XII. are the nearest approach to the Swedish style, and No. XIII. is more typically English. The latter shows Mr. A. J. Marks, of Brighton, but not at his best.

Mr. Marks is a very fine diver and champion swimmer. Relating his sensa-



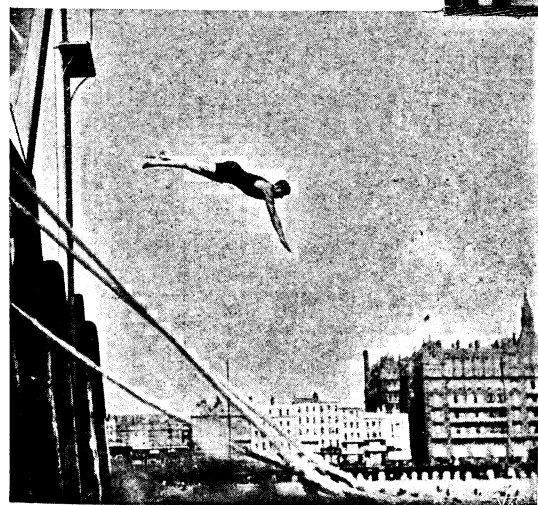
XXI.—A "LEAP-FROG" DIVE.

tions of his first high dive, he says: "After making my spring, and while going through the air, I felt a buzzing and whizzing in my ears, a dazzling appearance of water in my eyes, and smack! and I was in, accompanied by a flaring lot of stars from the concussion, which is very great."

When diving from a height one would naturally expect to experience the sensation of falling known to us only in dreams, but no divers I have yet met have ever experienced that sensation—the dive is over too soon.

The pleasures of high diving may be summed up in two words—exhilarating and fascinating. When once an ordinary swimmer has learned to take a

header, how disdainful he is about entering the water in any other manner! And the higher the dive, the keener is the sense of exultation in the diver. Watch him, and count how many times he will climb a tedious height barefooted, just for the sake of his dive. Most high divers will tell you that the sensation is the nearest approach they can imagine to flying.



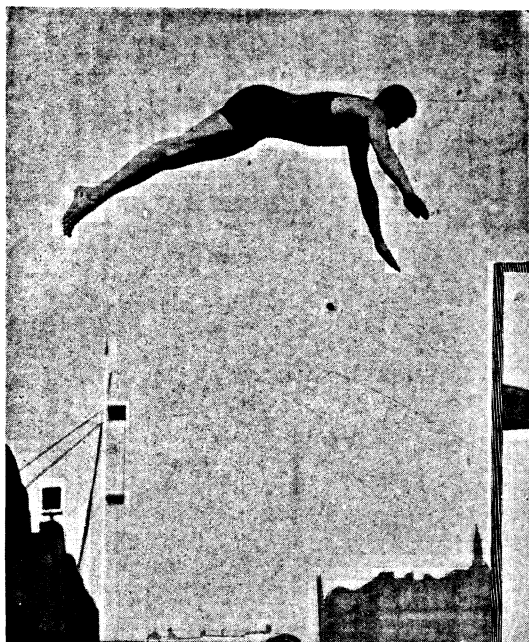
XXIII.—LEGS TOO FAR APART.



XXII.—HEAD INSUFFICIENTLY PROTECTED.

You must have perfect control over yourself, or you will get nervous and lose your head. Confidence in oneself and the proper amount of practice will make each successive part of the dive more or less mechanical. The tension experienced by some divers is over when they spring; with others not until they enter the water. But this is chiefly a matter of temperament, for others feel no tension whatever, and appreciate each part, the filling the lungs with air, the spring, the falling through space, the break, and the entering and cleaving of the water.

A good start is shown in No. XV., but No. XVI., a "sail over," is perhaps a better one, as the head is already protected. No. XVII. shows the same performer half way through his dive.



XXIV.—A "BIRD" OR "SPREAD EAGLE" DIVE
BY MR. PEARN.

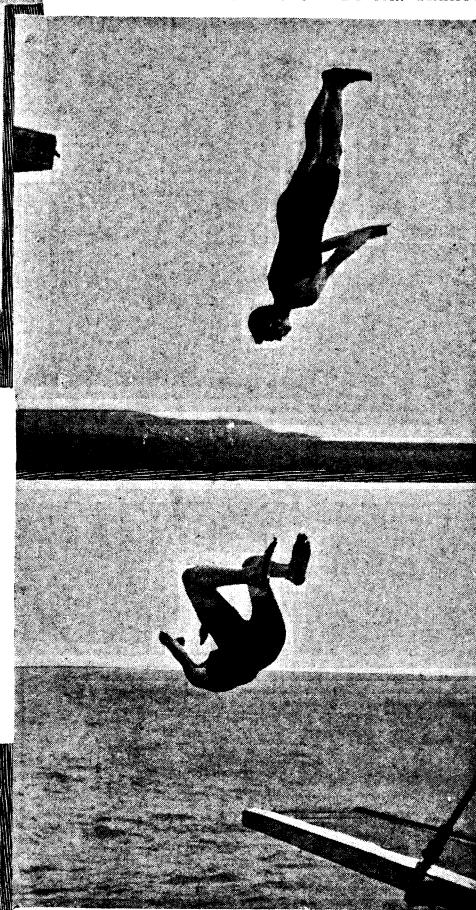
For ordinary high diving, which is simply for style and effect, the diver gets his toes just over the edge of the board, and takes his time to get the correct judgment before "taking off," as illustrated in No. XIV.

Nos. XVIII. and XIX. illustrate how much slower one diver is than another in getting a start. Both performers have heard the word "Go," and in each photograph one diver has

quite left the pier before the other has got clear. Yet both swimmers are experts, and quite at home with all sensational diving.

No. XX. illustrates a striking joint dive by Messrs. T. Napper and Smith, who were frequently to be seen, before Mr. Smith's departure for America,

XXV.—A BACK SOMERSAULT BY MR. TREACY.

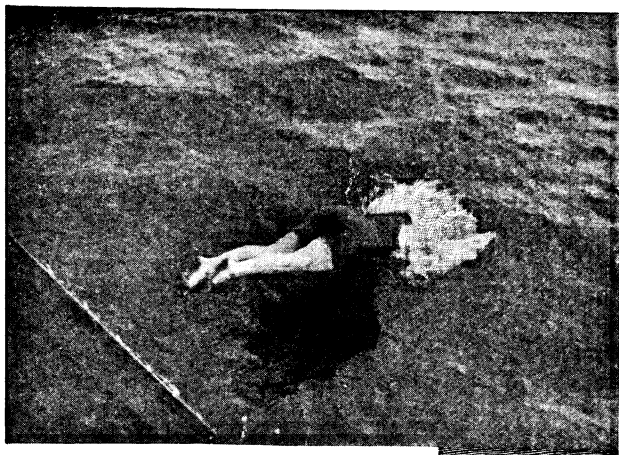


XXVI.—A BACK SOMERSAULT BY MR. BENDALL.

diving off Brighton Pier in concert, either off each other's shoulders or locked together. Mr. Napper is a born high diver. It is rare fun to see him climbing up steamers alongside the pier or diving under them. I have seen him hanging on to the stern rope of a departing steamer, and being dragged through the water at a fearful rate as they hauled the line in, until you would have thought his very arms would be pulled out. But no! He would not let go until nearly hauled



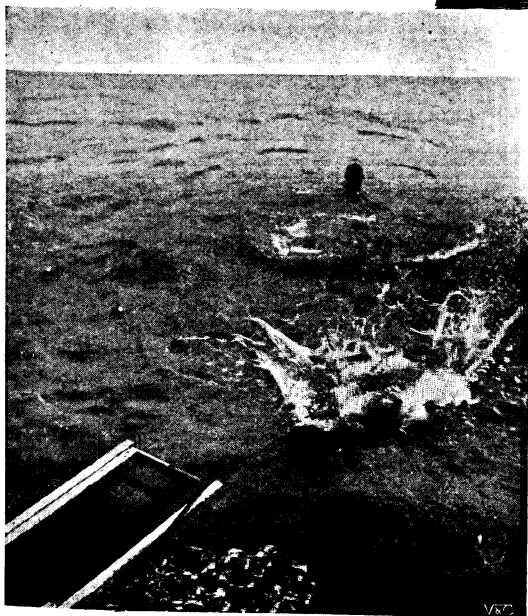
XXVII.—A SIDE DIVE FROM THIRTY FEET HIGH.



XXVIII.—ENTERING THE WATER AFTER A SHALLOW DIVE.

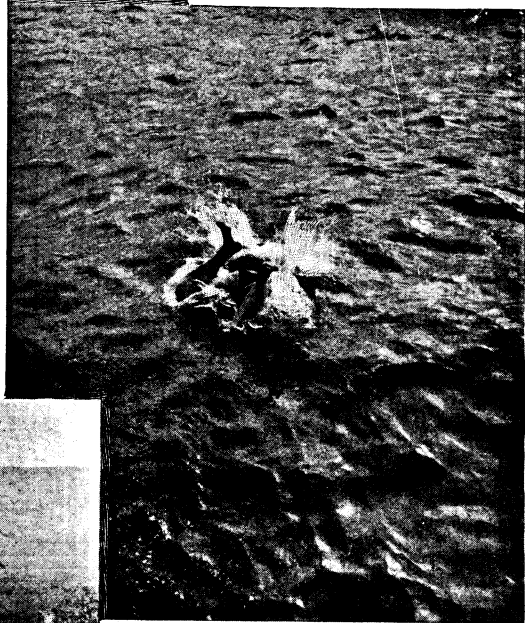
aboard, then down he would drop into the ship's wake and swim back, as strong and smiling as ever. It is he who is playing "leap-frog" over our South American friend's back in No. XXI. The two used to be seen nearly every day together on the Brighton Pier. Buck-jumping, running dives, and leap-frog were their favourite amusements in the diving line.

In conclusion, here are a few fancy



XXX.—THE FINISH.

dives. No. XXVII. shows a side dive from about thirty feet. It looks very simple, but is not nearly so easy as it looks. Not one in a hundred even try it, and a very small percentage of those ever try it again, especially from anything above three or four feet high. Another (No. XXV.) shows a back somersault dive by Mr. Treacy, who nearly always goes into the water this way. In back-somersaulting the diver turns his back to the water, gets his heels over the edge of the diving-board,



XXIX.—AFTER A HIGHER DIVE.

makes a spring up and backwards, turns a complete circle, straightens out his rolled-up body and limbs, and enters the water backwards, as we see in No. XXVI. A "bird" dive, or "spread eagle," is shown in No. XXIV., and those interested in diving may expect something sensational from this swimmer, Mr. Pearn. He is only seventeen years of age. He dived from the high ladder at Brighton after only about six months' diving, so you may be sure he has plenty of grit.

ANIMALS THAT ARE SOLDIERS.

BY YORK HOPEWELL.

THERE are at least thirty regiments in the British Army that have a special pet animal which is carefully tended in times both of peace and of war, and is the favourite of everybody connected with the regiment. These animals are frequently so attached to the troopers, whom they have known for years, that they march not only in front of the regiment when it is on parade, but even accompany it into battle when it goes to the front.

The dogs of the "Fighting Fifth" are probably the most renowned of the military animals of to-day, since they accompanied the illustrious Northumberland Regiment to the Cape, and have gone through much of the severe fighting there with their friends. A capital photograph is here given of three of them, taken in England before the regiment left for South Africa. They look



Photo by]

[Cummings, Aldershot.

"JACK": THE DOG OF THE 12TH LANCERS.

sufficiently active and alert to let the Boers know that they come from the Tyne district. The bulldog is a splendid specimen, of which the "Fifth" are especially proud, whilst his companions are by no means behind when "business" is afoot.

"Jack," the retriever dog of the 12th Lancers, also accompanied that regiment into active service. Jack is a thorough Lancer; he delights in the very sight of a lance, and barks joyously when he sees the regiment ready for the march, and promptly takes his place with the men in the ranks. It was said that, of all our cavalry, the Boers feared the Lancers most, and Jack certainly encouraged them in these views; one may well pity any enemy who tries to kill a 12th man with Jack in the neighbourhood. His hair is beautifully black and curly, and he is about as intelligent a retriever as anyone can find.

The famous drum-horse of the 7th Hussars, for many years the *doyen* of pet regimental horses, is hardly likely to take the prominent part in any future campaign that he has in some of the past. The 7th are proud of their pet, for he was given to them by our late gracious Queen herself. Few regiments can make such a boast, and the Hussars do not forget to let you know that he is a Royal horse. When the regiment is on the march, and this noble animal troops at its head, with its snowy



Photo by]

[Cummings, Aldershot.

DOGS OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, WEARING ROSES ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

white mane, tail, and lower limbs, he is as fine a specimen of a soldier's horse as you will see in this or any other land.

One of the most celebrated of all our regimental pets is the goat of the Welsh Regiment; and he marched into Bloemfontein at their head. Probably no other pet animal has seen so much military service, for the gallant Welshmen utterly object to go anywhere without their goat. He is always with them, either at home or abroad, in times of peace or in times of war, and his place is ever in front. No one who has seen the Welsh Regiment march through

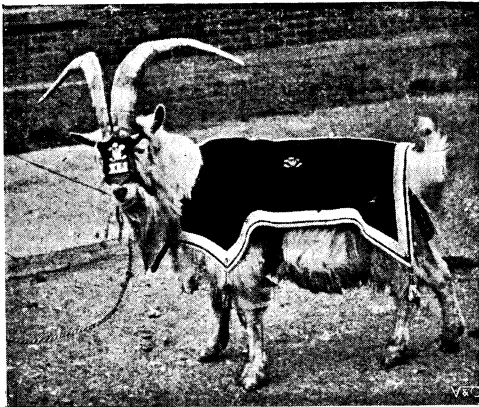


Photo by]

[Cummings, Aldershot.

THE GOAT OF THE WELSH REGIMENT.

any of the towns of the Principality can forget the goat, with its pretty coat and headpiece, strutting gallantly in front of the men, as grand a soldier as the bravest of them there. His scarlet coat, with white facings, and headpiece bear the regimental badge and crest, and "Billy" apparently knows that, and is as proud of it as anyone. If you doubt it, just try to take either of these decorations away from him, and he will give you a taste of the weapons fighting-goats use, a prod of which is equal to that of any bayonet.

"Lizzie," the fine bear which used to amuse all visitors to the regiment of the "Death or Glory" boys, has recently, I believe, been done away with. She marched with the 17th Lancers both in England and in India, and was a constant source of



Photo by]

[Cummings, Aldershot.

BEAR OF THE GLOUCESTER REGIMENT.

interest to everybody. But "Lizzie" had a temper which was not always as gentle as it might have been.

To-day the distinction of having a pet bear belongs to the famous Gloucester Regiment, whose men have done such valiant deeds for us at the Cape. When the first part of the regiment went off to South Africa they left the bear behind them. The Gloucesters are



Photo by]

[Cummings, Aldershot.

DRUM-HORSE OF THE 7TH HUSSARS, PRESENTED BY HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

extremely fond of their bear, and the children of the regiment play with it in a manner that suggests anything but ferocity on its part.

"Anthony," whose picture is as familiar to Yorkshiremen who take a pride in their county's soldiers as is their finest football hero, has an unusually brilliant record—for a donkey. He was very small indeed when the "Green Howards" first got hold of him in India, but he evidently decided that a military career was preferable to that of a coster, and led more directly to paths of glory; for he would not be driven away from the troopers' camp at Peshawar! So the Tykes adopted him, and had a special set of harness made for him. Anthony from that day became the travelling companion of the "Howards," and he it was that marched with them on that celebrated journey of so many miles through the north of India, when they were engaged upon the late frontier wars. The little donkey did his long marches as gamely as the men themselves. He lived amongst them and ate with them. They let him have a drink of their beer as they went along, and Anthony, sad to relate, like his relative of the 26th Battery, seemed very much

to enjoy the beverage in that hot climate. Indeed, he came to look for it daily. Captain Ferrar tells me that there is



THE DONKEY OF THE YORKSHIRE REGIMENT
("GREEN HOWARDS").

not a more knowing animal anywhere than Anthony.

The Royal Sussex, the 35th, whose colours have been emblazoned during this last twenty years with three distinctions, have a strange regimental pet, the said animal being a cat. It is not claimed for the Sussex cat that he is as good a fighter on the battlefield as he is on housetops, and therefore it is not easily explained why this regiment should show such a predilection. Nevertheless, so unique is the idea of making Pussy a regimental pet that I have included him in this article.

The Scots Guards were followed, after the Belmont battle, by a dog. They have now adopted him and christened him "Jock." He has been with them in eight engagements, and has marched nearly a thousand miles.

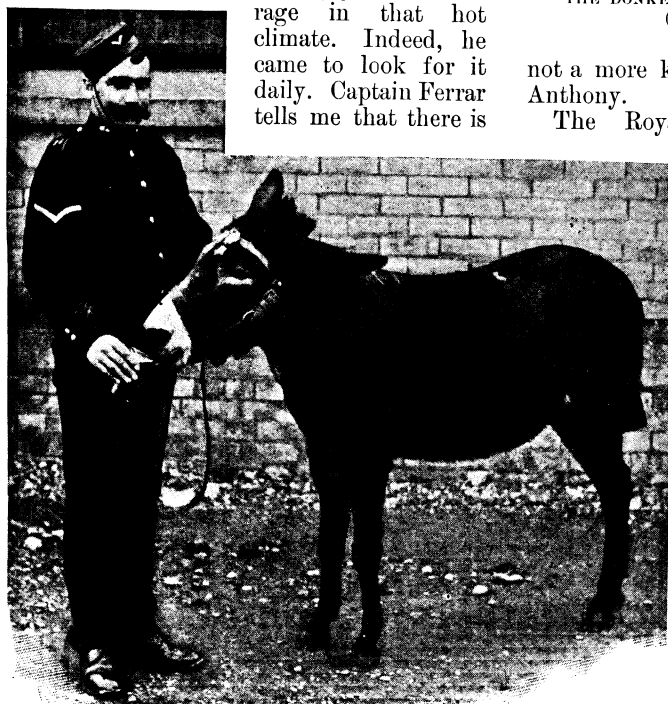


Photo by

THE DONKEY OF THE 26TH BATTERY, R.A.

[Elliott & Fry.]



Photo by]

[Elliott & Fry.

THE CAT OF THE ROYAL SUSSEX.

It is only fitting that the "men-women," as the Kaffirs call the Highlanders, should wish to adopt an animal distinctive of the land from which they hail. It is, therefore, more appropriate that the Seaforth Highlanders possess a tame deer which accompanies them in their travels up and down the world. But one cannot help wondering how a deer ever came to develop a taste for things martial, as this creature has undoubtedly done. A deer is usually considered a particularly modest and retiring animal, yet the Seaforth Highlanders will tell you that their deer is as fond of the regiment as anyone, and that he can always distinguish a Seaforth man from any other kilted warrior.

A pet dog of the Army Medical Corps has won a reputation in the service as being the comic fellow of regimental pets. Nothing so pleases that dog as to be dressed up as a soldier, and to be put in a sentry-box and set to guard it! Our photograph shows him thus dressed at the door of his master's tent. His hat and belt, and his sword and pipe, would do credit to any member of the renowned Corps itself. The intelligent animal always seems to be enjoying the fun as much as the onlooker. He is stated to be of the utmost use to the members of the Army Medical Corps during their medical practice; and it is believed that, should Fate call him

to the front, this dog will make a name for himself by his unique services in aiding wounded soldiers on the field of battle, for he is as sagacious and clever as any St. Bernard.

However proud the Yorkshiremen are of their donkey, or the Lancers of "Jack," it is certain that the Royal Warwickshire Regiment are no less vain of their antelope. One is not surprised at this; an antelope is not a common pet, even with people who have much more leisure to take care of him than falls to the lot of soldiers. But the men of the Warwickshire Regiment never allow their *protégé* to be neglected. He has a pair of splendid horns, and is as slim and as beautifully made as an antelope can be, which is saying much. When he marches with the troops, he is led by two younger members of the regiment by cords, one at each side, and he wears a fine coat made specially for him, bearing the badge and crest of the regiment. His beautiful wavy horns—with their tips encased in ear-caps—never fail to excite admiration from the spectators who watch him on the march. He troops in front of the colours, just as he is represented in our photograph, and it is questionable whether his pride or that of the men marching behind him is the greater.

We have all heard of the Yorkshire Light Infantry; and Major-General Baden-Powell

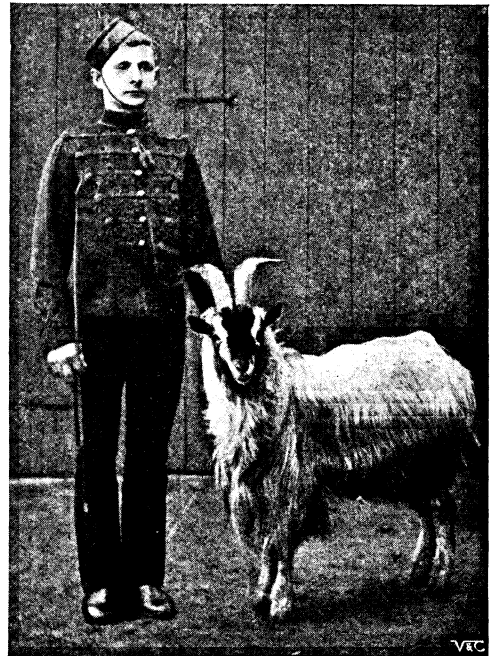


Photo by]

[Elliott & Fry.

THE GOAT OF THE 7TH HUSSARS.

could tell us still more about their fighting powers. The pet of these men is a magnificent bulldog, of which we give a good portrait. His jaws, and indeed his whole expression, convey the idea that he could make things lively for any foe, either national or personal.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of all the animals who loyally started for the front to assist in maintaining British supremacy in South Africa were the pair of friends that recently created such stir and



Photo by]

[Cummings, Aldershot.

THE EMU OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS.

pleasure in the camp at Aldershot, whilst the New South Wales Lancers were there in training. When these fine Colonial troopers came over here they brought with them their pets, and Aldershot—elder Aldershot as well as juvenile Aldershot—was correspondingly amused with the antics of the jumping kangaroo and the stately emu.

The kangaroo soon became friendly with everybody, and would answer to almost any name that "Tommy" gave him. He was always ready for a romp and gambol, and enjoyed the visit to England as much as any Australian. He could not walk at the head of the Lancers, like the drum-horse of their English friends, or like the goat of the



THE KANGAROO OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS.

Photo by Cummings, Aldershot.

Welshmen, but his jumping came in handy, and he was never far behind when anything was going on.

As for the emu, he walked along the lines with a dignity that would have rejoiced the heart of a major-general. His intelligence, on the whole, did not equal that of the kangaroo; but probably a course of travel and experience, such as he has been undergoing in Cape Colony, will work wonders with him.

Norwich could tell many amusing stories of the goat of the Queen's Own Hussars, who have their present station there. The special favourite of this knowing animal is a lad of the regiment, who takes particular care of the goat, and between them they have established a flourishing "Mutual Admiration Society." The goat follows the



Photo by]

[Cummings, Aldershot.

THE DEER OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

boy up and down like a dog, and always shows the utmost disinclination to leave him. Its hair is long and of a very silky texture, and its horns are things to be avoided when Mistress Nan means business; and the man or boy who would try to harm the lad standing by the goat's side, when those curved horns are at liberty, would get the worst of the bargain.

We may also mention "Billy," the dog which has accompanied the 7th Dragoons to the Cape, after collecting a considerable sum for the relief of wounded soldiers; whilst the fine Highland ram that used to march at the head of the 93rd Regiment (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) was in his day quite a unique character. It may be news to some people that one British regiment has a bird for a pet, and that it has gone with the troops to the Cape. This famous bird is a parrot, and it belongs to the celebrated Gordons.

Then there is the well-known donkey of the 26th Battery of the Royal Artillery, which has also gone on active service to help



Photo by]

[Elliott & Fry.

BULLDOG OF THE YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.



Photo by]

[Cummings, Aldershot.

DOG OF THE R.A.M.C. ON GUARD.

in the "wiping something off the slate." He has a whole battery for his friends, and it is certain he will do no stampeding.

The next animal we must speak a word about here is "Mona," the well-known pet of the Army Service Corps. Mona's record is excellent, and more than one trooper owes his life in some degree to this dog's intelligence and activity on the actual field of war. Mona, like the Corps to which she belongs, is ever to the front in aiding the sick or the wounded, and she makes a capital scout. Her work and worth are well recognised by the brigade to which she is attached, and it is safe to say that few regimental dogs are greater favourites than is the pet of the Army Service Corps.

No account of "Animals that are Soldiers" could possibly be regarded as complete which omitted to mention two of the most curious pets that died some time ago. The first was a big goose! The way that this bird came to belong to such a crack regiment as the Grenadiers was in itself romantic. When they were on duty in Canada, a sentry was one night amazed to find a large goose come up to him and hold out a lame foot for his inspection. He attended to the hurt, and then the bird became very friendly. Soon it refused to keep away from the camp, and so the soldiers adopted it and named it "Peter."

The other extraordinary pet, a snake, belonged to the Devonshire Regiment. Though the snake was poisonous enough, it never attempted to touch its master or any of the members of his company, and it lived with the Devons for many months, quite content to be regarded as being "on the strength." It was a dangerous pet in some ways, and there is no doubt that the authorities here in England would have prohibited it forthwith; but in India they do and allow many things that are tabooed here, and the keeping of a snake as a regimental pet is evidently one such example. The snake had finally to be given away when the Devons were ordered to return home, and so another good "soldier" was lost.

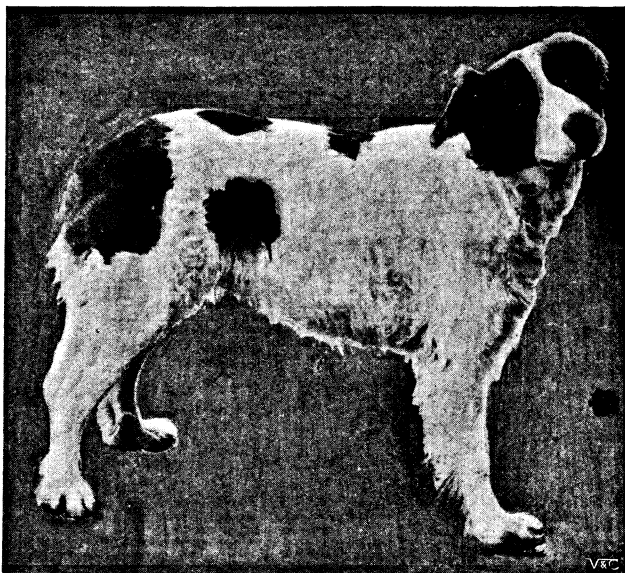


Photo by]

[J. Russell & Sons.

"MONA": THE DOG OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.



Photo by]

THE ANTELOPE OF THE 2ND ROYAL WARWICK REGIMENT.

[Elliott & Fry.

CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. IX. — "UNLIKELIES."



HE Unlikely Mine is not its real name, but it bears some resemblance to the sound of the real name, and has replaced it for common or City use. And it certainly is just about the unlikeliest mine in New Zealand.

When it was offered to the public, Mr. Horace Fall, J.P., read the prospectus, and observed that here was an enterprise which only demanded a moderate capital. If the mine had been all that fancy and the expert painted it, this view would have been correct. But the rest of the investing public seemed to be possessed with the idea that a thing that was worth nothing was dear at two-pence. And so it happened that when Mr. Horace Fall applied for two thousand ordinary pound shares, he got—to his pain and surprise—the whole two thousand allotted to him. He paid for them and put them away in his safe. He could have bought them for eight shillings apiece a few months later.

Fall was a man of some means, and the loss, though serious, was not enough to affect his health or his manner of living. The reasons why a year afterwards he cut his throat had nothing to do with "Unlikelies" or with this story. He bequeathed to his intelligent and hard-working niece, Dora Merton, his holding in "Unlikelies," and also Consols producing an income of about £200.

Dora Merton had taken the equivalent of a fairly high degree at Cambridge; but she had been expected to do much better, and it was thought either that she had been lazy, or that she had not worked with discretion. The latter, from an examination point of view, was true enough. She was a little,

mouse-like woman, with brown hair and white teeth, neither plain enough to be ugly, nor pretty enough to be beautiful. She was very quiet, and her manner suggested a timidity that she did not possess. For a short time she was governess to the family of a stockbroker; then—partly through his influence, generously used when he saw her rather remarkable capabilities—she obtained a more remunerative employment, doing difficult statistical work for an insurance company. Her favourite reading was the principal financial articles, and she could distinguish between solid sense and the other thing. As a rule, wise men of business do not talk much business out of hours, and do not talk it to women at all. But she had a few intimate friends who had begun by chaffing her for her unfeminine interests, and had ended by respecting her knowledge and capability. She did not bother them for tips; she did not want half an hour of serious discussion on the grave question whether or not the moment had arrived for selling five Lake Views. In a word, she was not as other women. She did not speculate, in spite of her interest in speculation; she had no money to play about with. And she had ideas; men that she knew had more than once found them to be profitable ideas.

The death of her Uncle Horace did not greatly afflict her. All that she knew of him was that he had quarrelled with her father. She had never expected him to leave her a penny; she took the legacy as a way of saying that he limited his ill-will to the period of his lifetime. What was she to do with it?

She was an independent mouse, living in her own flat in Bloomsbury, going her own ways, forming her own opinions. She made her own inquiries as to "Unlikelies," and she formed her own decision as to the line to take. It was only then that she wrote a note to Peter Bafray. Bafray was a sardonic person of thirty-three. He was tall, and almost grotesquely ugly in a strong, clean-shaven way. The Bafrays and Mertons had been friends for two generations, and Peter and

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Dora had, at a considerably previous period, bowled hoops together. Peter was now a solicitor in partnership with his father, and possessed of more money than is good for a single man. To him, knowing him to be a loyal friend and no fool, the mouse wrote as follows :—

"DEAR PETER,

"Please dine with me at the Twentieth Club on Saturday at eight. I've got something rather in your line, and we can talk it over. We shall be alone.

"Yours ever,

"DORA MERTON."

The Twentieth is a ladies' club, and very pretty in its interior, being all white and purple and gold, with Corinthian pillars where they are required and also elsewhere. The male guest goes to the upstairs dining-room. It was in a corner of this room that Dora and Peter dined.

"And what about the business?" Peter asked when dinner was half over.

"Well," said Dora, "to begin with, have you got any money?"

"Just borrowed my cab-fare from my man."

"No, but really?"

"I dare say I might be able to find some," Peter admitted reluctantly.

"That's all right. Then I am going to tell you about a little scheme of mine that I want you to join me in. To begin with, I must tell you that I am now an heiress in a small way, through the death of that wicked old man, Uncle Horace."

She told him all about her legacy. "Now," she continued, "what do you think I ought to do?"

"If you were an ordinary woman I should tell you to sell your 'Unlikelies' for whatever they will fetch, and buy some more Consols with the money. But you are not an ordinary woman. You would keep an eye on your investments; you don't want to go to sleep on them. Of course, I still say, Sell your 'Unlikelies.' They are quite neglected, and I doubt if they will ever go any better. But Consols are not good enough for you. You'd better come out of them, and try to get a few first-class mortgages—that would make a bill of costs for us, you know, and perhaps you might—but what's the use of my talking? You've made up your mind already."

"Yes," said the mouse. "At least, I've thought of something. But you may not like it. I sell the Consols, of course, but I

keep the 'Unlikelies,' and I buy more 'Unlikelies' with the money that I get for the Consols."

"That sounds like madness, but I won't say that you're wrong until I hear the rest of the story. The mine's not a good property, it is not well managed, it has never paid a dividend, and most people think it never will. Is it worth it?"

"Is the price of a thing on a Stock Exchange regulated by what it's worth, or even by what the public think it's worth? What about the time when the bears were caught short of N. P. Commons?"

"There you are talking. But are we big enough to run a corner? And do we know how to do it? You see, you've got to make your bears before you can trap them."

"True. I'll give you the scheme. I'm not prepared to put every penny I possess into it, but I will put in a good deal. If you like it, you will put in two-thirds as much, and undertake all the business details—I'm too busy at the office to attend to them—and if there are any profits we will share them equally. Will you have any more wine? No? Then we'll come to the lounge, where you can smoke and listen."

In the lounge they talked eagerly, argued, calculated. At the end of an hour Peter had accepted the scheme and the partnership.

"Well," he said, as he rose, answering a previous question of hers, "it's difficult to particularise, but I should say that *Way to Wealth* was about the absolute rottenest. But there will be no difficulty in finding financial organs to serve our purpose. I'll begin on Monday. Will you be at the mater's Wednesday?"

"No; I can't get away from the office in the afternoon."

"You might give that up now."

"But I shan't. The work interests me. And I can't get it to do unless I work properly; besides, it will be something to fall back upon when the corner bursts up."

Peter Bafray laughed and said good-night.

* * * * *

On Monday, Peter Bafray called at the excessively shabby office of *Way to Wealth*, and interviewed the excessively shabby manager of that dishonest organ.

"I have been told," said Peter, "that you have exceptional facilities for making inquiries into the value of mining properties."

"That is so," said the manager gravely.

"If, in the course of investigation, you



"A friend of mine would be prepared to defray the cost of the investigation."

ADRESTER

came across anything which could be said for 'Unlikelies,' it would make an interesting editorial item for your paper; and a friend of mine, who has a considerable holding, would be prepared to defray the cost of the investigation."

This was very nicely and delicately put, but the manager was not delicate, and did not make an unnecessary fuss about these things.

"What you want," he said, "is a ten-line puff in two issues, to come under 'The Man in the Market'—one of our best features. Well, we can do that at—" and he proceeded to quote his tariff for his conscience. It was most moderate.

The paragraphs duly appeared. The first began: "Those who clung patiently to their 'Unlikelies' are, we understand, about to be richly rewarded. We have received private advices that show that the mine is a splendid property, not over-capitalised, and

would have been on the dividend-paying list long ago but for mismanagement. A sharp rise is intended in very strong quarters for next account. Speculators will take the hint and get in early. The good news has been kept very dark, but from what we happen to know we should think the shares cheap at £3."

One or two of the other inferior financial organs were also impressed with the chances of "Unlikelies," their inspiration also being directly derived from Peter Bafray for a consideration.

Now, it is wrong to think that favourable notices in papers of this class have no effect on dealers, supposing that the dealers happen to see the notices. They incline the man

who knows to a very pessimistic view of the company that requires such rotten support, and Peter Bafray and Dora Merton were particularly anxious to discredit the buying of "Unlikelies" which was to follow.

Briefly, the partners disguised themselves as a herd of weak bulls. In the course of the next few days, about thirty people, with different names and dealing with different brokers, made purchases of "Unlikelies." The thirty were simply dummies—different incarnations of the partners. At the back of them all were Peter Bafray and Dora Merton.

Purchases of this description, following a prelude of bought puff notices, did not greatly affect the market in "Unlikelies." It looked exactly like the silly speculator with no money, and jobbers who took this

view had it confirmed later. A lithographed post-card was sent round on the following lines: "A friend who has your interests at heart strongly recommends an immediate purchase of 'Unlikelies.'" One or two jobbers who had received these cards joked about them, but they had their effect, and the effect was precisely what was

It was too tempting. More than one jobber sold an absolute bear, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they would have been right. Peter Bafray and Dora Merton took what they offered, and began to feel a little easier in their minds; it was going all right.

The same tactics were pursued at the end of the next account. It looked, as it was



"The partners met in Oxford Street, by chance."

intended by the caras—to discredit the buying and to provoke solid people to sell a bear.

At the end of the account the weak bulls began, with one consent, to carry over; not a single share was lifted. At the same time *Way to Wealth* came out with another paragraph to the effect that "Unlikelies" would be worth £10 apiece before Christmas.

meant to look, as if the bulls were in a very bad way. The jobbers carried over, but they made the rate pretty stiff. And again they sold, and Bafray and Miss Merton took all they could get. It became a popular tip to sell a few "Unlikelies" and make your holiday expenses. That tended to check the more important selling of the bigger people. It began to be whispered that the bearing of

"Unlikelies" had been overdone. About this time men at his club found Peter Bafray slightly absent-minded. He seemed always to be thinking of something else.

Dora dined at the house of Peter's father, and Peter had some talk with his partner afterwards in the drawing-room. He did not look much gloomier than usual, but the figures that he showed Miss Merton were not entirely satisfactory.

"Well, there it is," he said. "We've not got as many shares as we thought we should, and, to my mind, we've got as many as we need. It may come all right. The bears will be short of stock, of course, and they will have a good deal to find. But it's not quite the certainty that we had hoped. Upon my word, I almost wish I hadn't put you in it."

"It was rather the other way."

"No, you wouldn't have gone on if I had known enough to stop you. In dealings like this you can't absolutely depend on anything. A whisper or a wet day may affect the feeling of the market—or, on the other hand, it may not. It was outside my line of business, and I ought to have let it alone and persuaded you to let it alone, too. My word! I wonder what the governor would say if he knew!"

At that moment the elder Bafray came up and inquired genially what the conspiracy was.

At half-past four the following afternoon the partners met in Oxford Street by chance.

"You look depressed," said Peter.

"So I am," said Dora. "It's something at the office—a question of figures—it wouldn't interest you, I am afraid."

"And in the meantime, have you seen the papers?"

"No, I've not looked at them. I've had this thing on my mind. It's one of those cases where you can see that there is a mistake, but you cannot find out where it is. I've been doing sums in my sleep all night."

"I, on the other hand, have seen the papers, and a few interesting telegrams. I have also talked with a few interesting people, including a director of 'Unlikelies.' Providence is watching over us, and we are all right. Come and have tea at that place in Bond Street—we can afford it." He stopped a passing hansom.

"Strictly speaking," said Dora, "I was going back to my flat to have another turn at those figures."

"You've done with them for ever. You'll never do any work again."

"I think I should hate that." But she got into the cab.

"Well, when this is all finished, I don't quite see myself going to an office at ten every morning. No, I think I'll do nothing for about twenty years, and then go after the bears again—put the screw on, grind them to powder, and blow them away, which is precisely what we are going to do now."

"No, Peter, we're not," said the mouse quietly. "We make a lot of money—an awful lot—anyway, if the bears are really caught, as you tell me. That will do. We're not going to ruin anybody."

"They wouldn't have thought twice about ruining us, if they had had the chance."

"They would have done what they liked; then why shouldn't we do what we like? You don't want to ruin people."

"Not as a rule. Still, if they will come in my way——"

"You took a fair amount of trouble to get them there."

"True. Anyhow, it's your scheme. And we can afford to be merciful. Ah! here we are."

In the tea-shop Peter told her how it was that they could afford to be merciful.

"It's simply a gigantic stroke of luck. I won't say that it has saved us, because I don't think we should have been beaten altogether in any case. But I own I was a bit nervous, but now I am not. Briefly, the 'Unlikely' has struck it rich. I've seen a good many cablegrams, and they don't all tell the same story. According to the more flamboyant of them, 'rich' is hardly the word. You would imagine that the ore had stopped, and they were going on with plain gold—cutting it out in slabs, and nothing more to do but blow the dust off. It's certain they are on to something good, but how good and how long it will last I can't say, and I don't care. There are influential people buying 'Unlikelies,' and that is all we want. I've taken up our shares and paid for them. The bears are in no end of a stew, and are trying to cover themselves, and are not doing it. We bought a fairly big block, at five shillings a time. They were bidding £3, and not getting them, this afternoon. They've come on strength where they expected to find weakness; and in addition, the luck is not being good to them. The public will start buying to-morrow. And we are on the very best velvet."

"It's a pity there's such a thing as luck!"

said Dora. "If this deal had simply been a question of figures and of accurate judgment of the way the market would view things, it would have been so much more satisfactory."

"But there is such a thing as luck," said Peter drily. "I'm sorry, of course, but we've got to put up with it."

Dora laughed. "Of course it must sound idiotic. I've made a fortune, and yet I grumble. Still, there is a peculiar satisfaction in seeing a thing work out practically just as you had calculated it would in theory."

"You're wonderful!" said Peter. "Have you ever thought of the possibility that I might ask you to marry me?"

"No," she said rather impatiently; "that kind of thing doesn't interest me at all, either to think about or to talk about."

"I don't see why on earth it shouldn't interest you."

"If it comes to that, I don't see why my feelings on a subject like that should interest you."

"Because I wish to marry you," said Peter gravely.

"But it won't break your heart when I refuse you, as I do definitely and finally?"

"No; that is one of the reasons why you should not refuse me."

"I don't see it."

"We are both fairly literal people; we do not believe much in romance; we do not——" But here Dora interrupted him.

"No, we may have points in common, but that's not one of them. I do believe in romance, and I have no belief in marriage without it. But I do believe that I have no capacity for romance; education has knocked it out of me; my interests are not there. I'm human enough—I'm far less cynical and merciless than you are—but I am not feminine enough. I can't risk the joys of my present independence for others which are—well, problematical. I won't say a word against marriage, or hear a word against it. For most women it's all right; but I am outside that kind of thing."

"Yet you can take risks. You have just risked a few thousand pounds—practically all you had—and you are going to be a rich woman in consequence. The partnership has begun well—why not continue it?"

"I'm satisfied with the results of the scheme; indeed, they will enable me to carry out an idea I have had next my heart for a long time. But I am not satisfied with my part in it. You have done the really difficult thing. It is easy enough to

make a scheme which looks all right on paper, but you have carried it out to success in reality; and that I could never have done. If I had tried it, they would have turned on me and refused to carry over stuff that was only one remove, if that, from the rubbish-heap; you saw that and worked up enough appearance of an active market. You, as a solicitor, could find plenty of people who were willing to let you deal in their names and through their different brokers; there again I should have been in a fix; and even you have done much less for us than luck has done. I am pleased with the deal, but I can't feel proud of it. No, this has been a lesson to me; it will be my last speculation."

There was a minute's silence, during which the mouse gazed pensively at her gloves.

"I suppose," said Peter, "a penny wouldn't tempt you?"

"What for? Oh, for my thoughts, of course. I don't mind. I was thinking about that thing that's worrying me—the figures at the office, you know."

"And will you remain at the office? Or are you going to get a job at a 'Pearce and Plenty'?"

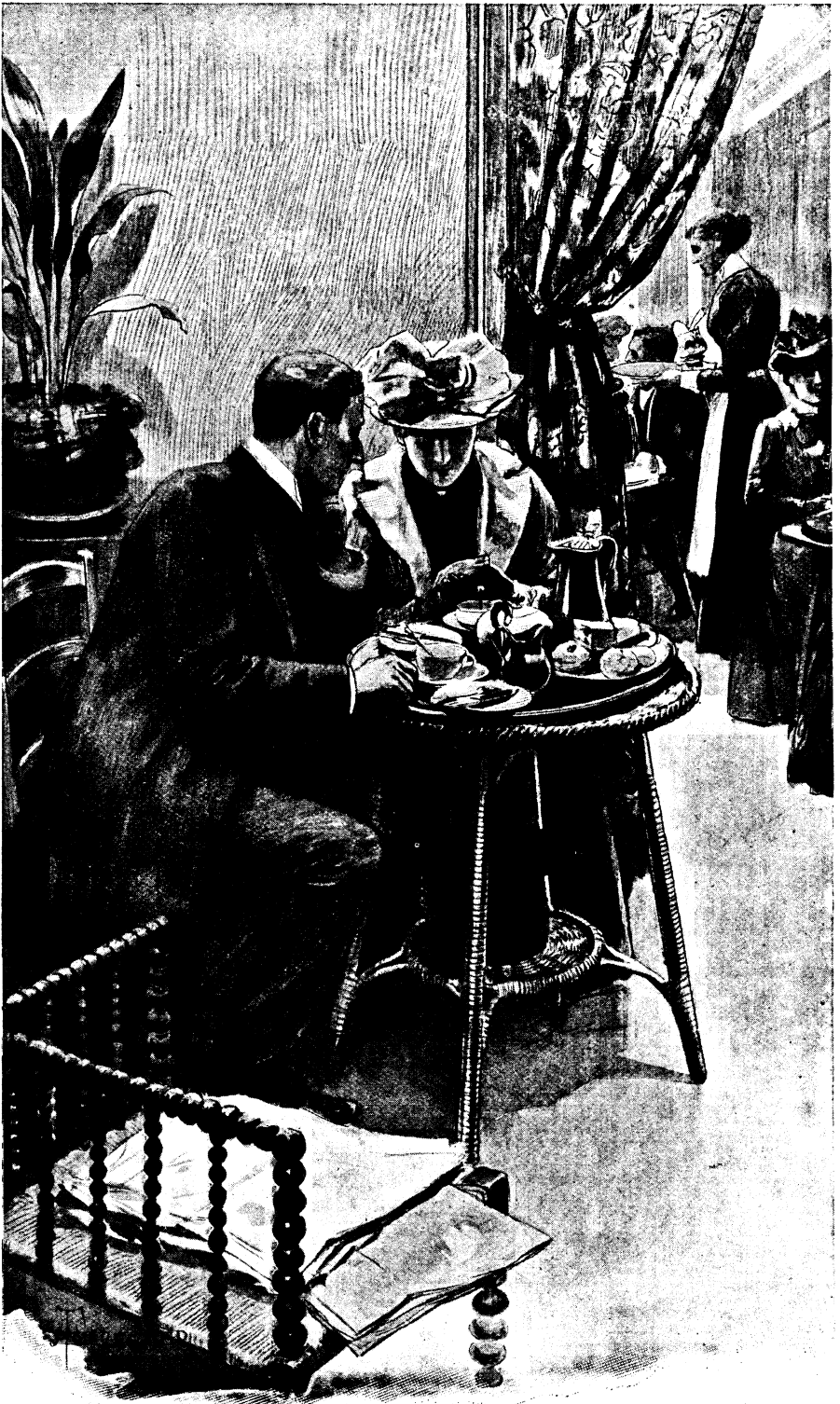
"Don't be bitter. I'm not going to do either. I will tell you. We have calculating machines, you know. They're pretty good, but I don't think the last word in calculating machines has been said yet. I've an idea in my mind for something which will do more, do it better, and do it more quickly. I've got the money now to work it out; it will cost a good deal to get the different models made that I shall want, and it will take a good many years' work. I'm looking forward to it."

"Yes," said Peter, "I was right. You're wonderful!"

* * * * *

The bears were finally let out on terms which were generally acknowledged to be generous, but were certainly not quixotic. Peter did his best to save everybody, but when very little boys will get playing with very big boys there is every chance that the little boys may get hurt accidentally.

One little boy who got hurt very badly over the deal was not a jobber at all, but an outside speculator, and also the manager of that seventeenth-rate rag *Way to Wealth*. He it was who had penned in his organ those two beautiful and thrilling passages with regard to the brilliant future of "Unlikelies." But in his private capacity he had sold a considerable bear of them. Almost more bitter than his ruinous loss was the duty



“‘I suppose,’ said Peter, ‘a penny wouldn’t tempt you?’”

which devolved on him of sitting down to write a triumphant leader, headed "Who was Right?" and pointing out how his paper had justified its name, and those who had taken its repeated advice of a few weeks before would now be rich men.

Peter informed his father as to the deal and its success, and the elder Bafray said a few words (for about one hour and a half) on the folly and criminality of going outside your legitimate business. Peter listened with every appearance of attention and politeness. He is still unmarried, and is in

the habit of saying that he only met one woman in his life who was clever enough to be worth asking, and she was too clever to accept him.

The boom in "Unlikelies" did not continue, and it is to be feared that some of the cablegrams sent over were slightly exaggerated. If you wish to secure a few, I know a man who expressed, the other day, his willingness to part with his little lot of three hundred for an old knife.

And Dora Merton is still working at her new calculating machine.

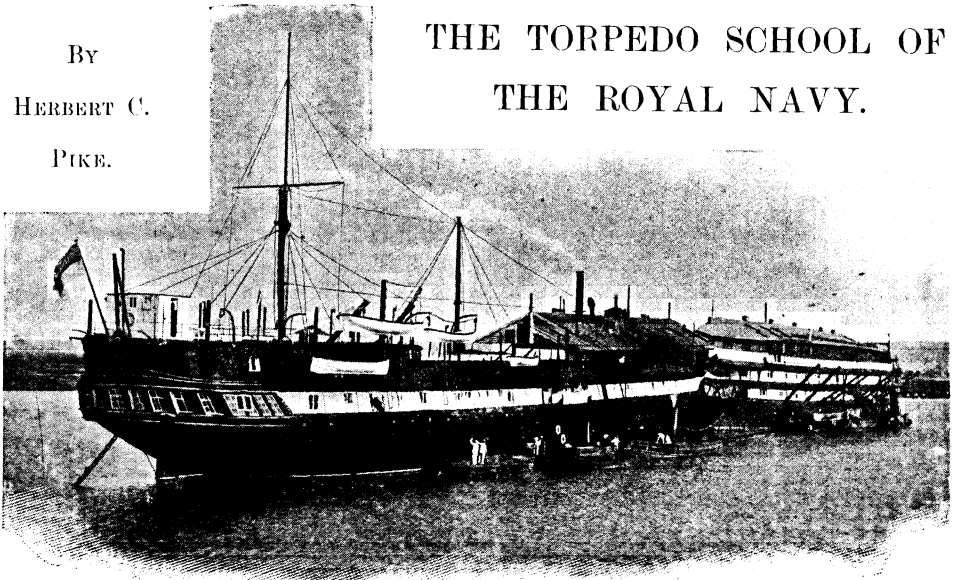


"HE LOVES ME—HE LOVES ME NOT."

From the picture by St. Clair Simmons.

BY
HERBERT C.
PIKE.

THE TORPEDO SCHOOL OF THE ROYAL NAVY.



Photographs by West and Sons, Southsea.

ON Sunday afternoons "H.M.S. *Vernon*," the generic name given to the ships which form the Torpedo School of the Royal Navy, is thrown open to the friends of those who are attached to the School, and also to those who have obtained official permission to inspect the establishment. As many readers have probably never availed themselves of this opportunity of inspecting one of the most interesting places in the British Isles, the following account of the work of our sailors on the *Vernon* may be welcome.

In Porchester Creek, not very far from Portsmouth Harbour, are two stationary vessels joined end to end by a bridge. One is H.M.S. *Vernon*, formerly the battleship *Donegal*, of 101 guns, and the other is H.M.S. *Ariadne*, which at the beginning of last century was a gallant fighting ship of the line.

These vessels form the home of the most important of the Torpedo Schools of the Royal Navy. It was started in 1873 at the instigation of Admiral Sir John Fisher, under the wing of the Gunnery School, and subsequently, in 1876, became an independent concern.

The officers and men live on board the *Ariadne*, and some thirteen hundred of them pass through the Torpedo School in the

course of a year. The great majority of pupils going through the School are "able seamen." First they have to attain a certain standard in the Gunnery School on Whale Island, and if they pass through this satisfactorily, permission is given for them to go on to the Torpedo School. Classes lasting four months are then formed every month. This four-months' absence from sea-going ships is the minimum time in which a seaman can learn his work, and, as there is a scarcity of men for the ships, a longer period of tuition is not possible. As he comes from the Gunnery School each seaman has the rating of "S.G.," or seaman gunner, and if he passes the Torpedo School, a "T," representing a torpedo, is added, with a corresponding increase of pay. Should he be ambitious, the sailor may rise to be "L.T.O.," or leading torpedo man, and after some experience at sea he can go through a further course and examination for "torpedo instructor." The highest rank to which a seaman can attain is that of torpedo warrant officer. It is a rule that every officer and man shall return to the Torpedo School to re-qualify about every three years, and this is quite necessary, because science marches so quickly that the weapons and devices of today soon become obsolete and have to give place to more improved types.

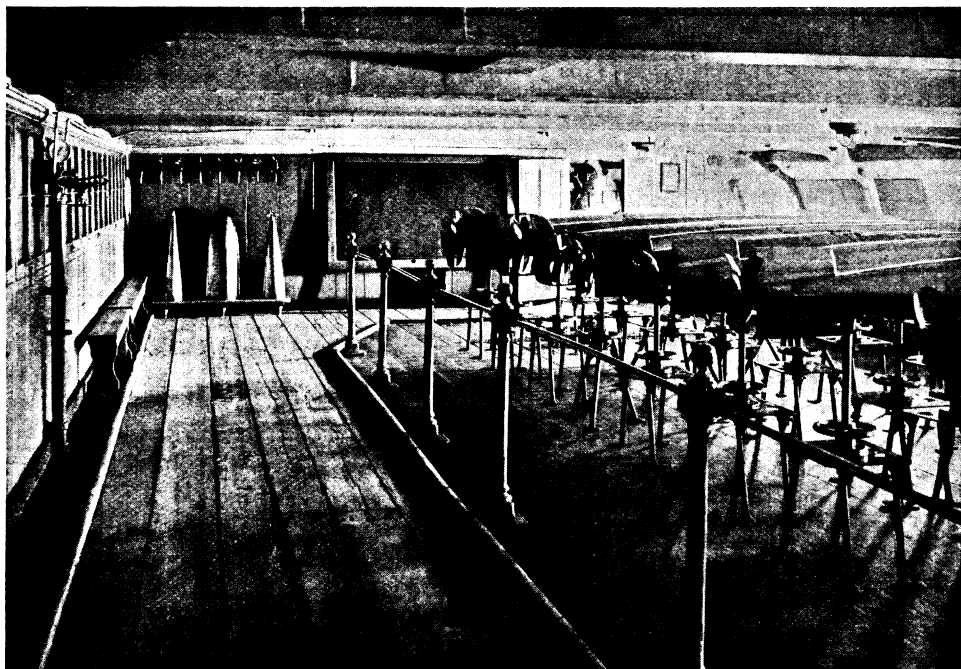
Something must now be said about the officers of the Royal Navy and their torpedo training.

The first occasion in his life when a midshipman comes into "personal contact"—if one may so express it—with a torpedo is when he is placed on board a sea-going man-of-war after his period of training on the *Britannia*. Here he is then taught seamanship, gunnery, and torpedo practice by a lieutenant. Before he can enter for the officers' examination he must have seen four and a half years' sea service, and during the time he spends on board he has to pass yearly examinations in

Torpedo Schools. If this be granted, the officer will have to pass through courses of studies of twenty months' duration, beginning his work at Greenwich in a theoretical course, and following it up with a practical course on the *Vernon* or at the Whale Island Gunnery School.

The students of gunnery naturally pass most of this time at Whale Island, and the torpedo students on the *Vernon*.

At the end of the period examinations are held and certificates given. Those lieutenants who have gained a first class certificate are, as a rule, retained in the training ship for a year



THE TORPEDO WORKSHOP OF THE "VERNON," SHOWING WHITEHEAD TORPEDOES.

seamanship, navigation, gunnery, torpedo practice, etc.

If he passes these subjects well, the midshipman becomes acting sub-lieutenant, and takes up a series of studies in England at the Greenwich Naval College, at the Torpedo Training Ship *Vernon*, and the Gunnery Training School on Whale Island. The two last are conveniently near each other at Portsmouth.

After passing more examinations he may be promoted to lieutenant or sub-lieutenant, according as he acquits himself in the eyes of the examiners.

Lieutenants who have seen six years' service at sea during their lieutenancy may apply for admission to the Gunnery and

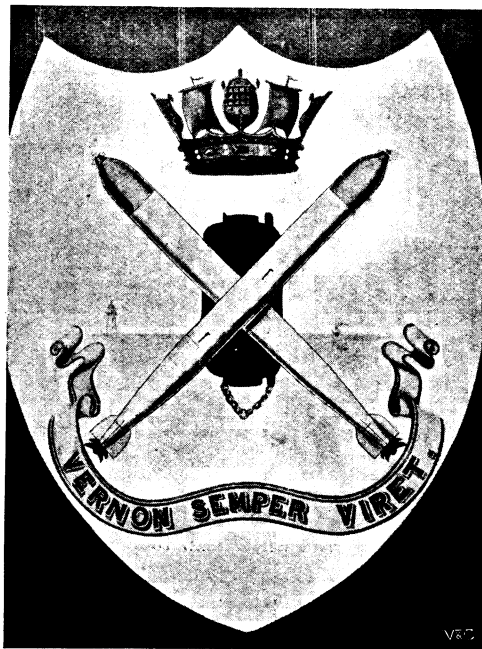
as instructors, and then receive the more coveted appointments of gunnery or torpedo officers on large sea-going vessels, or yet more desirably on flagships, where they come under the notice of their superiors, and have the best opportunity of turning their abilities to account. Gunnery and torpedo officers on large sea-going vessels, especially on flagships, receive additional allowances of from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a day, according to the class of their several certificates. After three years they have to pass through a re-qualifying course of six weeks in the Gunnery Training School, and of two and a half months in the Torpedo Training Ship.

In addition to these higher courses of

instruction there are others given for junior naval officers in gunnery, torpedo practice, and mines.

All midshipmen and naval officers on vessels in home stations are required, as far as possible, to pass through such a course, the schools at Devonport and Sheerness being, in addition to Whale Island, available for gunnery and torpedo courses. Every lieutenant aspires to be a "commander," and before he can rise to this rank he must have a minimum of ten to fifteen years' service, of which at least four years must have been in a sea-going vessel. Before the commander can rise to a captain he must have a minimum of two years' service as commander, of which at least one year must have been in a sea-going vessel. There are always a certain number of captains on the temporary half-pay list, for there are not enough posts to go round, and the period of leisure is generally employed in attending a higher course of studies in the Naval College at Greenwich, and gunnery and torpedo courses in the *Vernon* and on Whale Island.

In the Royal Navy the Whitehead torpedo is looked upon as a most valuable weapon, and therefore great care is taken that every sailor (whether seaman or officer) who enters the *Vernon* shall be thoroughly grounded in all that appertains to torpedo warfare. The young officer may one day find himself in command of a torpedo boat, a torpedo gun-boat, or a torpedo boat destroyer, or he may rise to be torpedo-lieutenant on a battleship

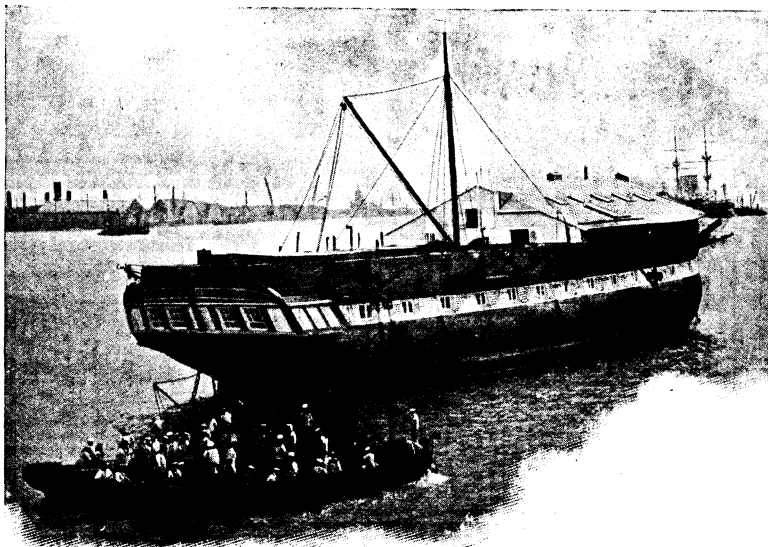


THE "VERNON'S" CREST.

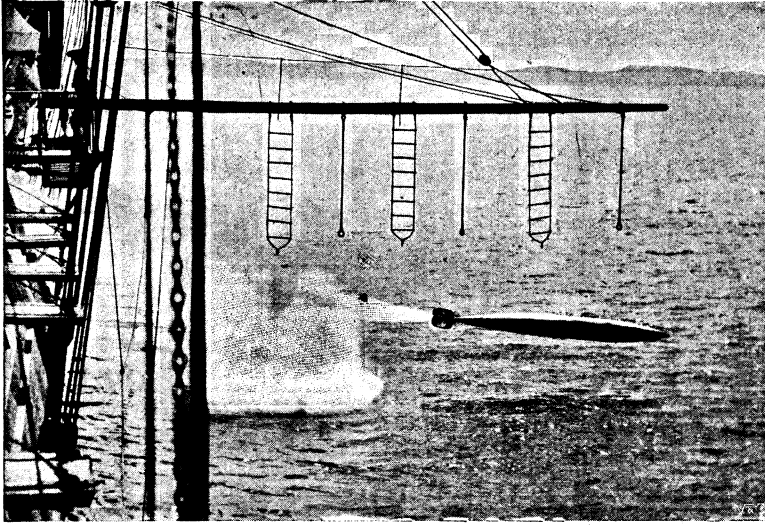
or cruiser. He must therefore understand the "Whitehead" thoroughly, and accustom himself, by practice, to its employment in battle.

A writer once remarked of Captain Durnford, C.B., R.N., D.S.O., the predecessor of Captain C. G. Robinson, who is now the

able commander of the Torpedo School Ship *Vernon*, that he was an officer "who combined a close acquaintance with the theoretical or academic knowledge of torpedo and electrical work with the energy, dash and resource which are required in the dangerous work of handling flotillas of torpedo boats. The torpedo and the torpedo boat have been called the forlorn hopes of navies, and forlorn hopes require such men to carry them to successful issues."



THE "VERNON" AS NOW IN USE, UNDER THE NAME "ACTEON": MINING PARTY IN BOATS.



THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO IN ACTION. (1) GOING !

Besides instruction in mines and torpedoes, the course on the *Vernon* embraces all branches of electricity as applied to naval matters. The use of the searchlight is amongst these. Every ship and sea-going torpedo boat carries one or more searchlights. These are used for lighting up the entrance into port, for illuminating the ships of the enemy, so that the guns may be brought to bear on her, and for signalling purposes. On a clear night the gleam from a 25,000 candle-power searchlight is visible at a distance of no less than sixty miles. Some consider that a searchlight on a battleship, if skillfully directed, will keep off all torpedo boats, but the immense glare sometimes prevents the man on the lookout from observing the stealthy approach of one of these "mosquitoes of the sea." An attempt has recently been made to devise some apparatus whereby the torpedo might be able to counteract the rays of the

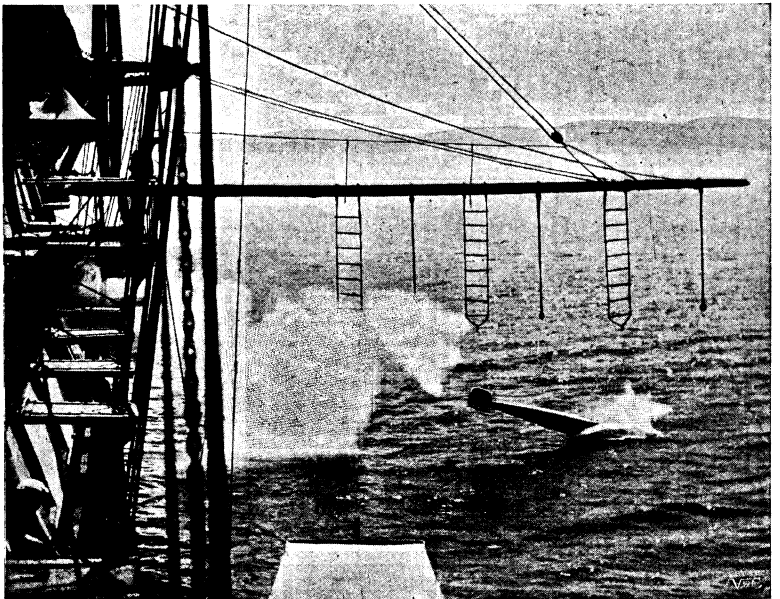
searchlight and escape observation.

When the Torpedo School first started on an independent career, in 1876, the instructors made a series of trials of a dynamo, to see if it could be used in the Navy. At the present time there are at least three dynamos in every battleship, and every cruiser and battleship is lighted from top to bottom by electric light. Besides this, electricity is also employed for the working of heavy

weights on board ship; for telegraphy and telephony; for the electric firing of guns, mines, and torpedoes, and for other purposes.

All these matters are included in the *Vernon's* programme, and a good many more besides, for in addition to the work of instruction and examination, experimental researches are carried out by the officers, who also survey and test most of the torpedo and electrical fittings supplied for the Navy.

It is needless to say that the men of the



(2) GOING !

Vernon take the keenest interest in the progress of science, and are always on the look-out for any invention or discovery which may be of use in the Service.

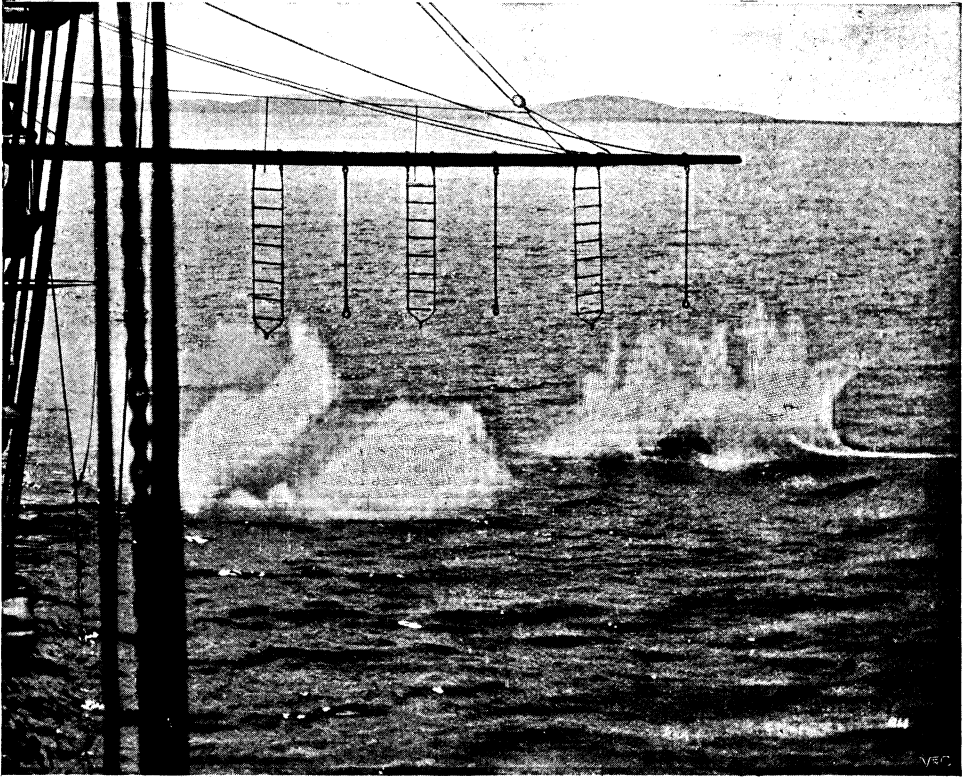
We believe that at the present moment the "hydrophone"—an under-water telephone—is being tested, with a view to its adoption in the Navy. This instrument might be useful in detecting the approach of a ship, hostile or otherwise, at night or in a fog.

Wireless telegraphy also interests the men of the *Vernon*, and it is expected that practical results of great value to the Navy will

been thereby rendered so handy in electrical work generally that they would readily find employment in civil life.

The crest of the *Vernon*, of which we give a photograph, consists of two torpedoes crossed in front of a submarine mine case; above is a crown with naval emblems, and below on a scroll is the *Vernon's* motto, "*Vernon semper viret.*"

The Torpedo School when it first started was housed in the vessel, but it soon grew so rapidly that additional quarters were required. The *Vernon* had, however, been so



(3) GONE!

be the outcome of the experiments now in progress. Another invention of which trial is being now made is the "gyroscope," an instrument which will force a torpedo to travel in the direction in which it was first fired. For the purposes of these original investigations the Admiralty makes a grant of £50 a year. Someone recently remarked that if the Peace Conference were to have the effect of laying up the Navy to-morrow, the great majority of the men that have been through the Torpedo School have

carefully adapted to the purposes of the School's work that it was decided to retain her for a section of the enlarged operations. The old vessel was therefore turned into a separate establishment under the name of *Acton*, from which all the practical work was to be carried out, while the *Donegal* was fitted out as the *Vernon*, to carry all the instructional and store rooms. In addition, separate schools were formed at Plymouth and Sheerness.

The photograph on page 279 shows the home of the Torpedo School. The bigger ship,

formerly the *Donegal*, has been renamed the *Vernon*, and the smaller one is the *Ariadne*.

Another photograph reproduces an original "press warrant" in possession of the *Vernon*. Everyone has heard of the press-gang, but

of the "heads" of these torpedoes. It may surprise many to learn that the middle one, although much blunter than the other two, has been found to travel the faster in the water.

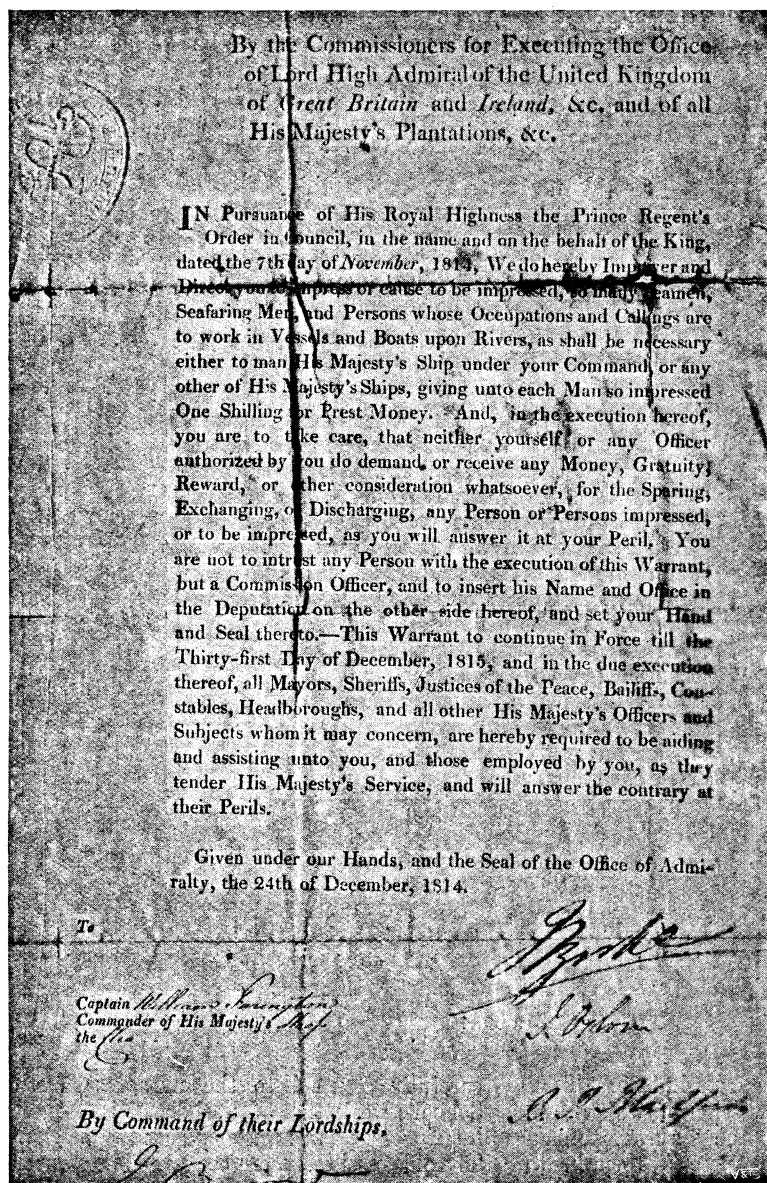
The layman does not always realise the

difference between the "mine" and the "torpedo," and it may be as well to enlighten him on this point. Both are cases containing charges of explosive, but whilst the former is always stationary, the latter is made to move through the water towards the object at which it is aimed.

In the event of an enemy attempting to invade our coasts, the submarine mining companies of the Royal Engineers would proceed to lay mines in our harbours and ports, and the ships of the enemy would think twice before attempting to enter them. While the task of "mining" would in time of war fall to the lot of the Corps of Royal Engineers, "countermining" is labour entrusted to the Royal Navy.

Countermining is one of the methods used to destroy a mine field, and consists in laying a set of mines close to those placed in position by the enemy, and firing them in such a way that the adversary's mines are completely destroyed. Though

difficult and dangerous, our sailors, both men and officers, become experts at the work while on the *Vernon*, and they may be trusted to perform their task bravely and efficiently whenever the need arises.



AN OLD PRESS-GANG WARRANT PRESERVED ON THE "VERNON."

not everyone has seen an actual warrant for the work of "impressing." Another illustration shows the workshop on the *Vernon*, where the Whitehead torpedoes are stored. In the left-hand corner are three different varieties

Two kinds of torpedo are in use in the Royal Navy. One is the Brennan, the other the Whitehead. The former is used for coast defence work only, and is in the hands of the Royal Engineers. It is the invention of Mr. Louis Brennan, C.B., and it consists of a cigar-shaped object charged with explosive, which is fired from the shore, and guided to its destination by means of wires attached to it, one on each side.

The Whitehead, on the contrary, propels itself along in the water, and when once started on its career beneath the waves, it is beyond the control of human agency. There are some who believe that torpedoes steered by wireless telegraphy will be the weapons of the future, and doubtless the busy brains of the *Vernon's* staff are already at work on the problem. But the "handy men" on the *Vernon* are bound by the King's regulations to give no information to outsiders concerning

the many and varied experiments that are being made on the *Vernon* with the purpose of discovering the best method of destroying any "submarines" that might attack our battleships and cruisers. "Were I offered £1,000 to divulge information, I would refuse," said one of the *Vernon's* crew; and this, one feels, is the right spirit in which such important work should be carried on.



THE STAFF OFFICERS OF THE "VERNON."



THE INSTRUCTORS OF THE "VERNON."

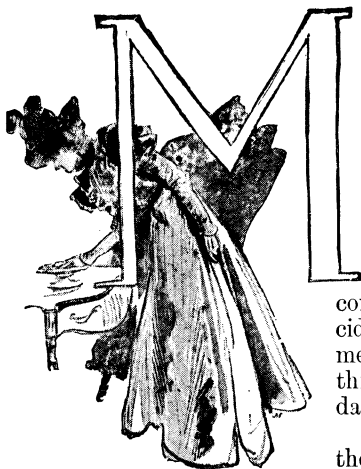


RAFTSMEN RUNNING THE RAPIDS:
A STUDY OF CANADIAN LIFE BY ARTHUR HEMING.

THE HEART OF A MYSTERY.

BY L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE.*

No. III.—THE TIGER'S CLAW.



MADemoiselle DELACOURT had now twice attempted my life. From the manner, the words and actions of the unfortunate girl who had committed suicide in the moment of failure, this was abundantly evident.

"I shall put the matter into the hands of the

authorities," I said to myself, and when my friend Jack hurried to England, I remained behind at Lisbon.

On the afternoon of the day of my arrival I called upon the British Consul.

He received me courteously, and I need scarcely describe his amazement when I explained my position.

"I am a witness to all that occurred," I said to him, "and my friend Tracey is prepared to return to Portugal at any time to bear me out. I trust, sir," I added, "that you will give me your advice and assistance, for truly I am in a position of grave danger."

"There is no doubt whatever with regard to that," was his reply. "I had a letter this morning from M. Ayres, the French Consul, informing me that Mademoiselle Delacourt was here."

"Here!" I cried, starting to my feet, and a cold sensation running through my frame.

"Yes, here, Mr. Phenays; she is staying with the Duchess of Almeida now. That terrible woman has friends everywhere in the highest positions, and I may as well tell you, you would find it extremely difficult to

substantiate the charge of conspiracy against a lady in her position. Her influence, too, is very great; and though the authorities are civility itself to the English, you know, my dear sir, they are very slow, phenomenally slow. Position and Court influence can do anything here when backed by money. Mademoiselle Delacourt is known; you are unknown. I think it is most unwise of you to have come to Portugal."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, in the first instance, there is no capital punishment here, and in the next, money will do practically everything. You are, believe me, far safer on English soil. This is a very serious matter, and I am sorry for you."

"But can you help me?" I asked with some impatience.

He paused, silent for a moment, evidently thinking deeply.

"I can do nothing," he said then. "It is out of my power to work in the dark, and against such a foe as Mademoiselle Delacourt. But there is one man who might render you assistance. He is a Portuguese, and a personal friend of mine, and he is engaged by the Government in many secret international inquiries. You may trust him absolutely. He is a very smart man, and speaks almost every European language. In short, you will find him an excellent fellow. This is his name and address. I should go and see him at once."

I took the slip of paper he gave me. On it was written—

JOSÉ DA FONDECA PINHEIRO,
Avenida da Liberdade, 32A.

Thanking the British Consul, I went at once to the address.

I found myself standing before one of the finest houses in the beautiful Avenue. It was set back from the road and surrounded by a garden, in which many magnificent palms were growing. A liveried servant answered my ring and ushered me into the presence of his master. The Portuguese are noted for their excellent dress, but I had

* Copyright, 1901, by L. T. Meade, in the United States of America.

rarely seen anyone so perfectly attired. Senhor Pinheiro was refinement personified, from his white, almond-shaped nails and jewelled fingers, to his pointed and polished boots.

On explaining who I was, he handed me a chair and seated himself at a desk, upon which lay a heap of official-looking papers and a large revolver. As he laid his left hand on the table, I noticed with astonishment that two of the fingers were wanting.

"I was almost expecting you, Mr. Phenays," he said, speaking in perfect English and stroking his black, pointed beard. "She is a clever woman, isn't she?"

"Whom do you mean?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"I mean Mademoiselle Delacourt, of course," he replied. "I know something of your case, sir."

"What! you know Mademoiselle Delacourt?"

"I know her well. I have met her in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and I was dining with her at the Duchess of Almeida's last night."

"And you know about my special case?"

"I know of the attempt made on your life a few days ago at Cintra. I was at Government House when the police telegraphed the news. There will be an inquiry; of course; but, apart from that, I can astonish you by telling you that I knew of your escape from the Chateau Laroque. The affair was communicated to all the European detective agencies."

"You astound me!" I cried, but at the same time a pleasant feeling of security stole over me. I felt that here, indeed, I had a good friend.

"Of course you are mad to have left England," continued Pinheiro. "But do you know, Mr. Phenays, I am glad that you have come."

He spoke in a curious tone and looked me full in the face.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he said, bending towards me, and with the fist of his crippled hand tightly clenched, "because it is the one desire of my life to see that woman in chains."

The sudden transformation in the man's face was extraordinary—all the passion of his hot Latin blood, which only boils at some personal wrong, showed now in his voice, his eyes, and his features.

"Nothing," he continued, "would give me greater pleasure than to see Mademoiselle Delacourt exposed in her true character,

than to see her driven in disgrace from the European Courts. But if that is effected it means also her imprisonment. I can't help admiring her sometimes," he continued, a grim smile playing round his lips. "She is, I think, mad; no one who was not mad could be so devilish clever."

"You have some personal animosity against her, I presume?" I continued.

He held up his crippled hand.

"I owe that to her," he said in a low voice. "Some day I will tell you how it happened."

"Well," I said, "what can you do for me? I can bring valuable witness to testify to the truth of my story. The suicide of Miss Hamilton is a fact well authenticated at Cintra. How can you protect me in future? I am young, innocent, I love life, and I don't want to fall a victim to the knife of the assassin."

"You are right," he replied.

As he spoke he rose and drew himself up to his full height.

"Mr. Phenays," he said, "this arrival of yours means a complete change in my own life. You are in difficulty, and, I will not deny it, in extreme danger. Now, you will not object to my joining you in this matter; it will cost nothing, and you will have the advantage of my experience and knowledge in the hunting down of this woman. You, the hunted, shall turn hunter, and we will rid Europe of a pestilential and powerful malefactor."

I grasped his hand.

"You mean this, Senhor Pinheiro?" I asked.

"I was never more serious in my life; the whole of my energies shall be directed to this object. Mademoiselle, I know, has gone from Lisbon; therefore, for the time you are perfectly safe—in fact, you are safer here than anywhere else. Stay on for the present and enjoy yourself, while I mature my scheme."

"With delight," I murmured, and a vast burden seemed lifted from my mind at the thought of having this shrewd and clever man to work with me, to protect me from dangers that I should never see, and, still more, to help me to deliver Mademoiselle Delacourt into the hands of justice. It seemed almost too good to be believed.

"Well," he said, "having made our decision, we will enjoy ourselves until the time for action arrives. You shall see all that Lisbon has to show to the stranger, and you will meet all the people worth meeting. To-morrow we will combine business with

pleasure, and I will take you to call upon the Duchess of Almeida at her castle at Estoril, a lovely spot at the mouth of the river on the seashore. I am dining out to-night, or I would ask you to come here. Where are you staying?"

"At Durand's Hotel," I said.

"Very good. I will expect you at eleven to-morrow morning, and I will drive you over to the Castle to breakfast."

It was many days since I had enjoyed a meal as I did my solitary dinner that night at my hotel. A great light had broken; I had found a friend of evident ability, a man in touch with all the European police, *au courant* with diplomatic affairs, and moving

was standing on the steps of his handsome house, evidently waiting for me.

"Just ready," he said gaily. "Come along, the dog-cart is coming round. By the way," he added, as we got in and he took the reins and drove off at a spanking pace, "the Duchess does not speak English, and as you do not know Portuguese well, you had better talk to her in French."

"I can do that," I answered.

We were now going down the Rua Auguste, and out by the Boa Vista embankment. Our way lay along the Tagus, which was covered with numerous craft and abounding with life and animation. Picturesque mountains lined the opposite banks. In less than an hour we



"I owe that to her," he said."

in the best Portuguese society. There had been no acting in his sudden outburst of passionate hatred against Mademoiselle Delacourt. I felt sure that if ever a time came when he was in a position to pay off his debt to her, she would receive little mercy. No race can be kinder, more sympathetic and gentle, than the Portuguese, but none can be more devilishly cruel and vindictive when they avenge a personal wrong. Mademoiselle would soon see that Senhor Pinheiro was working on my side, and this fact would in itself prevent molestation.

I went round early the next morning to Senhor Pinheiro's house, for I was impatient to see him again and assure myself of the fact that he was altogether on my side. He

reached Almeida Castle, a grand old building still retaining its Moorish architecture. The Castle was surrounded in front by magnificent gardens of palms and pines, while the back of the building ran down on to the sand by the seashore, in which the buttresses were deeply embedded. As we drove out, Senhor Pinheiro gave me a short account of the old place. The Castle had been a Moorish fortress until 1147, when Alfonso Henriques, the first King of Portugal, assisted by other Crusaders bound for Palestine, surrounded Lisbon, then in the hands of the Moors, and after five months' hard fighting he entered the city in triumph. After this, the house was given by him to his valiant lieutenant, the first Duke of Almeida, in whose family

it has remained ever since. Pinheiro informed me that the house was full of treasures presented to the family by the celebrated Vasco da Gama, on his return from India in 1499.

"Remember," he said, as we stopped at the house, "I am introducing you as a friend of Mademoiselle Delacourt's—"

"But why?" I interrupted, in great surprise.

"Because," he answered, "in no other way can you get information about her. She is, as I have already said, one of the cleverest women in Europe. My friends here also believe her to be an impersonification of all the virtues, and if they think that you are a friend of hers they can talk freely."

We were shown into a magnificent *sala*, overlooking the sunlit sea, where we were received by the Duchess and her daughter, the Marqueza Ferraz. Both ladies welcomed Pinheiro with effusion, and me with kindly warmth.

Portuguese girls are, as a rule, not good-looking; but the young Marqueza was an exception of the most striking kind. She was tall and slender, with the extreme bloom of youth on her softly rounded cheeks, with dark, lustrous eyes and grace in her every movement. But the extraordinary thing about her was this—she had a remarkable likeness to Mademoiselle Delacourt. So striking was this likeness that I caught myself looking at her again and again. A sensation almost of repulsion came over me as I did so, although the likeness between the Marqueza and Mademoiselle Delacourt only applied to features, and not at all to expression; for the young girl had a frank and lovely face, full of kindness and good nature.

While Senhor Pinheiro talked to the Duchess, the Marqueza came and took a seat near to me.

"So you know Mademoiselle Delacourt, Monsieur Phenays?" she said, speaking with



"There is an old legend attached to this head-dress."

a most charming French accent, and using that tongue. Mademoiselle is one of my greatest friends. Mother and I have often stayed with her in Paris. Certainly she is one of the cleverest women I have ever met. Did you happen to see her on her flying visit to Lisbon?"

"No," I answered. "Was her visit a very short one?"

"Of course it was," answered the Marqueza; "that gay Mademoiselle never stays long in one place. She thinks nothing of visiting half the European capitals in less than three weeks."

"On pleasure or business?" I asked.

"Pleasure, of course; just to visit her numerous friends. But she certainly always *talks* about business. Mother and I quite laugh at her about it. Such a speech is so like a Parisian. Why, one of those dear creatures will go half over Europe to buy a new tea-gown. But how do you like the Portuguese, Monsieur Phenays?"

Senhor Pinheiro tells me this is your first visit."

"Yes, my first," I answered. "I do not know Lisbon well, but Cintra is very beautiful." As I mentioned the latter place I could not help giving an involuntary shudder.

"Oh, yes, beautiful; but so dull, no one ever goes there now. By the way, are you interested in old curios? We have a wonderful collection from India. Shall I show them to you before we go to breakfast?"

"I should like nothing better," I replied.

"Then we will leave mother and Senhor Pinheiro to discuss the latest Lisbon scandals. The Senhor knows everyone and everything, and is so awfully clever. Between ourselves, I am a little afraid of him."

The true charm of Portuguese society lies in the power the host has to make his visitors at home. In a few minutes the Marqueza was showing me over the beautiful house and chatting about the treasures, her face full of animation and her eyes bright. Presently we entered the drawing-room, where the Vasco da Gama curios were kept. They were of great rarity and value—carved ivories, elephant goads, rare gold ornaments set with jewels, and magnificent jade bowls. One piece in especial attracted my attention. It was a Hindoo head-dress of great magnificence. It was chiefly made of finely woven silks of various shades, the colour strengthened by plaits of gold thread, and surmounted by four of the most enormous tiger's claws I had ever seen. These were set, but with their sharp points outwards, like four horns.

"Ah! you are admiring that head-dress," said the Marqueza, coming over to where I was standing. "Is it not curious and wonderful? It was the first thing Francesca pounced on when she came to examine the curios. She was quite thrilled with it and examined it most carefully."

"It looks rather a dangerous sort of head-dress if you wanted to kiss the lady," I could not help remarking. "These claw points are as sharp as needles."

"That was the very point remarked by Francesca. There is an old legend attached to this head-dress. It was worn by the favourite lady in the Nizam's zenana, who, in resisting the embraces of a young prince, scratched him with one of the claws, and the young prince died. I long to wear the head-dress, and intend to do so very soon."

"Indeed?" I said.

"Yes, I am going to wear that head-dress, and in this very house," she said, merriment

dancing in her eyes. "Have you not heard, has not Senhor Pinheiro told you, that next week is our great fancy dress masked ball? We always give one before the Carnival. It is the greatest possible fun. Would you like to come? You should see one Portuguese masked ball before you go away."

"I should be delighted," I replied; "only I am afraid I should have some difficulty in getting a suitable dress."

"Not at all; Senhor Pinheiro is sure to have plenty. Yes, you must come, and then you will see me in the wonderful head-dress. I shall look so quaint with that and the mask."

We presently returned to the room where we had left the Duchess and Senhor Pinheiro, and breakfast being ready, we sat down to it on the terrace. My spirits rose. The excellence of the meal, and the conversation of our brilliant and witty hostess, the charming ways and pretty speeches of her daughter, the warm and soft air, the waving palms and the sparkling sea, banished all dark memories.

"I am so glad to make your acquaintance, Monsieur Phenays," said the Duchess. "Come down here and see us whenever you are tired of Lisbon, and want a few hours of fresh air. In any case, we shall expect you both at the ball on Tuesday night."

"Well," said Pinheiro, as we took our seats in the trap, "they are charming people, are they not? Did you make any judicious inquiries concerning Mademoiselle?"

"I talked about her a great deal," I replied, "but learnt very little beyond the self-evident fact that she is a great friend of the Marqueza's. She paid them a flying visit, so the Marqueza told me, and for apparently no reason."

"That is so like her," answered Pinheiro.

"That pretty girl seems deeply attached to her," I continued. "By the way, Pinheiro, have you ever noticed the extraordinary likeness between them?"

A curious change came over the face of the Portuguese, and when I spoke he suddenly clapped his hand on his knee.

"Now that you mention it, I do see it," he replied. "When looking at the Marqueza, I was often puzzled by an intangible likeness. Her face was familiar to me, not on its own account alone. You have solved the mystery. My dear Phenays, we must be on our guard—it is exactly the sort of thing that Mademoiselle would take advantage of."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Ah! I wish I could tell you what I mean; the craftiness and cleverness of that woman

baffles all description. There is no clue she will not seize, and no possible accident she will not avail herself of."

"One thing at least is evident," I said—"the Duchess and her daughter have not the slightest suspicion of her."

"I told you so, and therein also lies danger. Mademoiselle's great power lies in the fact that she can turn men, and women too, round her finger. But never mind," added Pinheiro, glancing at me, and doubtless perceiving the anxiety on my face, "you and I together will be more than a match for her."

I cheered up at these few words, and the next few days were passed in the most enjoyable manner. The Senhor introduced me to many charming people and took me to all the sights of Lisbon. He seldom referred to Mademoiselle Delacourt, and once, when I spoke of her, he replied shortly—

"Don't worry; leave the thing to me. I will tell you one thing. Although I don't speak of that fair lady, she is seldom absent from my thoughts. I am laying my plans slowly and cautiously, and when the moment comes to act I will let you know."

So the days passed pleasantly enough, and at last the night of the fancy ball at Almeida Castle arrived. Pinheiro had helped me to design the fancy dress which I was to wear, and in which, I prided myself, my best friend would not recognise me.

I had just finished dinner on this special evening when the waiter handed me a note from Senhor Pinheiro. "Please come round at once; I want to see you," it ran.

In five minutes' time I was in his room. I found him standing by the open window, a letter in his hand. When he saw me he turned round slowly and gave it to me to read, without a remark.

"Not from Mademoiselle?" I cried. He nodded, but did not speak.

My hand began to tremble, and a sick sensation visited me.

"Read it," said Pinheiro, now showing some impatience. "She has heard that I am at work, and the bluster and bounce show that she is afraid. These, as far as they go, are good signs."

The letter was dated from the Hôtel Bellevue, Taormina, Sicily, and the envelope bore the Sicilian post-mark.

"DEAR SENHOR PINHEIRO" (it ran),—"It was such a pleasure to meet you again at Castillo Almeida. I always lament that our

interests should be so much at variance; but it is entirely your own fault. Don't be silly, now, or you will bitterly regret it. Remember that I know everything, and remember that I am still the same. "FRANCESCA.

"P.S.—I have just arrived here. The climate is divine. Why don't you come?"

"What has she gone to Sicily for?" I could not help exclaiming, as I folded the letter and returned it to my host. "I suppose because there is no extradition."

"She is not in Sicily, and has never been there," was the Senhor's reply.

I stared at Pinheiro. "That is her writing and signature," I said, "and the post-mark is Sicilian, of the correct date."

"True, but I had reason to suspect the genuineness of that letter. I have just cabled to the Bellevue, at Taormina, and she is not there. The letter was written and sent to a friend to post there. At present I have no information as to her whereabouts. There is one feature in the letter which I do not like. Beyond doubt it was sent with a purpose. What that purpose is I don't quite know. As far as we are concerned, it means, doubtless, that we must be more on our guard than ever." He gave a little shudder. "I tell you, Phenays, I don't like it."

"You mean that we are in some unknown danger?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly. Nay, I should add probably; but whether or no, I mean to enjoy myself to-night. Go back and dress and come round here, and we will forget Mademoiselle in the mazes of the cotillon."

Though I had expected some gay sights at the Castle Almeida, I certainly was not prepared for the magnificent display that awaited us on our arrival. The beautiful gardens and terraces were hung with festoons of Japanese lanterns and were already astir with revellers in fantastic dresses, and all masked. Upon the polished inlaid floor of the great ballroom many couples were waltzing to the strains of a military band in the gallery. According to our English notions of society, a Portuguese masked ball would seem unaccountable and strange, for all introductions were dispensed with, and as the features of men and women alike were hidden under the mask, it was impossible to tell with whom one was dancing. But there was one lady, at any rate, whom I had no difficulty in recognising, and that was the young Marqueza Ferraz. I had not been in



"The Marqueza uttered a cry and fell against my breast."

the ballroom two minutes before I recognised her. She was dressed as Queen Margarita of Spain, with a large lace ruffle and the most magnificent black Spanish lace arranged round her slender form that I had ever seen. Upon her head she wore the curious Indian head-dress, with its four tiger claws. The effect was marvellous. It gave a strange feline look to the head and face, though the latter was closely hidden by a black mask. I made my way across to her.

"You look magnificent in your beautiful head-dress, Marqueza Ferraz," I said. "I only hope you will be merciful to your partners, for you are armed against any unfavourable advances."

"Yes, *I am armed*, Monsieur Phenays," she replied in so low a voice that, with the noise of the music, I could scarcely catch the words. She gave me a flashing glance from her lovely eyes, and again I could not help likening her to Mademoiselle Delacourt.

"Has Senhor Pinheiro come with you to-night?" she asked.

"Yes, of course; there he is, close to us. Don't you see him. He is dressed as Vasco da Gama, to whom your family owes your head-dress. But will you give me the pleasure of a dance, Marqueza?"

"Later on I shall be delighted." Again she spoke in a whisper, and making me a low bow she moved off among the throng.

It crossed my mind just at that moment that there was something strange and a little unaccountable in her manner. But I had forgotten it the next minute in waltzing with an unknown but magnificent dancer. Several times during the evening I caught sight of the Marqueza waltzing with her many partners. There was a gay *abandon* about all her movements. Her dancing was the perfection of charming and exquisite movements, and I looked forward with pleasure to the moment when I should encircle her slim waist with my arm and conduct her through the mazes of the waltz. From time to time my other partners spoke of the Marqueza, and each and all, when they alluded to her, mentioned her head-dress with a degree of envy.

"It is our great ambition," said one slender girl, looking into my face as she spoke, and flashing at me a pair of magnificent Spanish eyes, "it is our great ambition at our fancy balls to wear something *outré*, strange and unconventional. You can judge for yourself, monsieur," she said, speaking in excellent French, "that such an ambition becomes more and more difficult to gratify

as time goes on, all ideas being used up in advance. Now the Marqueza has exceeded herself to-night. She can be recognised anywhere. Hers is the most distinguished figure at the ball."

I made some suitable reply, and as the hour was midnight, and the time had come when I might claim the fulfilment of the Portuguese girl's promise, I went to seek for her. I wandered into the gardens, and was just passing a fountain which sent its cool spray, full of rosy light, up into the night air, when I heard a light laugh almost in my ear. I turned quickly, but no one was visible; but the next moment the following words were distinctly audible—

"Doesn't she do it well? And the best of the fun is that everyone takes her for me."

The voice was exactly like that of the Marqueza. What did she mean? I called her name, but receiving no answer wandered down further into the grounds. It would not be difficult to find her, on account of her characteristic and towering head-dress. I had sauntered down one of the pathways towards the sea, when suddenly, by the light of a Chinese lantern, I caught sight of her moving swiftly in an opposite direction, along a parallel pathway which separated her from me by a low hedge of laurustine. She was alone, and I stopped and called to her.

"Marqueza!" I cried, "I have come to claim your promise."

She stopped abruptly and waited for me to go up to her.

"Monsieur Phenays?" she said, in courteous tones.

"Yes," I answered.

"I did not recognise you beneath your mask," was her next remark.

"You have the advantage of me, Marqueza," I answered; "you are easily distinguishable, owing to your head-dress."

"Yes," she answered, and her voice was very low.

I had noticed this peculiarity early in the evening, and now, bending towards her, I said—

"You will give me the promised dance?"

"Yes," she replied; "yes, with pleasure."

"But you are tired?" I continued.

"You think so, because I speak low," was her reply. "Sometimes I suffer from a curious affection of the throat, and at times am too indescribably tired to raise my voice."

She stopped in the middle of her sentence and burst into a peal of ringing laughter.



"It was not I who wore that head-dress, but Mademoiselle Delacourt."

That laugh sounded almost offensive. I started away from her side, displeased, I knew not why.

"Come," she said, laying her hand, light as a feather, on my arm, "I am sorry I laughed; but I am subject to uncontrollable mirth at the most inconvenient times. Let us return to the ballroom, where we will enjoy ourselves in the waltz."

We re-entered the magnificent room side

by side. A moment later we were whirling gaily through the waltz. Did I say gaily? That was the maddest time of my life. The blood coursed through my veins with the joyousness of youth. The shadow in which I dwelt sped away from me, and sunlight, gay and joyous, filled my soul. Was there ever such a dancer? She seemed to sweep me up and carry me forward with the gaiety of her movements. We paused, breathless.

"I have met no one who could dance like you," was my remark, when I could speak.

"Such music, such a floor, and such a partner make the thing divine," was her answer. "Shall we take another turn, monsieur?"

Again my arm encircled her waist, and again we whirled in the giddy round. The room was now much more crowded than it had been when we danced a few moments earlier. Couples had arrived in haste from the gardens. The music played an inspiring waltz. The time of the band was so brisk as to be almost maddening. Lighter and quicker were our movements. Suddenly we found ourselves in a dense mass of people. Our way was blocked.

"The other end of the room is nearly empty," I whispered to my partner. "Let us go there—we can dance without being disturbed."

"Yes," she replied, and to my astonishment she moved towards the doorway, through which numerous dancers were pressing. The next instant we were jammed in the doorway. A burly man pushed rudely against us. The Marqueza uttered a cry and fell against my breast. One of the tiger's claws scratched my neck very slightly; but the next moment we were dancing as briskly as ever.

"Why!" suddenly cried the Marqueza, "what is the matter with you, monsieur? Your neck is bleeding."

I took a handkerchief and pressed it to the wound.

"You scratched it," I replied, "with one of the claws of your formidable head-dress."

"Did I not say that I was dangerous?" she answered.

There was a peculiar ring in her voice. It was no longer low and guarded. It reminded me—good God! of whom? I felt my head reel with a sudden fear, and the next moment a sense of chill faintness crept over me.

"You are not dancing well, monsieur," said the voice of the Marqueza. "You are tired. For that matter, so am I. Take me to an anteroom and leave me."

"I will stay with you until your next partner arrives," I answered.

"You must leave me," she said in a peremptory tone. "I wish it. Take me here."

A little boudoir, draped in the palest green silk, stood invitingly open.

We entered, and the Marqueza flung herself on a couch.

"After all, this head-dress worries me," she said. "I should like to take it off."

"Shall I assist you?" I asked.

"Not now," she answered. "Go into the open air—you look faint. We danced too fast; but all the same, it was divine, was it not?"

"Marqueza," I answered, "I have just lived through the most blissful moment of my life."

Her laughter rang out clear, and—did I hear aright?—it seemed to mock me. She motioned me to go, and I went.

A moment later I was seated on a bench in the deep shade of a palm tree.

"Hallo! Phenays, is that you?" called Pinheiro.

"Yes," I answered. "I was dancing with the Marqueza, and we both felt faint."

As I spoke I took out my handkerchief and pressed it to my neck.

"Where is the Marqueza?" asked Pinheiro.

"In one of the anterooms," I replied. "She asked me to leave her."

Again I pressed the handkerchief to my neck.

"I will go and look for her," said Pinheiro. "She promised me this dance. But whatever is the matter?"

"Nothing much," I answered. "Only one of the tiger's claws on that curious head-dress gave me a sharp scratch. But it is not worth talking about."

"What possessed the girl to put on that infernal head-dress? She must be out of her mind to do such a thing!" cried Pinheiro. "Now that I come to think over the matter, I would sooner dance with a cat. I won't trouble to find her."

"The scratch was a mere accident," I replied. "Some thundering idiot cannoned into her."

"I dare say; only one doesn't come to a ball to be torn to pieces by tiger's claws. I wish I could see the young lady, to tell her what I think of her."

"Well, and here she is!" cried a silvery voice, and the Marqueza, unmasked, and with a look of merriment on her face, stood before us.

"Oh, so you have taken it off," said Pinheiro. "You will not be quite such a dangerous partner now, and I don't mind claiming your promise. This is our dance, is it not?"

"You have not asked me for a dance this evening, monsieur."

"Indeed, I did," he replied. "See! here is your name on my programme. But,

hallo ! you have made a complete change ! Why is that ? ”

As he spoke I saw the Marqueza was no longer in black Spanish lace, but was clothed from head to foot in some gossamery stuff of shimmering white.

“ You have been very quick in changing your dress,” I said.

Once again she laughed.

“ You don’t know the joke we have played upon you,” she said. “ It is almost too good. I have a great mind to let you find it out for yourselves.”

“ No, no,” said Pinheiro, “ you must tell. What joke do you allude to ? ”

“ Oh, I have had such fun ! ” she exclaimed. “ I have been watching you both, and especially you, Monsieur Phenays, for the last half-hour. It was not I who wore that head-dress, but Mademoiselle Delacourt.”

I leapt to my feet, and a violent oath passed my lips. Pinheiro stood silent.

“ May I ask the reason of this joke ? ” he asked presently.

“ You are not really angry ? ” cried the girl. “ It was only fun. Francesca was at Madrid, and I mentioned to her that you were both going to the ball, and said that I intended to wear the head-dress she so much admired, and that you, Monsieur Phenays, knew that I was going to. Then she wrote to me asking me to let her take my place, and begged me not to say a word to anyone. I am so sorry that the claw scratched you, Monsieur Phenays. It is not serious, is it ? ”

“ Time will prove,” said Pinheiro. His face was deadly white. “ You don’t know what mischief you, in all innocence, have done, Marqueza. But now, don’t keep us. If anything can save my friend, there is not an instant to lose.”

As Pinheiro spoke he put his arm round my waist and raised me from the seat into which I had sunk.

“ Come at once, and quietly,” he said. “ We will get back to Lisbon without a moment’s delay. Without doubt you have been poisoned, but there may be hope if we take the matter in time.”

While he was whispering to me he was dragging me, for I was now incapable of walking, in the direction of the house.

The Marqueza, startled and alarmed, walked by our side.

“ I wish you would explain,” she said. “ You have made me so terribly unhappy. What, oh, *what* is wrong ? ”

“ Find the head-dress, Marqueza,” said Pinheiro, “ and if possible, and if you have

the nerve, detain Mademoiselle Delacourt. Phenays, I will leave you for an instant, on this seat close to the house, while I fetch the carriage and give instructions to the police to watch everyone who leaves the Castle.”

A sudden shiver of intense cold passed over me. Pinheiro disappeared round the corner of the brilliantly lighted house, and the young Marqueza seated herself by my side.

“ I am so sorry and so terrified,” she whispered. “ What, oh, what can be wrong ? ”

“ Pinheiro will tell you to-morrow,” I answered in a whisper. “ But do not blame yourself, please. It was my own fault, for not being more careful.”

Just then Pinheiro appeared.

“ The carriage is waiting,” he said. “ I will call early to-morrow and explain everything to your mother, Marqueza. Now, Phenays.”

I was helped into the carriage, and soon afterwards Pinheiro and I arrived at my hotel at Lisbon.

The doctor had been summoned. He examined my wound and told Pinheiro that I had, without doubt, been inoculated with some deadly micro-organisms.

“ Will it be fatal ? ” I whispered.

“ You are in danger,” was his slow reply. “ But you look strong, and must be healthy ; there ought to be hope. You should have a good nurse, however, as your symptoms will require careful watching.”

“ I will sit up with Monsieur Phenays to-night,” said Pinheiro. “ I got him into this trouble, and have made up my mind to pull him through *at any cost*.”

Through the long hours of that night Pinheiro never left my side. At short intervals he administered stimulant after stimulant, and by so doing kept the dread enemy Death at bay.

In the morning I was still alive, but through the days and week that followed my life hung in the balance. How I did recover in the end will always appear to me little short of a miracle.

When I was well enough for Pinheiro to leave me, he went back to Almeida Castle and told Mademoiselle Delacourt’s true story to the Duchess and the Marqueza. The distress of both was beyond description. The head-dress was examined, and even now traces of the deadly poison in which the tiger’s claws had been dipped were found upon them. But, alas ! Mademoiselle herself was gone.

From the moment I left her in the green anteroom she had not been seen or heard of at Castle Almeida.

HOW TO TELEGRAPH HANDWRITING.

BY H. MORGAN-BROWNE.*

THE words in our first illustration were written in London, and show in facsimile how they were recorded on a machine at the end of two hundred miles of wire. On the opposite page is the original message for comparison.

There is a little fiction about that two hundred miles, to which I will revert later. The first thing I want you to contemplate is the result of one of the most striking, if not the most wonderful, inventions of a century (the nineteenth) prolific in inventions beyond all previous record.

In Fig. I. you have a written message as it appeared on the "receiver," and in Fig. II. the identical message as it was recorded on the "transmitter." The "telautograph" itself, as you see it in the next illustration (Fig. III.) really consists of two separate machines, the lower part being called the transmitter, and the upper part the receiver. The transmitter at one end works in connection with the receiver at the other end, and *vice versa*. In the photographic original of Fig. III. one can, with the aid of a magnifying-glass, trace out on the receiver the message, of which Fig. I. is an enlarged photograph. Fig. II. is an enlargement of the same message, as it was written on the transmitter of another machine.

Of course, it is the work of electricity. My business here is to try and explain to you exactly how this seeming miracle is accomplished. I am not going to trouble you with a scientific or a technical account of the invention, but I must first endeavour to put before you one or two main principles of electrical energy.

Now, electricity—about which, in its actual

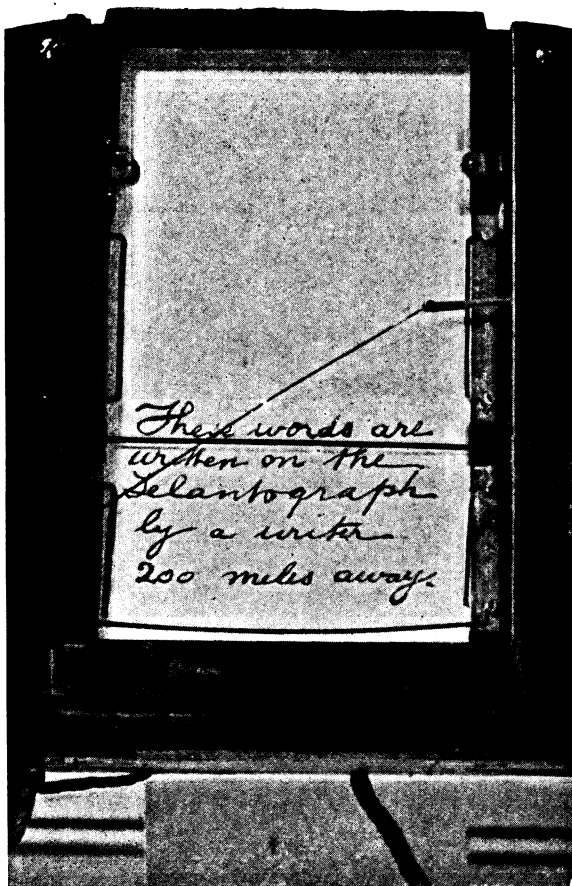


FIG. I.—A GOOD RESULT AS DELIVERED ON A "RECEIVER."

composition, you and I know just as much or as little as the greatest inventor and scientist ever born—may be likened to a vital force which comes we know not whence, and goes we know not whither. This much we know, or think we know—that the earth and all things on it are permeated, to a greater or less extent, with this subtle, elusive, powerful, yet tractable force. Therefore, we may quite safely take electricity for granted. The next point to realise is that even electricity has its limitations, or shall we say that the conditions attending man's handling of this force impose restrictions upon its use? Be that as it may, it is just this human quality of limitation which at once makes electricity so usable by man, and upon which this particular invention depends for its marvellous success.

The meaning of the word "telautograph" is an expansion of that of "telegraph." It means "telegraphing in one's *own* handwriting." Moreover, strictly speaking, the invention I am about to describe was invented

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about 150 years ago with the original discovery that by means of electricity signals could be conveyed through long distances. In 1747 Bishop Watson performed some experiments in London, the most remarkable being the transmission of an electric shock through two miles of wire hung on wooden poles at Shooter's Hill. In the *Scots Magazine* for 1753 a plan for an alphabetical telegraph to be worked by electricity was minutely described.

To come down to more modern times, the famous Morse alphabet, as employed for submarine telegraphy, is, in reality, writing at a long distance, because the message is conveyed not by means of the irritating "Tick-tick-tick" one hears in a telegraph office, but by means of a pen recording a number of faint lines upon a piece of paper.

However, to return to the telautograph itself, and to begin at the beginning. In Figs. IV. and V. you see the machine (both transmitter and receiver) with its clothes off. I want you to fix your attention only on the transmitter or lower part of these two figures. And first consider the pen.

The pen itself counts absolutely for nothing ; it is not a magician's pen, it is not itself charged with electricity, it is merely an ordinary working pen or pencil. Still, it serves to record the message you wish to send over the wires. Very good. You take this pen in hand and you begin to write in the

ordinary way, just as fast or as slow as you like, or as the business in hand permits you. The problem before us is to cause another pen at the other end of the wire to record letter for letter, crossing the t's and dotting the i's, what the pen in your hand is writing down. How can it be done ?

Well, we start with a battery ; in other words, with a reservoir of electrical force at our elbow. Upon this, by means of a skilful arrangement of machinery, we are enabled to draw from time to time, and so to send along the wire impulses of varying strength. It is just as if you (the writer) with the pen in your hand were the foreman of a gang of workmen hauling goods up into a warehouse. If the goods to be hauled up were of a certain weight, one man might do the job ; if more, two ; if more again, three or four. By your orders you would regulate the amount of human energy being put into the hauling of those goods up into your warehouse. Just in the same way, by the movement of your pen, you regulate the amount of electrical force being employed along that wire. How ?

Now look at the picture Fig. IV., in which the pen has just written the letter "a." At the business end of the pen—which, by the by, is a pencil, but is more simply called a pen—you will see two light rods attached at right angles. I should explain that its being fastened in this way enables the pen to stand up, as in the picture, without being held.

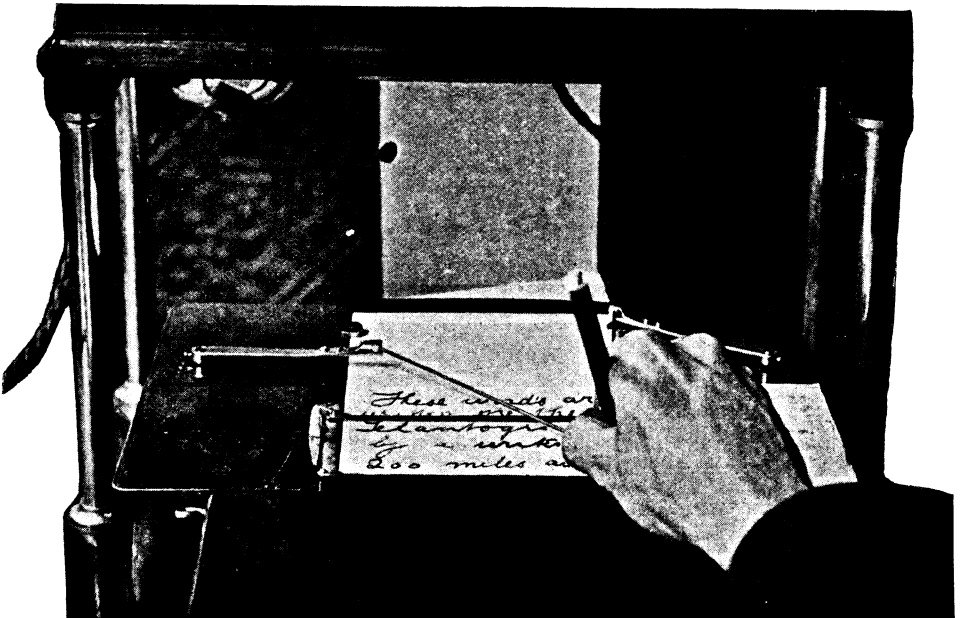


FIG. II.—THE SENDER WRITING HIS MESSAGE.

These again are attached at their other end to two arms moving on a fixed centre or pivot. You will see then that whichever way you move your pen you cause those two arms to left and right to move to and fro. If you make a long up-stroke with your pencil the right-hand arm moves a considerable amount; the left-hand less so. If, on the other hand, you make a long horizontal stroke, the left arm moves more than the right arm. But in any case you will find a different combination of movements of the two arms for every possible motion of your pen. Thereby hangs a tale.

Moving in correspondence with these two arms on the left and right, and immediately underneath them, are two brushes, which

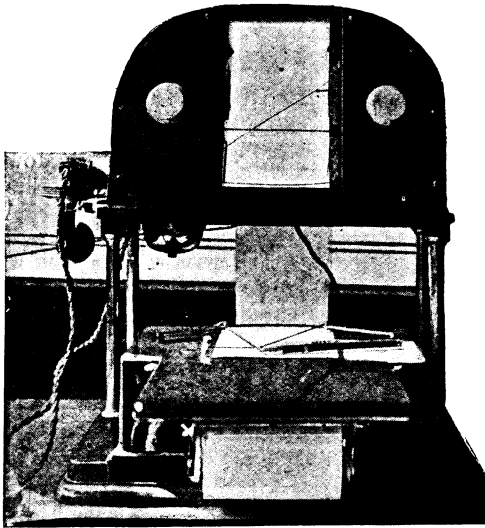


FIG. III.—THE MACHINE AT REST.

are the means, when the machine has been thrown into working order, by which the electricity in the battery is controlled as it goes along the wire to the place to which you are writing. In more technical language, these brushes set up contact, which is necessary for electricity to do its work. The effect of moving the pen will be readily understood by a glance at Fig. V., comparing it with Fig. IV.

In both figures the left-hand quadrant, or quarter circle path along which the contact brush moved by the left-hand arm travels, and which I will explain in detail further on, is clearly shown slightly below and to the left of the paper on the transmitter. If you will look at Fig. IV., where the pen has just written the letter "a," you

will see the left-hand arm, which is attached to the pen by means of a light rod, pushed outwards, and the lower arm, which moves in conjunction with this arm (both being attached to an upright pivot clearly seen in the picture) well back, so that the brush at the end of this lower arm is at the further end of the quadrant, and almost hidden in the shadow under the paper of the transmitter. If now you will look at Fig. V., in which, after writing the letter "a," the pen has just finished making a long horizontal stroke thus ———, you will see that the upper left-hand arm has been pulled forward by the movement of the pen to the right, and that the lower arm has been brought by such pulling over right across the quadrant, so that the contact-brush has been brought into full view and rests on the nearer end of the quadrant.

Now, you will readily understand that if, by moving the pen about when writing and thereby causing these two brushes to move to and fro in contact with the electric wires—if, in making these various motions, I was merely sending along the electric wire a current or impulse of unvarying strength, there would be no reason on earth why the pen at the other end should follow the movements of my pen; it would practically be only able to do one thing. For instance, if, in drawing a line with a pencil, I press with the same heaviness all along, I must expect to get a line of uniform thickness without any variations of light and dark strokes. In a similar way, unless there were some means of varying the electrical impulse sent along those wires, I could not hope to get from the pen at the other end of the line any variety of movement corresponding to that of the pen I was wielding. How, then, is this achieved?

I said at the beginning that even electricity had its limitations. Among those is this: as electricity is sent along a wire it gets used up. A certain amount of the energy in any electric current is consumed in overcoming what is called the resistance of the wire. The simplest way to bring this home to you is to consider for a moment driving water through a pipe. You can easily see that a certain amount of force will be required to force water through a pipe. In other words, the friction of the water on the inside of the tube through which it is passing requires to be overcome by a definite amount of force. Now, you may regard electricity being sent along a wire very much in the same way as water being forced through

a pipe. There is a further analogy—that the smaller a wire for a given amount of electrical force, the greater the resistance to its progress. The larger the wire, the less the resistance.

Obviously this is equally true of water being forced through a pipe. Water will be more easily driven through a pipe of large diameter than through one of small diameter. This condition of the use of electricity has been taken advantage of in the present machine to graduate the strength of the current sent along the wire to do the necessary work at the other end. For this also must be remembered, that, in spite of the rapidity of its action and the seeming inexhaustibility of its energy, the electric current does take time and does lose energy in traversing a given distance. So that a current, or rather an impulse, after traversing, say, one hundred miles of wire, is less vigorous than it was when it set out on its journey. And here comes in a most important point, bearing upon what I was saying about the size of the wire and the varying resistance offered to the progress of an electric current. Not only does the different size of a wire influence the transmission of an electric current, but the different metal of which it is composed also exerts a very considerable influence. By taking advantage of these

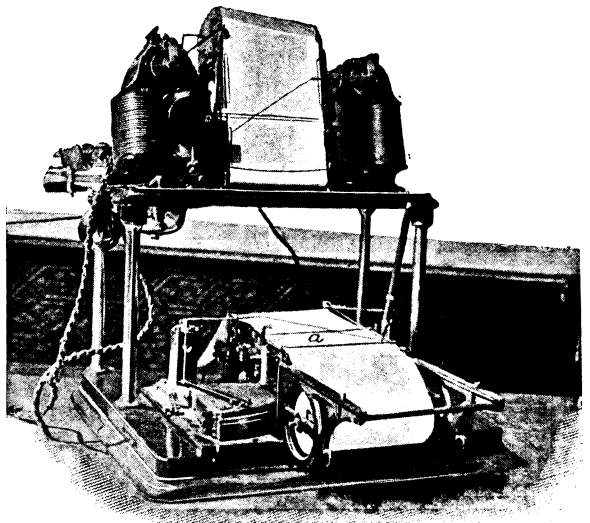


FIG. V.—THE TRANSMITTER AT WORK.

two facts it is possible to have in the same machine wires of such enormous difference of resisting power that one inch of one wire will offer as much resistance to the passing of an electric current as one mile of another kind. Now you will see in a minute or two what a tremendous power of varying the strength of the electrical impulse sent over the wires this peculiarity of electric currents places within the compass of the skilled inventor. And it has been utilised in an ingenious manner.

You will remember the little brushes which move with the moving of the two arms to left and right of the pencil. Those brushes move along a path in the shape of the quadrant of a circle, which path is made up of a number of separate plates put side by side. These plates are so thin that although completely insulated from one another (*i.e.*, electricity will not pass directly from a plate to its next-door neighbour), no less than eighty of them are contained within the inch.

But although electricity may not pass directly from plate to plate, each plate is connected with its neighbours by little loop wires of varying lengths, or rather of gradually increasing lengths. Now let us take the left-hand quadrant, of which here is a rough sketch, to give an idea of what it is in reality with all its wires uncovered.

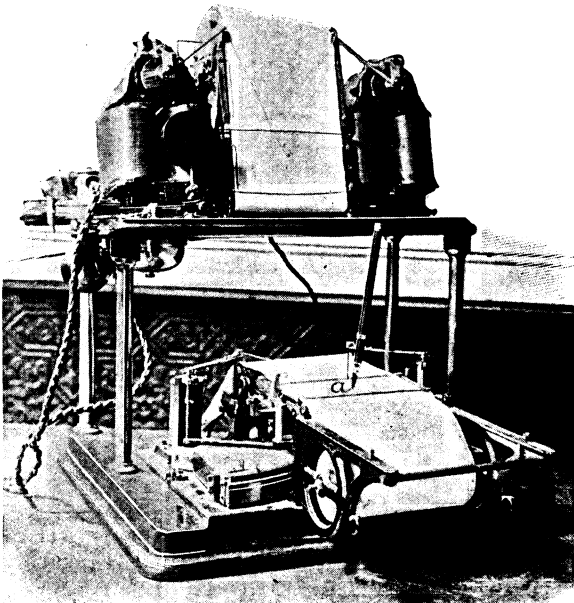


FIG. IV.—THE TRANSMITTER AT WORK.

Of course, I have for clearness greatly exaggerated the appearance of the plates, and have only shown about a tenth of the total number actually there; but that does not affect the explanation of the matter. In this rough drawing of the quadrant the edges of the plates are shown in the path from A to B, the light shading in between the plates representing the insulation, so that the electric current cannot pass from plate to plate except through the wire loops shown attached to the plates. About midway in this path is the brush R attached to the lower arm and swinging on the upright pivot P, to which is also attached the upper arm, moved to and fro by its connection at the point Q with a light rod attached to the point of the pen in the hands of the person writing a message on the transmitter, as seen in Figs. IV. and V. above.

I have already explained the function of the loop wires joining the plates together, but I may mention here that by taking advantage of the varying resistance offered to the passage of electricity by wires of different metal and different diameter, the equivalent of 7,000 miles of ordinary line wire is contained within the compass of the quadrant shown in Fig. VII. In other words, if, by the position of the contact brush R, on the plates at the B end of the quadrant the electric current is made to traverse, one after another, all the plates and the connecting loop wires from A to B, that current is as tired and correspondingly weak as if it had been made to travel along an ordinary line wire, say, from London to Calcutta. And here I may explain the fiction about the message at the beginning of this article. That message said it was written by a writer 200 miles away. So he was—*electrically*, but *physically* he was in the next room to the one I was in. By using a certain class wire between the two machines in the two rooms it was practically the same thing as if they had been 200 miles apart, joined by a wire offering less resistance to, and so taking less out of, the current doing the work of recording the message.

Now we will start with the point A in Fig. VI. and with the first plate.

This is the point where the electrical energy from the battery comes into the machine, and from this point onwards is regulated and controlled by the movements of the little

travelling brush R. At this point—*i.e.*, A—the electric energy is at its greatest. If, then, the little brush, by resting on the first plate, completes the contact, it will be obvious that the greatest amount of electric force possible is sent along the wire to direct the movements of the pen at the other end. Now, we will suppose that by a slight movement of the pencil up above (about a hundredth of an inch will do it) the brush is brought to rest on plate No. 2. The electric current which came in at full vigour at plate No. 1 has to go through the little loop of wire between plates 1 and 2 before it reaches plate No. 2, and in passing through that little loop of wire, which is of a high resisting power, it loses somewhat of its pristine energy. Consequently, when it arrives at plate No. 2, and, by means of the little brush, is sent forward to do its work at the other end of the wire, it is no longer quite the same vigorous current which it was before. Similarly for each single one of the plates, through the whole series of some five hundred, a slight progressive diminution of energy is effected in the current by means of its enforced travelling through an increasing number of loops of wire, each one larger, or with more resisting power, than the one preceding, before it is allowed to make contact with the brush. Now, the machine is so arranged that when most electric force is required, the position of the pencil with which you are writing causes the little

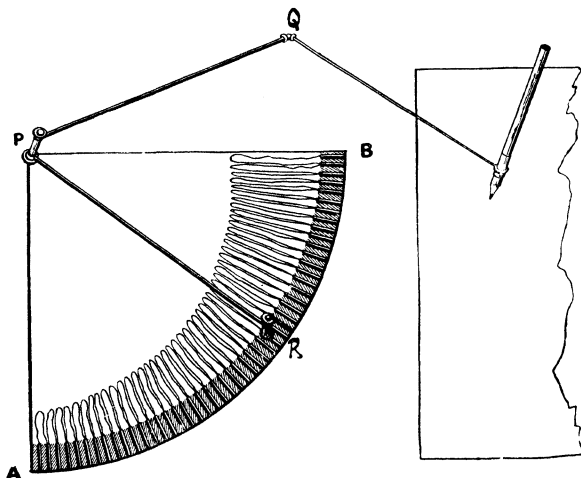


FIG. VI.—A ROUGH SKETCH OF THE INTERIOR OF THE LEFT-HAND QUADRANT AND TRAVELLING CONTACT-BRUSH.

The above sketch is merely a conventional indication of the interior of the quadrant. As a matter of fact there are some 500 plates, and many hundreds of yards of wires. However, as here drawn, the figure accurately represents the principles of its construction.

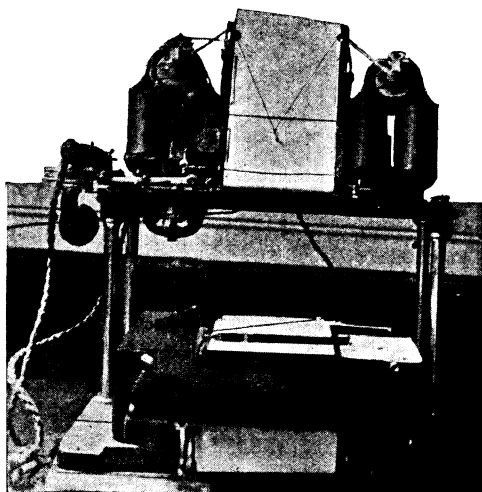


FIG. VII.—THE RECEIVER.

travelling brush to come upon one of the first series of plates, and that when least electric force is required to be transmitted to the other end, the little brush makes contact with the plates nearest to B.

What is true of the left-hand arm is equally true of the right-hand arm, for you must understand that there are two separate currents being sent along two separate wires from two separate batteries or stores of electric energy. Thus you will see that, according to the position of the pencil in your hand, the amount of the left-hand current and the amount of the right-hand current (one of which, by the by, may, for a particular position, be weak, while the other is strong), the amount of these two currents is exactly regulated for every one-hundredth of an inch of movement of your pencil, and so operates at the other end of the wire in the minutest and most precise manner possible.

Now it remains to explain a little bit of the machine at the other end of the wire, and so to make clear how this varying electric force serves to make that other pen copy the movements of the one you hold in your hand. We must turn our attention to the receiver, or upper part of the machine.

On this receiver, as shown in Fig. VII., you will see a piece of paper, and hanging down upon it two light rods, attached to two arms coming from the left and the right with a little glass pen at the junction of those rods resting on the paper, or rather—for that has to be explained later—hovering over it. Now, the two arms which move the

two light rods are attached to two springs, one on the left, and one on the right, which springs bring them into a certain position when at rest. In connection with these two springs are two electric coils and magnets, so arranged that when a certain amount of current is transmitted into one of these coils, thereby exerting a certain amount of force upon the magnet, the spring is twisted out of its normal position; and with that twisting of the spring the arm attached to it is moved in a certain direction, and with the movement of that arm the pen attached to it is also caused to move in a certain direction. Moreover, as both springs are actuated through the electric coils and magnets at the same time, though not necessarily—in fact, seldom—with the same amount of force, the combined movements of these two springs give a combined movement to the two arms, which produces a series of movements on the part of the pen attached to those two arms by means of the light rods.

The position of these arms at rest before beginning to write is shown in the upper part of Fig. V., in which you will see the left-hand receiver arm pointed at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the right-hand arm horizontal, the left-hand rod being vertical, and the right-hand rod inclining from the right-hand arm downwards, at an angle of forty-five degrees. The pen, which is, of course, at the junction of these two rods, is hidden from view, because it is in the ink-pot, or reservoir, on the left of the paper. Further, it should be noted that with each moving forward of the paper—which takes place practically simultaneously on transmitter and receiver, though controlled by the person writing on the transmitter—the pen comes to rest in this ink-pot, and is so refilled and ready to continue recording the message being written at the other end.

Now we will see how the movements of this pen on the receiver are made to copy exactly down to the hundredth part of an inch the movements of the pencil with which you are writing your message at the other end of the wire. Let us follow for a moment the movement of the left-hand arm, both on the transmitter and on the receiver. With your pencil you make a certain movement; that movement causes the left-hand arm to move the little brush to a certain point along the path of the little plates. That particular position makes the contact with the electric force from the battery at a certain strength, which is thereby transmitted along the wire

in just the required quantity to work the magnet which works the spring, and thereby actuates the left-hand arm on the receiver, directing the pen attached to that arm to precisely the same spot occupied by the pen in your hand. I have spoken of the left-hand arm only to simplify matters, but you will by now have clearly understood that every movement of your pencil sets to work two batteries, two currents, and two arms, acting in independent co-ordination, to produce at the other end precisely similar movements of the pen to those made by the pencil in your hand.

That, I think, explains how it comes about that you can make a pen two hundred miles or more away go through the same movements as if you yourself were directing it. But that is not enough. As you know, when a man begins to write, he is not content with making marks on the paper, but he is continually jerking his pen-point about in all manner of directions what time he is exercising his mind as to what he is going to write. If, then, the transmitter faithfully recorded all these bewildering motions, the message might be there all right, but it would not be legible. The problem here is, then, to cause the machine to record what you wish recorded—i.e., what you write—and not to record all the airy gyrations performed by your pen in its effort to put your thoughts on paper. The method by which this is done, though not perhaps so wonderful, is one of the neatest things about this amazing little instrument.

Look for a moment at the receiver (Fig. VII.). Across the paper you will see a resting-rod, upon which rest two arms, to which the pen is attached. The business of that resting-rod is to support those two arms and prevent the pen attached to them touching the paper all the time you are flourishing about with your pencil at the other end. But directly you begin to write—that is, to press on the paper of the transmitter—that resting-rod is made to go close up against the paper, so no longer supporting the arms, and allowing, therefore, the pen to

fall upon the paper, which it does, by gravitation, because, as you will notice, the paper of the receiver is pitched at a slight angle; consequently, directly the support of the resting-rod is removed, the pen naturally comes to rest on the paper.

It only remains to explain how it is that the movement of this resting-rod is made to follow so quickly the movements of your pen on and off the paper. It is in this way. Under the paper upon which you write on the transmitter is a metal plate which gives slightly to pressure, and in so giving sets up a contact with an electric current passing along the wires already used by the machine,

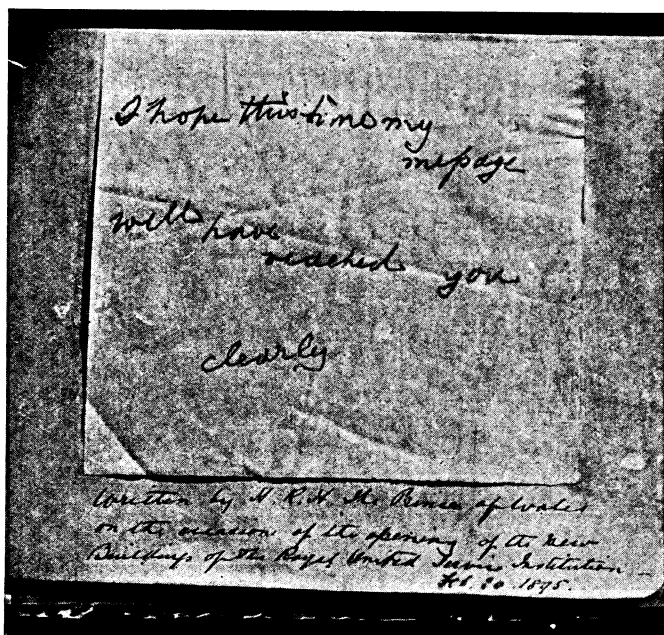


FIG. VIII.—A TELEGRAM WRITTEN BY THE KING AS DELIVERED AT THE OTHER END.

which works the resting-rod running across the paper on the transmitter. The matter is so arranged that every time you press on the paper, and thereby make a contact, the resting-rod goes up close to the paper on the receiver, and thereby allows the pen to mark the paper. Every time you remove this pressure of the pen-point the contact is broken, and the resting-rod, which is actuated by a spring, comes forward and lifts the pen on the receiver from the paper.

This, then, in meagre outline, is the explanation of this marvellous machine. So simple, apparently, when you come to understand its working, and yet so difficult

of conception that only now, a century and a half after its essential principles were the common property of scientific men all the world over, has it come to be realised as a practicable and commercial instrument. But now a little of its history, and of what has been and is being done to impress into the service of man this most useful invention.

The first attempt to construct a telautograph was made by an Italian in 1860. The basis of his invention was the action of electric impulses upon chemically prepared paper; but, as in the early days of photography, when wet plates were the only ones available, the difficulties of handling the invention satisfactorily were a very serious drawback to its possible utility. The sheet upon which the electric current was to act had to be moist,

message at the receiving-station comparable in all respects with that actually sent over the wires.

These attempts, however, were nothing more than scientific curiosities. The real inventor of the telautograph as a scientifically practicable instrument was Professor Elisha Gray, an American. (I should say at once that the instrument I have been describing is the invention of Mr. Foster Ritchie, an Englishman by birth, an American citizen by choice, who has rendered commercially usable what Elisha Gray proved to be scientifically practicable.) This same Elisha Gray also possesses claims to be considered, at least, a contemporaneous inventor of the telephone with Graham Bell. As a matter of fact, Gray filed his patent for a harmonic-telegraph, as he called it, on the same day that Bell filed his patent for the speaking telephone. Practically the two inventions achieved the same result, but Bell got almost all the *kudos*. Gray took up the business of inventing a telautograph in 1884, and produced his first machine in 1886. It was of no practical value. Subsequently, however, by steady work, and with the help of a number of able assistants—Macpherson, Ritchie, and Tiffany—he succeeded in producing a few years ago—*viz.*, in 1895—the machine I have already alluded to as a proved scientific possibility. All this time the Gray Telautograph Company of America had been spending money like water in the prosecution of this invention, without so far attaining the desired result. Among Professor Gray's assistants I have

already mentioned Mr. Ritchie, the inventor of the present machine. In 1896 he came over to England as the engineer of the Gray European Telautograph Company, and immediately set to work to overcome the practical working difficulties of the Gray machine as modified from time to time.

Now, without going into technicalities, of which I am sure you have had enough, I can best bring home to you the chief practical difficulty in the old machine by the following picture (Fig. VIII.), which is a photograph of a message written by the Prince of Wales on the old machine in 1895. The photograph shows the message as it was received. You will notice how irregularly the words come, and how very crooked the lines are. This was not the fault of his Royal Highness,

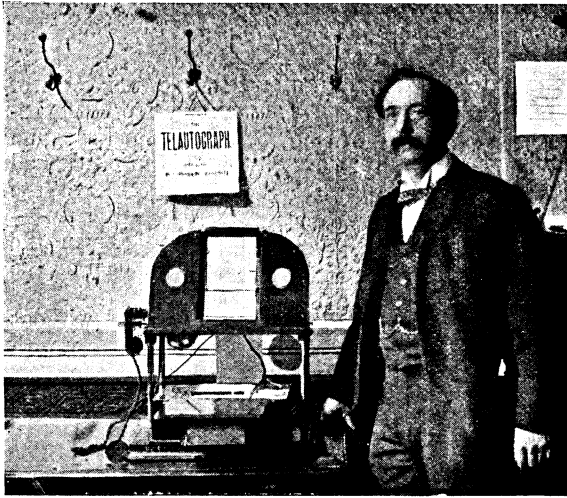


FIG. IX.—MR. FOSTER RITCHIE AND HIS MACHINE.

had to be kept in an air-tight case, and had to be specially prepared for use just before it was wanted. Upon such terms even a telautograph was at a discount. Following him, a Frenchman made some improvement upon the idea, but still working on chemical lines. A little later—that is to say, in 1877—an Englishman named Cowper constructed a machine which, although it produced writing of sorts upon a moving drum of paper at the receiving end, failed to record any intelligible representation of the message as transmitted. This was because the writing of the message was done by making a number of given movements with a pen in a very circumscribed manner on the transmitting instrument. It therefore lacked the indispensable quality of a proper telautograph, which is to produce a

who doubtless wrote in a perfectly straightforward manner, as you and I would in writing a telegram. No. The curious state of the telegram as received was entirely the fault of the machine. It was due to a want of unison between the movements of the pen on the receiver and those of the pen on the transmitter. And the reason was this. The old system of working the pen on the receiver was by what is called the "step-by-step" system—that is to say, it was operated by the electric current releasing, by means of an escapement, a drum worked by a spring at the other end, which in its turn actuated the arm which moved the pen. Now, although this arrangement was highly ingenious, and so delicately contrived that the motions of the escapement were enabled to reach the astonishing speed of thirty thousand a minute, it will at once be seen that there was a mechanical limit imposed upon the speed of the receiving pen. The movements of the escapement were at the rate of one for every movement of the transmitting pen by one-hundredth of an inch. Thirty thousand movements a minute means five hundred a second, and five hundred movements at one-hundredth of an inch per movement means a movement of five inches per second. You will at once perceive that if the person on the transmitter moved his pen faster than at the rate of five inches in a second—which is not at all quick for writing—he would be driving the recording pen at the other end of the wire to the utmost limit of its capacity for speed. The result was that the receiving pen got left, and so, while the transmitter was writing in one place on the paper on the transmitting machine, the pen on the receiving instrument was laboriously toiling half a line and sometimes a whole line behind on the

receiving instrument. A slight illustration of this is afforded by the photograph given in Fig. VIII. I say slight, because sometimes the result was that the pen on the receiving instrument got outside the paper altogether, and so failed to record the message being transmitted over the wires.

The great merit of the present machine, invented by Mr. Foster Ritchie, is that it has practically overcome this serious drawback to the Gray machine. Mr. Ritchie had observed that for twelve years practically no progress had been made with the telautograph as a commercial instrument. He therefore determined to abandon the "step-by-step" principle. He did so, substituting for it the principle of a varying strength of electric current, which I have endeavoured to explain in the preceding pages. So far as the severest tests can tell, his ingenuity appears to have been brilliantly successful. Here, in conclusion, is some writing on the telautograph, transmitted over hundreds of miles of wire, showing on one side the original writing, and in the second column the writing as received at the other end of the wire. Here you will observe the almost exact similarity between the two—the complete unison existing between the pencil of the transmitter and the pen of the receiver.

I must not conclude this article without placing on record the patient courtesy with which Mr. Treat, the President of the Gray European Telautograph Company, and Mr. Ritchie, the inventor of the machine I have been describing, explained to me the details of the working of this great invention. Upon its wonderful potentialities in our modern life I need not dwell, but may safely leave it to the imagination of my readers.

To June 21-1900
Brown Thompson & Co
at what price can
you buy Consols
P. W. Martin

To June 20/00
P. W. Martin
Five Consols $100\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$
think can buy at $100\frac{13}{16}$
Brown Thompson & Co

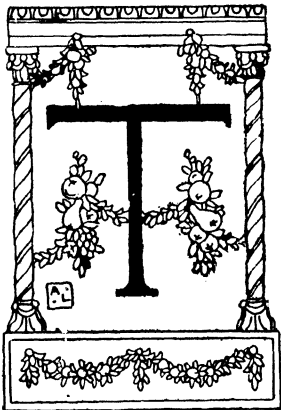
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To June 20/00
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Five Consols $100\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$
think can buy at $100\frac{13}{16}$
Brown Thompson & Co

THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.*

No. III.—THE PHILANTHROPIST.



HERE was no keener man of business in all Bradford than the young Mr. Thomas Thompson, of the growing firm of Thompson and Asquith, manufacturers, and though he was very generous also with his money, that side of his

character was often overlooked, because it was his habit to do all his benefactions on the quiet. He was popular in the town, undeniably popular, even with those who got the worst half of a deal with him. He was well set-up and good-looking—and this goes a long way; he was sprucely dressed—and clothes have more to answer for than many people think; and he exuded good humour, which is always a pleasant atmosphere to share, whether you are paying for its presence or not. But in a town, and at a time where hard bargain-driving was the rule, Tom established at a very early age the reputation of being one of the shrewdest of the community. There was a saying in currency that if T. Thompson sold you anything for a shilling, he had always fobbed sixpence profit over the transaction.

Still, being an eminently successful man, he was, of course, not without his enemies; and although he was not a fellow easily ruffled, it is placed on record that in one or two places he was a pretty sturdy hater himself. The strongest of all his antipathies was against Mr. Fletcher Bentley. I think it was the result of two very dissimilar natures grinding together. They saw much of one another. They did business together four times a week, and on each occasion warmed up their mutual dislike. Bentley was a mer-

chant, and bought the class of goods which Thompson and Asquith manufactured, and none of the three of them were men to let a private enmity stand in the way of commerce. As Tom said, he would sell pieces to the Devil himself if that wicked gentleman happened to be a stuff merchant, and he would guarantee to produce fancy worsted suitable for the most tropical of climates. He would mention this as a parallel when people wondered at his booking orders from Bentley.

Fletcher Bentley always finished up a conversation with Tom by inquiring, "How's your coals?" He was a man of fifty, and his father had been a yeoman farmer, and so he could trace back his pedigree, and felt himself to be a person of family. It always pleased him to gibe at Tom's early career of collier on Dudley Hill.

Tom would take this pleasantly and make a suitable reply. It never occurred to him to be ashamed of his origin, any more than it occurred to him to doubt his final ascension to the House of Lords. And presently, "Oh, by the way, Mr. Bentley," he would say, "they tell me you have really made up your mind this year to subscribe a guinea to the infirmary." Upon which Bentley would pull at his pointed ears and retire in a snarling fury. He was a man who had worked hard to earn money and comforts for himself, and he had a theory that those who did not work equally hard, and who did not earn money, should suffer for their own neglect. He held that to give anything in charity was to pauperise the masses, than which no greater sin could be committed. Still, he objected to being sneered at and called a mean skinflint. He was not a man who courted popularity; indeed, he took rather a melancholy pride in being solitary and isolated; but he had his vanity for all that, and a cry of niggardliness always caught him on a raw nerve.

Fletcher Bentley was unmarried, and had no relatives with whom he was on speaking terms. His one human hobby was the collection of books. He was no reader, but he was a connoisseur of editions and bindings, and built wing after wing on to his library,

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“‘Mornin’,” said this personage.”

and derived dusty ecstasies from seeing the new shelves stretch out and fill. But this was only for evening's relaxation. On six days of the week he toiled in his office in Bradford. On the seventh, after chapel, he drove out to the farm beyond Bingley that had been his father's, and walked round it with the foreman. He gave no orders then, being a great stickler for the sanctity of the Sabbath; but when he got back to his office on Monday it was his custom to dictate a long letter of instructions to the foreman. He farmed, as he did everything, successfully. He put no sentiment into it; he simply ran the land, as he did his warehouse, to make money, and he did not care a rap from whose pocket it came, so long as the coins finally arrived in his own palm.

It occurred to him one day that the shooting rights of this farm had a value, and that afternoon, after making a purchase of fancy worsted coatings from Tom, he asked him if he knew of a customer for the hares.

"I'd take the place myself if it was worth anything," said Tom, "but I don't think there'll be much game there. It's never been preserved, and those Bingley chaps are rare poachers."

"I can tell you, Thompson, that no poacher ever sets foot on my land. The game's my property, just as much as the cattle and the other stock, and my foreman out there watches cleverly that it's not meddled with."

"He must be a remarkably capable man, then, that foreman."

"He is. Well, just think over the offer, and if you like, go and see the ground for yourself. There's no hurry about deciding at once. I'll keep the offer open for a month."

Tom could afford to take shootings of his own by this time, and had a moor and some low ground, but the sport was tame compared with what he had been accustomed to. On his own territory he had only to pit his wit against that of the game. As a poacher, the sport had been sharpened by its loneliness, and by the constant need of circumventing the keeper. It was poaching that first taught him his splendid self-reliance, and to poaching he periodically returned to keep this self-reliance acute and in practice.

As it happened, when he got back to the mill, his partner, Hophni Asquith, once more brought the subject of Mr. Fletcher Bentley into the foreground. He pointed out that that eminent merchant had again claimed two and a half per cent. for shortages

on the last lot of pieces they had delivered to him.

Hophni had developed into a mere creature of routine, and Tom found him a very convenient partner. He, Tom, was quite able and willing to introduce all the dash and push and invention that the firm had any use for, and moreover, he was an excellent salesman, neither wasting his own time nor that of the purchaser, and possessing that knack for extracting high prices from a customer which is born in a man and cannot be obtained by mere greed and education. He was a fellow of infinite endurance, and could, when necessary, work for forty-eight hours on end. But he had a hankering for the open air. He could always drive a better bargain in the street than he could in the stuffy atmosphere of an office. His best ideas for new patterns of cloth and new arrangements of machinery always came to him when he was tickling for trout under the bank of some lonely stream, or when he was setting snares for grouse amongst the heather of some wind-swept moor. He was very much primitive man, and he worked best and most brilliantly without too many trammels of civilisation.

The pale, slight Hophni, with his square-cut red whisker, on the other hand, seemed made for indoor employment. He loved the smell of ink, and the rattle of looms was music to him. Both whispered to him of money. Money and his wife were the only things he really cared about, for although he made a great show of attachment for the chapel, he really looked upon that institution only as an aid to business. He had only one extravagance: every hundred pounds he could spare was sunk in diamonds for Madam Louisa, his wife. Prosperous Bradford ran rather violently to diamonds in those days, and it was Hophni's ambition that one day, at some civic function, he should see Louisa standing amongst her peers, and carrying upon her person in open view a good half-pint more gems than any of them.

"It's very annoying," said Hophni, "these continual reductions that Bentley makes. They cut into profits more than I like. But I suppose we shall have to put up with them. He's too good a customer to offend."

"We'll not lose him," said Tom, marching up and down the narrow private office floor. "I'd not lose Old Nick as a customer, once I'd got him on the books. But if Mr. Fletcher has been robbing us, I'm going to let him

see that we know it, and take the change out of him somehow."

"You'd better be careful. It won't do to offend him."

"Offend your grandmother! He can't hate me personally any more than he does at present. Has the taker-in measured off those pieces we send out to Bentley's to-day?"

Hophni handed over the figures on a sheet of paper.

"Right. Now just put that in the safe and make out another, giving three yards more measure to each piece."

"But he'll fly up terribly, lad, if we invoice——"

"Just think a minute. Do you imagine I don't see my way pretty clear to something?"

Hophni Asquith left off pulling at his square red whisker, and wrote the paper out afresh, stating the length of each piece as three yards more than it really measured. He still did not see how the manoeuvre would profit them; but Tom evidently did; and he had a profound confidence in Tom's ingenuity and invention from previous sampling. The which mood was what the sturdy Mr. Thompson liked. He disapproved of too many inquiries. In fact, he was a trifle too masterful in this respect quite to suit everybody's taste.

However, by degrees Hophni appreciated the details of the plot. Mr. Fletcher Bentley, as usual when the time came for payment, knocked off some two and a half per cent. for shortages, and Tom's dogged jaw began to show itself with rather unpleasant prominence. He put on a hat and buttoned his coat. "Trapped the old fox fairly this time," he said with grim approval. "I'll go round and talk to him about his morals."

Tom walked abruptly into Mr. Bentley's office and nodded a dry greeting. "I've come," he said, "about those shortages you complain of. We don't agree with you in the amount of these shortages."

Mr. Fletcher Bentley began to pull at his pointed, satyr-like ears. "Then I can leave off buying from you if you don't like my terms."

"Nothing of the kind. You are useful to us. But I want you to keep your bare word and be decently honest, that's all."

For a mere manufacturer to speak to a merchant in this style was nothing short of rank blasphemy, and Tom knew it.

Bentley waved his hand. "There's the door, Mr. Thompson."

Tom's big jaw stuck out till it became an

absolute deformity. "If I go out of here now, I walk straight on 'Change and lay the grounds for a libel action which you'll have to bring against me, whether you like it or not. You'd better own up at once."

"I've nothing further to say to you. The shortages claimed were exactly as they existed. I can't show you the pieces, because, of course, they have gone on to customers."

"Naturally, they would do. Who measured the pieces?"

"The taker-in."

"Will you let me see his book?"

"I don't see why I should, but I am willing to satisfy you in everything reasonable. Afterwards, I shall make your bit of a firm smart for this impertinence. I've a considerable amount of influence amongst Bradford merchants."

"Oh, we won't discuss pains and penalties for just another minute."

A man came through the door, dressed in a long, chequered brat. He was the taker-in.

"Was it you who measured these pieces?"

The man looked at his employer, got a nod, and said "Aye."

"And you measured them accurately? You measured this piece, for instance, number thirteen-ought-forty-three, accurately?"

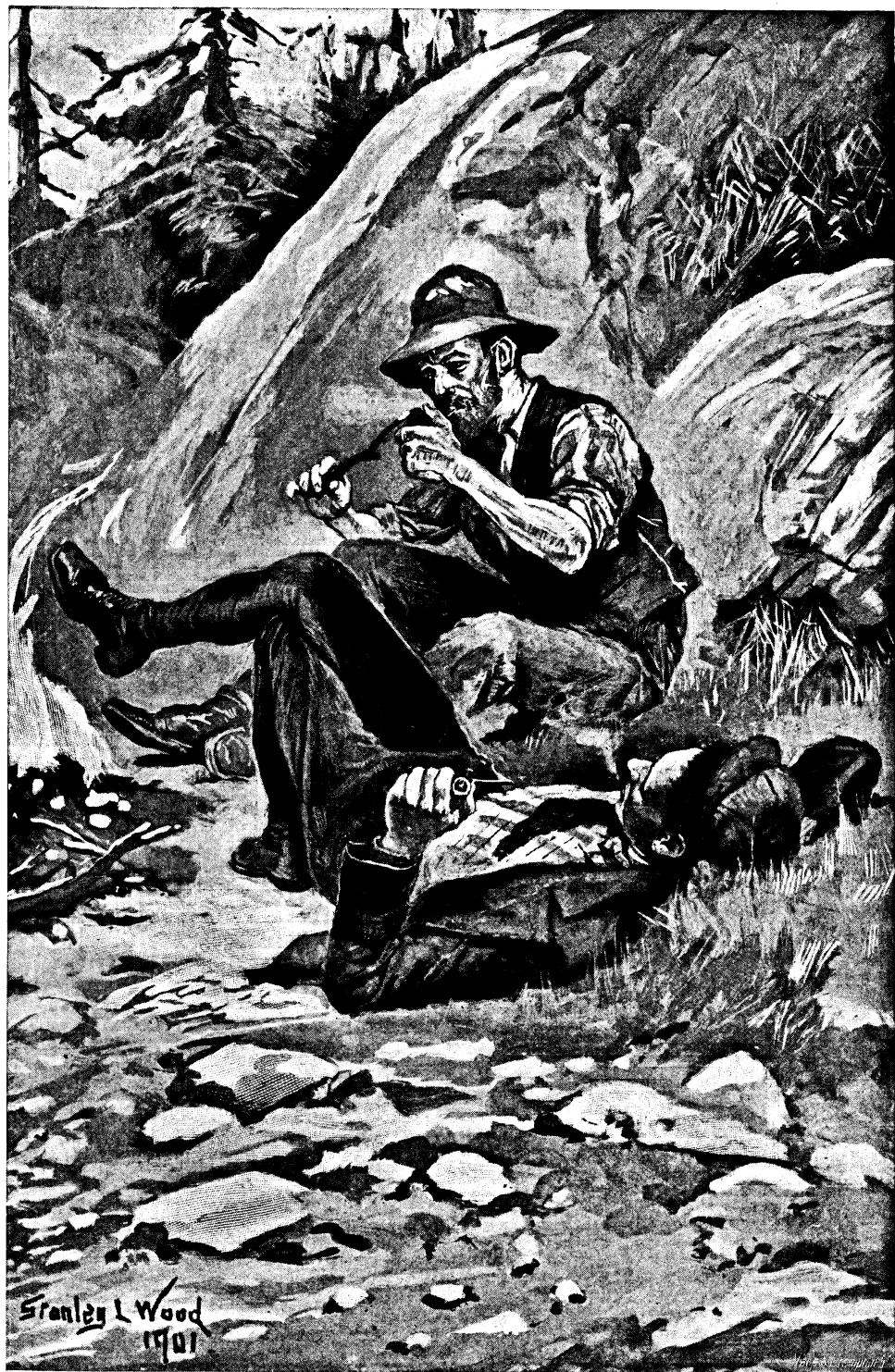
"Aye."

"And found it to contain fourteen yards and nine inches?"

"If that's what I wrote, that's what it wor."

"Then, my man, you're just as big a liar as your master. The invoice we sent with those goods says thirteen-ought-forty-three was fifteen yards and thirty inches. But look here!" He pulled another sheet of paper from his pocket and slapped it on the desk. "That was the original invoice. We've long thought you were a pack of thieves here, and so we set a gin for you this time, and by gosh! you're well trapped. So that there shall be no mistake, we got in two independent witnesses, who measured the goods for themselves and signed this statement, as you see. Then we made out another statement, clapping three yards on to each piece. You didn't measure one of them. You simply made your own deduction, and Mr. Fletcher sent a cheque, thinking he'd stolen two and half per cent., as usual. Well, that cheque's cashed, and as we've been paid on two and a half yards per piece in excess of what was delivered, we'll call that quits on what we've been swindled out of in the past. But see that you don't do it again."

Mr. Fletcher Bentley had sat through this



"'It's a queer thing about Fletcher Bentley,' said the red-haired man."

harangue like a person on the verge of an epilepsy. That he, a man of birth, should be treated thus by a collier's whelp, was intolerable; that he, a highly respected merchant, should be brow-beaten by a mere manufacturer, was indecent. All his instincts were violently outraged—and yet—and yet, where lay his remedy? For the life of him he did not see one. He blustered and he fumed, but Tom had said his say and kept irritatingly cool. He appealed by look and word to the taker-in, but that co-culprit remained woodenly silent. He pulled at the tips of his ears till their high points grew purple, but even they gave him no inspiration. And so at length he fumed himself to a standstill.

"Now," said Tom, "as you've nothing more to say, I'll go. I suppose most men who had caught you out like this would refuse to sell you another yard of stuff. We shall merchant all our own stuff presently. We've got a Chinese Chop, that in a year or two will be one of the biggest things in the Eastern trade. But for the present you are useful to us, and we shall go on selling to you. Indeed, I'm open to making a concession. I'll repeat your last order, if you like, at twopence a yard less."

"Very well," said Bentley, pulling himself up with an effort. "You can have it at that." He felt he must pocket his pride, and keep peace with this dangerous young man, at any price. "But how can you do it at the lower figure?"

"Because I always charged you three-pence a yard more than I took from others, to cover the loss caused by your little ways. But I think we understand one another better now. Bid ye good morning, Mr. Bentley."

For Mr. Bentley, so far as business was concerned, the rest of that day was ruined. He could not get his commercial balance again, and distrusted himself too much to give another order. He finally broke through his rigid rule and went home at four o'clock instead of six. A new parcel of books had arrived that morning, and he promised himself that in gloating over these, and fitting them to their shelves, he would forget Thompson's injurious treatment. But neither rare editions of uncut poems nor the feel and the glitter of exquisite bindings gave him ease. Always before him floated a vision of a sturdy, handsome young man with a big, dogged jaw and a contemptuous voice. He had forebodings for the future. He felt convinced that he would try other falls with this

Thompson and again get tripped. He saw no way of avoiding them. He had gone on too long with his peculiar methods to be able to alter them. He was fifty, and there are few men of fifty who can change from a groove, whether that groove be straight or crooked.

As for Tom, he tilted Mr. Fletcher Bentley out of his thoughts the moment he left his office, and took up again the threads of his many other interests. He remembered him again for a moment when he reported his downfall to Hophni Asquith, and then removed his mind entirely from business of all description. He had a dinner-party afterwards, and he liked good dining and pretty women; a concert to follow that, and music was one of his great indulgences; then a couple of hours with a Belgian clerk whilst he hammered at colloquial French; and at half an hour after midnight he was free for the rest of the evening. He was never a man who took more than four hours of sleep, and the night outside invited him pleasantly. The smoke of the busy town had sunk, and a purple heaven overhead was picked out delicately with diamond star points. He was always impatient of conventional walls at the tamest of times, and just then the house cramped him horribly.

The two dogs on the hearthrug seemed by their animal instinct to guess at his longing and to share it. The younger one, Clara's-Clara (who might by a stretch of courtesy have been called a lurcher), jumped about the room and whined and licked his hand. Clara the elder, a mottle-nosed mongrel of uncanny intelligence, lay herself against the door, and breathed luxuriously at the draught which came from beneath it. Tom laughed and swung on his hat. Then, as the thought of the open warmed him, he went and changed his clothes. One cannot poach very decorously in the black of evening wear. "We'll make a night of it," he said to Clara, and tweaked one of her tattered ears. "You disreputable old person! you'll take good care I don't get too respectable whilst you are above the sod." The other dog rammed a strong, cold nose into his spare hand—"And your daughter's just as bad. I've got evil companions, and that's a fact—and I love 'em."

The streets outside were empty, the night air was cool and sweet, and the dogs made most efficient company. They passed to the outskirts of Bradford at a smart walk, and then Tom broke into a trot. "I don't wonder," he said to himself, "that men



“ ‘ There was a good sup o’ watter there, to keep us from getting warm.’ ”

commit suicide if they live all their lives in towns, and stew up in offices. Why do they do it? Just to make money? If they only knew the trick, they’d make twice as much if they cleared their heads from all thoughts of it just now and again.”

The dogs, with the poaching instinct strong in them, were for making excursions to this side of the road or to that whenever a rabbit tempted them. But Tom had a bit of coursing in view, and kept them strictly to heel. “We’ll just see if Mr. Fletcher Bentley’s farm carries as many hares as he said it did, and we’ll just taste the capabilities of that foreman he bragged about.”

The night was bright overhead with moon and stars, and though thin blue mists hung in the valleys, and thickened some of the plantations, there was plenty of light for

coursing. In the very first field the dogs got on to a hare, and away they went silently and swiftly. Clara’s-Clara had the speed. Clara’s joints were stiffer with age, but her judgment was wonderful. Tom was in an ecstasy as he watched her. She hung well behind, seeming to make little exertion, but when the hare doubled, and Clara’s-Clara was thrown out, the artful Clara would always be in the act of cutting off the corner.

Finally, in one of these manoeuvres, the hare came straight into her jaws, and was duly accounted for by the time the younger dog arrived, and stood with heaving flanks and lolling tongue, looking both angry and foolish. Tom talked to them both, and the elderly Clara lifted an upper lip and showed a twinkle of well-kept

teeth. She had an excellent sense of humour.

There was plenty of game, and course succeeded course. The moon died, and the stars closed out, and still the dogs found hare after hare, and coursed on, Tom aiding and abetting them. The sweet, clean morning smell of the meadows intoxicated him; the spice of lawlessness and danger thrilled him through: here was a life that was worth the living indeed!

But, keen though he made his look-out, Tom got tripped that morning from a quarter he little expected. He was watching for watchers from the farm; the most improbable coincidence of another practitioner also poaching the hares had not entered his calculations. Still, such was the person who accosted him, a big, straggling, red-haired

man, who extracted himself from a convenient ditch, and brought with him a brindle greyhound on a slip.

"Mornin'," said this personage. "When I see thy dogs first of all, I thought 'appen it was ode Fletcher himself or some of his friends he had sold a leave to, so I got me to cover. But when I see it was nobbut ye, Tom, I made out ye were having a bit of cheap sport, like mysel'."

Now, Tom was not uppish since he had made his way to prosperity. He was just as familiar as ever with his old friends, even though some of them worked for him, and, according to the habit of the country, he was much more frequently spoken of as Tom than as Mr. Thompson. Moreover, he was generous, as a rule, and liked to share his pleasures and his successes with others. In one thing only was he selfish, and that was over his sport. On his own hired moor he asked other guns, but never went out with them. Sitting in a butt to shoot driven grouse did not attract him in the very least. He always shot over dogs himself, and invariably went alone. And, similarly, through all his poaching career, he had always made his raids lone-handed. The absence of the rest of his species was the essence of his enjoyment.

"I'll run tha' a course or two, Tom—my dog agin orther o' thine, just for an odd pint."

"They'd be no use. They've only learnt to work alone. 'Twouldn't be fair on them to try. Besides, they've both about run their fill. I've gathered seven couple, and there's a tidy handful of hares they've missed, for all their cleverness."

"Always plenty hares on this ground if you don't work it too hard. I always think when I take one how Fletcher Bentley must have grudged that old hare her feed. I've



"Tom took the papers and looked at them."

worked for him as a warehouseman for seventeen year, and never heard that he'd so much as ever given away the value of a fill of bacca. Terrible keen chap, old Fletcher. He nearly copped me last Sunday afternoon, though. I was walking along t'road wi' t'dog here, when we saw an old hare setting just inside t'hedge, and ye know how it is, Tom, we was over and coursing her before you could think twice. We——"

"'Sst!" said Tom, and effaced himself into the ditch. His two dogs came quickly afterwards, and the red-haired man with the brindled greyhound made no delay in following.

"Fletcher's foreman," whispered the red-haired man, with a grin. He's bid him watch this ground carefully, because he wants to let t'shooting to thee. The foreman told me hissen that Fletch had written that to him in a letter. Where did you hide yon sack of hares? Will he leet on it?"

"That's stowed away safe enough under a culvert. Come, we'd better move along, or we shall have that foreman stepping down on top of us." They made their way quickly and silently down the ditch with the ease of men well used to stalking. The two younger dogs, under the wise Clara's example, entered entirely into the spirit of the retreat and

slunk along with perfect noiselessness. At the end of this first ditch another opened out at right angles, and from this they reached a thick quickset hedge which ran down into a plantation. The grass here was gleaming with the morning dewdrops, and by no poachers' ingenuity could they avoid leaving tracks. However, there was no particular danger; the foreman had not got on to their trail so far, and, indeed, had shown no consciousness of their trespass; and, moreover, a road lay at the further side of the plantation.

"I'm thinking a bit of a snack would not come amiss," said the red-haired man, when at last they stepped out of the trees. "It'll be getting on for five o'clock, and this keen air just after sun-up always gives me a bit of a twist. There's an old delf-oil just down the ghyll yonder that's very quiet and comfortable; I shouldn't wonder but what we might find a sup o' ale under one of the stones."

"I've rare hunger on me, too. Come along."

The red-haired man cached his hares, with the exception of one, in a rabbit-hole by the wayside, which was discreetly shaded by a clump of gorse, and then the pair of them got off the road into the stream-bed and made their way to the quarry.

At first there was no appearance of tenancy. The great pit was overgrown with bush and grass, and from the tints of its strata it was plain that stone had not been delved from there during a generation. But the red-haired man set his hands to the edge of a great flag and heaved it up, and displayed to view the wood ashes of many a fire. He rather stammered over admitting his tastes. "There's times comes to me," he said wistfully, "when I can't fancy my victuals under a roof. Sometimes it's i' rain, sometimes it's i' shine, but I always have to come here for my cure. I suppose there's nothing bonny about the place, but there's a rare nice smell comes from them pines round here, and for the rest, the tinkle of the ghyll makes plenty of company. I suppose I must be a bit soft i' my head to like things like these."

"I hope not," said Tom, "because I am very much that way myself."

"Well, I make you very welcome, then." He pulled from his pocket the carcass of the leveret, warm and limp, and threw it on the ground. "They tell me you can cook: here's meat. I'll gather wood and kindle the fire."

Tom cleaned the leveret and spread it open. He crimped it delicately with his

knife, larding it with strips of liver. In the meanwhile the fire, under the red-haired man's tutelage, crackled merrily on the ash-heap, and burned off its smoke, and presently, on a greenwood grill, the barbecue was giving up a savoury incense such as Tom's soul loved.

"A fine fat 'un she was," said the red-haired man, watching the grill admiringly. "Hadn't time to get cold and tough, either, before we cooked her, so she'll be tender as though she'd been hanging a fortnight. I wish old Fletch could see us eating one of his hares that's lived on his land, and just feel that he's as good as giving it to us. It hurts Fletcher Bentley as much as having a tooth pulled to think of anybody getting something of his without paying brass for it." He went to another part of the quarry and upheaved another flag, beneath which a flat, brown stone bottle lay neatly hidden. "Here's ale, lad. There's some that takes milk to their breakfasts, and some watter, and some tea, but give me some good, solid ale wi' some guts to it. There's my missis, now, she can't wash, so they say, and I know she can't weave, but she can bake and she can brew, and I wouldn't swap her for any other man's missis i' Bradford—no, not with a pound thrown in. And I've had offers, too!"

They discussed these and similar domestic matters whilst the grill was preparing; ate, when it reached perfection, with gusto and appetite; drank up the home-brewed beer; and then sat back for a smoke.

"It's a queer thing about Fletcher Bentley," said the red-haired man, squinting at a glowing stick which he had clapped against the bowl of his pipe.

"Oh, let's drop him for a bit," said Tom, stretching luxuriously.

"That's more than he seems to do by you."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"I'm for ever hearing at the warehouse little games he's on against Thompson and Asquith."

"Well, Thompson and Asquith seem able to take care of themselves, and maybe can make him sit up a bit in return."

"I've heard tell ye never wanted for confidence in yourself, Tom, whether it was a dog fight ye were backing, or a wool deal you were thronged wi'. But ye'll get copped one of these days. Old Fletch is giving ye a heap more thought and attention than you think about. It's perhaps news to you that he's studying over you Sundays?"

"Ah! is he?"

The red-haired man chuckled. "Perhaps you'll not know, but it's his habit to walk over his farm here Sundays. Well, last Sunday as ever was, I found myself trying a course here as I been telling you. Dog had just run into t'hare, and I was taking her from him, when up comes Fletch on t'other side o' t'hedge, humming the Old Hundredth as melancholy as you please. I couldn't run, 'cause there was nowhere to run to. But there was a gate in the hedge just beyond, and a bit of a brig in front of it, to carry a cart across t'dyke. Well, I claps mysen and t'dog under yon brig as quick as you could think, and I mind that there was a good sup o' watter there, to keep us from getting warm and flustered.

"Well, thinks I, it's not for long. But wait a bit. Fletch comes nearer, and I heard him start the Old Hundredth a second time—'A—ll peo—ple that on ear—th do—oo dwe—ll'—and then there was a squeak of the gate as he leaned his arms on top rail. But he didn't come through. Be hanged if he didn't get out a pen and begin writing! I could hear the scratch of it, and you know he always carries an inkpot in his waistcoat pocket. Well, thinks I, if he's making poetry, the Lord grant him quick inspiration, or I shall catch cramp and rheumatiz, covered here in three feet of cold watter.

"But there was no hurry about Fletcher last Sunday afternoon. There was a fine sunshine, and he stayed to enjoy it. *Scratch-scratch* went his pen. *Drone-drone* went the Old Hundredth. And thinks I, he know's I'm below in t'watter here, and he's keeping me there out of sheer wickedness. That's where his humour comes in. Many a time I was for crawling out and taking what he chose to give me. But t'dog stood it without a whimper, and if a delicate dog like a greyhound could stay there, I wasn't going to be less of a man than dog was.

"However, at last the old man stalled of his job and went off, still *drone-droning* at his tune, and I crawled out, pretty near frozen stiff. I was fit to swear with aching, but I couldn't but laugh to think how he'd made me pay for that hare. On the grass of the brig below the gate were some crumpled-up bits of paper, and, thinks I (with the poetry still strong in my head), these'll be verses he's spoilt; and so I straightened them out to have a look at his style. But there was no poetry there. It seems he'd been only idling, and, so to speak, practising with his pen. He'd just been writing your name, Tom, and your firm's name, 'Thompson and Asquith,'

over and over again. Not a bit like his usual writing, either—looked as if he'd been practising a new style of hand."

"Queer sort of amusement," said Tom. "What did you do with the specimens? Throw them away?"

"Nay, lad," said the red-haired man, diving a hand into his pocket, "I've most of them here wi' me. A piece of paper's always useful for pipelights."

Tom took the papers and looked at them with an unmoved face. "Silly old fool he must be, to waste his time like this! But I suppose he felt dull that Sunday afternoon, with nothing but the farm and the Old Hundredth to amuse him. D'ye want these?"

"I'll swap them for a couple of hares," said the red-haired man, who had an eye to a bargain.

"All right," said Tom cheerfully. "There's a bag of hares under a culvert"—and he described the place—"you can keep the change. Now I'll be getting back to Bradford. It's half-past five, and I must look sharp if I'm not going to be late for business." Upon which he got up and went off whistling, with the two dogs trotting dutifully at his heels.

The machine-like Hophni was at the mill when he got there, wrapped in routine. Hophni seldom made suggestions nowadays, but he carried them out finely. Tom proceeded to prove that his night in the open air had not been wasted commercially. He took up a drawing-board and started to work out some diagrams.

"Now," he said to Hophni, "what do you make of that?"

That thin, fallow person saw the idea at once and appreciated its value. "That's a splendid notion, and there's a lot of money in it. Looms making that would earn us as much as a hundred per cent. But they'd have to be specially built. And then, lad, we've got no room to put them."

"Haven't we looms in that far shed that are not earning more than twenty per cent.? What about breaking them up?"

"We have; but they are not more than a year old, and there's ten years' wear in them yet. Twenty per cent.'s not bad profit."

"Nowhere near good enough for me. When we've got looms not earning more than fifty, Hophni, you break them up, and I'll design you something new that will bring us in a profit worth calling a profit. Fifty per cent.'s all right for some people, but, for me, I much prefer a hundred; and some of these fine days, when the race tails out a bit, you'll

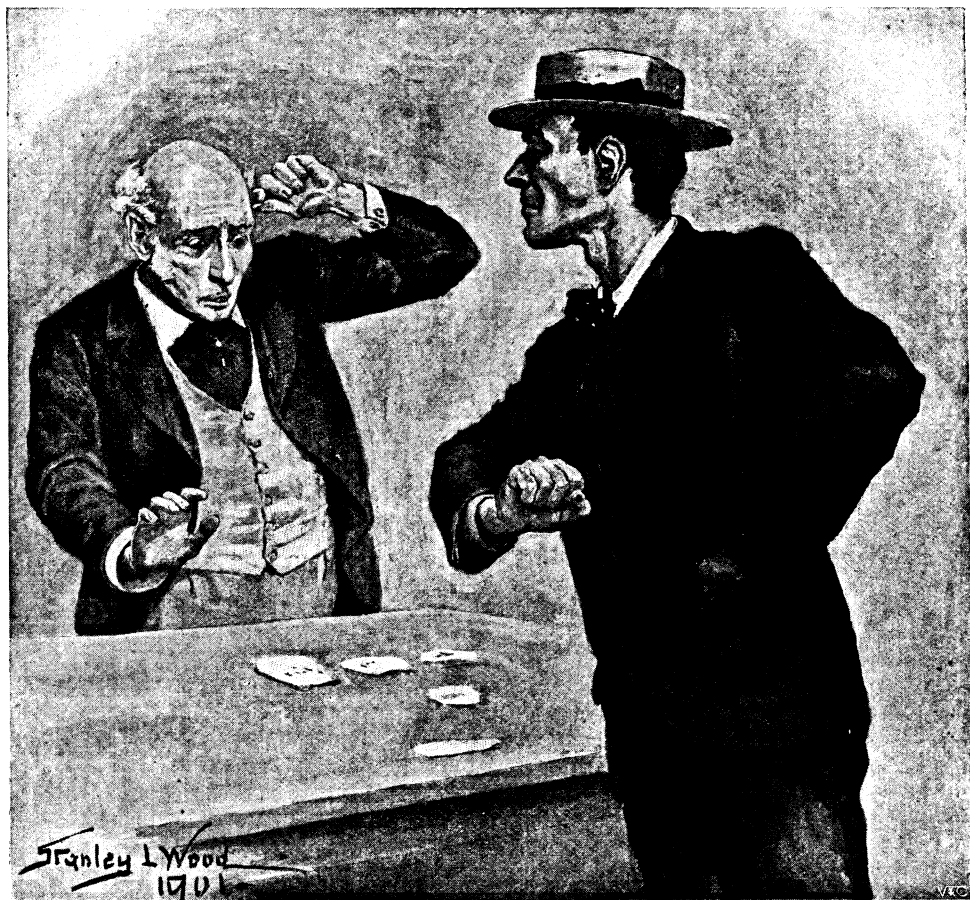
see who's left in front. It doesn't do to stick to one line of goods, Hophni, however high-class they may be. Get a line, skim the cream off it, chuck it, and find another. We'll let the sleepy ones lap up the skim milk we leave."

"They won't thank you for that."

"No, they'll take it and grumble. If they'd sense, they'd find out what the public will want a year hence, and then make it,

for the pair of us that an office is your idea of bliss."

Tom went out to a machine shop then, where they were making an experimental model for him, and spent some time sketching, explaining, joking, and blarneying, and finally took off his coat at a fitter's bench, and made one of the parts himself, as a simple way of avoiding further verbal demonstration. And it was not till after



"Tom slapped down the papers."

ready for the time when the public finds out its wish. That's good business, and that's what you get high prices for, and that's our business. It's the only difference there is in this manufacturing trade between making a fortune and making a living. And a fortune's about good enough for us, Hophni, eh? Only it's got to come quick and big, so as to leave time in life for other things. Well, good-bye, lad. Keep the desk pushed into your stomach and don't spare the ink. It's lucky

that, and eleven o'clock had boomed out from the parish church clock, that he found leisure to remember certain papers in his pocket, and took up Mr. Fletcher Bentley into his mind again.

He washed his hands, dusted his coat and trousers—he was always very natty about his personal appearance—and set off through the streets to that merchant's office; and when he arrived there, was presently asked by a clerk if he could manage to wait for half an hour.

"Far too busy," said Tom. "Shan't keep Mr. Bentley long. Tell him I've merely come about a signature. Say it's a matter connected with a gate on his farm. Now, get a hurry on you, boy, or you'll never be more than a drudge all your days."

Tom was shown into the private office with promptitude after that, and found Fletcher Bentley with a ghastly face, pulling at the tops of his satyr-like ears, as though he would pluck them out.

"H'm," said Tom, looking at him. "No reason to go into too many explanations with you. I see you understand my business already. But there's one thing I'm surprised at, and that's that a man of your tastes should be so unutterably careless with valuable documents. But then, I suppose, it is the great trait of criminals always to make some fatal blunder in their plans."

"Criminal, Mr. Thompson! You must not use a word like that. I've done nothing criminal."

"H'm. It's a nice point. Your plea is, I suppose, that you haven't forged. You were merely practising forgery?"

Mr. Bentley took a brace on his nerves. It might be possible to bluster out of the mess yet; except that Tom was an awkward young man to bluster with. However, he tried it. "Where are your proofs? What have you got to show?"

Tom slapped down the papers of sample signatures on to a table. "These are all that are left. The rest were used up as pipe-lights. But I think you'll agree that quite enough remain over for all practical purposes. They're good enough to deceive the bank. They're good enough to deceive Mr. Asquith or me. They're just on the high-water mark of forgery."

"But why do you saddle them on me? What proofs have you? Pooh! none."

"Don't you remember Sunday, down at the farm, when you hummed away at the Old Hundredth, and leaned on a gate of the thirty-acre seed-field, and wrote with a scratchy pen, and dipped for ink in a bottle you carry in your waistcoat pocket? You've got the ink-bottle there now, I see. Well, there was a wooden bridge over the dyke in front of your gate, and under the bridge was a poacher and his dog, waiting till the coast was clear. They were squatting there in the water, and the man said you kept them a plaguey long time. It was he that picked up the papers. He thought you were composing hymns or something. When he found it was merely my name, and the name

of my firm, he sold the papers to me for a trifle."

"So he knows, too?"

"He knows exactly that you wrote out the signatures, recognised that the handwriting was not your usual one, but drew no deduction. He'll not accuse you of forgery; and indeed, he'll not talk about the matter, unless I make him, as he has reasons of his own for keeping quiet; but if there's any question of a forgery case, you can see he would be a very important witness."

"There is no question of forgery. I've forged nothing. I may have had something in my mind, but that cannot be proved. I was simply amusing myself, idling away an afternoon. There is no crime in that."

Tom dropped a heavy fist on to the table. "Now, look here, if I go on 'Change now and show that paper round, and then write an explanation underneath and frame it and hang it in our office, where would your business be after this dinner-time? Where'd you be? Who'd speak to you in the street? Who'd sit next to you in your chapel? They tell me you've a fine book collection. Well, you ought to be proud of it, because I believe books would be the only thing in the world which wouldn't turn on you, once you were shown up."

Mr. Fletcher Bentley stared at the empty fireplace with a face grey as that of a corpse. All the life had gone out of his voice. "This spells ruin for me, if you persist in making the worst of my little—exercise."

Tom was almost ashamed of himself for his hardness. But he was not a man who neglected his own interests for a mere sentiment. His main motto was, "Thomas Thompson has got to get on"; and if anyone put hindrances in the way of this, after being warned a decent number of times, that person must submit to being scotched. So he said grimly enough, "I intend to stop your little games now, and for always. I shall keep this paper in my safe, and there it will be snug as long as you behave yourself. But the next time I have trouble with you, I'll show it up. That's point the first."

"And now for money? You'll want money? You're going to blackmail me?"

Tom's jaw looked very ugly. "Now, there you're wrong. Money I want, and mean to get. But not your money. Not dirty money. I've a nicety about the kind of money I condescend to touch, that would perhaps surprise you. But as I know nothing will prick you nearly enough unless there's a good

thumping fine to ram it home, I'm going to bleed you in another way. You've never given away a penny in your life, and it's time you began. So you'll just hand out £10,000 a year for the next three years, for matters that Bradford and the people here stand in need of."

"£10,000 a year!"

"Oh, it won't ruin you, by any means. But I hope it will make you remember."

"But what am I to give it for? What's wanted?"

"Well, you're not likely to know at present. You've been too much out of touch with the town charities all your life. But as a beginning, we'll say you shall build a church. You can put up a very nice one with your first £10,000. And after that you won't find any trouble. Once you get the reputation of being a giving man, you will have plenty of applications. You have been let alone for far too long."

"But a church! I couldn't! Man—Mr. Thompson, I belong to the Methodist body."

"And little credit you've done them. There's a chance for you to 'vert and start afresh. But I don't insist on that. It's only the church that I'll trouble you for, and if you don't make arrangements for getting that started within the next month, I'll call on you again and make it two churches. The town's growing fast, and can do with them. Now, that's all I've got to say at present. I'm busy, and have a lot of other things to see to, and I daresay you'll be pleased enough to see the back of me. Only take my tip, and don't force me to come schoolmastering over you again, or you'll find it more expensive next time."

It is almost ludicrous to look back on the subsequent career of Mr. Fletcher Bentley. The church was built, and to a certain extent it was endowed. Other magnificent presents followed. The man who had lived for fifty years without ever doing a kindly action to any living creature, suddenly became a famous philanthropist. His colossal monument of meanness, the building of a lifetime, was overturned, destroyed, forgotten. Every charity looked to him for help, and got it, in lavish abundance. If ever a man was bitten with the mania for charity, that man was Mr. Fletcher Bentley. His means were large, but he went far beyond them. The original yearly dole of £10,000 for three years was far outstripped.

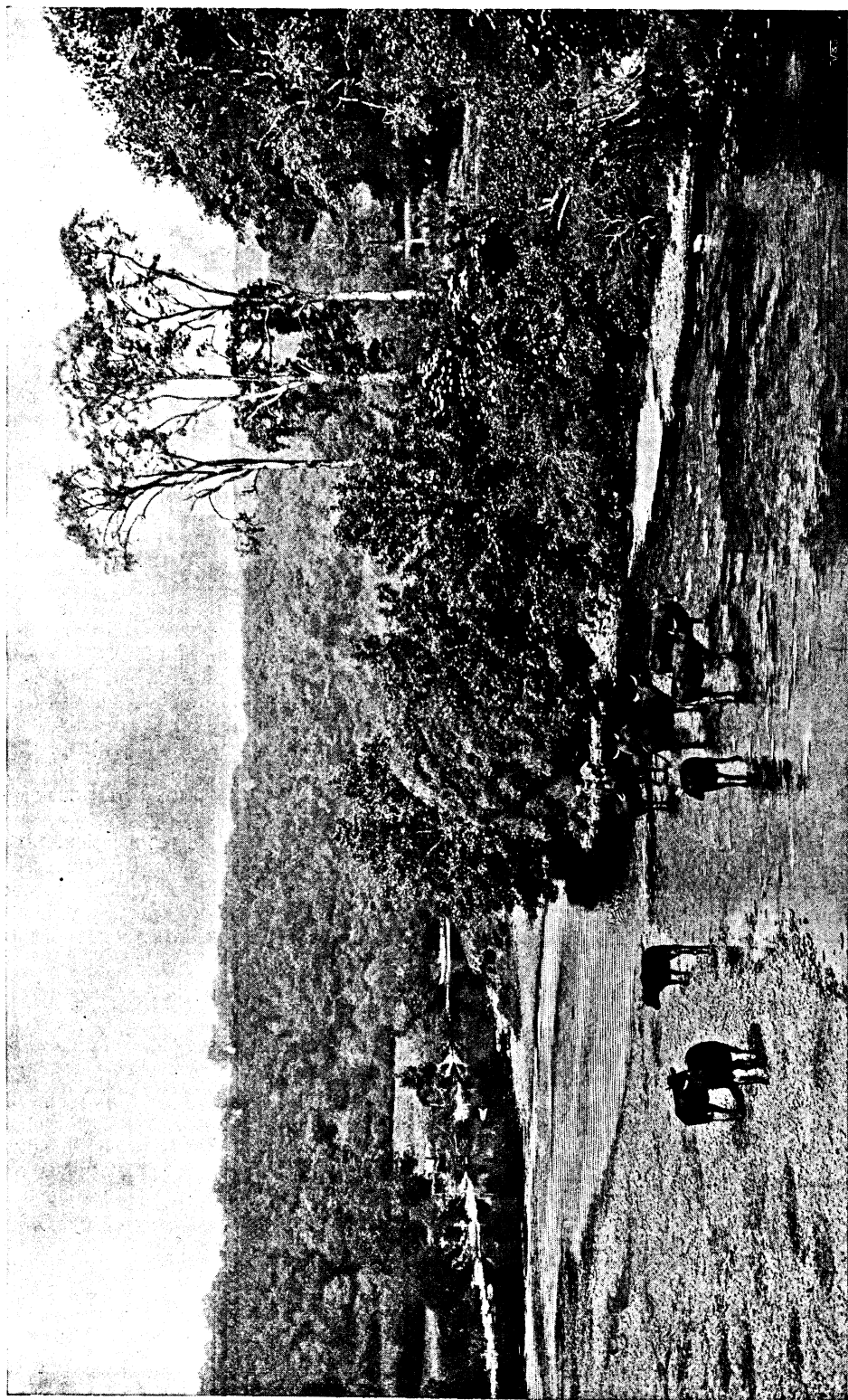
Tom once ventured on a friendly hint that the matter of the signatures might now be looked upon as forgotten, but he was waved impatiently aside. The man toiled mercilessly at his business as a merchant to make more money—to give away in charity. His books, that marvellous collection of fine editions and sumptuous bindings, that had been the love of a lifetime, were sold—to make money for the charities. The house that had held them was sold also, and Mr. Bentley went elsewhere to live in humbler style.

Even London heard of his princely generosity, and Government, after its fashion, offered a knighthood. But there was no Sir Fletcher Bentley. There has to be a search into a man's bank account before these honours are given, and the philanthropist was found to be too poor. He had given way so much that he could not come up to the low pecuniary standard necessary for even that dignity. And in the end, when he died, he had very little but a reputation for tremendous generosity to leave behind him.

Bradford looked upon him as one of her principal benefactors. Bradford also to-day honours Mr. Thompson for many vast acts of philanthropy, but it has never guessed that it has to thank him also for the distributions of the late Mr. Fletcher Bentley. And as for the red-haired man, who was also a *deus ex machinâ*, he has dropped entirely out of the record.

One other point deserves mention. Bradford, as a lasting receipt for benefits received, determined after its usual custom to adorn one of its squares with the presentment of Mr. Fletcher Bentley in stone. A sculptor of repute came and saw the philanthropist, and presently submitted a bust in clay. A committee inspected it with visible shrinkings. It seemed correct in every detail, accurate in every feature. The pointed ears, the retreating forehead, the curious nose, the loose-lipped mouth were all there; but (perhaps by some impish cleverness on the part of the sculptor) the bust might just as well have stood for the likeness of some ancient satyr. The committee shuddered as they scanned it.

The clay was beaten out of shape, and the matter hushed up. It is said the sculptor received a heavy cheque. Certainly Bradford never got a statue of its famous philanthropist, Mr. Fletcher Bentley.



Photographic Study by]

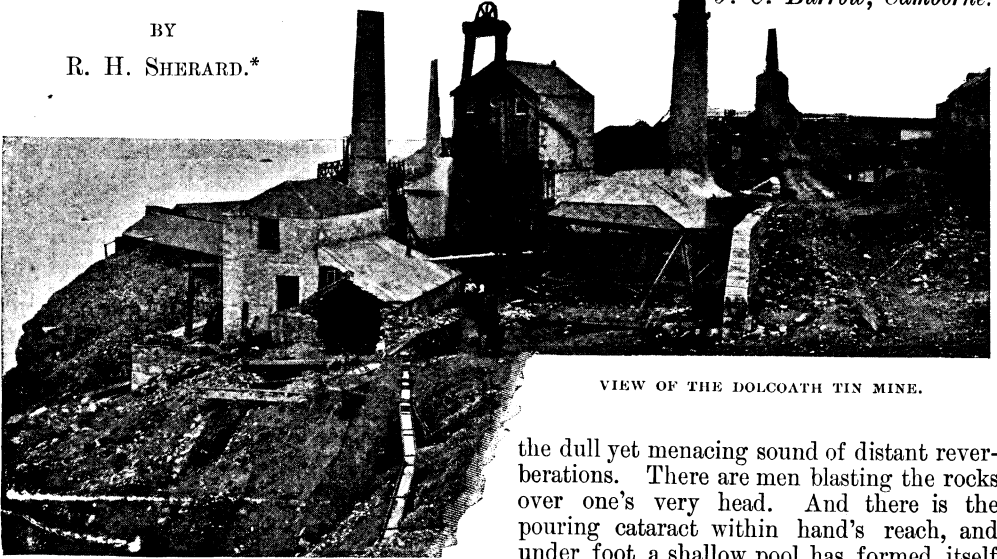
"BY SHALLOW RIVERS.

[The Woodbury Permanent Photographic Co.

DOWN A CORNISH TIN MINE.

BY
R. H. SHERARD.*

*Photographs by
J. C. Burrow, Camborne.*



VIEW OF THE DOLCOATH TIN MINE.

DOLCOATH, "the old pit," is the deepest and the richest of the tin mines of Cornwall. Her treasures appear to be inexhaustible. Only two years ago new deposits of great importance were discovered, and yet men have been busy looting her ever since 1758. The shareholders under the present lease had divided up to 1893, that is to say, in eighty-six years, the sum of £920,000, and during the same period the lords of the manor, now represented by a young gentleman named Basset, had received in dues upward of £249,579. The main shaft now goes down to a depth of 450 fathoms below the adit, which is over thirty fathoms from the surface, so that the lowest depth is nearly 3,000 feet.

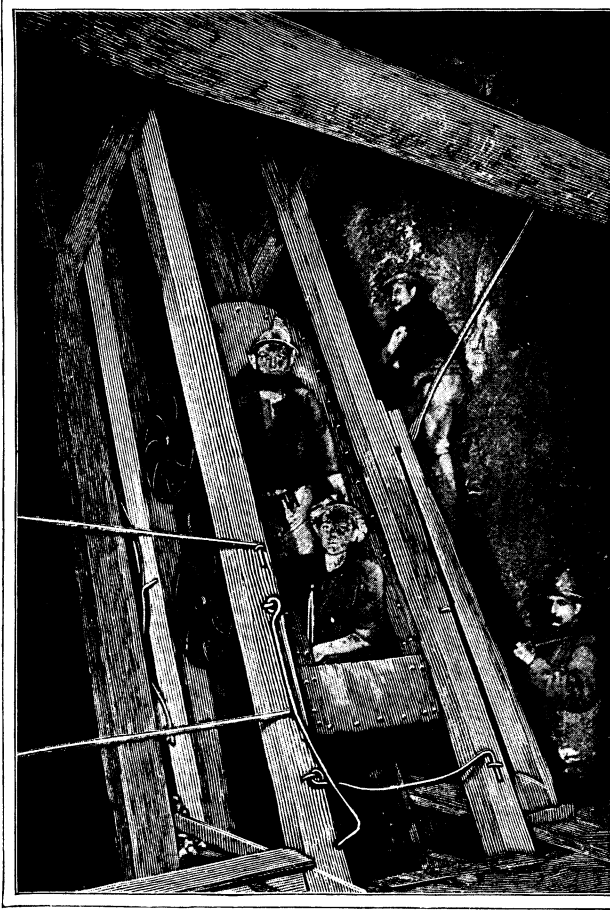
It is in this lowest depth of all that perhaps the nerve of the stranger is most tried. The heat is very great; the atmosphere is close and stifling; a heavy weight seems to lie upon the chest; the pressure on the drums of the ears is very strong. Imagination lends its terrors. There is between one and the light of day a honeycombed mass of more than half a mile in height. What if this mass should settle down? Now and again the deep silence is broken in upon by

the dull yet menacing sound of distant reverberations. There are men blasting the rocks over one's very head. And there is the pouring cataract within hand's reach, and under foot a shallow pool has formed itself from the overflow. If the pump working half a mile overhead should break down, this pit would fill up at the rate of 185 gallons a minute. This pump has been working almost without interruption since the year of the battle of Waterloo, when it was first erected, and has raised in that time a mass of water which would weigh nearly 35,000,000 tons, and would fill a cube whose side measured more than 350 yards. These figures recur to one with striking significance at the very bottom of this well, 3,000 feet in depth.

The galleries on the different levels extend in the aggregate to close upon eighty miles, and as one looks at a sectional map of the Dolcoath lode one thinks of a busy town well laid out with avenues and streets. In these dark alleys 600 men are working every day; while up above, on the surface, about 800 persons more—men, women, and children—are employed. For the men on the surface a term of some contempt is used. They are known as the "grass" men, and for courage have no reputation. On these the Cornish lasses look for the most part with disdain.

At Dolcoath the descent into the mine is by a gig or iron cage, which is in two storeys, and, at a pinch, accommodates twelve miners. It is lowered and raised by a steel cable wound and unwound on a gigantic wheel which is worked by an engine. The cable is over half a mile in length, for the lowest point to which the gig descends is 425

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THE GIG AT DOLCOATH MINE.

fathoms below the surface. Some of this distance is on the underlie; much is sheer and perpendicular. The gig is now almost flat on its side, now hangs straight over an abyss. Its motions are jerky and irregular, its descent is very rapid. There is always a suggestion, at least, of danger. The cable has been known to snap. In August of 1883 a terrible fatality of this nature occurred at Wheal ("wheal" or "huel" means "mine") Agar. There were twelve men in the gig, and a thirteenth, contrary to regulation, had clambered on to the roof, and was standing there, holding on by the cable. The men had done their work and were going home. It is reported that, according to general custom, they sang hymns as they ascended. On reaching the surface the man on the roof stepped off and turned round to watch the issue of his mates. But where the gig had been but a second previously was now

nothing but a gaping void. The rope had snapped, and the gig, with its living freight, had been dashed to the bottom of the shaft. Not one of the poor bodies could be recognised in the mass of human *débris* that was brought up from below.

On another occasion, when the cable parted and a headlong rush to death had begun, the lives of the men were saved in such a way that one cannot wonder at the belief of the miners that there was miraculous intervention on their behalf. The rush of the freighted gig flicked the loose cable attached to it like a whip, so that it lashed around an upright timber that came within its reach. The steel strands cut into the timber until it was nearly severed—nearly, but not quite. The cable jammed, the gig was arrested in its plunge, and the men were saved.

Other such miraculous escapes are on record. There is living in Camborne to-day a miner named Bennetts who, with five other men, in the cage at Tincroft mine, fell 200 fathoms, at which depth a gate, closed over a depth of sixty feet of water, arrested them. The gig with its freight weighed over a ton.

Yet only one man was injured.

His ankle was broken. Bennetts tells the story as follows: "Everything seemed to go right till we got below the sixty-fathom level. Then I noticed we were going faster, and said, 'What in the world is he streaking us down like this for? He must mean to drop us at the 258 instead of the 130.' Then the gig began to roll, twist, and strike violently against the sides of the shaft, and I knew that something had gone wrong and the gig was beyond control. I expected we should plunge right to the bottom and be smashed into a jelly. Everything depended on the rate at which the rope was being reeled off the revolving drum of the whim-engine. In the centre of the gig is an iron bar which runs from bottom to top, and as I realised there was bound to be a smash, I clutched the bar and hoisted my feet off the floor. At last we struck a gate which was fixed across the shaft at the 320-fathom

level, and for a moment we did not know what was happening. If the gate had been open instead of closed, we should have been plunged in ten fathoms of water at the bottom of the shaft and have been drowned in a moment; so it was a marvellous escape."

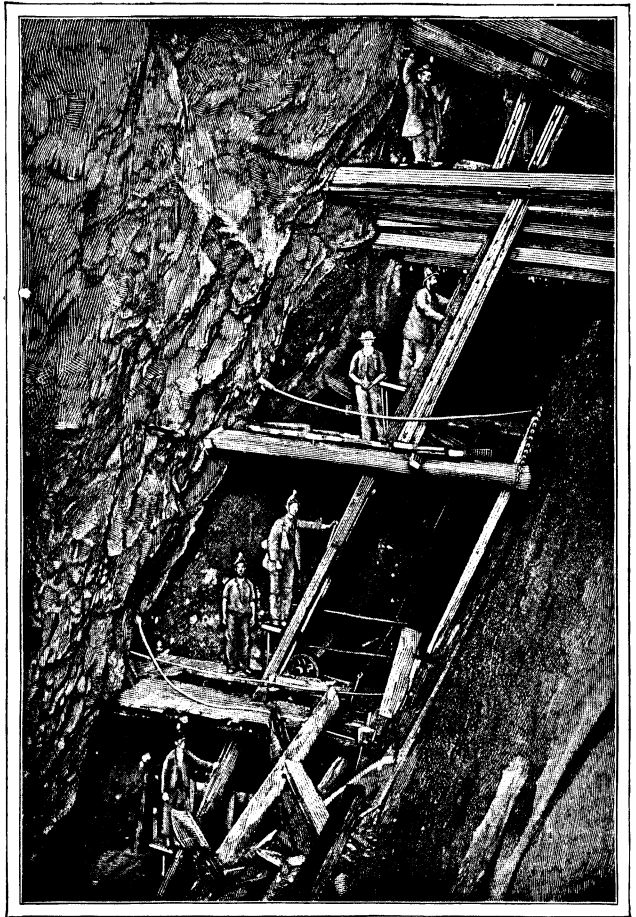
At Botallack Mine, in 1876, nine men were killed in a similar accident. At Dolcoath, in May, 1892, there was another miraculous escape. The shaft of the fly-wheel broke, and the gig, containing four miners, fell 800 feet sheer fall, but was jammed at the sharp turn which the shaft takes from perpendicular to underlie, and so stopped, 300 feet from certain destruction.

The fear of such falls is on many of the men, and these will not use the gigs, but either use the man-engine or "walk down" to their work—they call the laborious descent of perpendicular ladders "walking down," and describe their ascent as "walking up." In the Levant Mine, to reach the lowest level, one must walk down eighty ladders, sheer for the most part, and the shortest of them thirty feet long. A man who thus walks down to the bottom of this mine in half an hour is reckoned agile. It may take him an hour to walk up.

As to the man-engine, one would fancy its menace of danger would more distress the nervous than the suspended gig. It is a monstrous upright beam, on which at every twelve feet is a step that accommodates one man and no more. Above each step is a vertical iron bar by which one can hold on. The beam, actuated by machinery, moves up and down like the piston of a pump, a distance of twelve feet. On each side of the narrow and dripping shaft in which the man-engine works, every twelve feet, are affixed "sollars," or wooden platforms, on which there is just room for a man to stand. To descend by the man-engine the miner must take his place on the first step when this is level with the platform on the surface. The downward stroke of the beam conveys him down twelve feet, where the step on which he is standing is

on a level with the first sollar. Here the engine pauses for two or three seconds, so that he has just time to step off on to the platform before the upward stroke begins. This brings on to a level with the narrow and slippery platform on which he is standing the second step affixed to the upright beam, and on this he now takes his place, to be carried down another twelve feet to the next sollar. And so he goes on, stepping on and off till the end is reached—150 or 200 times it may be, if he has to go to the bottom of the mine. The ascent is made in similar fashion; he mounts from sollar to sollar, and at each changes to another step on the beam, the lift each time being upward instead of downward.

It is hazardous work, and to the beginner so perplexing that visitors are seldom allowed to descend by the man-engine. By missing a step and taking the wrong one, you are



THE MAN-ENGINE AT DOLCOATH MINE.

carried up instead of down, and, confused and flurried, are exposed to the gravest risks. The greater danger would appear to be in the ascent, for one hears not infrequently of fatal accidents to miners going up, but those going down do not seem to have mischanced often. The danger lies, of course, mainly in carelessness. "You must mind your own spinning," said a miner. One must keep square to the beam and in the middle of the step. There must be no protrusion of head or limbs, for the opening in the sollar, or platform, just fits the step, and anything that protrudes beyond the little square must be dashed aside. It is the task set to the beam of the man-engine to move up twelve feet and move down twelve feet, so that for the space of two seconds the steps will come straight and level with the sollars. That task it performs with the brutal, unreasoning discipline of machinery. It makes no allowance. Up and down, and a pause of two seconds in between. Nothing can stop it or arrest its motion. If a miner, wrapped up in domestic affairs, lets his head hang forward out of the bounds of the tiny square, the platform above must remove the obstruction. And

so with anything else. Yet the miners often do forget. Custom has made them familiar and indifferent. These smoke their pipes, these sing hymns, many step off backward on to the slippery platforms. The very man who constructed the man-engine in Levant Mine, and knew its dangers, was killed and battered out of shape a few days after he had put it in.

Yet, cruel and merciless as it is, the man-engine in its symmetry and method has a distinct beauty of its own. An ascent of miners singing a hymn in chorus to the rhythmic beat of the machine, seen from the corner of a more spacious sollar, is a memorable sight. One by one the yellow figures, ochred over on the face and hands, rise from the abyss, step off and on, and so ascend, singing as they go. The scene is lighted by the tiny flame of the green tallow dips that by a pat of clay are made fast to the curious head-dress that each wears. One hears the chorus rising from below and falling from above.

His gentleness, his piety, his resignation might make one forget, in speaking to the Cornish miner, the heroism of his life, the Titanic efforts that go to each daily task.



A GROUP OF "SPOLLING" MAIDENS.



MINERS AT THEIR WORK.

To his work he carries from the surface his keg of water, his "hoggan-bag," and a tin, carelessly slung over his shoulder, which is full of charges of dynamite. In the "hoggan-bag" is his "croust," or lunch, generally a baked "turnover" containing meat and potatoes—a "pasty" it is called. His hoggan-bag he handles with more care than the dynamite tin, which he throws off and snatches up with the contempt of long familiarity. Indeed, accidents are rare. The one of which the miners talk most readily was not an accident, but an escape, in which again they trace the hand of God. This is the story of Verran, the miner who, when a "hole" was about to explode, sent his comrade to the surface and knelt down in prayer, awaiting death. The explosion came, and rocks were flung up and down and around the kneeling form, and made an arch over and about him, and protected him from the flying fragments, so that he was found safe and whole.

The wages of the miners—wages for which they may be said to risk limb and life every hour of their working day—are lower than any other wages paid in any part of the Kingdom for skilled labour, such as mining undoubtedly is. According to the official statements, mine-girls earn from one shilling

to eighteenpence a day; "grass" men, or surface labourers, earn three pounds a month; and underground miners earn from seventy-eight to one hundred and eight shillings a month. But you rarely hear a Cornish miner complaining of his lot, and undoubtedly the main secret of his patience is his faith in God, his resignation to the dispensations of Providence. There are no truer Christians to be found throughout the British Isles than these poor, rough miners of Cornwall. God is always in their thoughts. He is always before their eyes. Going and coming and at their work they sing hymns. They see in every disaster and every escape from disaster a direct manifestation of Providence. In September, 1893, a "run" took place by which eight men were entombed in a gallery, 412 fathoms down, beneath thousands of tons of rock. Among them was a young man named Osborne, who, hailed by the rescuing party after forty-five hours of strenuous labour, was asked if anyone was with him. "Nobody is here," he answered, "but God and myself." He was heard at intervals again, and what he always and only said was, "Praise the Lord!" When they reached him at last they found only his dead body, and it was seen that he had been terribly battered by the fall of

the rocks. His feet had been crushed to a pulp.

The danger of "runs"—that is to say, the downfall of tons of rock and rubbish which the timbering has been insufficient to support—is what, perhaps, is most feared by the miners. The "run" is so sudden that, when men are at work within the course of it, there is rarely any escape. There was a

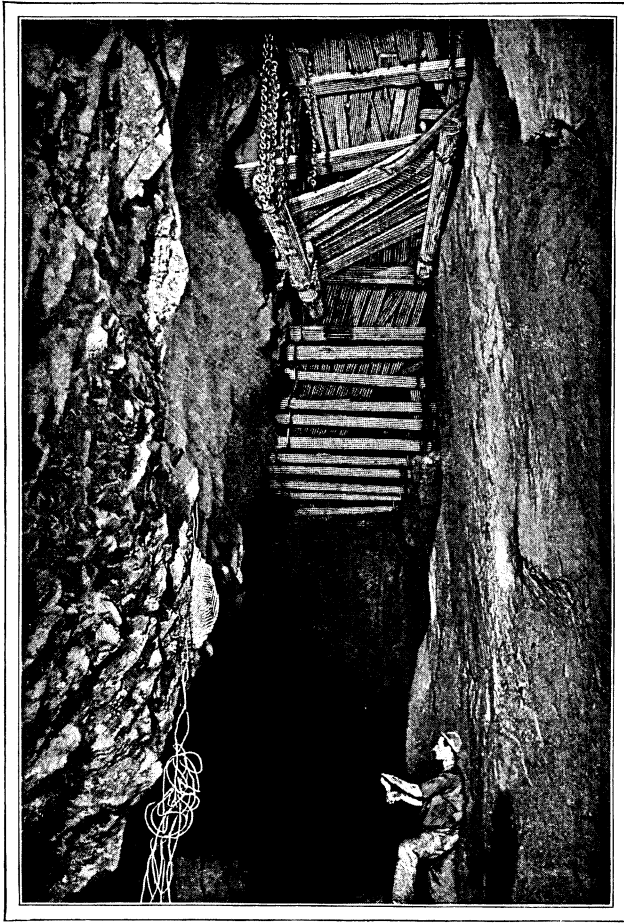
stood and buried. Dick James called out to Charley White, 'Look out, Charley!' The noise was so terrific I was unable to hear any more."

The downfall was of thousands of tons of rock, so that the gallery was choked with stuff for a distance of twenty-eight yards. The displacement of air by this fall was so great that a man named Ned Tregarthen,

who was standing many yards away, was stripped naked. Other men were dashed down and cut and bruised. A stationary coach, or iron trolley, was blown a distance of twenty feet and upturned. Men in a level 400 feet above felt the earth shake beneath them. The noise was deafening. It was as the simultaneous discharge of thousands of cannon. With such force were the granite rocks ground together that fire flashed. And in the midst of this were eight men, only one of whom, Davies, lived to tell the tale.

"When I came to myself," he said, "I found my head screwed between the rocks. There was a balk of timber over my legs. I could hear the stomachs of some of my comrades 'guddling'; but I never heard them groan. I lay there in the dark, and I thought of mother and father, and of my soul, and I thought I should never come out alive. I shouted at the top of my voice for help, but no one could have heard me. I also called out to learn if any of my comrades were alive and near, but I found I was alone. I got very cramped and sore, and I could hardly move to hammer on the timber above me with a piece of stone, to see if I could make the

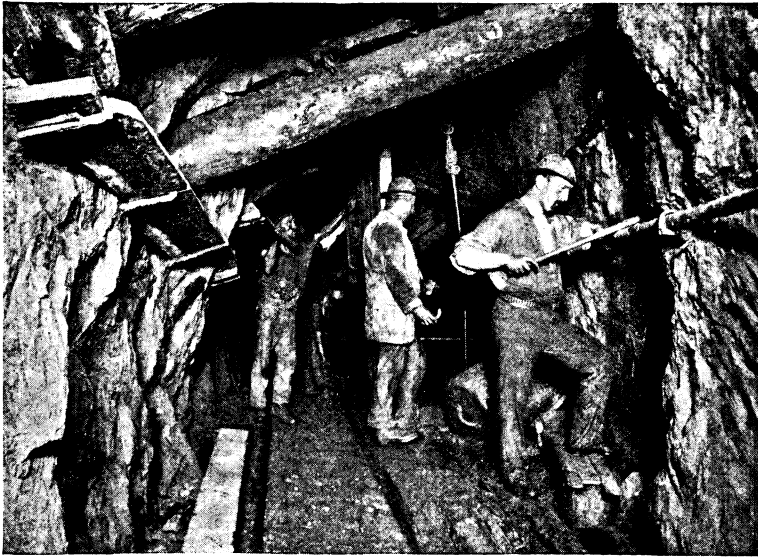
party hear, for I could hear them sounding outside. The place was very hot, and full of dynamite smoke from the blasting by the rescue parties. I began to fear that blasting might make the earth run together again; but all through I can say that I kept a good heart, although I could tell from the smell after a while that there was a dead body near. I cried for mercy a long time. I must have fallen asleep, for when on Thursday afternoon about six, two days after the



A HANGING TRAM-ROAD AT 388-FATHOM LEVEL, DOLCOATH MINE.

terrible accident of this kind in Dolcoath Mine.

"I had not been sawing more than three minutes," said the one survivor, Richard Davies, "when I heard some timber cracking, and then came a tremendous deafening rush of stuff which knocked me eight or nine feet way under the levellers at the bottom of the level. I was struck on the head and legs. My partners aimed to run, but they must have been knocked down where they



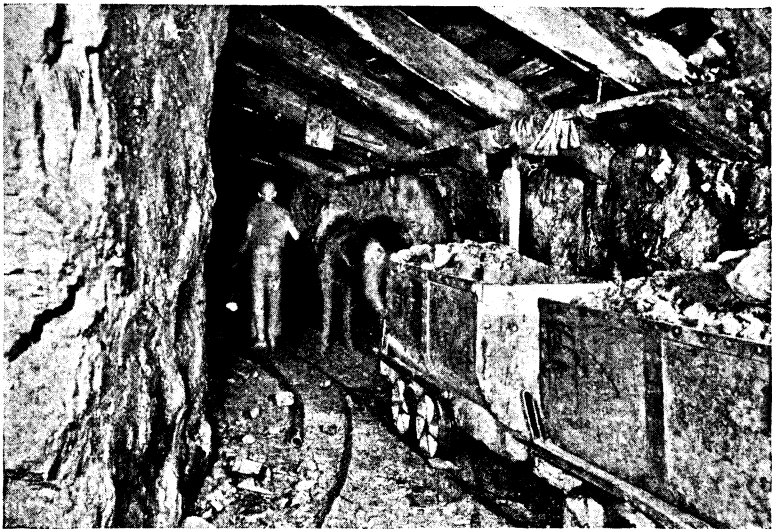
MINING THE ORE.

such *peine forte et dure* as never the barbarous ages imposed in any Newgate on any suffering soul. There he lay, "alone with God," and praised the Lord till the mountainous mass had choked his pious breath, with a roar of cataracts in his ears, and in his eyes flames from the grinding rocks.

In the remote workings the heat is so great that the men strip to the waist to battle with the granite rocks, and terrible is their aspect as seen by

the flickering light of the tallow dips clinging to the wall. Their bodies stream with perspiration, the wet skins gleaming in the light. Red mud is splashed like the blood of the wounded mine upon their murderous hands and arms. It stains their hair, their beards, and puts upon their faces, as it were, fantastic masks. Their eyes flash under the excitement of the tremendous effort; the knotted muscles revolt against the restraining skin.

Each twenty-four hours is divided between



CARTING THE ORE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT.

accident, the relief party asked me whether I knew what day it was, I replied it was Wednesday afternoon. At about six o'clock on Thursday evening someone called to me, 'William John, are you all right?' They thought I was Osborne. I said, 'I'm the son of Joseph Davies up to Troon.' The man said, 'Cheer up, Dick, old man; we will be in there to you directly.' At last Jacob Smith said, 'Les have you hand.' Then I heard him say, 'I've got un now, Dicky. How es it so cold?' 'No,' said I, 'both my hands are free.' He had taken hold of the hand of a corpse which was lying near to me."

The spot where the disaster occurred may be seen to-day. The level has been cut afresh through the rocks that fell, and the timbering has been replaced. But on one side is pointed out a jagged mass of rocks heaped up in wild confusion, and under these is shown a little empty space where for fifty hours William Osborne lay, under



A GROUP OF MINERS IN LEVANT MINE.

three "cores." The morning core descends into the mine at six, and leaves at two, when the afternoon core comes in. This works till ten, when the night core takes its place. The men prefer to work on the morning core, although in the short days of those so working night comes twice—the night above, the blacker night below. But whether in morning, afternoon, or night core, the men work their utmost. Only for a few minutes are the eight hours broken into for rest, when the "pares" squat down, and, with "croust" from hoggan-bag, and "keg" (water-barrel), partake of their humble meal. For the rest of the time they are straining every nerve to do their worst by the rock, as though a grudge against its menacing surface underlay their strong resolve of duty. Now and then they have a breathing-space, and this is when, a hole having been charged with dynamite, they are waiting till the charge explodes. While some give the warning cry of "Fire!" the others sing their hymns, and sing on till the tearing, cracking roar summons them back to their work.

All day long the heavy silence of the mine is broken in upon by the sounds of blasting. The detonation varies, according to the distance, from the popping of a cork to the

roar of thunder. Proximity to such an explosion is always for those unaccustomed to it a troubling experience, but the miners do not mind it. What harasses them most is the smoke, the foul air which follows upon the blasting. They call it the "funk"; and the "funk," in its effect on their lungs, but mainly in its hindrance of their work, is looked upon by them as one of their worst enemies.

The work of the miners consists in getting the ore. To do this they must tunnel through the granite till the lode is reached, and the purpose of these galleries is to afford easiest access to the veins of metallic ore which streak the huge mass in various directions. These lodes vary in width from a few inches to many yards. Where the lode is wide and high its removal leaves a huge excavation, called a stope, cathedral-like in its dimensions. We came upon one which was over ninety feet high and about as long, and some thirty or forty feet broad, from the bottom of which one could count twenty different points at which stopping operations were conducted. The galleries are cut out, and the lodes are removed either by hand-power or compressed-air power, and both in conjunction with dynamite. Hand-power—

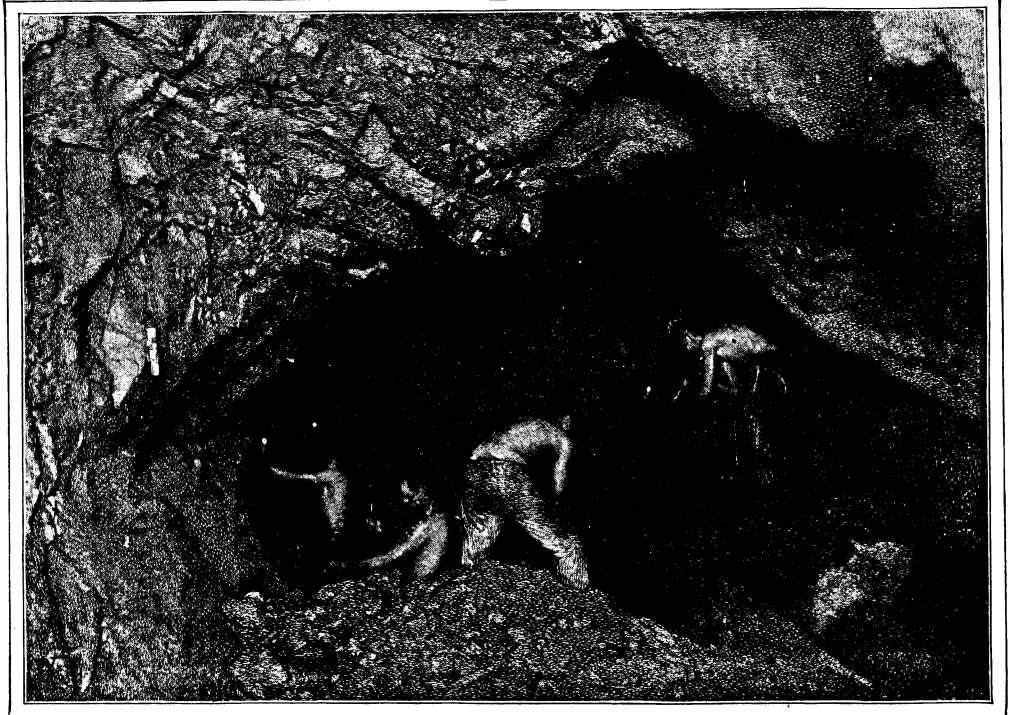
that is to say, the hammer and the borer—and air-power—that is to say, the rock-drill worked by compressed air, which is brought in piping from the engine-room above to the various drills, of which one is at work at the very bottom of the mine—are used according to the hardness of the stone which has to be worked. The Cornish miners are very skilful with hammer and borer. In a recent competition a pair of three men from Tincroft Mine bored a depth of thirteen inches in six minutes and forty-three seconds, with an average of ninety-one blows of the seven-pound hammer per minute. The rock-drill, in competitions, proceeds at about six times this rate of speed, and needs the attendance of two men only. Where two men working eight hours will bore two or three holes from eighteen to thirty inches, a boring-machine will bore twenty holes in the same time. The cost of hand-labour and machine-labour is the same.

The ore thus obtained is carried to the surface, where it is first broken into small pieces by the "spolling" maidens—girls in picturesque sun-bonnets, and sturdy as Cornish air can make them, who earn fivepence a ton, and are busy all day long swinging heavy

hammers and shovelling the broken stuff into carts in which it is conveyed to the stamps. In the stamps the ore is crushed to the consistency of sand. It is then conveyed by water streams into large vats, or buddles, where it is freed more or less from the waste, and then it is burnt in kilns to free it from arsenic. The arsenic, which was formerly regarded as a waste product, is now an article of great commercial value. Finally the ore, now of the consistency of fine powder and of a rich chocolate colour, is packed in bags and sent to the smelters. This powder contains on an average from sixty-five to seventy per cent. of pure tin.

Of all the mines which ten or fifteen years ago were working in the St. Just district, which is a few miles to the north-east of the extreme point of England, Land's End, the Levant Mine is to-day the only one left active.

To reach it from St. Just church town, one walks for two miles and a half past ruined mine after ruined mine. Were it not for the romantic beauty of cliff and sea, that walk would be one of the most depressing and melancholy of progresses that could be found anywhere in England. The tottering



THE EXTREME END OF LEVANT MINE, UNDER THE ATLANTIC, A MILE OUT FROM SHORE, WHERE THE OCEAN ABOVE IS MANY HUNDRED FEET DEEP.

chimneys of the abandoned engine-houses, the weed-overgrown mountains of waste, the deserted count-houses, add to the desolation of this bleak and wind-parched landscape. Upon the faces of the miners whom one meets returning homewards there is a look which, no doubt, is but the effect of their extreme exertion, but which to some may seem the result of an ever-haunting fear. And, indeed, the lower depths of the Levant Mine might scare the hardy to whom imagination is not wanting.

The entrance to the shaft is in the side of the cliff, and by the time three perpendicular ladders have been "walked down," one is on a level with the sea. Then each step downward takes one lower beneath the ocean. It is said by some, and by others denied, that at the forty-fathom level in St. Just Mine one can hear the boulders rolling overhead and the roar of the waters. For my part, after spending hours in the mine, I must say that, though I hearkened eagerly, I could detect no sound of the ocean overhead. In Botallack Mine, hard by, which is now abandoned, the noise, they say, was most perceptible, and the roaring, when the Atlantic was in one of its wilder moods, was the horror of the workers. There is a point in Levant Mine, a point reached after climbing down 2,000 feet and walking for an hour down winding galleries, where one is a mile out from the shore, under the Atlantic. But between you and the bottom of the sea, which is here of a considerable depth, is a roof many hundred feet deep of solid granite.

A horrid hole it is, this extreme end of the lowest level of Levant Mine, full of the fumes of dynamite, black, cramped, and ominous. The walls trickle, and one forgets the intervening mass, and fancies this

water a "God-sent" warning against an impending rush of the sea. The sea has never broken into any of these mines at St. Just, but terrible calamities of drowning occasioned in other ways have occurred to keep the danger ever before the miners' eyes. In the deserted galleries of the neighbouring Wheal Owles, twenty bodies wash to and fro in the waters of a subterranean lake—the bodies of nineteen men and one lad who were drowned on January 10, 1893. In breaking down the rock in a deep level, a pool of water, unsuspected, was tapped, and poured forth and engulfed them—a pool of water now extending a mile and a half from St. Just church town to thirty fathoms beneath the Atlantic Ocean. This was the most terrible mining accident by water in Cornwall since a waterspout, travelling from the sea, burst over East and North Rose Mine in the Newlyn East district on July 9, 1846, and drowned fifty-three men, and bruised and wounded many more with a bombardment of rocks carried by it into the shaft from the burrow or waste heap. I think the miners from Levant must never pass Wheal Owles without a thought of the twenty mates below steering to and fro on the tide of that black lake in the black night, deep down below the cliff and sea.

But what will, perhaps, rather fill the mind of one who stands here, is the thought that England does not end there where the map denotes, because, a mile west, beneath the sea, there are Englishmen in yellow rags, advancing westward inch by inch, cutting their way, by the flickering light of green tallow-dips, through solid and hardest granite, fighting, straining, streaming with sweat, who, in their brief moments of rest, sing hymns to God's praise out there under the sea in the night.





THE DAISY-CHAIN.

By BEATRICE OFFOR.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SEMINARY.

By IAN MACLAREN.*



S the East is distant from the West, so was Muirtown Seminary far removed in its manners and customs from an English public school; but at one point they met on common ground, and that was the "tuck-shop." It does not matter that an English house-master be careful to provide an ample supply of wholesome food for his boys, and even add, on occasion, toothsome dainties, such as jam at Sunday tea, and sausages for a Saturday supper, they will agree unanimously, and declare aloud, that they can hardly recall such a thing as breakfast, so ghostly has it grown, and that they would be ashamed to offer the dinner to the beasts which perish. They will write such descriptions home, and hold such conferences with friends spending the holidays with them, and they will all vie with one another in applying such weird and fearsome adjectives to the butter, milk, coffee, meat, potatoes, and pudding—but at the mention of pudding they will simply look at one another and be silent, despairing of the English language—that their horrified parents will take counsel together by the hour whether their poor boy ought not to be taken from school and surrounded by home comforts. When the emaciated invalid hears of this drastic measure, he protests strongly, and insists that it would ruin him for life; for, to do the ruffians justice, a boy may be half-starved and swished every second day, and bullied between times, till his life is hardly worth living, he will still stand by his school, and prefer it as a place of residence to his home. Neither ample meals, nor the pretty bedroom with white curtains, nor the long lie in the morning, nor a party in the evening, nor all his mother's petting, will make up to this savage for the racket of the dormitories, and the fight at the bathroom, and the babel at the dinner-table, and the recreations which enliven "prep," and the excitement of a house match, and the hazardous delights of football, and the tricks on a new boy, and

the buttered eggs—a dozen at least between two at a study supper. It only remains, therefore, that his father should write a pathetic letter to the *Standard*, and that other parents should join in, for a fortnight, explaining to the English public that the manhood of the country is being destroyed in its early years, and the boys at school will read the letters aloud with much unction, and declare that the "Pater had warmed up old Skinny properly," while their mother sends them generous remittances that they may obtain nourishing food to supplement their starvation rations. This money will be spent rapidly, but also shrewdly, at the "tuck-shop," where some old servant of the school is making a small fortune in providing for the boys such meat as their souls love, and for a fortnight Tom and his friends, for he is not a fellow to see his chums die before his eyes, will live on the fat of the land, which, upon the whole, means cocoa, sardines, sausages, and eggs.

Seminary boys had their meals at home, and were very soundly fed with porridge and milk in the morning, followed by tea and ham, if their conduct had been passably decent. Scots broth and meat for dinner, with an occasional pudding, and a tea in the evening which began with something solid and ended with jam, made fair rations; and, although such things are very likely done now, when we are all screaming about our rights, no boy of the middle Victorian period wrote to the *Muirtown Advertiser* complaining of the home scale of diet. Yet, being boys, neither could they be satisfied with the ordinary and civilised means of living, but required certain extra delicacies to help them through the day. It was not often that a Seminary lad had a shilling in his pocket, and once only had gold been seen—when Dr. Manley paid the Sparrow a medical fee for his advice in Bulldog's sickness—but there were few in the Seminary who were not able to rattle some pennies together, and, in the end, every penny found its way to the till of that comprehensive merchant and remarkable woman, Mrs. McWhae. Her shop and the other old houses beside it have been pulled down long ago, to make room for a handsome block of buildings, and I think her exact site is

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occupied by the plate-glass windows and gorgeous display of the "Breadalbane Emporium," where you can buy everything from a frying-pan to a drawing-room suite, but where you cannot get a certain delicacy called "gundy," which Mrs. McWhae alone could make as it ought to be made—and at the remembrance thereof the very teeth begin to water. Mrs. McWhae did not sell books, nor clothes, nor any other effeminate luxury of life, but she kept in stock everything that was really necessary to the life of a well-living and high-minded boy. There he could obtain marbles from the common clay, six for a halfpenny, on to the finer "streakies," six for a penny, till you came to large marbles with a red and blue pattern on a white ground, which were a halfpenny each, and climbed to "glassies" at a penny each; and there was one glass leviathan which contained all colours within its sphere, and which was kept only to be handled and admired. Tops were there, too, from polished little beauties with shining steel tips, which were intended only for amusement, and were spun with fine white cord, to unadorned, massive, vicious-looking warriors with sharpened projecting points, which were intended for the battlefield, and were spun with rough, strong twine, and which, dexterously used, would split another top from head to foot as when you slice butter with a knife. Her stock of kites in the season was something to see, and although she did not venture upon cricket-bats, which were sold by the hairdresser, nor cricket-balls, she had every other kind of ball—solid gutta-percha balls, for hasty games in the "breaks," white skin-covered rounder balls, and hollow india-rubber balls, which you could fill with water at the lade, and then use with much success as a squirt. Girls, we noticed, employed this "softie" in silly games of their own, trying whether they could make it rebound a hundred times from the ground, but we had no doubt about its proper use in the purposes of Creation. And Mrs. McWhae—peace to her ashes!—provided all things in meat and drink which a boy could desire; unless, of course, on some great occasion he wished to revel imperially—then he went to Fenwick's rock-shop, where generations have turned their eager feet, and beyond which nothing is left to desire. Fenwick's, however, was rather for our fathers than for ourselves, and we were almost content with Mrs. McWhae, where you could get ginger-beer of her own making at a penny a bottle, better than that which they sold at the "Muirtown Arms" at

sixpence; and treacle-beer also at a penny, but in this case the bottle was double the size and was enough for two fellows; and halfpenny rolls, if you were fiercely hungry and could not get home to dinner, so tough that only a boy's teeth could tear them to pieces; and tarts, so full that it required long skill to secure every drop of the jam, and your fingers were well worth licking afterwards; and peppermint balls of black and white, one of which would keep your mouth sweet for an hour of Latin—that is, if you only sucked gently and didn't crunch. But the glory of the establishment was the "gundy." There was a room behind the shop where Mrs. McWhae, who was a widow, elderly and not prepossessing, lived and slept, and dressed herself, and cooked her food, and, perhaps, on rare occasions such as Sunday, washed, and there she prepared her tempting meats and drinks for the Seminary. We lived in a pre-scientific age, and did not go curiously into the origin of things, being content to take the Creation as it stood, and to use the gifts of the gods in their finished form. But I believe that "gundy" was made of the coarsest and cheapest sugar, which our hostess boiled to a certain point, and then with her own fair hands, which it was said she wetted with her lips, drew out and out, till at last, by the constant drawing, it came to a light brown colour; after which she cut the finished product into sticks of a foot long, and wrapped it up in evil-looking brown paper, twisting the two ends. And, wonders of wonders! all within that paper, and the paper itself, you could have for one halfpenny! Good! There is no word for it, as the preachers say, "humanly speaking." The flavour thereof so rich, so satisfying, so stimulating, and the amount thereof so full and so tenacious. Why, that "gundy" would so cling to your teeth and hide itself about your mouth, and spread itself out, that he was a clever fellow who had drained its last resources within an hour. Mrs. McWhae was a widow of a military gentleman who, it was understood, had performed prodigies of valour in the Black Watch, and she was a woman of masculine vigour, who only dealt upon a cash basis, and in any case of dispute was able to use her hands effectively. Like most women, she was open to blandishments, and Nestie Molyneux, with his English tongue and pretty ways, could get round the old lady, and she had a profound though inexpressed respect for Sparrow, whom she regarded as a straightforward fighter, and the two friends would sometimes be allowed

the highest privilege in her power, to see her make a brew of "gundy." And it is from hints dropped by those two favoured customers that the above theory of the making of this delectable sweet has been formed.

It was possible, with a proper celerity, to visit Mrs. McWhae's during the "breaks," and to spend three minutes in those happy precincts and not be absolutely late for the next class; and during the dinner-hour her shop was crowded, and the steps outside and the very pavement were blocked by the Seminary, waiting for their "gundy" and ginger-beer. Little boys who had been fortunate enough to get their provision early, and were coming out to enjoy the "gundy" in some secret place, hid their treasure within their waistcoats, lest a bigger fellow should supply himself without the trouble of waiting his turn, and defer payment to the end of the year. And one of the lords of the school would on occasion clear out a dozen of the small fry, in order that he might select his refreshments comfortably. It was indeed the Seminary Club, with its bow-window like other clubs, and the steps on which the members could stand, and from the steps you commanded three streets, so that there were many things to see, and in snowball time many things to do. McWhae's had only one inconvenience, and that was that the line of communication could be cut off by raiding parties from the "Pennies" and other rival schools. When the snow was deep on the ground, and the enemy was strong on the field, it was necessary to bring down supplies under charge of a convoy; and if anything could have added to the flavour of the "gundy," it was that you had fought your way up Breadalbane Street to get it, and your way back to enjoy it, that you had lost your bonnet in a scrimmage, and that the remains of a snowball were trickling down your back. Precious then was the dainty sweet as the water which the mighty men brought to David from the well of Bethlehem.

"My word!" cried Sparrow, who was winding up the dinner-hour with Nestie Molyneux, on the upper step of the clubhouse, "if there isn't the 'Bumbees' driving in a four-in-hand!" And the brake of the "Muirtown Arms" passed, with a dozen smart and well-set-up lads rejoicing openly, and, wheeling round by the corner of the Cathedral, disappeared up the road which ran to Drumtochty. "And where think ye have their royal highnesses been?"

If the name of a school be St. Columba's,

and the boys call themselves Columbians, it is very profane to an absolutely respectable Scots saint, and very rude to a number of well-behaved lads, to call them "Bumbees"; but Sparrow was neither reverent nor polite, and the Seminary, although mainly occupied with local quarrels, yet harboured a distant grudge against the new public school of St. Columba's, which had been recently started in a romantic part of Perthshire. Its founders were a number of excellent and perhaps slightly superior persons, who were justly aghast at the somewhat rough life and unfinished scholarship of the Scots grammar schools, and who did not desire that Scots lads of the better class should be sent of necessity to the English public schools. Their idea was to establish a public school after the English method in Scotland, and so St. Columba's kept terms, and had dormitories, and a chapel, and playing-fields, and did everything on a smaller scale which was done at Rugby and Harrow. The masters of St. Columba's would have nothing to do with such modest men as the staff of the Seminary. The Columbians occasionally came down to Muirtown and sniffed through the town. Two or three boys had been taken from the Seminary, because it was vulgar, and sent to St. Columba's, in order to get into genteel society. And those things had gradually filtered into the mind of the Seminary, which was an exceedingly rough school, but at the same time very proud and patriotic, and there was a latent desire in the mind of the Seminary that the Columbians should come down in snow-time and show their contempt for the Muirtown grammar school, when that school would explain to the Columbians what it thought of them and all their works. As this pleasure was denied the Seminary, and the sight of the brake was too much for Sparrow's uncultured nature, he forgot himself, and yelled opprobrious names, in which the word "Bumbee" was distinct and prominent.

"Your m-manners are very b-bad, Sparrow, and I am a-ashamed of you. D-don't you know that the 'B-bumbees' have been p-playing in England and w-won their match? Twenty-two runs and s-seven wickets to fall. G-good s-sport, my Sparrow; read it in the newspaper."

"It wasna bad. I didna think the 'Bumbees' had as muckle spunk in them. Seven wickets, did ye say, against the English? If I had kenned that, Nestie, ye little scoundrel, I would have given them

a cheer. Seven wickets — they did the job properly." And Sparrow held his "gundy" with relish.

"Sparrow!" — and Nestie spoke with much impressiveness — "I have an idea. Why shouldn't the Seminary challenge the 'Bumbees' to a match next s-summer? We could p-practice hard all this summer, and begin s-soon next year and t-try them in July."

"It would be juist mighty," said Sparrow, who was cheered at the thought of any battle, and he regarded Nestie with admiration; and then his face fell and he declared it of no use.

"They wouldna come, dash them for their cheek! and if they came they'd lick us clean. They have a professional, and they play from morning till night. We're light-weights, Nestie. If they went in first, we'd never get them oot; and if we went in, they'd have us oot in half an 'oor."

"For shame, Sparrow, to run down the Seminary as if you were a 'Penny'! Didn't the county professional say that Robertson was the b-best young player he'd seen for t-ten years? And Bauldie hits a good b-ball, and no b-bowler can get you out, Sparrow, and there are other chaps just want p-practice. We might be b-beaten, but we'd make a stiff fight for the old Seminary."

"Ye can bowl, Nestie," said Sparrow generously, as they went back to school at the trot; "ye're the trickiest over-hand I ever saw; and Jock Howieson is a fear-some quick and straight bowler; and for a wicket-keeper Dunc Robertson is no easy to beat. Gosh!" exclaimed Sparrow,



"Sparrow took his 'gundy' with relish."

as they wheeled into the back-yard, "we'll try it."

The Seminary were slow to move, but once they took fire they burned gloriously; and when Dunc Robertson and Nestie Molyneux, who had been sent up to St. Columba's as the most presentable deputation, returned and informed the school assembled round the Russian Guns that the "Bumbees" would send down their second eleven, since the first was too old for the Seminary, and play a single innings match on a Saturday afternoon in the end of July, next year, the Seminary lifted up their voice in joyful anticipation.

It did not matter that the "Bumbees"

had only consented in terms of condescension by way of encouraging local sport, as they had tried to organise a Drumtochty eleven, or that it was quite understood that the result would be a hopeless defeat for the Seminary; they were coming, and the Seminary had a year to make ready; and if they were beaten in cricket, well, it couldn't be helped, but it was the first time Bulldog's boys had been beaten in anything, and they would know the reason why.

Special practice began that evening and continued that evening, and every other evening, except Sundays, as long as light lasted and on till the middle of October, when football could no longer be delayed. Practice began again a month before the proper season and continued on the same lines till the great day in July. The spirit of the Seminary was fairly up, and from the Rector, who began freely to refer to the Olympian games, to the little chaps who had just come from a dame's school and were proud to field balls at bowling practice, the whole school was swept into the excitement of the coming event, and

it is said that Bulldog stumped over every evening after dinner to watch the play and was the last to leave.

"B-Bully's fairly on the job, Sparrow, and he's j-just itching to have a bat himself. Say, Sparrow, if we get badly licked, he'll be ill again; but if we p-pull it off, I bet he'll give a rippin' old supper."

News spread through the town that the Seminary was to fight the "Bumbees" for the glory of the Fair City, and enthusiasm began to kindle in all directions. Our cricket club had played upon the Meadow as best it could; but now the Council of the city set apart a piece of ground, and six of



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the leading dignitaries paid to have it cut and rolled, so that there might be a good pitch for playing and something worth seeing on the day of battle. There were half a dozen good players in Muirtown in those days, two of whom were in the All Scotland eleven, and they used to come along in spare evenings and coach the boys, while the county professional now and again dropped in, just to see whether he could bowl Sparrow out, and after an hour's hopeless attack upon that imperturbable youth, the professional declared the Seminary had a chance. But the word was passed round that there should be no boasting, and that Muirtown must be prepared for a hopeless and honourable defeat. Mr. McGuffie senior was the only man on the morning of the match who was prepared to bet on even terms, and his offers were refused by the citizens, first because betting was sinful, and, second, it was possible, though not likely, they might lose.

The Columbians came down as usual in a brake, with only two horses this time, and made a pretty show when they were dressed in their white flannels and school colours, and everyone admitted that they were a good-looking and well-set-up eleven; they brought half a dozen other fellows with them, to help cheer their victory and to keep their score, and a master to be umpire. The Seminary eleven were in all colours and such dress as commended itself to their taste. Robertson and Molyneux and one or two others in full flannels, but the Sparrow in a grey shirt and a pair of tight tweed trousers of preposterous pattern, which were greatly admired by his father's grooms—and, for that matter, by the whole school; and although Jock Howieson had been persuaded into flannel bags, as we called them then, he stuck to a red shirt of outrageous appearance, which was enough to frighten any bowler. Jack Moncrieffe, the Muirtown cricket crack and bowler of the All Scotland, was umpire for the Seminary, and the very sight of him taught the first lesson of respect to the "Bumbees"; and when they learned that Jim Fleming, the other Muirtown crack, had been coaching the Seminary all summer, they began to feel that it might be a real match, not merely a few lessons in the manly game of cricket given to encourage a common school, don't you know!

There was a representative turn-out of Muirtown men, together with a goodly sprinkling of Muirtown mothers and sisters. Bulldog took up his position early just in front of the tent, and never moved till the

match was over; nor did he speak, save once; but the Seminary knew that he was thinking plenty, and that the master of mathematics had his eye upon them. Some distance off, the Count—that faithful friend of his Seminary "dogs"—promenaded up and down a beat of some dozen yards, and spent the time in one long excitement, cheering with weird foreign accent when a good hit was made, swearing in French when anything went wrong, bewailing almost unto tears the loss of a Seminary wicket, and hurrying to shake hands with every one of his eleven, whether he had done well or ill, when he came in from the wicket. Mr. McGuffie moved through the crowd from time to time, and finally succeeded in making a bet on the most advantageous terms with that eminent dignitary, the Earl of Kilspindie's coachman, who was so contemptuous of the Seminary from the Castle point of view that he took the odds of five to one in sovereigns that they would be beaten. And on the outskirts of the crowd, half ashamed to be there and doubtful of his reception, hovered Bailie MacConachie.

The Seminary won the toss, and by the advice of Jim Fleming sent the Columbians in, and there was no Seminary lad nor any Muirtown man—for the Frenchman did not count—who denied that the strangers played a good, clean game—pretty form, and brave scoring; and on their part the Columbians were not slow to acknowledge that the Seminary knew how to field, wherever they had learned it. No ball sliding off the bat could pass Dunc Robertson, and as for byes, they were impossible with Spiug as long-stop, for those were the days when there were long-stops. Cosh had his faults, and they were not few, but the Seminary thought more of him after a miraculous catch which he made at long-off; and Bauldie, at square-leg, might not be able to prevent a two occasionally, but he refused to allow fours. Jock Howieson was a graceless bowler and an offence to the eye, but his balls were always in the line of the middle stump, and their rate that of an express train; and Nestie not only had a pretty style, but a way of insinuating himself among the wickets which four Columbians had not the power to refuse. There was a bit of work at long-field which even the Columbians could not help cheering, though it lost them a wicket; and the way in which a ball was sent up from cover-point to Dunc Robertson, and so took another wicket, wrung a word of private praise from the Columbian umpire. Still, the

Seminary was fighting against heavy odds, an uphill, hopeless battle; and when the visitors went out with a hundred and one to their score, Mr. McGuffie senior was doubtful of his sovereign, and only the Count prophesied triumph, going round and shaking hands individually with every one of his "dogs," and magnifying their doings unto the sky. Bailie MacConachie, by this time, was lost in the crowd, working his way gradually to the front, and looking as if he would have liked to cheer, but thinking it better not to call attention to his presence. Then the Seminary went in, and there is no question but that they had hard times at the hands of the Columbians, who were well trained and played all together. Robertson, who was the hope of the Seminary, went out for twenty, and Bauldie for ten; Nestie played carefully, but only managed twelve, and the other fellows were too easily bowled or caught out, each adding something, but none doing much, till at last the score stood at sixty-nine, with the last two of the Seminary in. Things were looking very black, and even the Count was dashed, while Bulldog's face suggested that next Monday the whole school would be thrashed, and that a special treat would be reserved for the eleven. Mr. McGuffie, however, with a sportsman's instinct, seized the opportunity to make another bet with his lordship's coachman, and increased the odds from five to ten, and the dignitary declared it was simply robbing McGuffie of his money.

"We'll see aboot that, my man, when the horses pass the line. I've seen many a race changed before the finish," and Mr. McGuffie took his position in the front row to see the end.

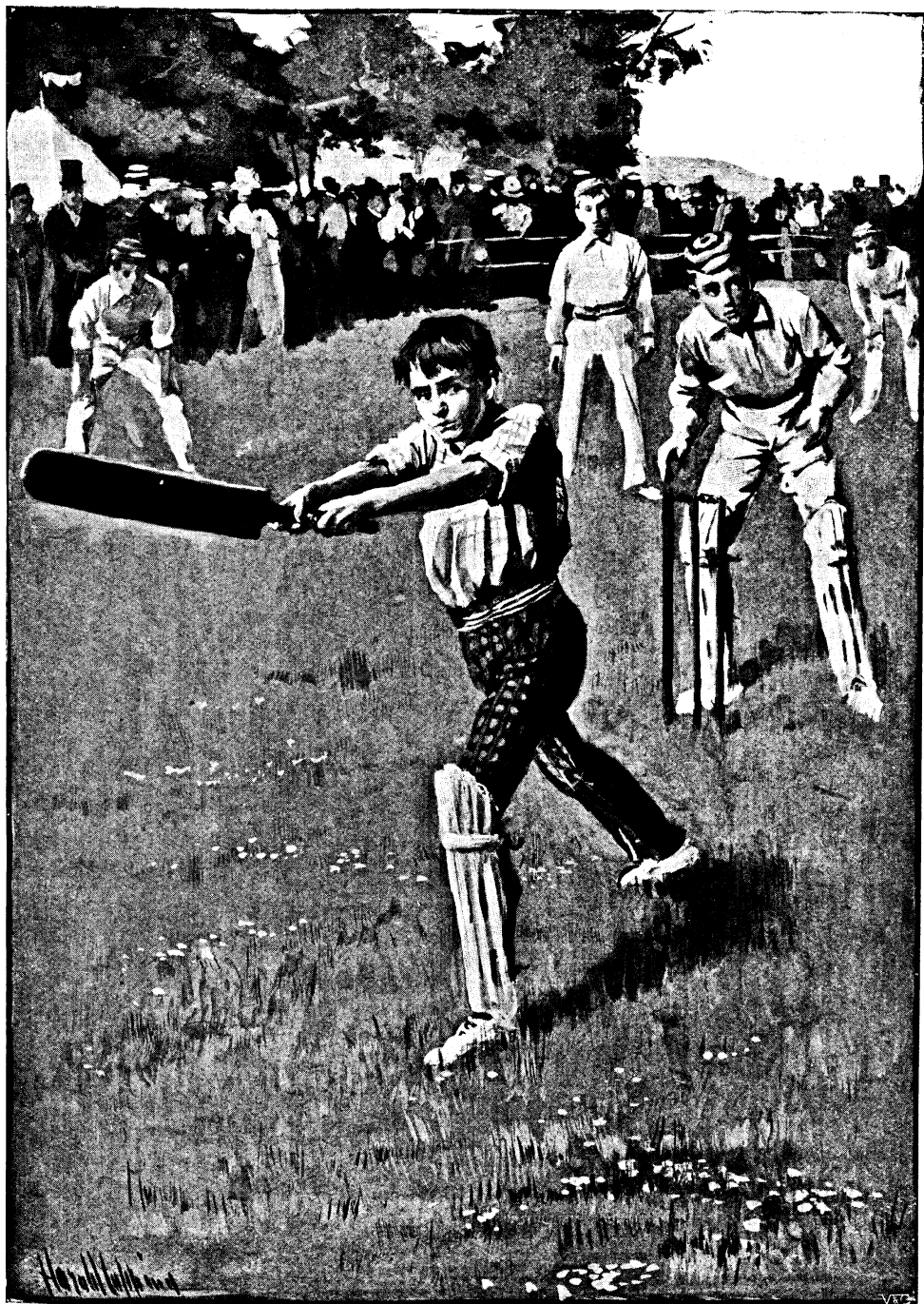
Thirty-three runs to make to win the match, and only one wicket to fall, and the Columbians discounted their victory in a gentlemanly fashion, while Jim Fleming looked very grave. "Give them no chances," he said to Howieson, as that stolid youth went in to join Sparrow, who had been at the wicket for some time, but had only scored ten. Any over might close the match, and perhaps the Columbians' bowlers grew careless, for three overs passed and the two friends of many a scrimmage were still in, and neither of them had shown any intention of going out. Quite the contrary, for Sparrow had broken into fours, and Howieson, who played with the gracefulness of a cow, would allow no ball to interfere with his wickets, and had run up a couple of twos on his own account.

"Juist beginnin'," said Sparrow's father. "Him oot sune? I tell you he's settlin' down for the afternoon, and that laddie Howieson is a dour deevil. The fact is"—Mr. McGuffie took a circle of spectators into his confidence—"they're juist gettin' into the stride." The Count preened his plumage and plucked up heart again, while the Seminary lads, gathered in a solid mass to the left of the tent, were afraid to cheer lest they should invite defeat, and, while they pretended unconcern, could feel their hearts beating. "They couldn't be better matched," said Nestie. "Sparrow and Jock—they've had l-lots of things in hand together, and they'll d-do it yet. See!" and at that moment Sparrow sent a ball to the boundary. Now there were only seventeen, instead of thirty-three, runs to make.

They were playing a game of the utmost carefulness, blocking the balls which were dangerous and could not be played; declining to give the faintest chance of a catch, and taking a run short rather than be run out, and so the score crept up, with a two from Howieson, who had got into a habit of twos, and, being a phlegmatic youth, kept to it, and a three and a four from Sparrow, and another two from Howieson, and a three from Sparrow.

Across the heads of the people McGuffie shouted to the coachman, "Take you again, Petrie—ten to one, five to one, three to one against the Seminary?" And when there was no answer, Mr. McGuffie offered to take it even from anybody, and finally appealed to the man next him. It was Bailie MacConachie, who, forgetful of the past and everything except the glory of Muirtown, was now standing beside Sparrow's father and did not care. "Sparrow's no dead yet, Bailie"; and then, catching the look in MacConachie's face, "bygones are bygones, we're a' Muirtown men the day"; and then his voice rose again across the crowd, "I'll give ye odds, coachman—two to one against the 'Bumbees,'" for Howieson had scored another two, and two more runs would win the match for the Seminary.

Then a terrible thing happened, for Howieson, instead of stopping the ball with his bat, must needs stop it with his leg. "How's that?" cried the Columbian wicket-keeper, "how's that, umpire?" Was his leg before wicket or not? And for the moment everyone, Seminary and Columbian, Bulldog, McGuffie, Bailie, men, women and children, held their breath. It would have been maddening to have been beaten only



"Sparrow took a swift stride forward and met the ball."

by two runs, and after such a gallant fight.

"Not out!" replied the umpire in two seconds; but it seemed ten minutes, and a yell went up from the throats of the Seminary, and Bailie MacConachie took off his hat and wiped his forehead, which Mr. McGuffie noted with sympathy and laid up to the Bailie's credit. There was another crisis at hand which had been forgotten by Muirtown, but it was very keenly present to the minds of the Columbians. One over more and the time limit would be reached and the game closed. If the Seminary could make two runs, they would win; if the Columbians could get Sparrow's wicket, they would win. They put on their most dangerous man, whose ball had a trick of coming down just six inches in front of the block, and then, having escaped the attention of the batsman, of coming perilously near the wicket. His attack compelled the most watchful defence, and hardly allowed the chance of a run. Two balls Sparrow blocked, but could do no more with them; the third got past and shaved the wicket; the fourth Sparrow sent to slip, but the fielding allowed no run; the fifth, full of cunning, he stopped with difficulty, and fear seized the heart of Muirtown that the last would capture the wickets and give the victory to the visitors. And it was the cleverest of all the balls, for it was sent to land inside the block, just so much nearer as might deceive the batsman accustomed to the former distance. No sooner had it left the bowler's hand than Fleming saw the risk and gnawed his moustache. Every eye followed the ball through the air on what seemed, for the anxiety of it, a course of miles. The Columbians drew together unconsciously in common hope. Robertson, the Seminary

captain, dug his right heel into the ground, and opposite, between the field and the river, the leader of that rapscaillon school, the "Pennies," stood erect, intent, open-mouthed, with his crew around, for once silent and motionless. Sparrow took a swift stride forward and met the ball about three feet from the ground, and, gathering up all the strength in his tough little body, he caught that ball on the middle of the bat and sent it over square-leg's head, who had come in too near and made one hopeless clutch at it, and through the ranks of the "Pennies," who cleared out on every side to let it pass as they had never yielded to Sparrow himself; and ere Muirtown had found voice to cheer, the red-haired varlet who ruled the "Pennies" had flung his bonnet, such as it was, into the air, for the ball was in the river, and the Seminary had won by three runs and one wicket.

Things happened then which are beyond the pen of man, but it was freely said that the "Hurrah!" of Bulldog, master of mathematics, drowned the hunting-cry of Mr. McGuffie, and that when the Count, in his joy over the victory of his "jolly dogs," knocked off Bailie MacConachie's hat, and would have apologised, the Bailie kicked his own hat in triumph. This is certain, that the Seminary carried Sparrow and Howieson, both protesting, from the North Meadow, in through the big school door; that Bulldog walked at the head of the procession, like a general coming home in his glory; that he insisted on the Bailie walking with him; that, after all the cheering was over, Sparrow proposed one cheer more for Bailie MacConachie, and that when the eleven departed for Bulldog's house, half the Seminary escorted the Bailie home.





Photo by]

THE DEAN AMONG HIS ROSES AT ROCHESTER.

[Eastmead, Rochester.

THE KING OF THE ROSES:

A VISIT TO DEAN HOLE AT ROCHESTER.

BY MILLICENT H. MORRISON.

"THE Dean, with a pleasant air, as nearly cocks his quaint hat as a Dean in good spirits may, and directs his comely gaiters homewards towards the ruddy dining-room of the snug old Deanery."

With such bright gleams of truth did Dickens foreshadow the present "dear old Dean" of Cloisterham, the Rochester of fiction, who, however, has improved upon his prototype by pruning his garden instead of the weedy grammar of Mr. Tope, and who has become the chief instead of a secondary figure in a story whose heroine is Rosa or Rosebud. But Cloisterham remains the same, for the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" is yet unsolved, and you may stumble any day across the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle, fair and rosy from cold water plunges, "Minor Canon and good man," hurrying round to Minor Canon Corner, after three o'clock service, to take tea with "Ma, dear," the latter dressed as a china shepherdess.

As we all know, the fame of the Very

Rev. Samuel Reynolds Hole, D.D., has become closely entwined with that of Queen Rose. His "Book about Roses" is one long love sonnet to her Majesty, which has passed through some eighteen editions and been translated into several languages. He has inaugurated rose-shows, and has enrolled all faithful admirers in the National Rose Society. More than this, his rose-gardens at Rochester are so much an institution of the place that, like the Castle and the Cathedral, they are depicted on the local post-cards. Indeed, one can imagine the antiquarian of a thousand years hence jumping with Picwickian ingenuity to the conclusion that Rochester derives its name from two words, "Rose" and "Chester"—Rose Castle, where lived the Cavalier of the Rose, with "Semper Fidelis" upon his crest and shield, a mighty man, 6 feet 3½ inches in height.

No wonder, then, that with beautiful roses in his garden, because he has beautiful roses in his heart, Dean Hole is known as

the gay arch-prophet of cheery optimism to the old—and he is eighty-one—as well as to the young; and that he has an affectionate fellow feeling for all working men, especially for those who know the meaning of floricultural dirt.

Born about the same time as our late beloved Queen, he is one of the very few still with us who had a place amongst that brilliant coterie of men who graced the annals of her golden reign. His life has been spent between Cauntton Manor, near Newark, Nottinghamshire, where his forefathers have owned land since the time of

great help and refreshment in my work by gardening and rose-culture; and, brought up among horses, hounds, and partridges, had from boyhood to middle age occasionally enjoyed the sports of the field. Yet," he adds, "to silence the 'rank ignorance of scoffers,' I always maintained the daily service of the Church and my daily visits to the school; knew every man, woman, and child in the place; and have preached, since I took Orders, in 500 churches from the Land's End to the Border."

Never is Dean Hole so happy in pulpit or on platform as when addressing working men,

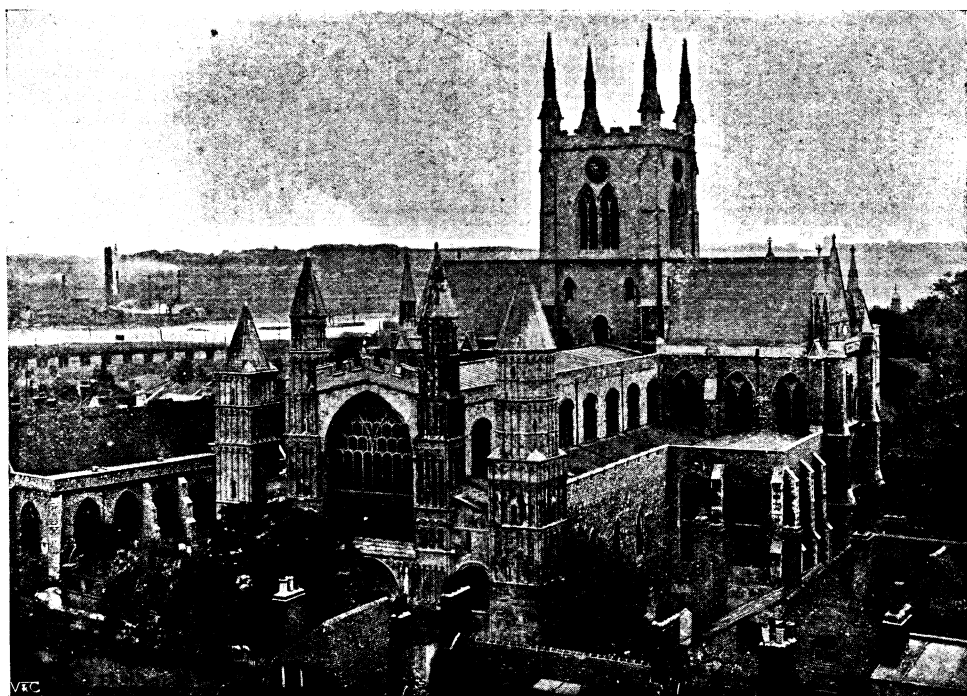


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[Eastn.ead, Rochester.

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Elizabeth, and Rochester, to which he was appointed in 1887 by Lord Salisbury. From Newark Grammar School, where, as he told Dickens years afterwards, he used to deny himself the infinite delight of cheesecakes that he might have spare money to buy "Pickwick" as it came out in parts—he passed to Brazenose College, Oxford. Having graduated in 1844, he became curate of Cauntton. From 1850 to 1887 he was vicar there. In 1861 he married, and seven years later he became, to use his own words, a "squarson," for it fell to him to unite the duties of squire with those of parson.

"And throughout," he tells you, "I derived

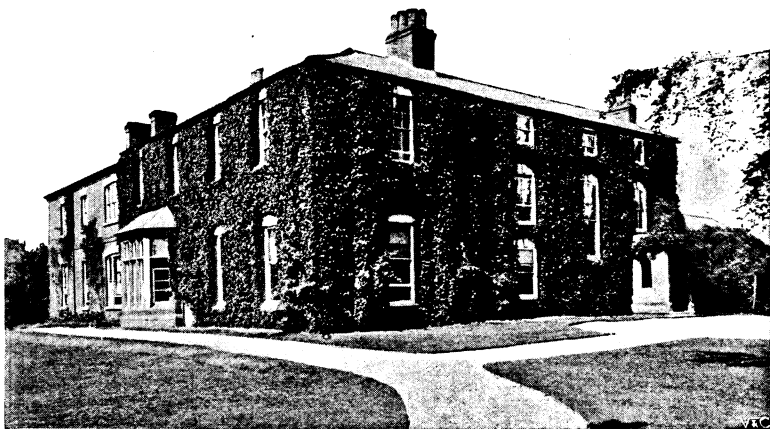
and it is significant that his first published sermon was "The Cry of the Labourer against Landlord, Farmer, and Priest." "The way in which," he says, "I became as a speaker, not famous, but far less infamous, was this: About 1870, I went from prayer-desk to pulpit after evensong to read a sermon. The service was late, the evening cloudy, the light failed suddenly, and when I opened my manuscript I could not read a word of it. Then, for the first time, I began to preach instead of reading to my people."

But it is the platform that affords him the freest scope for his characteristic humour.

It was at a Church Congress Working Men's Meeting that he turned to the Bishops seated round him on the platform with the words, "My Lords of the Episcopate," and then to the men in front with the words, "My Lords of the Creation!" No floriculturist is prouder than he of belonging to the brotherhood of the spade and the pruning-hook, most ancient of all instruments, for were not our first parents gardeners even before they became tailors?

While still at Cauntton he was appointed to the prebendal stall of Lincoln Cathedral, "a stall without a manger." Not till he was sixty-seven could he tear himself away from the associations of his native place to become the successor of Dean Scott, joint author of Liddell and Scott's Dictionary. Thus Rochester has had two Deans in succession who have been devoted to different sorts of roots.

Here, then, in his spacious study, which is



THE HOUSE AT CAUNTTON.

on a level with and overlooks the Deanery lawn and gardens, I had the honour of talking to the "King of the Roses," as Tennyson entitled him. For some time, of course, to quote Browning's well-known line, "it was roses, roses all of the way," and presently the question was raised: Would it be possible to get our national emblem, the rose, to blossom in time for St. George's Day, that we English may not be behind the Irish in honouring our patron saint? Or, on the other hand, should we, now that our nation has become a closely welded



IN THE GARDEN AT CAUNTTON.

Empire, enfold the national allegiance due to St. George into the imperial allegiance, love, and reverence due to the greater name of Victoria. June was the Queen's month—Accession Day, Coronation Day, and, of course, the two Jubilee Days. June is also the month of roses. The rose is our national emblem, and, as queen and empress of the flowers, is alone worthy of being the imperial emblem. So, the Dean argued, the Queen's Coronation or Diamond Jubilee should be each year celebrated as Victoria's Day. Then roses are most plentiful amongst us; and he



DEAN HOLE'S BOOKPLATE.

ventured to say that scarcely a man, woman, or child, from the poorest to the wealthiest, would appear in the streets without the rose. Then its petals would have a threefold significance, a tribute to the goodness of a Queen, a symbol of our imperial federation, and a recollection of our memorable history.

At this point the Dean, who helped us to give expression to our national joy by singing a "Welcome to the C.I.V.," and then to our national grief in the hymn, "God Rest Our Queen," began to soliloquise with the words of the old song, which now have a new meaning:—

Old England's emblem is the rose;
There is no other flower
With half the graces that adorn
This beauty of the bower.

Who hath not heard of one sweet flower,
The first among the fair,
For whom so many British hearts
Have breathed their fervent prayer?

Oh! may she never be forgot,
Nor lose that sweet repose,
The restful peace which blesses now
Our Royal English Rose!

In the midst of these verses the Dean was called away. I glanced upwards at the Brazen Nose over the door, a copy of the Brazenose which gives the name to his College, and was reminded of some of the rollicking college songs written by a young graduate, Mr. S. R. Hole, such as—

Ye cricketers of England,
Who guard the timbers three,
Whose game has braved a thousand years
All other games that be.

The walls were lined with books; a few vacant niches were occupied with portraits of divines, occasionally relieved by a picture of some favourite rose. Brighter still was the picture framed by the window. Two grandchildren—their father, Lieutenant Hole, did splendid service with the C.I.V.'s—were, accompanied by a Chinese chow dog, a worthy successor of Jock, D.D. (Dean's Dog), storming the heights of a tree-shaded hillock, occupied by stubborn Boers. Then their grandmother, Mrs. Hole, passed by and looked through the window. I wondered whether the Dean might have written a chapter about his wife, as Mr. J. M. Barrie wrote of Margaret Ogilvie, "How My Mother Got her Sweet Face," for instinctively one understands the affection in which she is held by the women and girls of Rochester, and her sweet refining influence upon their lives.

"Yes," said the Dean, taking up the thread of my thoughts on his return to the study, "the true wife blossoms the whole year round.

"I dedicated a 'Book about Roses' to my wife, because—

"Where'er there's the love of a true wife,
As bright as a beam from above,
'Tis the rose looking in at the window
And filling the dwelling with love."

Running on in this vein, he laughingly confessed to an early love poem—

"When first I saw the golden curls
Of William Barlow's youngest sister,
I loved her most of all the girls,
And madly for my wife I wished her.
And it was Christmas time, you know,
And she was kind, that youngest sister,
And so beneath the mistletoe
I offered her my hand and—"

The concluding rhyme supplies itself!

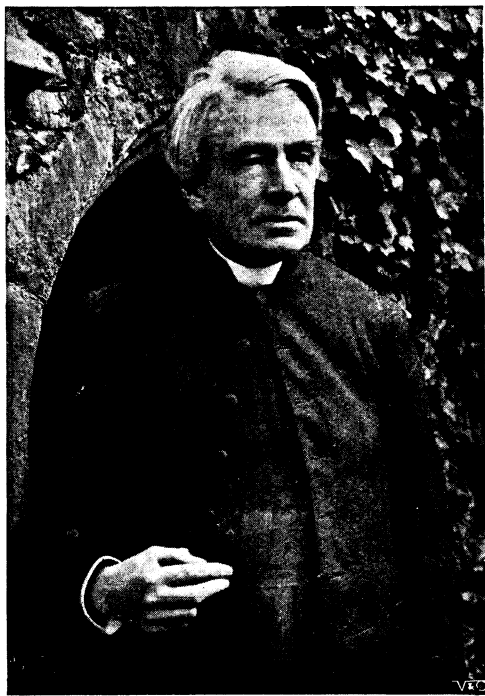


Photo by]

[A. H. Fry, Brighton.

*Yours
S. Reynolds Hole*

THE DEAN AND HIS AUTOGRAPH.

A brief remark was made about the war and his own son. The Dean's face beamed with the same pride and joy which he showed on that day when in London he helped to give a "Welcome to the C.I.V.," his wife on one side and his son's wife on the other, while in one buttonhole he wore a rose and in the other a C.I.V. leaf.

"You like flowers?" said the Dean, putting on a wideawake. "Then come with me," and he led the way amid hosts of daffodils and other spring flowers, which "were nodding their heads in a sprightly dance."

"How de do?" cawed the rooks overhead.

"An aristocratic neighbourhood," I remarked.

"Ah!" he replied, "you know the story of the rooks who packed up their trunks because the manor had been taken by Smiths; and then, peering down at the luggage, agreed to stay, as they saw that the Smyth was spelt with a 'y.'"

At length we reach the rose-garden proper and find it full of promises, to be richly fulfilled a little later in the summer, when every path is a wonder of delight for colour, scent, and form. "Yet," the Dean tells you, "my roses are not so good here as at Caunton. They exult there; they only exist here," there being many factories and chemical works in the neighbourhood.

The garden in every detail, from the weather-beaten, crumbling old wall, part of which dates from Roman times, to the dial, which is shaped like an anchor, fulfils every sentimental conception of what an old-world garden should be. "A garden," says the Dean, "is not a place in which you are observed by all the dwellers in the house, by the housemaids, footmen, and children, or visitors coming to call. A garden is a place of seclusion and rest, where children can play 'I spy' and 'hide-and-seek,' and in which lovers' vows are sweet in every



Photo by]

[Army and Navy Auxiliary C. S., Ltd.

MR. S. HUGH F. HOLE, LIEUT. SECRETARY TO THE MILITARY GOVERNOR, ORANGE RIVER COLONY, 1900.

whispered word. But whoever heard of a proposal—except on a terrace by moonlight!—in front of fifty windows of plate-glass, without a nook, an arbour, or a garden chair?"

In short, the Dean firmly believes in the superiority of the natural or English style of gardening to the artificial or Italian style; and he is no lover of bedding-out, except where a garden is impossible, or where movable feasts of colours relieve the monotony of public buildings and parks; and he has declared himself constrained to ask a gardener who grew such "fireworks of colour" as scarlet geraniums, yellow *calceolarias*, and blue lobelias by the acre, "to take me to the kitchen garden, that I might cool my organs of vision on the parsley."

At this juncture we stumbled upon "The Children's Garden." "Children in a garden," he said, "form a combination of the most charming things in the world. . . . Well, external results may not be very propitious just now," looking down; "for, so far, you see, all that has been produced by our little ones are a few oyster-shells, one or two pots and tins, and three or four bricks. However, I'm quite satisfied. At any rate, in a garden they are learning the rudiments of religion, to appreciate whatsoever things are lovely, and that success only comes through obedience to the immutable law of work."

I ventured to ask the Dean what he regarded as the ideal of a perfect gardener.

Quietly he replied that he would be one who combined the devout reverence of a Christian, the sentiments of a poet, and the accomplishments of an artist, with long experience of manual and mental work.

We then returned to the Deanery, which is built up against the eastern end of the Cathedral, the two together making an interesting picture as seen from the gardens. Passing through the house to enter the crypt by a private door, another "picturesque bit" meets the eye, just where fragments of an ancient chapter-house remain beneath the windows of the Deanery. The crypt, being partially above-ground, is unusually well lighted, and, thanks to the Dean, is exceedingly

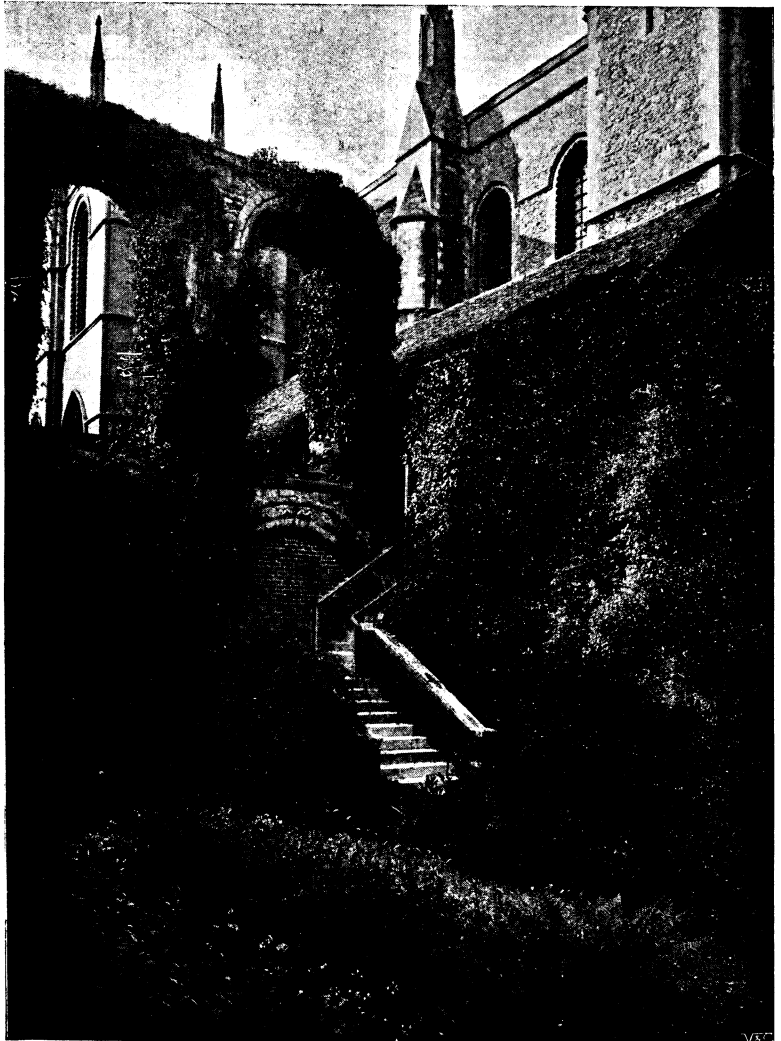


Photo by]

[Eastmead, Rochester.

THE DEAN'S ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL.



Photo by]

[Eastmead, Rochester.

LILIES IN THE DEANERY GARDEN.

useful. In 1895 the Dean went to the United States, from which so many admirers make their way to Rochester, hoping to raise sufficient money by a lecturing tour to carry out certain architectural restorations that had already been begun, and particularly to bring the tower into consonance with the original designs of the Cathedral. Other public matters, however, were then agitating the public mind, and it was only possible to bring back sufficient to construct several much-needed vestry and other rooms in the crypt. Mounting by the stairs used at every service by the Cathedral clergy, we found ourselves in the Cathedral, which, the Dean pointed out, has one of the oldest Norman naves in England. So many are the monuments and memorials to soldiers scattered

about on all hands—the inevitable result of the numerous garrisons in the neighbourhood—that it might fitly be called “The Soldiers’ Cathedral.” Sitting down in the south transept to rest awhile, the Dean directs one’s attention upwards to the clerestory, where are several handsome stained glass Masonic windows, a gift to himself which he deeply values. There is no mistaking the delight of the Dean as he repeats the inscription from memory. “In commemoration of the Grand Chaplaincy of the Very Reverend Samuel Reynolds Hole, of this Cathedral, for fifty-six years a Freemason, these windows, being pictures of famous builders under the Law and the Gospel, are dedicated to the glory of God and for the adornment of His

House by Edward, Bishop of Rochester, on St. Andrew’s Day, 1899.” This recalled another Masonic event. Three years previous to that the Dean received his brother Mason, the Rev. Warren C. Hubbard, of Rochester, U.S.A., who was the bearer of a handsome processional cross, a present to the Cathedral from some Freemasons who had made the acquaintance of Dean Hole when he visited America. Of course, the Mayor, Corporation, and members of six lodges who assisted were in full regalia.

Then the Dean pointed out a plain brass tablet to the memory of Charles Dickens, and forthwith recalled an interesting anecdote. He was showing Lieut.-Colonel Barington Foote round the Cathedral. His little son,

who was present, suddenly looked up and said—

"Papa, was D.I.C.K.E.N.S. beheaded here?"

"Beheaded! What do you mean?"

"Well, papa, it says this was placed here by his Ex-e-cu-tors!"

Dickens suggested a long train of memories to the venerable Dean, who forthwith again directed his gaiters towards the cheery drawing-room of the Deanery, with its wealth of treasures on walls and tables. One painting, by Mr. George Elgood, depicted the Deanery garden, with its anchor dial, in all the brilliancy of June. Close by was a glorious La France rose, from the brush of Madame Hess, one of the few artists who, in the opinion of the Dean, has been really successful in painting roses. Among the autograph books lying about was "The Jungle," from Rudyard Kipling, with this inscription, "To the President of the National Rose Show, from a forty-eight hours' old Member."

But the Dean has returned with his invaluable album, to turn over the pages of which is like turning over the sunlit pages

of its owner's life. From end to end it is filled with the photographs, signatures, autograph letters, and trifles of MS. of the many interesting people whose acquaintance he has made, or whose friendship he has enjoyed, in the course of his long life, and it must be remembered that his most active years have covered the period when flourished all the great men who made the conspicuous glory of the Victorian Era. Royalties, ecclesiastics, statesmen, soldiers, sailors, gardeners, authors, artists, cricketers, humorists—all have a place here; and it would be impossible to make even a bare reference to a twentieth part of its contents. As the pages were turned over at haphazard, the Dean made a few running comments upon a personage here and there, as he recalled "Memories," and yet "More Memories."

"Yes, I have known each successive editor of *Punch*, the first two particularly well." By the way, he is the only ecclesiastic who, as a contributor to *Punch*, has had the honour of a seat at its weekly dinners.

"Oh, this is only one of many humorous letters and sketches I have received from Thackeray. When we first met we stood



[Photo by]

[Eastmead, Rochester.]

A CORNER OF THE DEANERY ROSE-GARDEN.

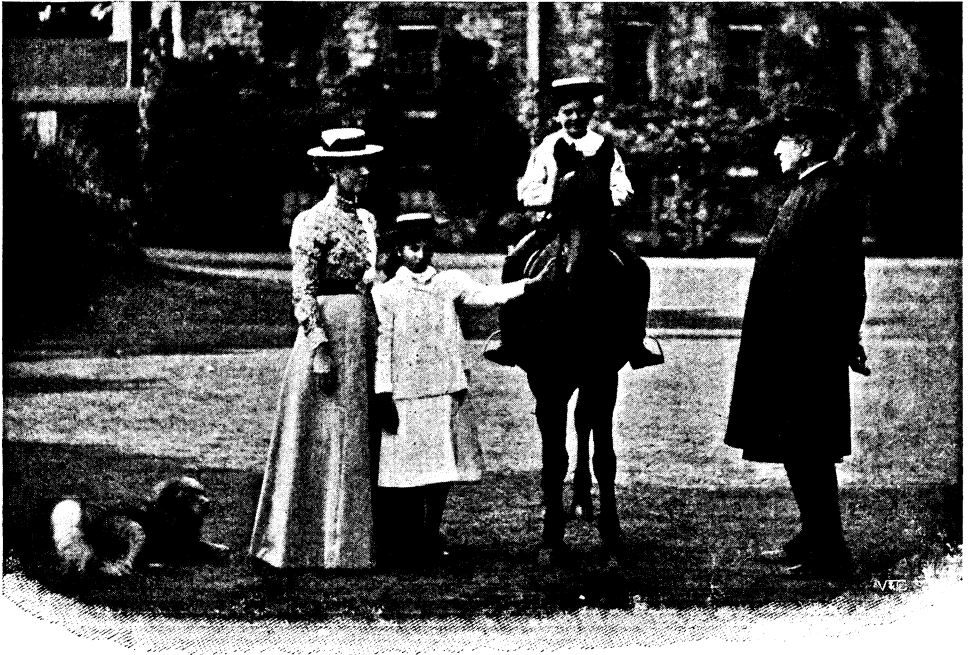


Photo by]

[Eastmead, Rochester.

THE DEAN, MRS. HOLE, AND THEIR TWO GRANDCHILDREN IN THE DEANERY GARDEN.

back to back, to see who was the taller; but everyone declared we were 'a dead heat.'"

Disraeli, Salisbury, and Gladstone have each a niche. Gladstone in one letter expressed himself as a great lover of the rose, "an English flower, and almost an English institution." Thus in flowerland they found a bond of unity. The Dean had no faith in his politics; but he was a great admirer of his life and character, and he first came into contact with him when as a Newark schoolboy he saw the future Premier, then little more than twenty, canvassing for Parliamentary honours.

From another page looks forth the handsome face of Bayard, the American Ambassador, and following Lord Charles Beresford, and Sir John Stainer, and Dr. Conan Doyle, comes a characteristic scrap of writing from the pen of Ruskin. "Yes, that is the best possible definition of stupid chattering without thinking. How far the heaviest can go who will only think! Always affectionately yours, John Ruskin."

A photograph of Sir John Millais reminded the Dean to tell me how he had once in banter told the artist that he could not paint a rose. "I paint that I see," said Sir John; "but," he added, "*you* know too much about roses."

Several pages of the album are filled with

letters and original drawings by John Leech, "the dearest friend" of the Dean's. Many more of his drawings find a place on the staircase just outside the door of the drawing-room, among them being included all those which illustrated "A Little Tour in Ireland," which they took together in 1858. The Dean, then a young man, supplied the letter-press for the book.

"It was through John Leech that I first became acquainted with Charles Dickens," says the Dean, reading over again the letter which he received from the novelist in reply to his request for any letters he had received from Leech, whose biography he contemplated writing. Dickens' answer was that he had destroyed most of his correspondence, lest after his death it should fall into unscrupulous hands.

"Little did I think when I met Dickens in his London residence," added the Dean, as I rose to go, "little did I think that I should conclude the little drama of my life in this town, so closely linked with his own personality, and with the scenes and characters of his books. It is but little more than a mile from here that he spent his childhood; and we are not two miles from Gadshill, where he died. Still less did I ever think it possible that I should be 'Dean of Cloisterham.'"

MR. ASHLEY'S FAILURE.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.*



A SOMEWHAT short, precise-looking young man stood on the steps of a mansion in Hyde Park Gardens, deliberately scraping his boots; for the weather was showery, and he had walked from the Foreign Office. Having concluded that operation, he turned to the opened door, and instantly perceived, from the disturbed expression of the usually most impassive of doorkeepers, that something was wrong.

"Is anything the matter, Burditt?" he asked condescendingly, as he stepped into the hall. "Mrs. Tregarron and Miss Alice are quite well, I hope?"

The man first carefully secured the door, then turned round and bowed.

"The ladies are quite well, my lord," he said gravely; "but we are all a good deal upset this afternoon. Mrs. Tregarron will see you at once in the morning-room, if your Lordship will be so good as to come this way," and he ushered the visitor down the hall into a small room on the left-hand side.

Curiosity was not one of Lord Maclenie's failings, neither was impatience; so he did not question the man further, merely desiring him to at once inform Mrs. Tregarron of his arrival.

In less than a minute his prospective mother-in-law—a tall, aristocratic-looking woman, wearing a widow's cap and looking about fifty years old—swept into the room.

"My dear Robert," she exclaimed, holding out her hand, "how good of you to come so soon! Of course you have had my note?"

His Lordship shook his head. "I have had no note from you to-day," he answered. "Alice is——"

"But I wrote you to Cadogan Place nearly two hours ago," interrupted Mrs. Tregarron.

"Which note I have not yet had the pleasure of receiving," he returned. "We

are busy at the Foreign Office, and I have not been home to lunch. Alice is——"

"Then you don't know anything about it?" broke in Mrs. Tregarron. "Dear me! I——"

"If you were to tell me——" he ventured to suggest.

Mrs. Tregarron became all impressiveness.

"You remember that diamond necklace you gave Alice yesterday morning?"

Of course he remembered it. Had he not spent nearly the whole of the previous afternoon at Filmoy and Morton's, undecided whether a less magnificent present would not be deemed a more suitable offering to a portionless *fiancée*? and had he not, after finally deciding upon its acquisition, then and there written out a cheque for fifteen hundred guineas, and left the shop with the little morocco case in his breast-pocket? Certainly he remembered that diamond necklace.

"Well, what about it?" he inquired almost impatiently. He was proud of his self-control, this rising young diplomatist, but Mrs. Tregarron's manner was irritating.

"It has been stolen," she said impressively, and then leaned back in her chair, waiting anxiously to see what effect her communication would have upon him.

It was instantaneous. Lord Maclenie was self-controlled, but parsimonious; and fifteen hundred guineas is a good deal of money.

"Stolen!" he exclaimed, starting from his seat. "Stolen!"

"Yes, stolen," repeated Mrs. Tregarron, gently pressing a little lace handkerchief to her eyes, and watching all the time with deep anxiety his disturbed expression. "Sit still, and I will tell you all about it. You have no idea how upset we have all been."

"Upset! I should think so!" exclaimed his Lordship vigorously. "Have you any idea what that necklace was worth, I wonder?"

Mrs. Tregarron knew quite well (her future son-in-law had taken care that she should not remain in ignorance), but she shook her head.

"Don't tell me, please," she pleaded. "I really cannot bear it just now. Let me tell you how it happened."

* Copyright, 1901, by Ward, Lock and Co., in the United States of America.

"Just what I want to get at," he exclaimed impatiently. "Do you suspect anyone?"

"At present, no one; but I think, when you hear the circumstances, you will agree with me that the theft must have been carried out by someone resident in the house; and, if so, they can have had no opportunity of disposing of it, for I have allowed no one to go out on any pretext whatever. I look upon it as somewhat a suspicious circumstance that Ann (Alice's maid) has twice asked for leave to absent herself this afternoon. Of course I refused it."

"Of course. But please tell me exactly how it happened," entreated Lord Maclenie.

Mrs. Tregarron cleared her throat and proceeded in her recital of the affair. Told in her own way and in her own words it took some time; but, briefly, the facts—very simple facts they were—appeared to be as follows:—

Directly after breakfast that morning, Alice (Mrs. Tregarron's only daughter and Lord Maclenie's betrothed) had left the room, and, a few minutes later, had summoned her mother into the apartment in which they now were to look at the diamonds by daylight. After admiring them for some time, Mrs. Tregarron was called away for her morning's interview with the cook, and about half an hour later Alice had come to her and announced her intention of visiting old Lady Somerville, her godmother. She did not return for luncheon—she very seldom did when she went to visit Lady Somerville—but got back early in the afternoon. She met her mother in the hall, and explained that she had hurried away immediately after lunch as it had suddenly occurred to her

during that meal that she had left her necklace on the mantelpiece of the morning-room. Mrs. Tregarron and her daughter then entered the morning-room together and found that the necklace had disappeared. They searched everywhere, high and low, and then questioned the servants, who one and all denied having even entered that particular room during the whole morning.

"You can imagine what a state Alice and I were in then," concluded Mrs. Tregarron. "Poor girl! it made her quite ill, and she has gone to lie down for a while. Of course, I forbade any of the servants to leave the house, and sent round to you, and



"'Stolen!' he exclaimed, starting from his seat. 'Stolen!'"

also a note to Scotland Yard. Did I do right?"

"I don't see that anything else could have been done," replied Lord Maclenie thoughtfully. "It seems a strange affair altogether. Could the room be entered from outside, I wonder?" and he crossed the room and looked out.

"Easily; but the window does not appear to have been tampered with, and you must remember it was in the middle of the day. Anyone getting through the window would certainly have been seen."

Once more the interior of the room was carefully examined. Nothing was to be discovered. All was in order. Neither could the sagacious officer from Scotland Yard, who arrived a quarter of an hour later, find anything at all suspicious in the entrance to or general appearance of the room. The servants one by one were had in and examined, and the trunks of all of them, from the newly installed scullery-maid to the grey-haired butler, thoroughly ransacked, but nothing affording the faintest shadow of a clue was discovered.

"Would you like to see my daughter herself?" inquired Mrs. Tregarron of the astute-looking detective, who stood sucking his pencil and looking thoroughly bewildered.

"Quite unnecessary," he declared. "I should be sorry to have her disturbed. There is really nothing to ask her beyond what you have told me. It's not a pleasant thing to say, ma'am," he continued, "but the thief must be one of your servants. I should like the name and address of each of them, and also, if you can oblige me with it, particulars of their last place; and I must ask you to let me know at once if one of them leaves your service or gives notice."

"I suppose a reward had better be offered?" remarked Lord Maclenie.

The officer assented.

"Decidedly it would be better that there should be a reward."

"Then you can make it £250."

"Very good, your Lordship." And, after making a few more notes, the detective departed, with the usual promise that, should he discover a clue, etc.

A fortnight elapsed and nothing was heard from him. At the end of that time Lord Maclenie had a conversation at the club with an acquaintance concerning the mysterious robbery.

"In the hands of Scotland Yard, is it?" remarked the latter. "Well, I don't want to revile any of our institutions, but I really

do think that, so far as our established detective force is concerned, we are a long way behind the other countries of Europe. Scotland Yard very seldom discovers anything more than clues nowadays. Now, look here, Maclenie," he continued in a lower tone, "I could introduce you to a man—he's not regularly in the profession, but he'd do anything for me—who would find out all about this little affair for you, if anyone could. He's a regular sharp fellow, is Ashley; and only say the word, and I'll tell him to call and see you."

Lord Maclenie shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't believe in amateur detectives much," he remarked disparagingly. "I'm afraid if Scotland Yard can't make anything of it, that it would be waste of time and money trying anyone else. Of course, if he likes to take it up on the chance of the reward—I've offered £250 reward, you know—well, then I don't mind helping him with any information. If he likes to come down to Hyde Park Gardens to-night, I shall be there."

"Well, I'll tell him," replied his friend. "Detective business of any sort is his hobby, and I dare say he'll come."

The surmise was a correct one. About nine o'clock on the same evening a respectable-looking, middle-aged man, who gave his name as Mr. Ashley, called at Mrs. Tregarron's house in Hyde Park Gardens and asked for Lord Maclenie, who was spending the evening with his betrothed. His Lordship immediately explained the circumstance to Mrs. Tregarron, and begged leave to have the man shown in.

"You really must excuse me, then," pleaded Miss Tregarron, rising from her chair with a languid gesture and a slight frown of annoyance. "I'm perfectly sick of the whole matter, and shall go to my room until the man's gone."

"As you please," and Lord Maclenie rose and opened the door.

"Ask Mr. Ashley to step this way," he said to the servant, who had remained in the room. And, accordingly, Mr. Ashley was shown in.

The simple story of the theft was repeated to him in a few words. He listened attentively and grew thoughtful.

"I should rather like to see Miss Tregarron," he remarked, after a long pause, "if not inconvenient."

Mrs. Tregarron looked rather doubtful.

"Is it necessary?" she inquired, with her hand on the bell.



"'As you please,' and Lord Maclenie rose and opened the door."

Mr. Ashley bowed in a deprecating manner.

"If she is engaged, pray don't disturb her," he said suavely. "Any time will do; but I should like to see her."

Mrs. Tregarron rang the bell, and, through the servant, conveyed Mr. Ashley's request to her daughter. In a minute or two he returned. Miss Tregarron was suffering from headache and had retired. She was sorry that she could not see Mr. Ashley.

The detective did not seem in the least disappointed; in fact, his eyes brightened as he received this message.

"It is of no consequence," he declared. "No doubt I have all the information available. I should like just a word with the coachman, though. May I step downstairs and speak to him?"

Mrs. Tregarron would have had him summoned, but the detective seemed bent on descending to the lower quarters, and, accordingly, he was ushered into the servants' hall, and the coachman brought to him; but when he arrived, Mr. Ashley seemed to have lost interest in him, and merely asked him carelessly a desultory question or two.

"Miss Tregarron kept you a good time waiting at Lady Somerville's?" he remarked.

"We didn't wait for her, sir; we had orders to come back and fetch her again in an hour and a half's time, which we did."

The detective seemed mildly surprised.

"I should have thought," he said reflectively, "that it would have been scarcely worth while for you to have come back again. It must have taken you all your time."

"It did that, sir, and no mistake," assented the coachman; "but young ladies never think of the 'osses. Anyways, they were her orders, and, of course, I was bound to obey them."

"Just so; and then she kept you a good time waiting, I expect, when you got back?"

"Not so very long, sir—not more than a quarter of an hour."

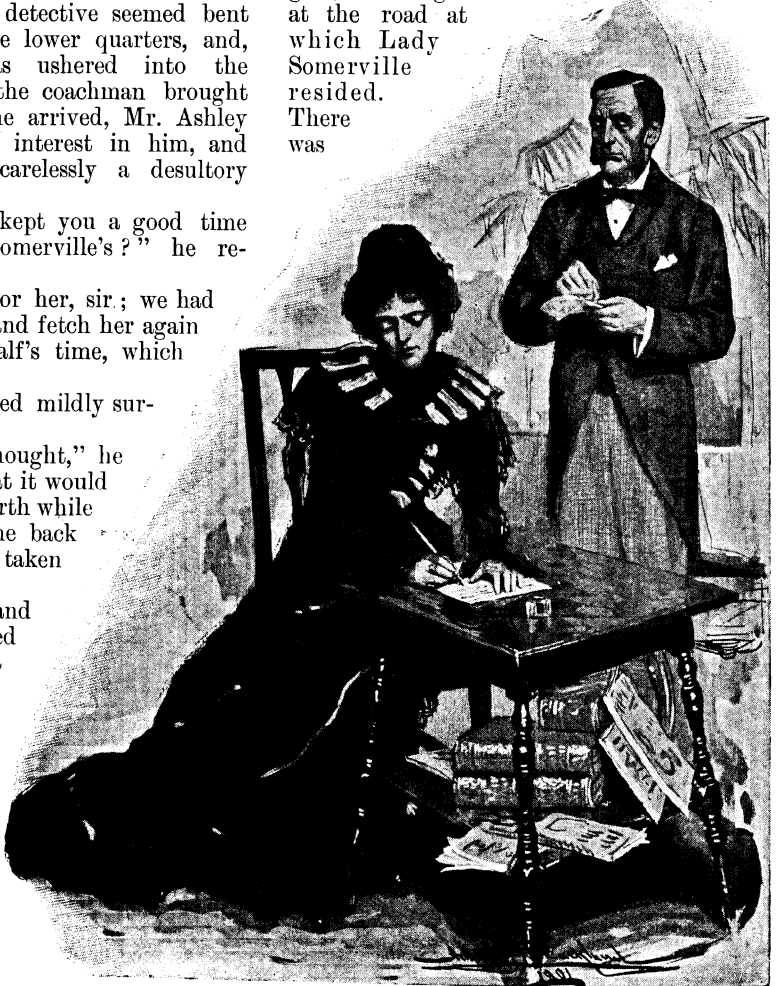
"Ah! well, good evening," said Mr. Ashley, turning away. "I am much obliged to you. Sorry to have disturbed you, though. I ought to have remembered that you were away during the time that the jewels were stolen."

"Seems a very mysterious affair, madam," he admitted, on his return to the upper regions. "If anything occurs to me, however, I will, of course, let you know. Good-night, ma'am; good-night, my lord," and Mr. Ashley bowed himself out of the room.

"Clear as daylight," he murmured to himself, as he walked slowly homewards; "but a nasty job to tackle."

Nevertheless, the quiet smile on his lips did not denote any great distaste in his task.

Early on the following morning he took the 'bus up to Highgate, and alighted at the road at which Lady Somerville resided. There was



"She signed with a firm hand the slip of paper which lay before her."

a cab-stand near, and he entered the shelter and made a few inquiries, the result of which appeared to be perfectly satisfactory. Then he took down a name and address, after which a certain coin of the realm found its way into the dirty but eager palm of one of the Jehus.

He seemed to be getting on. He set off, after leaving the shelter, for a very different part of the town, and entered a low, dirty-looking little shop, from behind the counter of which a somewhat dirty-looking Jew bowed to him obsequiously.

"A few words with you, Jacob," said the detective shortly; and, in obedience to a gesture, he followed the man into a little back room.

The few words lasted fully an hour, at the end of which time Mr. Ashley emerged from the shop with a confident smile upon his lips.

His morning's work was not yet finished, though. He made some more calls; but chiefly now upon his most distinguished patrons, including Lord Maclenie's friend, who had recommended him. As a rule, Society doings possessed no manner of interest for him, but to-day he was incessantly asking questions about different people, and at the end of the morning his satisfied smile had not decreased.

The next day he called again at Hyde Park Gardens. Mrs. Tregarron was out; but the announcement of her absence did not appear to be an overwhelming shock to him. In fact, he had just watched her drive away. He would see Miss Tregarron.

The servant to whom he conveyed his request was not at all sanguine as to the young lady's willingness to see him, but he was shown into the morning-room, and his message taken. In a very few minutes a tall, handsome girl swept into the room and confronted him. The detective rose and bowed.

"You wish to speak to me, Mr.—Mr. Ashley, I believe?" she said, slightly acknowledging his salutation. "Be as quick as you can, please, as I'm particularly engaged."

"I will not detain you a moment longer than is necessary, Miss Tregarron," he said quietly. "Permit me to offer you a chair."

She sat down and fixed her dark eyes upon him, full of impatient inquiry. Mr. Ashley hesitated. He had a delicate task before him, and he knew nothing of this young lady's disposition.

"Will you permit me," he said slowly, "to

tell you a short story which has come under my notice lately? It will not detain you long, and you will, perhaps, find it interesting."

She arched her magnificent eyebrows, as if somewhat surprised at his presumption, but motioned him to proceed.

"We detectives come across some strange incidents sometimes," he began, "and unravel some curious tangles. Listen to this story, for instance, none the less interesting, perhaps, since it is strictly true. There was a young lady and young gentleman who fell in love with one another. Both were poor, both were in Society, and the young lady was everywhere expected to make a brilliant match, for she was beautiful and her mother ambitious. This young gentleman with whom she had unfortunately fallen in love, although of excellent family, was not only poor, but was also hopelessly in debt; and so, seeing the utter impossibility of ever being married to the man she loved, the young lady yields to her mother's solicitations and becomes engaged to a rich young nobleman.

"She had resolved to see no more of her unhappy lover, nor does she; but she hears of him often, for it happens that her maid and his manservant are brother and sister. She hears of his despair at the news of her engagement, of the terrible worry of his debts, and of his unsuccessful attempts to raise a certain sum of money to enable him to leave the country and start life afresh. Her pity for him is great, and she resolves anonymously to help him. At first, however, she is powerless, for she, too, is of a poor family, and the sum is an impossibility to her. Whilst she is striving hard to think of some means whereby to raise the money, her betrothed, a very rich but somewhat stingy young nobleman, makes her his first present—a diamond necklace of great value. An idea occurs to her. She cares nothing for the stones, and they are her own. Can she not secretly realise them, and thus obtain the money for her desperate lover? She resolves to do so, and lays her plans with considerable shrewdness. The necklace is believed by everyone to have been stolen; her lover receives the money in such a fashion that he imagines it to come from someone else from whom he has no hesitation in accepting it, and joyfully carries out his plans. Only two persons know the true facts of the case—the young lady and myself."

"A very romantic story, Mr. Ashley," said the young lady quietly, with her eyes

fixed upon the carpet. "I should like to know the end."

The detective smiled and cleared his throat.

"Well, the fact of—er—the second party becoming acquainted with this little story was most annoying to the young lady, as, of course, his disclosure of it would mean the breaking off of her marriage and social ruin. Fortunately, however, this second party was quite amenable to reason, and had not the slightest wish to ruin the young lady's prospects. He suggested to her, therefore, that she should promise him (on paper) to pay him twice the amount of the reward after her marriage and give him a small sum down to cover expenses. She, being a sensible girl, at once agreed to this."

Miss Tregarron rose and moved towards the door.

"You will excuse me for a moment?"

"Certainly," and during her brief absence Mr. Ashley occupied himself in drawing up a little document.

She was not long gone, and re-entered the room with a roll of notes in her hand.

"To continue your story, Mr. Ashley,"

she said, with a levity in her tones which scarcely harmonised with her pallor-stricken face, "the young lady handed over fifty pounds in notes—all she could spare before her marriage, for she was, as you observed, very poor—and signed the document which the second party had prepared for her," and, sitting down at the little table, she signed with a firm hand the slip of paper which lay before her. "That ends the story, I think, Mr. Ashley," she added, rising.

"That ends the story, Miss Tregarron," the detective replied. "I wish you a very good-morning," and he bowed himself out of the room.

"Your detective didn't turn up trumps, after all," remarked Lord Maclenie to his friend in the smoking-room of the club, about a fortnight after his return from his honeymoon. "A regular duffer, I thought him."

"I can't make it out," replied his friend thoughtfully. "Ashley doesn't often fail."

Perhaps Mr. Ashley, after all, does not reckon this little affair as amongst his failures.



THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.



A DEFINITION.

BILL: I say, Jim, what are these 'ere "syndicates" ?

JIM: Well, I'll explain to yer. You, and Joe, and a dozen more of our mates clubs together and buys a bottle of whisky. Then I calls myself the managing director, and I drinks it. D'ye see?

BILL: But where do we come in?

JIM: Why, you're the shareholders. You watches me drink.

RETURNING from a fishing expedition, the general manager of one of the largest railways in England, dressed in tweed suit, with rods, net, etc., alighted *incog.* at a small country junction station. The porter was very attentive, removing his traps and taking care of them until the departure of the branch train, inasmuch that the G.M. handed him a tip, which was accepted with gratitude. After a little, accosting the porter, he inquired, "Do you know who I am?"

"Indeed I do not, sir," replied the porter.

"Well, I'm the general manager of this railway, and I suppose you know there's an order in your rule book against taking tips from passengers."

"Begging your pardon, sir, it says we are not to take gratuities from the public, but there's nothing against our taking one from a fellow-servant."

That porter was set down for promotion.

CALLER: How late it is! I must be going.

MRS. SUBURB: Oh, don't pay any attention to that clock. It's the one my husband catches his train by, so I keep it an hour fast.

"So she has gone home to her mother, has she? What a terribly sad thing it is to think of a trusting, fond woman awakening to the fact that her ideals have been shattered, that she loves him no more, that her idol has feet of cl. y, that——"

"Oh, she loves him as well as ever, but she went back because she was hungry."

"DOESN'T it hurt your conscience to wear that aigrette in your hat?"

"It does a little, because it is not genuine. It is only a clever imitation."

PASSENGER: What time does the next train leave for Limerick?

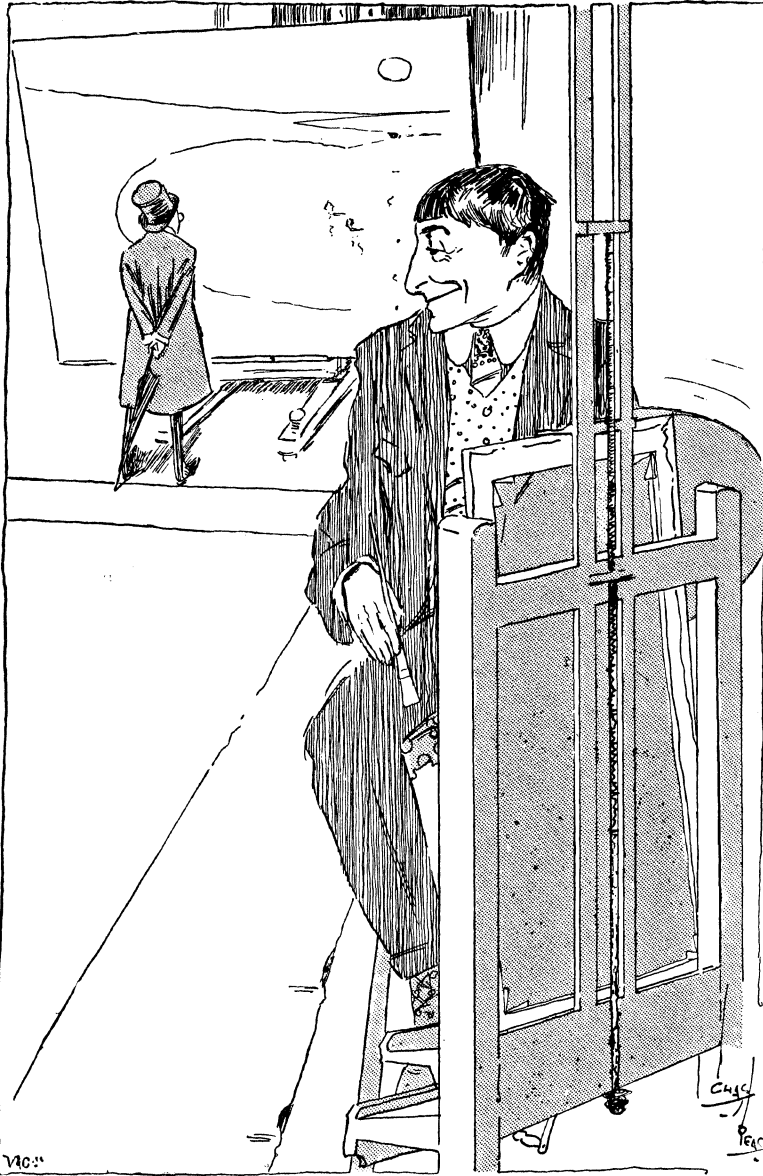
STATIONMASTER: 6.15, sir.

PASSENGER: Has it gone yet?

At the Assizes, a man was found guilty of murdering another, at Tipperary, by striking him over the head with a blackthorn. The judge asked him the usual question, if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. "Well, my lord," answered the prisoner at the bar, "all I can say is, a man with such a thin skull as that had no business at Tipperary Fair."

PROUD FATHER: The phrenologist said he had a head that you would very rarely find on another boy of his years.

UNINTERESTED FRIEND: I can quite believe it. In fact, I may say that I *never* saw that head on any other boy.



AT CROSS PURPOSES.

ARTIST: Now give me your candid opinion of that picture.

CRITIC: It's quite worthless.

ARTIST: Oh, of course, I don't really care a fig for it, but all the same I thought I'd just like to hear it.

MRS. BROWN: And how is your new cook getting on?

MRS. SMITH: I haven't any idea; she didn't leave her address.



A MAN never regrets the loss of his good name more than when it is engraved on the handle of his new silk umbrella.

"JANE, I consider it is scarcely the thing for you to entertain company in the kitchen as you do."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am, but I couldn't think of depriving you of the drawing-room."



THE most intellectual woman in the world can be squelched in three seconds by a dressmaker.

It was a mean trick, of course, and some day she will doubtless get even with him. She saw him take a piece of paper from his pocket, carefully fold it up, put it in an envelope, and then place the envelope in one of the far corners of the drawer of the library table.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing of any importance," he replied.

Now, if he had simply thrown it carelessly into the drawer she would have thought nothing of it, but the care he took to put it over in the far corner, and the fact that he seemed ill at ease after he found that his action had been observed, aroused her curiosity. She wondered what it was, and she reasoned with herself that he had said it was "nothing of importance," so he would have nobody but himself to blame if she took a look at it. And this is what she read, scribbled on a piece of paper—

"I'll bet you a new hat your curiosity will not permit you to let this alone."

It was a terrible predicament in which to place a woman. How could she claim the new hat without giving herself away?





IN THE LAND OF BURNS.

TOURIST: You see, if one speaks pleasantly to these natives, it's wonderful how much valuable information one can get out of them. (*Addressing small boy*) What "Water" is this, my callant?

THE CALLANT: It's the water what comes doon the burn.

THE following old play-bill, which has recently been unearthed, would appear to settle incidentally the disputed authorship of *Hamlet*.

KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.

The last night, because the Company go to-morrow to Waterford.

On Saturday, May 14th, 1793, will be performed by command of several respectable people in this learned Matrapolish, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes of Limerick, and insarted in Shakespere's works.

Hamlet, by Mr. Kearns (being his first appearance in that character), who between the acts will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time.

Ophelia, by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character, particularly "The Lass of Richmond Hill" and "We'll All Be

Unhappy Together" from the reverend Mr. Dibbins' Oddities.

The parts of the King and Queen, by directions of the Rev. Father O'Callaghan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage.

Polonius, the Comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The Ghost, the Gravedigger, and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

To which will be added an Interlude, in which will be introduced several slight-of-hand tricks, by the celebrated surveyor, Hunt.

The whole to conclude with the farce of

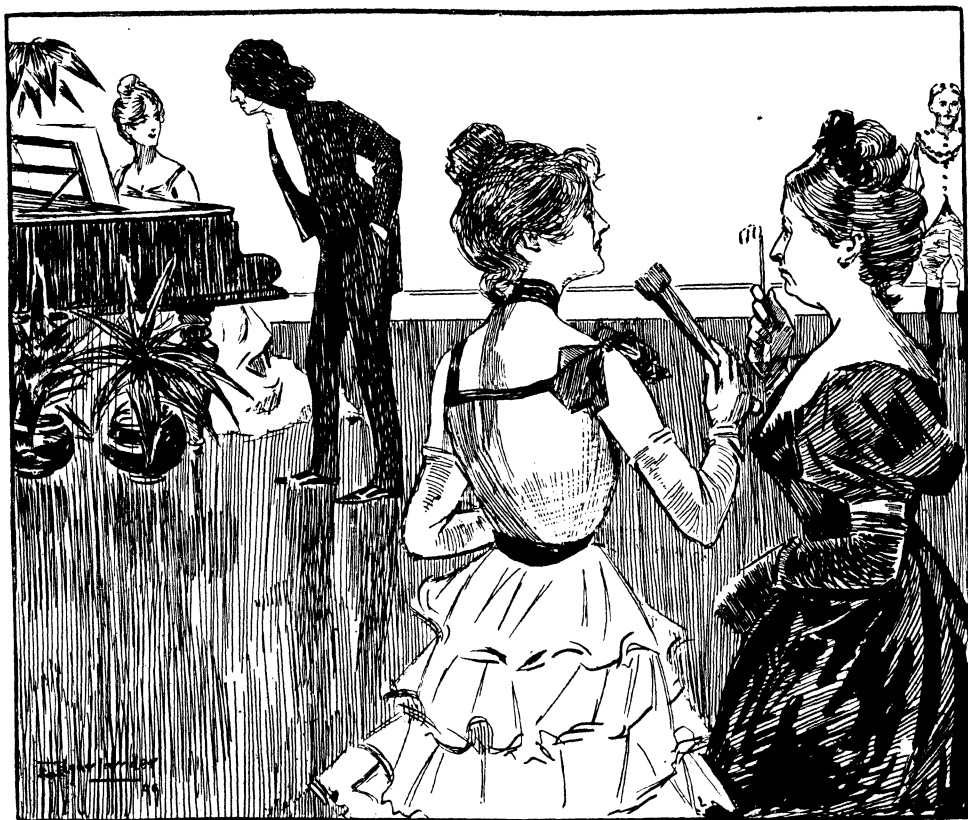
MAHOMET THE IMPOSTER.

Mahomet, by Mr. Kearns.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns at the sign of the Goat's Beard, in Castle Street.

**** The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken (if required) in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, etc., as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public.

**** No person whatsoever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.



MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST: I adore Rossini, don't you? You know his "Barber," of course?
MINOR POET: Can't say I do. Never let anyone shave me but my own, you know.



A STOLEN MOMENT.
By H. J. WALKER.

ROYAL VESSELS OF STATE AND PLEASURE.

By ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

Photographs by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.



UNDOUBTEDLY the monarch who is the head of the most powerful navy in the world should have at his disposal a flotilla of vessels for state and pleasure

in keeping with his dignity as Sovereign of a great oversea Empire; but hitherto the royal yachts of England, though graceful in appearance, have compared unfavourably with the craft of other rulers. Long usage

and many tender associations made Queen Victoria reluctant to abandon her favourite old paddle ships; but after many rumours had anticipated the news, the First Lord of the Admiralty announced four years ago that it had been decided to build a new yacht embodying all the latest improvements and fitted to carry the Sovereign on long voyages as none of the existing vessels can do, since they are all driven by paddle-wheels, offer but scant accommodation, and carry insufficient coal.

Since the construction of this craft was undertaken, she has become more famous than was desired, but it is unnecessary to refer at length to her top-heaviness, since the defect has now been remedied. It is now confidently anticipated that she will soon be ready for the service of the King, and there is every reason to place reliance in the assurance of the Earl of Selborne, the First Lord of the Admiralty,

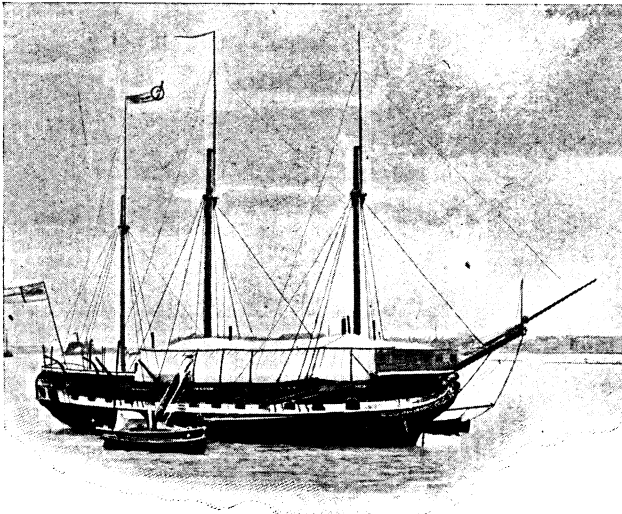
that she will have "ample stability," while it is also gratifying to know that her behaviour during her trials, when experiencing a very strong breeze and considerable sea, was very satisfactory.

It was a woman ruler who first conceived the idea of having special vessels reserved for the use of herself and her courtiers. Over three hundred years ago Queen Elizabeth had a royal yacht built at Cowes and set a fashion which has been imitated by

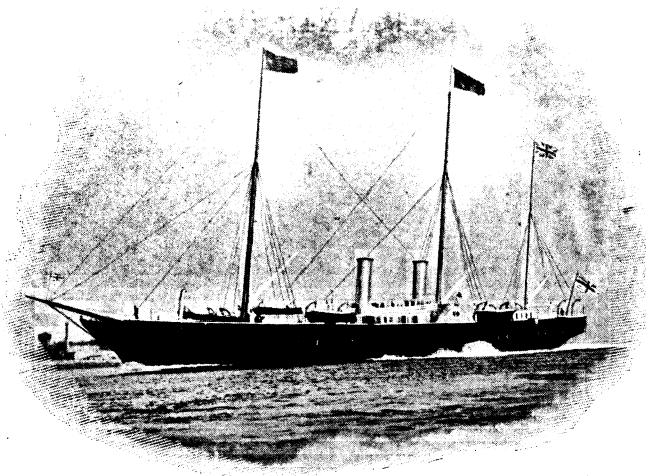
the chief sovereigns of Europe. Succeeding British sovereigns have always honoured the example of Queen Bess, but none made such good use of the royal vessels as our late Queen, and none took a keener delight in the sea.

In the early years of Queen Victoria's reign Great Britain was not laced and interlaced by

railways, and the yacht *Royal George* was often the most expeditions as well as the most pleasant means of travelling. After her marriage Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were continually afloat, and made tours along the coast, the pleasant memories of which are preserved in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," which, by the way, does not deal exclusively with the Highlands. The Queen's first yacht, the *Royal George*, which came to her from William IV., was a picturesque old wooden wall, propelled by sails, of course. She had already seen her best days when the Queen ascended the throne, and had to be com-



THE OLD ROYAL YACHT, "ROYAL GEORGE."



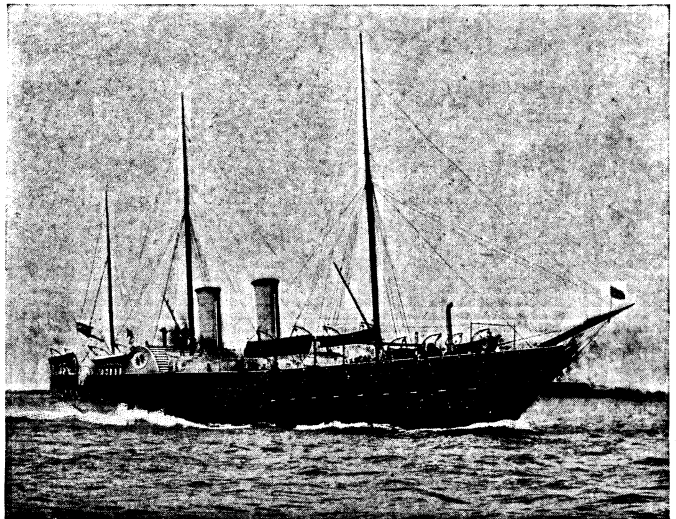
THE ROYAL YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

pletely overhauled and undergo several alterations before the Queen's tastes were gratified. To take one point only, all the doors of the state cabin—which was large, superbly and gorgeously fitted and furnished—were panelled with mirrors. The young Queen had no liking for such incessant reflection of every movement in the ship's chief apartment. Consequently, before she and the Prince Consort left on their first cruise to Scotland, all these mirrors were covered over. A new system of ventilation was carried out—for the Queen always believed in an abundance of fresh air—and in other ways the royal vessel was rendered more comfortable and homelike, if such a phrase may be used in connection with a pleasure yacht.

One incident in connection with the late Queen's cruises while her yacht was commanded by Captain Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, William IV.'s second natural son, may be recalled as indicating the keenness with which the Queen interested herself in the life of the ship. Two ladies of the royal party—Lady Canning and Miss Liddell—settled themselves in a sheltered place on deck, protected by the paddle-box, and had been seated there some time when the Queen came on deck and remarked

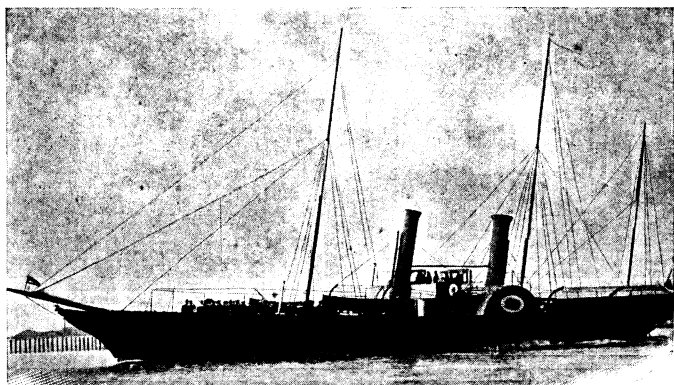
what a comfortable place they had chosen. Her Majesty sent for her camp-stool and settled herself beside them. All three were composedly working away at some plaited bonnets when they observed a commotion among the sailors. The men had gathered in little knots and were talking together in a mysterious manner. Presently an officer came up to the distinguished party, looking rather puzzled; but his courage seemed to forsake him and he went away again. Then another approached with the same puzzled look, but he also appeared to lose heart and also walked away. At last the captain drew near,

whereupon the Queen inquired what was the matter, adding, with a smile, that she hoped there was not going to be a mutiny on board. Lord Adolphus laughed, but remarked that he really did not know what would happen unless Her Majesty would be graciously pleased to move her seat. "Move my seat?" said the Queen. "Why should I? What possible harm can I be doing here?" "Well, ma'am," said Lord Adolphus, "the fact is, your Majesty is unwittingly closing up the door of the place where the grog-tubs are kept, and so the men cannot have their grog!" "Oh, very well," said the Queen, "I will move on one condition—that you bring me a glass

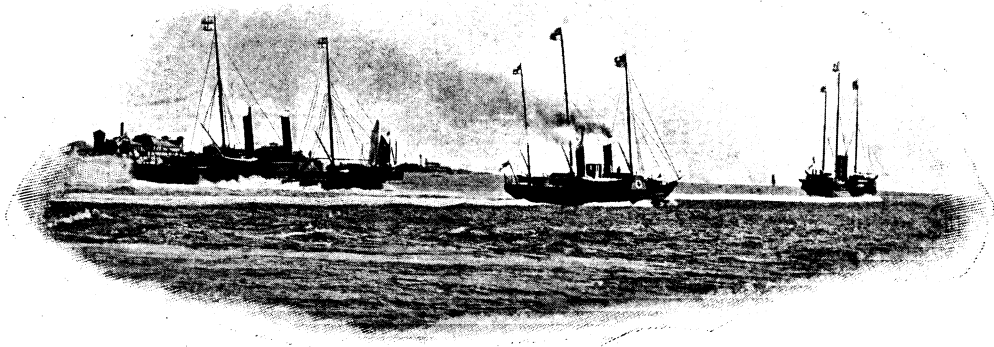


THE "OSBORNE."

of grog." This was accordingly done, and after tasting it the Queen said, "I am afraid I can only make the same remark I did once before, that I think it would be very good if it were stronger!" There are two things which a bluejacket who is not an abstainer or non-smoker—and there are many of each class in the Navy—will not forego for anyone or anything—his daily "tot" of rum and his fifteen minutes' "stand easy" at about nine o'clock in the morning, when he smokes his first pipe for the day.



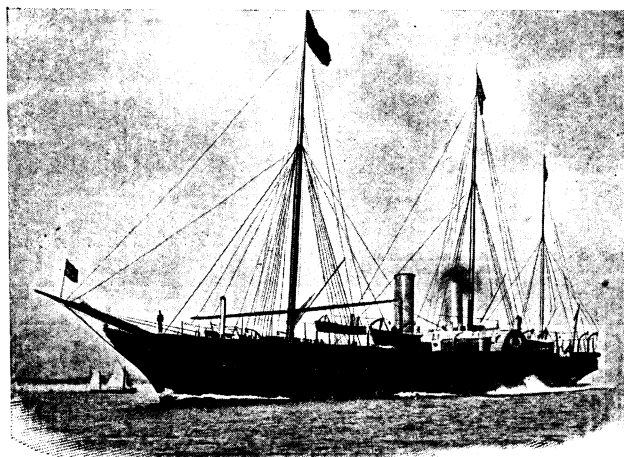
THE "ALBERTA."



TRINITY YACHT, "GALATEA."

"ALBERTA."

"VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

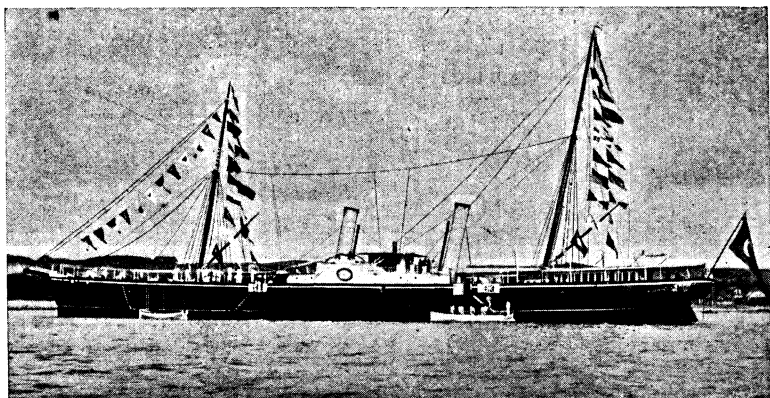


THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AGAIN.

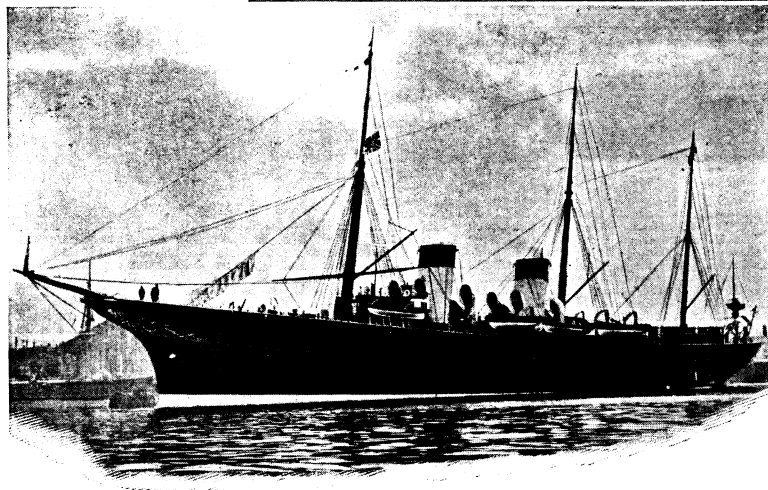
Soon after his marriage the Prince Consort saw that the future lay with steam-propelled vessels, and as the *Royal George* was a ship of only three hundred and forty tons burden, and her consorts were old and burdened with guns, it was decided to build a new paddle-wheel royal yacht of 1,442 tons displacement, to which the Queen and her husband gave their names. There was already in existence a small yacht propelled by steam—the *Fairy*. It towed the *Royal George* to Scotland on the occasion of the Queen's first visit. Bad weather was experienced, and the trip occupied no less than three days and much distressed

the Queen. This was the climax as far as sailing yachts were concerned. A steam yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, was accordingly built. For several years this vessel, the first *Victoria and Albert*, took the royal couple afloat on occasions of state as well as of pleasure. In 1853 another royal vessel was deemed necessary, and the Admiralty were directed to get out designs, and these were revised and altered by Mr. Oliver Lang, a ship constructor of some renown. The new ship was laid down at Pembroke Dockyard in 1854, and was known as the *Windsor Castle*, a name subsequently exchanged for *Victoria and Albert*. This is the vessel which for forty-six years was Her Majesty's favourite yacht. It was built, decorated, and furnished

vessel are safety and comfort, rather than speed, and the *Victoria and Albert* has had a career sullied by few untoward events. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that Her Majesty was content with a vessel that had so many hallowed memories for her and which had had such a charmed career. There are several other royal yachts at Portsmouth besides the *Victoria and Albert* and the *Royal George*—now merely a hulk, which is used by the officers and men of the former



THE SULTAN'S YACHT,
"FUAD."



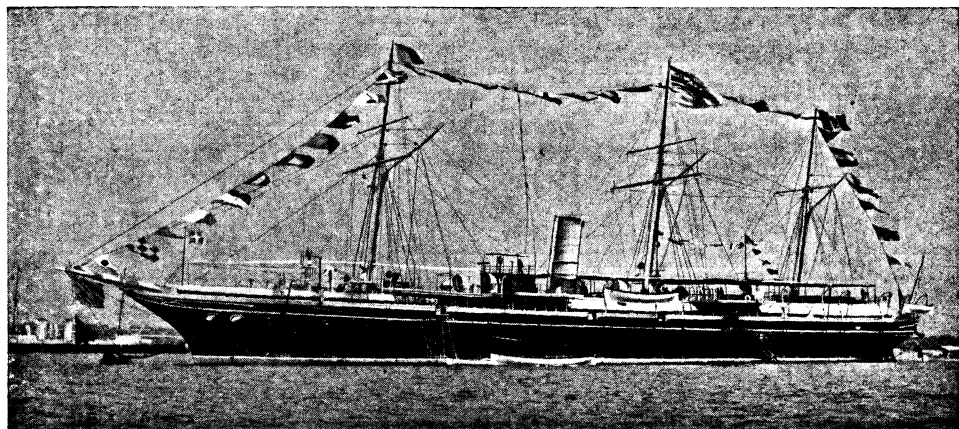
THE RUSSIAN "STANDART."

under the direction of the Prince Consort (whose piano is still in the music-room), and for many years was commanded by the Queen's first "skipper," Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence—so it is easy to understand the Queen's preference for it. It is a wooden vessel of 2,470 tons, with engines capable of indicating 2,980 horse-power, and of driving the paddle-wheels quite as fast as they are usually required to go—about 15 or 16 knots an hour. The first requisites in a royal

ship, but nevertheless is quite sound even after half a century of idleness and a career of ninety years. The *Osborne* was built in 1871, the *Alberta* in 1863, both at Pembroke, and the little *Elfin*, of 93 tons, at Chatham in 1848. They are all paddle-wheel vessels of wood, and the less said about their speed the better; they are not grey-

hounds. The Queen always had a preference for paddle-wheel boats, with a broad beam to prevent rolling and to render them roomy and safe, if slow, while giving passengers who are bad sailors a comparative immunity from sea-sickness.

The King's new yacht is a modern ship in every respect. She has been built on warlike lines, though intended solely for state ceremonies and less exacting and pleasurable occasions. "The liner, she's a



THE ITALIAN "SAVOIA."

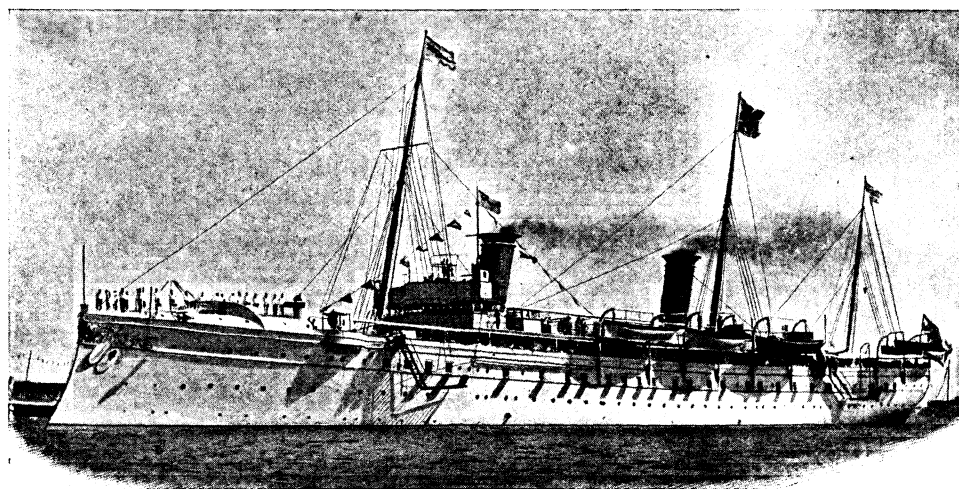
laidy," and the new yacht has a ladylike appearance; she has pretty "lines," in other words. She approximates most nearly—though larger—to the second-class cruisers of the *Cambrian* class, being a steel vessel wood sheathed and coppered. The following comparative figures will be of interest to enable the two royal yachts and the *Cambrian* to be compared, the comparisons being greatly to the advantage of the new yacht:—

	New Yacht.	<i>Cambrian</i> .	<i>Victoria and Albert</i> .
Displacement in tons ...	4,700	4,360	2,470
Length (feet).....	380	320	300
Breadth (feet)	50	49.6	40-3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Mean Draught (feet) ...	18	19	16-3 in.
Indicated Horse-power....	11,000	7,000	2,980
Speed in knots	20	18	16- $\frac{1}{2}$

These figures tell their own story. The royal yacht has a greater displacement than

the *Cambrian*, is far longer, has only six inches more beam, a foot less draught, and the engines will give 4,000 more indicated horse-power. She has all the qualities for speed—great length, moderate beam, powerful engines and twin screws, instead of paddle-wheels—but she will probably not be such a pleasant, go-as-you-please, steady, and eminently comfortable ship as the *Victoria and Albert*. Before she was laid down at Pembroke, it was urged that she should be armed so as to be of service in an emergency as a war cruiser; it was decided otherwise. She will have something of the appearance of a cruiser, but will be innocent of guns—except a small battery to fire salutes—and will undoubtedly be a most handsome craft.

Viewed externally, the eye is attracted by



THE GERMAN ROYAL YACHT, "HOHENZOLLERN."

two parallel cables, five feet apart, along the hull—not ordinary cables, but mahogany carved so as to represent fifteen-inch cable-laid rope, and tastefully gilded. In the ship there are not wanting many reminders that the vessel is royal from truck to masthead. The figurehead is a shield bearing the Royal Arms, surmounted by a crown three feet in diameter; and a large floral scroll, combining the national emblems, the rose, shamrock and thistle, extends some distance each side. In the centre of the stern there is another shield decorated with the Royal Arms and having above it a star in a medallion with the motto of the Order of the Star of India, "Heaven's Light Our Guide," round its margin. It is an interesting coincidence that one of the principal carvers who worked for the first *Victoria and Albert* has been engaged in embellishing the new vessel—half a century later.

Internally the ship has been most tastefully fitted and decorated, all the designs having been submitted to the King. Queen Victoria indicated from the outset her wish that the new yacht internally should resemble in appearance the *Victoria and Albert*, but since his accession King Edward has considerably altered the plans, his desire being that all the royal apartments shall be larger and more suitable for a craft in which he will entertain during Cowes Week, and on other occasions, than would have been the case if the original intentions had been carried out. Swift as she undoubtedly will be, the new *Victoria and Albert* will be a far safer ship than the old yacht of the same name, which in some respects she resembles in appearance. Not only has she been fitted with a cellular double bottom extending from bilge to bilge, but she is divided into numerous watertight compartments to render her practically unsinkable. Further protection and immunity from fouling is provided by the wood-sheathing all over the steel hull, an innovation—for men-of-war are only partially sheathed—that should conduce to an even temperature in hot and cold latitudes.

Being considerably larger than any of the existing yachts, it is not surprising to learn that the accommodation on board the new craft will greatly exceed that of the present paddle-steamer *Victoria and Albert*, or "*V. and A.*," as she is known to sailors. Even after providing for an increased displacement, it was found necessary to add one more deck than in the present royal yacht, owing to the great space devoted to the boilers and machinery and the capacious coal-bunkers.

The vessel has been built with a high free-board, so that a good outlook may be obtainable from her highest deck, which is 19 feet above the water. Between this deck and the "state deck" are the royal apartments and the cabins of the suite and the principal naval officers of the craft. The rooms of the King are amidship, where there is least vibration, and are magnificently proportioned. Aft His Majesty's portion of the deck are the cabins of the members of the Royal Family and their suites, the whole accommodation being connected by a splendid corridor 11 feet wide. In addition to this provision there are several beautiful saloons, the dining-room having been designed to accommodate fifty guests. Everything is thoroughly up-to-date, from the furniture and fittings to the electric radiators by which the royal travellers will be kept warm. Importance has in particular been attached to the arrangements for ventilating the new yacht. Sufficient description has been given to indicate that this palatial pleasure cruiser will be worthy of the service to which she will be put. She will not disgrace the King of a great oversea Empire, either in appearance, within or without, or in steaming capabilities.

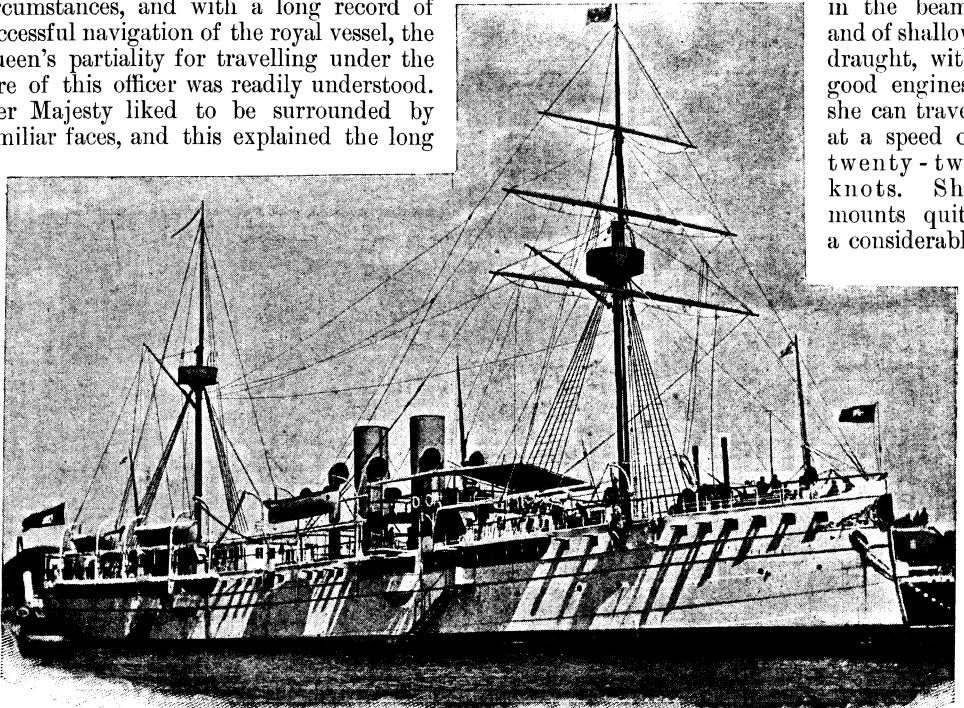
It is hardly necessary to say much as to the manning of the King's yachts. Great care is naturally exercised in the selection of the officers and the seamen. An officer's appointment to one of the royal yachts is regarded in the Navy as a guarantee of quick promotion, or of a lengthened period of royal service, with not very exacting duties. Captain Lord Adolphus FitzClarence commanded the Sovereign's yacht for more than twenty years, and Vice-Admiral J. T. Fullerton, A.D.C., held the position from 1884 until April last—seventeen years—when he relinquished the position to Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, the naval hero of the siege of Ladysmith, and also of the Newcastle contest at the General Election. When Sir John Fullerton was promoted from captain to rear-admiral he should, according to the regulations, have retired from this coveted post. The late Queen, however, disliked change, and an Order-in-Council legalised his retaining the command of the yacht, which he did until after Her Majesty's death, though he had become a vice-admiral without ever having flown his flag as a rear-admiral—a unique experience.

Her Majesty had reason to regard Admiral Fullerton with favour. She admired pluck, coolness in difficulties, and good seamanship.

All these qualities belong to the late "skipper" of the *Victoria and Albert*. Thirty-five years ago he behaved most gallantly on the occasion of the *Bombay* taking fire off Monte Video and blowing up, with a loss of ninety-seven lives. This gallant officer was lieutenant in this ill-fated ship, and he behaved as a hero. Ten years later he again played the part of the hero when the royal yacht and the *Mistletoe* collided in the Solent, and he wears to this day a ring set with diamonds and rubies, presented to him by Queen Victoria for his gallantry in connection with that alarming incident. In these circumstances, and with a long record of successful navigation of the royal vessel, the Queen's partiality for travelling under the care of this officer was readily understood. Her Majesty liked to be surrounded by familiar faces, and this explained the long

modern swift travelling ship and makes no attempt to masquerade as a warship; she is for pleasure and State functions simply and solely. The German Emperor and the Czar, on the other hand, have yachts which are in reality armed warships in all but name, though it is very unlikely their guns will ever be fired in anger. The German Emperor's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, was completed in 1893, and may be regarded as the pioneer of modern royal yachts. She is a shapely vessel of 4,187 tons displacement, and is therefore smaller than the new British yacht. Being

long, narrow in the beam, and of shallow draught, with good engines, she can travel at a speed of twenty-two knots. She mounts quite a considerable



THE SIAMESE ROYAL YACHT, "MAHA CHAKRI."

service in the royal yachts which many officers had been privileged to render. For the past fourteen years Dr. H. C. Woods, M.V.O., Deputy-Inspector General of Hospitals and Fleets, has acted as doctor on board, though the appointment is only intended for an officer of fleet-surgeon's rank. Fleet-Paymaster W. H. Bowen has been in the *Victoria and Albert* over nine years, and the chief gunner and the boatswain more than ten years. Service in either of the royal yachts ranks among the plums of the naval service.

The new royal yacht is unique. She is a

battery of guns, including three 4.1-inch quick-firers and twelve four-pounder quick-firers, so that she would be able to "face the music" were she attacked on the high seas. She is as graceful as any ship afloat—a warlike sovereign's warlike toy.

After the *Hohenzollern*, in point of age, comes the Czar's *Standart*, which was completed at Copenhagen in 1895. With a displacement of 5,557 tons, a speed of over twenty-one knots, and a battery of eight three-pounder quick-firing guns, this Imperial vessel could accommodate a large party on a pleasure cruise or do useful service as a war cruiser.

In this respect she resembles the *Hohenzollern*, though she has the advantage of being more roomy, but is not so powerfully armed. It is a curious fact that though the Czar has little legitimate use for a navy or for yachts, it is in the direction of sea power and sea cruisers that Imperial Russian ambitions have turned in recent years. It might be supposed that King Edward would have the greatest number of royal yachts, since he is Monarch of an Empire separated by leagues of seas. As a matter of fact, however, the Czar of All the Russias has six vessels, not including three steam cutters, and the *Standart* and the *Pole Star*, the latter of 3,640 tons displacement, are magnificently appointed ships. Nine ships in all are set apart for Imperial use—quite a small squadron of royal pleasure ships, which are seldom used, but lie idle month after month in the Black Sea or in northern waters.

This does not exhaust the list of royal yachts, although there are no others that can be placed alongside those described. The King of Sweden designates the little iron paddle-wheel ship *Sköldmön*, of seventy-five tons only and a speed of ten knots, his royal yacht, but it can hardly be mentioned in the same breath as the *Standart*, the *Hohenzollern*, and the new British ship. Neither the young King of Spain nor the Queen Regent makes any pretence to a ship reserved specially for royal use, but goes afloat in a naval cutter or an ordinary warship. The Italian King invariably uses the *Savoia*, a small cruiser. The Queen of Holland, on the other hand, has a venerable yacht, the *Valk*. The Sultan of Turkey has little use for a yacht, for he is not a sailor even on the Golden Horn ; but his *Fuad* has represented him at various ceremonies of naval State. The splendid little Scotch-built cruiser

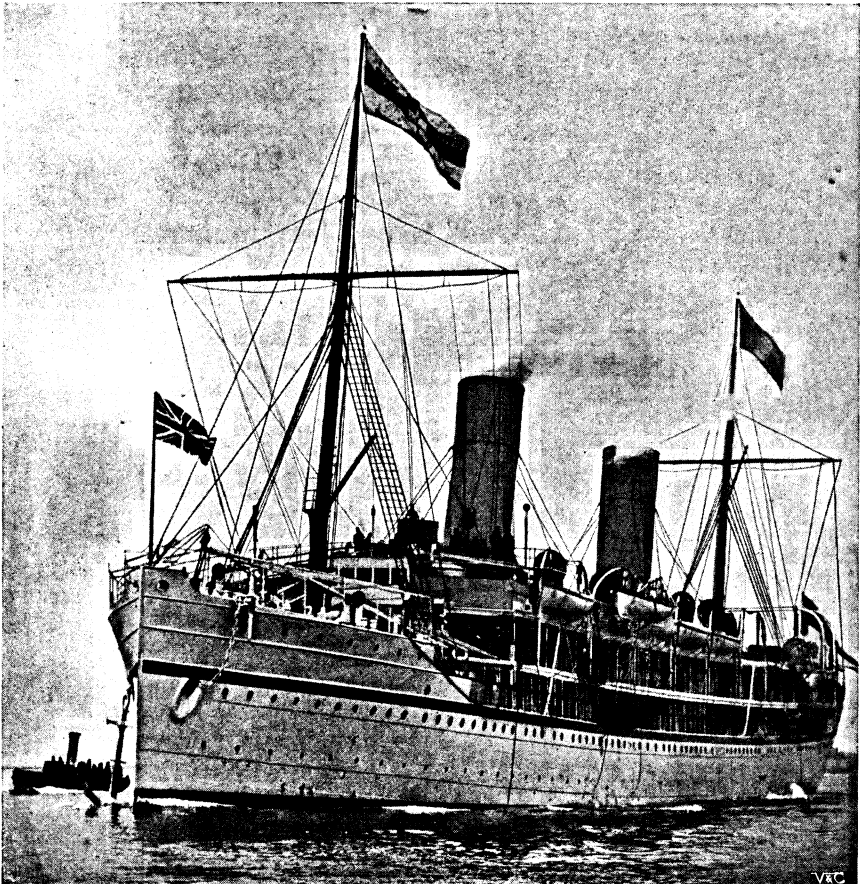
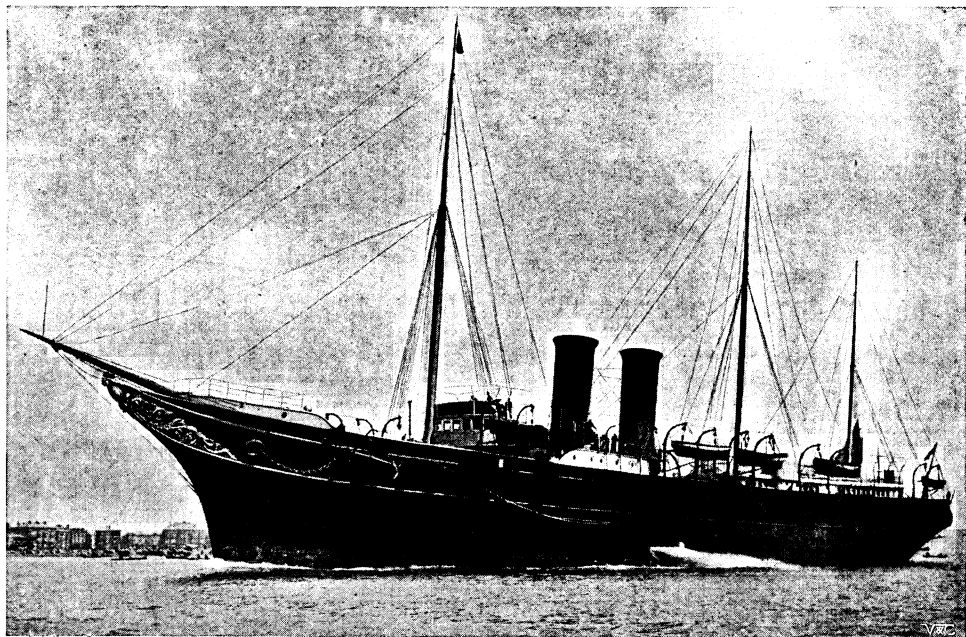


Photo by]

[West & Son, Southsea.

THE "OPHIR," ON WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK ARE MAKING THEIR PRESENT COLONIAL TOUR.



THE KING'S NEW YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

Maha Chakri, of 2,500 tons, serves as the official yacht of the King of Siam.

It is no matter for surprise that in democratic France and America the elect of the people who play the rôle of king are not provided with official yachts. When the President of the French Republic goes afloat, he uses an ordinary despatch-boat or a warship, and though he is treated with all the deference due to his exalted position, his accommodation is neither better nor worse than that of any ordinary admiral. In America they do things little better. Since the people of the United States first tasted the sweets and bitters of war, three despatch-boats have been set aside for several years specially for the use of the President and the Secretary of the Navy, who corresponds, more or less accurately, to the British First Lord of the Admiralty. Of these three official yachts only one is now serviceable, the *Dolphin*. She is a one screw and one mast little ship of 1,485 tons, with a speed of fifteen and a half knots. She is fifteen years old. Her armament is considerable, especially for the President of a reputedly peaceful nation. Her 4-in. quick-firers, six-pounder quick-firers, revolving cannon, and Gatling machine guns—two of each—give her a very warlike appearance, which would form subject of comment if behind them stood the martial figure of a Czar or a Kaiser, but

as the *Dolphin* floats only the flag of the American President her guns have never drawn the criticism that has been poured, more or less liberally, on the *Standart* and the *Hohenzollern*. The *Dolphin* is said to provide better accommodation than any other American warship, except the *San Francisco*, a swift cruiser on the possession of which the Americans pride themselves. An American President has little use for a yacht. He is not supposed to go beyond the boundary limit of three miles. President Cleveland broke through his official imprisonment; but he committed the indiscretion in a Government vessel, and no one raised the question of the propriety of his thus temporarily running away from his fellow countrymen. Now that the American people have taken up the "white man's burden," and have an Empire over the seas, no doubt the President, with or without the consent of Congress, will often break through the three-mile limit and roam at large on the seas, perhaps going as far west as the Philippines.

There is a popular fascination about a royal yacht that the official despatch-boat or cruiser of the president of a republic never has. A royal yacht is a royal yacht, and even in a democratic country it will be the centre of far more interest than any warship afloat, though from a mechanical standpoint it is a far less wonderful box of complicated machinery.

All mankind loves royalty at heart. This was illustrated in the present year when the familiar Orient liner *Ophir* was temporarily added to the King's fleet. Hitherto she had been merely one of many passenger-ships, but as soon as it was known that the Heir Apparent, with the Duchess of York, was to travel in her, she became a centre of interest to the whole world. Descriptions of this ship appeared in every paper, printed in every language, and the American people in particular could not learn too much of the details of her build and luxurious furnishing. When she was completed and left Portsmouth, on her journey to the self-governing Colonies, she certainly looked the most regal of craft,

and no surprise would be felt if the Admiralty decided after the voyage to add her to the flotilla of royal yachts. At present she is merely a loan, but as about £40,000 has been spent in fitting her up for her mission, and the Sovereign of such an Empire should, it will be conceded, have a stately ship at his disposal when he or any member of the Royal Family visits the outposts of the Empire, the nation would learn with gratification that the *Ophir* was to be permanently retained. In the past few years Imperial Federation has ceased to be an empty dream, and frequent visits by the King's representatives to various distant parts of his dominions will become increasingly desirable.



SEA-MUSIC.

AN ATTACK OF THE BLUES.

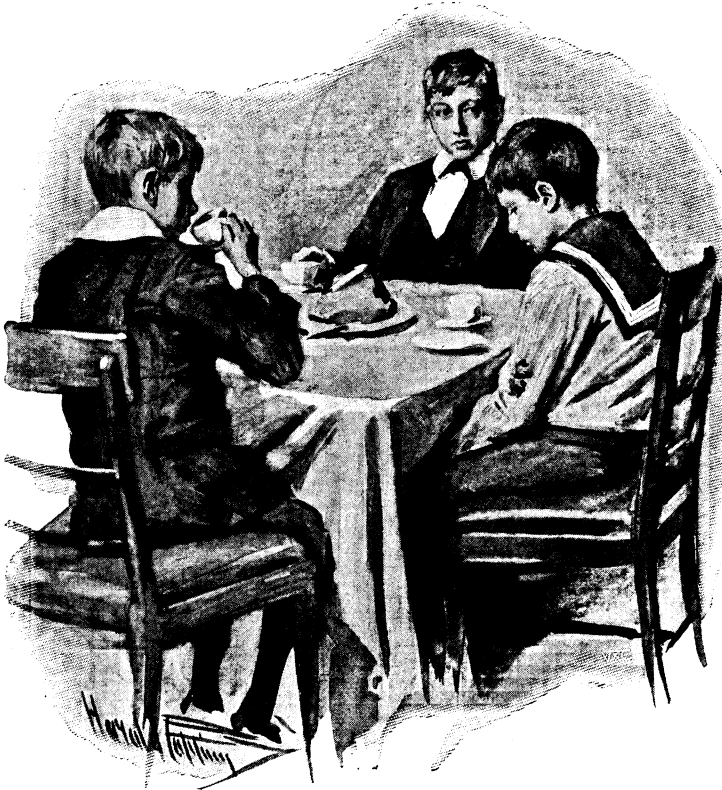
By B. A. CLARKE.*

THE Tyrell children were reared upon bread pudding. There were other things in their dietary, of course, but these were unimportant, merely going to form bones, and to upbuild the outward frame. It was to bread pudding they owed their character. So long as they could re-

look-out for Sir John Franklin and the spars of his lost ships. The viand was sufficiently plain—just bread and currants and coldness—nothing more. The boys had even remonstrated when a new cook, thinking to humour them, had added candied peel and raisins. If the ingredients were altered, they

argued, who could say that free access to the pudding would be retained? and a free pudding meant a free universe. They could roam as they pleased. A holiday expedition was the simplest thing imaginable. After breakfast, Max (fourteen) would issue his orders to Walter (eleven), who would thereupon descend to the pantry and cut off as much pudding as the adventure demanded. If they were missing at dinner-time, Mrs. Tyrell sent the servant to the larder to ascertain how far they had gone. "A half pudding, mum," she would report, or three-quarters, as the case might be. The home guard calculated all distances in avoirdupois. The

standard was the whole pudding, and represented eighteen miles. The abstraction of this quantity meant that the boys were walking to Boreham, and might be back to supper. Of all outings this was the favourite, the village, otherwise without attraction, being so happily situated that the return journey was the extreme distance that the eldest of the party could walk. Walter crawled the last five miles, and Claude was cajoled. It is due to Walter and Max to



"“Why, you don't even know the players' names.”"

member there had always been bread pudding in the larder—long slabs of it—plain, and ice cold. The first bite, when the boys were upon an expedition, changed the venue—no matter what it had been previously—to the Polar Seas. It was so, they thought, all food must taste in that enchanted land. So long as the meal lasted, their eyes were on the

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state that Claude's presence formed no part of their plans. They left home by stealth, and found him waiting at the first corner—shapeless by reason of the packets of pudding that distended each of his tiny pockets. It was a sixth sense, his faculty for discovering when there was adventure brewing. Then he fell in at the rear and trotted along doggedly hour after hour, taking no part in the conversation except to point out the coming milestone, a limitation which went to make his remarks disconnected, sometimes quite painfully so. The others used to think sometimes that a stone must have been passed unnoticed. Of other feature of interest in the landscape there was none. The outing was just a pedestrian achievement, the milestones making the record indisputable.

The return journey was a nightmare. Arriving home, the detachment was welcomed with pitying wonder.

"You poor dears!" Mrs. Tyrell would say, "you must be worn out."

Claude always ran upstairs directly to tell his sister (she came between him and Walter, and was bedridden with a bad spine) of his prowess. In the light of her envy the day's doings seemed quite desirable.

"How I wish I could go with you!" the little girl would say.

As a matter of fact, she had spent by far the happier day.

Mrs. Tyrell took advantage of Claude's absence, sometimes, to remonstrate with Max for taking the child so far.

"I did not want him"—this was true enough; "besides, he is almost a boy."

It was to remove this "almost" that Claude endured so much. Boyhood was his horizon, which receded as he advanced, for his brothers aged as fast as he, and their standard became yearly more exacting. Time had been when the most unquestioned boyhood was conferred by eight years. Even on Claude's ninth birthday the goal seemed no nearer, but, if anything, more remote, for ten o'clock saw him taking cover beneath the breakfast-room sofa—distinctly the most babyish act of which he was ever guilty. Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell were out of town, and Max and Walter, it being a half-term holiday, had started for Lord's. Claude was left at home. Claude, the birthday hero, for whom no treat should have been considered excessive! It was the recurrence of this thought that had sent him under the sofa. He was too young to enjoy a 'Varsity cricket match, the others had told him, too ignorant to appreciate the game's finer touches.

"Why, you don't even know the players' names," Max had said at breakfast.

If the child could have trusted himself to speak, he could have repeated the names without a blunder. Names! Of the Cambridge Eleven, at least, he could have given all the thirty initials. They were a great side, the Light Blues. Nearly every man had three initials welded (that ultimate test of true greatness) indissolubly to his surname. You felt it was to make these particular combinations that the letters in question had come into being.

There was not a mile on the Boreham road that had not been shortened by these syllables. The elders had not dreamed that Claude was treasuring up their words.

"You don't even know the players' names," said the boys, and Claude, when their backs were turned, crept under the sofa.

"Absurd young Claude wanting to come!" said Walter.

"We have not done with him yet," said Max. "I should not be in the least surprised to see him waiting at the corner."

"Why on earth don't the kid get some friend of his own age?" said Walter testily.

They passed Claude's corner safely and drew a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness! What a treat it will be to have a day without him!"

They walked on, congratulating themselves upon their freedom, but with an odd feeling gaining upon them that there was something missing. The fact is, Claude had thrust himself upon them so persistently that they had grown accustomed to him. It was strange not to hear his odd little half-run at their heels. There was nothing in this of weak sentiment. It is so one gets used to the companionship of a dog. Frankly, the boys felt wretched without their dumb follower. The birthday tradition, too, had its force.

Half way to the railway-station Max called a halt.

"Wait for me at the station. I must go back for something."

"I may as well come, too."

"But I don't want you."

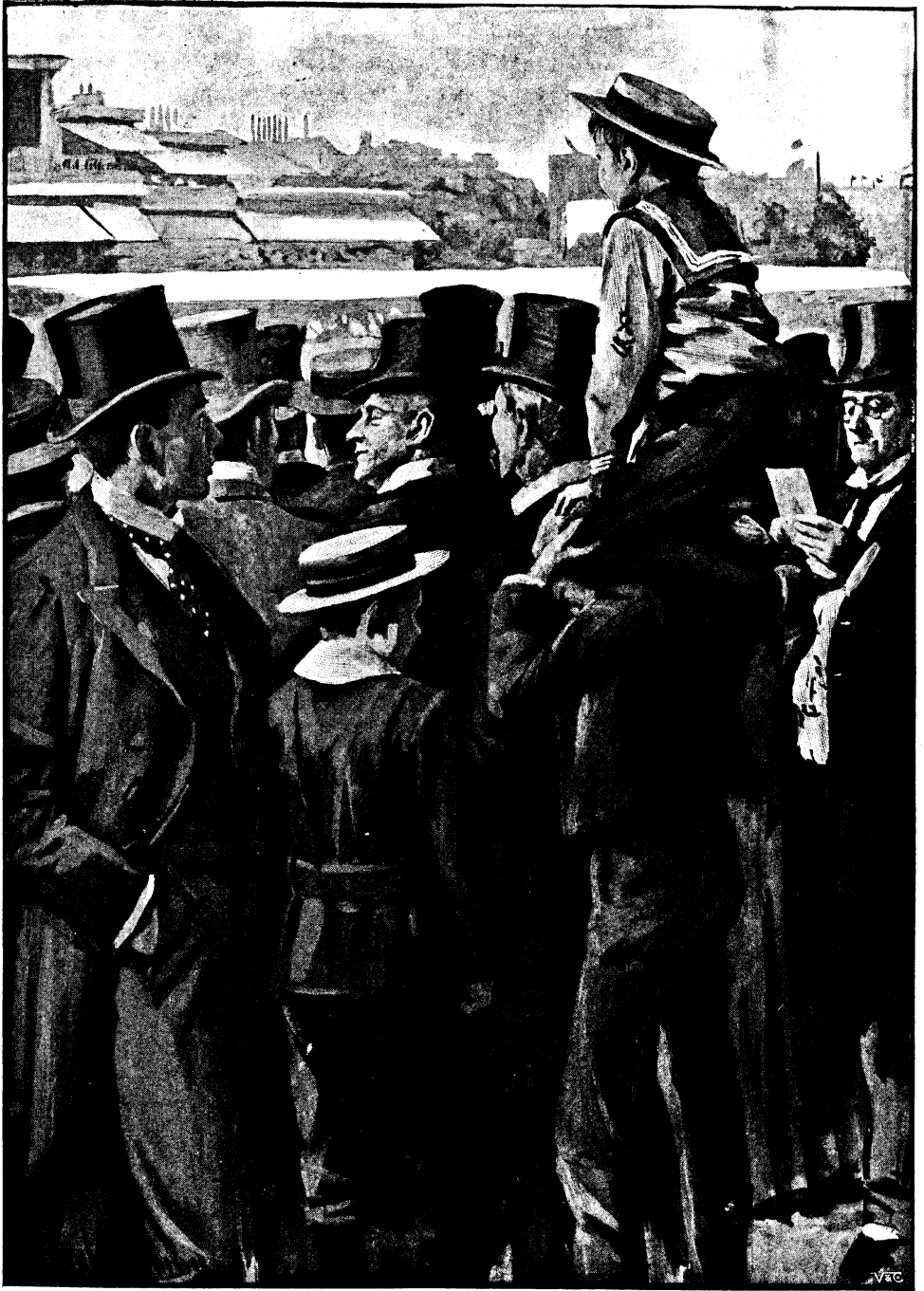
"I believe you are going back to speak to young Claude."

Max turned crimson.

"Do you? Well, just do as you are told, or it will be a jolly sight worse for you."

Max returned alone.

If Walter had witnessed the interview with Claude, he would have acquitted his elder of the charge of unworthy softness.



"Max mounted him upon his shoulders."

Max seized the youngster by the ankle and dragged him into the light.

"What are you doing under there?"

"What are you doing home here?"

"You would not enjoy the match."

Claude watched a passing water-cart with exaggerated interest.

"You don't know anything about cricket."

A servant over the way was cleaning a drawing-room window. The child transferred his attention to her.

"You would not care whether Cambridge won or lost."

This was intended as a draw, Claude's partisanship being notorious. It would have distressed him if Oxford had won at spillikins.

"I'd take you if I could see how to manage it."

The servant had finished her window, so Claude, having nothing to look at, turned round.

"We have only three and threepence between us, and it would be too far for you to walk both ways."

"Is it much further than Boreham?"

Max had to admit that it was not so far, and the child ran off to put on his boots.

"I don't know what Walter will say," said the elder boy nervously.

They caught sight of Walter outside the station, looking anxiously down the road.

"I've brought the kid," said Max. "I told him he would get bored to death, but he was so cocksure he knew better, that I made up my mind he should come and learn a jolly good lesson. You don't stir, mind, until the game is over," he continued, turning upon Claude with quite admirable fierceness.

"That's all very fine, Max, but how about the money?"

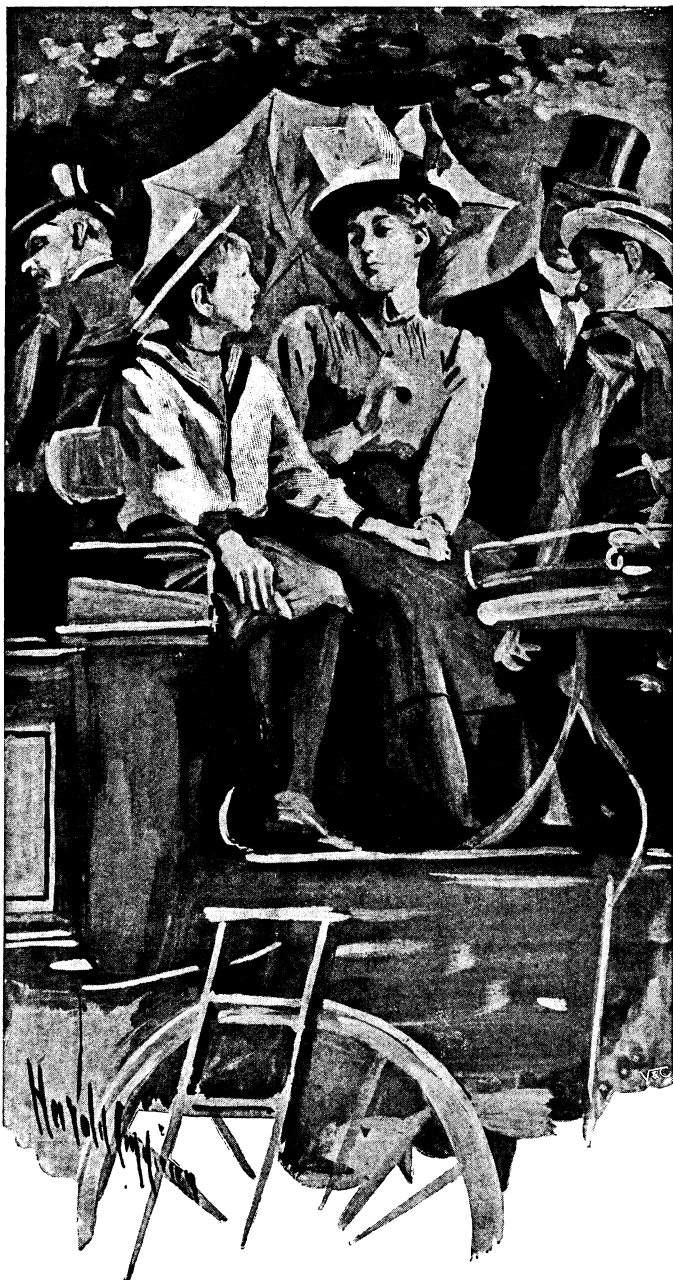
"We walk."

"But I have bought the railway tickets."

Claude paled. Even Max was disturbed.

"The ticket-clerk will give us the money back," he said hopefully, and sure enough the fares were returned.

"Of course you didn't think to bring any grub for the kid. I suppose he comes upon ours?"



"Never mind; you beat us in the boat-race, you know."

"Hang it all, man, we have a whole bread pudding!"

"We shan't see a bit of the practice. I don't suppose we shall even get a seat."

Although Walter kept on grumbling, he was really in the best of spirits, far happier than when, instead of a trio, he had been taking part in a duet.

This walk differed from others in one respect, that Claude, being now recognised, came up into line. Walter and Max even allowed him a share in the conversation, being careful, however, as a disciplinary precaution, to contradict what he said. Either Lord's was further than they thought, or Max did not take the nearest way, for when they passed the turnstile, play had been in progress an hour. And what an hour! Cambridge, winning the toss on a plumb pitch (than a good wicket at Lord's there are none better), sent in two Internationals to face an attack consisting of a bumper and a change. At this they shaped, for some reason, like a tail. A wicket the first ball, and another in the third over! L. C. V. Cathcart made a dozen in three strokes, and was caught at point. His brother, who followed, pushing forward inexplicably at a long hop, retired c. & b. At this stage (four for nineteen), O. M. N. Ladbroke and the Hon. Crayford Leigh—the last of the really great bats—came together, and from the outset played their best games. When the Tyrells arrived, "sixty" was going up. Great things were happening, of which they could not get a glimpse. Backs and top-hats, an unscalable wall, shut them from Paradise. Their sufferings were almost physical—a sort of psychical toothache—a dull throbbing, broken by acuter stabs when the ring burst into applause.

So that in after life Claude should at least be able to say that he had seen Crayford Leigh, Max mounted him upon his shoulders. Sitting, he was just not elevated enough, so he had to kneel—a position dangerous to himself and agonising to his supporter. At sight of the blue caps Claude's sorrows passed. The lowering future was not in the picture. He forgot that the next minute would see him down upon the hopeless gravel, and cheered Ladbroke and Leigh, those admirable men, as if of his brother's shoulders he owned the freehold. The crowd, with the exception of one young man, were too much absorbed in the game to notice them. The exception had arisen that morning with one clear resolution—to keep away from Lord's. It was best so, best both for himself and for someone else. He had promised to join his aunt's coach-party, but since his accepting the invitation very much had happened. At breakfast his purpose faltered. As an Old Blue it was almost a duty to be present. Lord's was not so small, nor so unfrequented, that his presence there need be known. He would keep away from a

certain coach, and from a certain person, and extract what pleasure from the game he could. The prospect had no great attractiveness, but in what better way could he drag out the intolerable day? There would be the close of play to look forward to; for when the stumps were drawn night would be coming on, night that would bring (perhaps) forgetfulness and sleep. So A. K. Lawford, for the young man was that fine bat, went to Lord's, and for the first time in his life found cricket a weariness. In sheer restlessness he left his seat and took to pacing up and down behind the spectators. The sight of Claude upon Max's shoulders arrested him. He had noticed the boys before, and had smiled, rather hardly, at their unproportioned grief. But happiness has a pathetic appeal far more poignant than sorrow's. There was a light in Claude's eyes that dimmed the young man's (he was in an entirely morbid state, and that's the fact), and he anticipated with dread the inevitable moment when the bigger boy would not be able to endure the torment longer. Was it necessary, though, that the tragedy should be played? It would take but a few shillings to make all right, and in what other way, with the same expenditure, could he buy so much joy? Of course, tact was called for. Obviously the boys were not of the class that accepts pecuniary aid.

Lawford walked across to the half-crown stand, explained matters to the gatekeeper, and slipped a half-sovereign into his hand. Then he accosted the boys. If, he said, they cared for reserved seats, he could pass them in free. He had the privilege of thus admitting his friends.

Max eyed him doubtfully. To Lawford came a flash of originality.

"The fact is, I know the gatekeeper. We went to the same school."

The Tyrells followed him and obtained, without the least bother, most excellent places. They seated themselves thus—Walter, Claude, A. K. Lawford, Max—an arrangement that had consequences; for, it coming suddenly to Max who their benefactor was, he was unable to communicate the news. He hoped that his manner would convey an inkling of the truth. He answered Lawford in respectful monosyllables, excusing himself, when consulted, from expressing opinions of any kind; but the only result of his correctness was to throw Lawford into the arms of Claude, whose conversational confidence with the great man turned Max cold. On the "follow on" and the "leg before" questions

the views of the two (most fortunately) coincided. It was when the talk got round to persons that Max would have given most for a surreptitious kick. Lawford (mercifully) was Cambridge. Had they happened upon a Dark Blue, the consequences would have been too deplorable. How the babe chattered! and his learning, wonderful to state, equalled his volubility. Where had he acquired this erudition? His judgments, too, were often wonderfully just. Max felt that he himself could scarcely have bettered them, as, indeed, without self-contradiction he could not have. Claude, clearly, must be a lad of more than ordinary promise. Perhaps in the past he had done his brother something less than justice. When had he listened to the youngster as Lawford was listening now? and, compared to A. K. Lawford, what was Max Tyrell but the merest worm? These regrets, however, were but humours, vanishing at the first touch of real affliction. A great calamity was impending that left no time for self-tormenting. Crayford Leigh, who had been playing grandly, in the spacious manner of the early eighties, inspired possibly by the success that attended the heterodoxies of his partner, attempted a pull, cocked the ball feebly into the hands of mid-on, and retired for a memorable forty-seven. At this point, with the score standing at one hundred and twenty for five, the umpires removed the bails, and the sides adjourned for lunch.

Claude gave a deep sigh.

"Have you enjoyed it?"

"Rather. Haven't you?"

"I suppose I have."

It was not until the question was asked that Lawford realised that the time had passed very pleasantly. The world had lost its colour. It was crushingly grey and prospectless. Surely, it was well to look through a child's eyes upon a universe new-created, where grass was green and where white-clad heroes strutted in the sunshine superbly.

Why break himself against the door of a Paradise locked against him by an irrevocable, albeit feminine "No"? He would see the match through with these young sportsmen. The resolution was natural enough. Men in Lawford's condition will cling to any company they happen to be in, afraid of the self-discoveries they may light upon the minute they are left alone.

Max and his brothers had their heads together, discussing the propriety of inviting

the great man (the secret had come out) to join them at lunch.

His sudden depression, Walter thought, showed that he had come unprovided.

"I bet he has heaps of money," said Claude.

In opposition to this, Walter urged the fact that Mr. Lawford, like themselves, had only obtained a view of the game by a gate-keeper's complaisance.

Max was sceptical, but thought the invitation, even if it laid them open to ridicule, should be extended.

He turned as red as a new cricket-ball making the offer. Lawford accepted eagerly.

"He is hard up," reflected Walter.

"Bread pudding," said the Blue approvingly, "and cold as ice." Encouraged by this, the Tyrells told of the place bread pudding filled in their economy, and were pleased to find that Lawford applauded their resolve to keep it plain.

"A chain is a chain," he said, "even if the links be of candied peel."

Later, Max related the events of the morning.

Lawford thought he had acted rightly.

"Everything gives place to a birthday," he argued. "We will drink Claude's health in ginger-beer; it shall be my contribution."

He ran off to fetch it.

Returning with six stone bottles in his arms, he was hailed from a coach top. He looked up and became an adult again—somewhat ludicrously furnished.

"My dear Arthur, wherever have you been?"

"What on earth do you think you are doing with that ginger-beer?"

Lawford deposited his bottles inside the coach and climbed on to the roof. It was a little difficult framing a decent excuse, but he got through somehow. His aunt seemed satisfied.

"We thought you were afraid to meet Miss Manners."

Lawford started, but remembered that the lady was the only member of the party whose sympathies were Oxford.

"Gertrude was quite miserable about you," said Lawford's cousin (the one with hair down her back) mischievously. "The score was two wickets for five when we arrived, and I said, in joke, that you daren't face us after the way you had bragged. Then two more wickets went down and you didn't come. Gertrude, I am sure, thought that she had seen the last of you, and was quite

relieved, in spite of her being Oxford, when Leigh helped himself to forty-seven."

Lawford made a gesture of despair.

"My poor, neglected child! Don't you know that it is twelve months since the last man 'helped himself' to runs? 'Took' forty-seven, I suppose you mean."

The cousin with hair down her back,

"I did think of you. I was afraid you might be taking things too hardly."

"Matters are not so bad as all that," said Lawford's uncle heartily. "Cambridge have still five wickets left, and while there are lives there is hope. By the way, you have not told us what you were doing with that ginger-beer."



"'I like Oxford—for eyes.'"

whose one pride was her mastery of slang, appealed for support to an old young man with an eyeglass.

Lawford got a word with Miss Gertrude Manners.

"I hope you have not let concern for me spoil your morning."

Their eyes met,

Lawford told the story of his morning's adventure, drawing with some humour the contrast between the eldest and the youngest boy when he had caught sight of them—the ecstatic bliss on the face of the child on top, and the hopeless misery on that of the boy underneath.

"Bring them along here," said Lawford's

aunt. "I am sure they must be nice little fellows to have given you their lunch."

"I don't mind boys," said the young man with the eyeglass, "but I think other kinds of children are in the way."

The youngest Miss Lawford refuted him with a grin so opulent in disparaging suggestion that everyone roared.

"Laura, my dear!" remonstrated her mother, who had laughed with the rest.

When the Tyrells arrived they found a hearty welcome awaiting them, and a grand lunch, chicken and champagne—but everybody knows what a 'Varsity match lunch is.

Claude, who sat over by Miss Manners, related the happy circumstance that had led to their getting seats.

"A useful lot of friends you seem to have, Lawford," said the young man with the eyeglass. "Did you find another old school-fellow in the ginger-beer man?"

"I paid for that," said the Old Blue shortly. It was easy to see that he was excessively annoyed.

It surprised Max that his new friends, so nice in other ways, should in this matter show such execrable form. Even the ladies chaffed Lawford about the lowliness of his old schoolfellow.

As for Miss Manners, her amusement was uncontrolled.

"I suppose," she said, "you wouldn't take me round, Arthur, and introduce me to your influential friend?"

"I shall be delighted," said Lawford. Certainly he looked it.

"They are going the wrong way," said Walter, when Lawford and Miss Manners had descended.

"True," said the man with the eyeglass, "but it is the way most people take sooner or later."

When the play recommenced, two seats were still empty. The innings dragged out rather uninterestingly, closing for two hundred and three. Although the reverse of brilliant, this did not leave Cambridge without hope, as they had on the side a really great slow bowler (so great even that the fact of his being an amateur had not blinded the public to his merit), and a hurler with moments—when these occurred he would put down the most unplayable ball in two hemispheres.

The moment came when Oxford's score stood at forty for none.

The frenzy lasted four overs, and in that time the fate of the match was settled. Five wickets fell to the fast bowler (the

second over saw a hat trick), and number seven was so demoralised that he incontinently ran himself out. It was just after this last catastrophe that the wanderers returned to the coach.

Lawford was wonderfully happy (as a good Cambridge man should be), but the eyes of Miss Manners (those wonderful partisan eyes of hers) were quite dim.

She took her old seat next to Claude; Lawford, though there really wasn't room, crushing in next to her on the other side.

In the small boy there beat a heart of chivalry towards a humbled foe.

He slipped his hand into Miss Manners'. "Never mind; you beat us in the boat-race, you know."

Miss Manners kissed him. She was laughing now. It seemed that even such a calamity as six for fifty could be made tolerable by sympathy.

Things continued to go wrong (the whole side was out for eighty), but Miss Manners remained radiant.

Claude noticed that all the ladies kissed Miss Manners, whilst among the men it seemed to be the correct thing to wring A. K. Lawford's hand.

Oxford went in again, and at the close of play had made eighty-seven for four.

"And you really are going to walk eight miles home?" said Mrs. Lawford. "Won't you get very tired?"

Claude said "No."

It was not true, of course, but he had grown so used to this particular falsehood that it sounded true.

The coach overtook the boys.

They noticed that Miss Manners, who with A. K. Lawford occupied the back seat, looked positively happy.

"Poor girl!" said Max pityingly. "She thinks because Oxford picked up a little that they will win. I suppose Lawford don't care to tell her that they haven't an earthly."

"I believe he had hold of her hand," said Walter.

Claude's utterance was more daring. "If I were not Cambridge, upon my word I would be Oxford. I like Oxford—for eyes."

Max was silent. He had an admission of error to make, and it did not come easily. Just before they reached home he told Claude that the stain of childhood that had lain on him (undeservedly lain on him recently) was removed, and that if in the future he chose to consider himself a boy, no one would be likely to object.

BRITISH ORCHIDS.

DESCRIBED AND PHOTOGRAPHED

By THOMAS EDWARD WILLIAMS.

IT is in the early summer, when Nature is dressed in her fresh mantle of green, that we may go forth to our happy hunting-grounds in search of British orchids, which are the most interesting of all our wild flowers. I am not going to write a learned article on the subject—most profound and scholarly botanists, it is not for you—but shall merely try to interest those who, like myself, find pleasure in seeking for the treasures of the wood and field. Neither will botanical names be employed more than is necessary; for some of them are big—very big, for very little flowers. I have heard a tale of a lady, who once asked a botanist if he would teach her daughters botany—she thought it would be so interesting for them. She had gone in for it when young, she said, “but the names were so dreadful; the only ones she could remember were: *Delirium tremens*, and *Aurora borealis*.” These names have dropped out of botany since the time when she was young.

Everyone has seen the tropical orchids, with their various forms of beauty, colour, and fantastic shapes; they have become the fashionable buttonhole of the day with many. Some of them are carnivorous, catching flies, etc., to feed on, as many of our insectivorous plants do, such as the sundew, butterworts, etc. The orchids that we are in search of are not so pretentious as their tropical brethren, yet they are none the less beautiful in their way; neither are they epiphyte, as many of the tropical ones are, but are all terrestrial.

All our British orchids have either fibrous or tuberous roots—some olive-shaped, as in *Orchis mascula*; or palmate, as in *Orchis maculata*; fibrous, as in *Listera ovata*.

The orchis that appears first is the *Orchis mascula* (early purple orchis).

“The sanguine flower inscribed with woe,” which blooms,



EARLY PURPLE ORCHIS. *Orchis mascula*.

according to the mildness of the season, from the latter part of April, through May and June. The plant grows about a foot high, and is to be found in woods and pastures, showing its purple spike of bloom beside the blue of the wild hyacinth and the delicate white bloom of the wood anemone. The leaves are stained with dark purple spots, oblong, and clasping the stem; the stem is solitary, with the erect cluster of purple flowers mottled with shades differing in light and dark. The flower has a twisted ovary, and has a long spur twisted upward, as will be seen in the photograph; the roots are tuberous and olive-shaped. You will observe that the roots are on the top of the tubers, whereas in the hyacinth that grows by its side the roots grow from the bottom of the bulb.

So that, by this wonderful provision

of Nature, the plants can grow side by side without crowding one another out by the roots, as one is on the top of the soil, the other delving down in the earth.

Now, what does this plant want with two tubers? It does not need the two—it only needs one, personally; the shrivelled-looking one of the two is the one that is supplying all its needs. The other is the one that will produce the plant and bloom of next year; it is now preparing all the starch required to bring forth, in the coming spring, a bloom to gladden the heart of anyone who may chance to see it, and to supply nectar to the humble-bee that will be sure to find it out and pay its homage to it. And so the silent workings of Nature go on year by year under the soil, guided and watched over by the wisdom, power, and love of the Supreme Being who overrules all. Each year it wanders farther away from the old homestead in which its progenitor started life, although some botanists say that it returns to the spot it started from



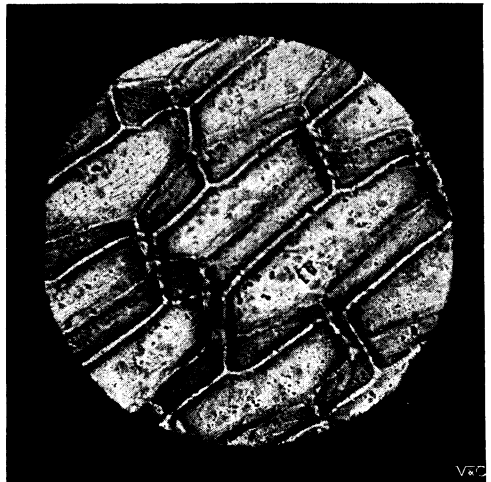
ENLARGED FLOWER OF ORCHIS
MASCULA.
Front view.

in four years. To many the beauty of the flower may be spoiled by the scent, which is not pleasant. This is more conspicuous in the evening.

I am indebted to Mr. Malan, of Bourne-mouth, for the flower of the early purple orchis which I have photographed. He is an enthusiast on orchids, and has contributed several pleasant articles on the early purple orchis in *Hardwicke's Science Gossip*. In an article entitled, "Fifty Facts about Orchis Mascula," he says (Fact 3): "It has a well-established claim to be considered the type of our orchideæ, because our illustrious countryman, Charles Darwin, bestowed so much time on it, and also because it occurs in forty-nine out of the fifty-two counties of England and Wales. The counties of Brecon, Glamorgan,



ENLARGED FLOWER OF ORCHIS MASCULA.
Side view.



SMALL PIECE OF PURPLE SPOT ON LEAF OF
ORCHIS MASCULA.
Highly magnified.

and Merioneth are the only ones in which it does not occur."

There is an old legend connected with the wild hyacinth, that the Greek letters *ai* (alas) could be seen on the leaves. It states that Apollo, "a being fraught with all earth's richest gifts," was bound in a close friendship with young Hyacinthus. Zephyr loved Hyacinthus, too; but Hyacinthus had no room in his heart for anyone but Apollo. Zephyr became mad with jealousy and hate, and murdered Hyacinthus. Then Apollo—

Made this scarlet flower
Spring from the dismal flood, and on its leaves
Impressed the words of grief, *Αἶ, αἶ!*



TUBERS OF ORCHIS MASCULA.

sometimes to his proboscis, by a gum which speedily sets and hardens: then he goes off, gaily "gathering nectar," to the next flower, and the pollinia is so placed that it meets and touches the sticky, stigmatic surface, and leaves some of the pollen on it, and so fertilisation is completed; and he will probably bring away another pollinia with him, so that there are often several attached to him, much to his discomfort and the wonderment of his fellow bees who may meet him. For a more technical description

But Linnaeus "distinctly describes our blue-bell as 'unlettered'—*i.e.*, in no way marked, as antiquity was supposed to assert." The early purple orchis is more likely to be the flower meant than the hyacinth.

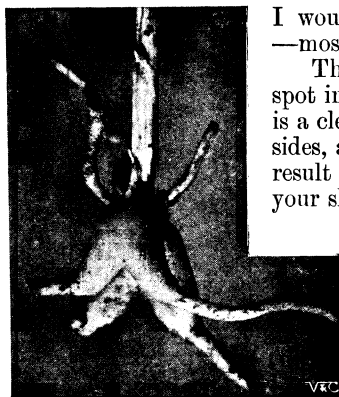
The flowers are fertilised by the humble-bee. In simple language the process is this: the humble-bee inserts his proboscis into the long nectary or spur in search of honey, and in so doing gets the pollinia detached from the flower and attached to his head, and



ENLARGED FLOWER OF ORCHIS MORIO.



GREENWINGED ORCHIS, *Orchis morio*,



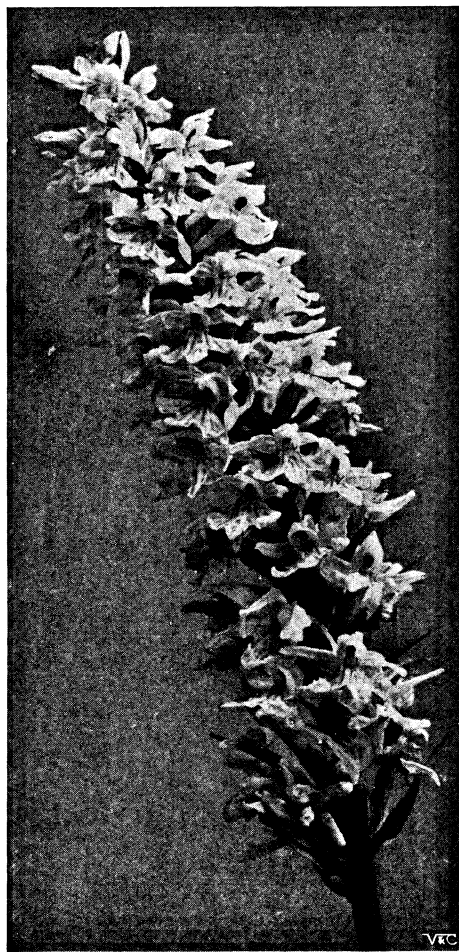
PALMATE TUBER OF ORCHIS
MACULATA.

germinate—seven years at the least, I believe ; and it is said that picking a flower (of the bee orchis, at any rate) prevents it blooming for three years.

The next orchis that will be found in bloom about the same time as the early purple is *Orchis Morio* (green-winged meadow orchis). This is not such a tall plant as the former,

although it resembles it in habit ; it bears fewer flowers in a cluster, and can be distinguished by its side sepals, which, instead of being coloured like the corolla, are noticeably marked with parallel green veins or stripes, and bent upward, forming a kind of hood or helmet. The scent of this flower is not unpleasant,

like the early purple orchis. The leaves are of a light green and not spotted. When we find the *Orchis maculata* (spotted orchis), the trees will be all in their summer glory, for it is in the months of June and July that it blooms, as do most of the remaining orchids that I shall mention. The spotted orchis is very plentiful, growing everywhere, in fields and woods ; on the heaths and commons around Bournemouth it grows profusely. Its leaves are spotted like the purple orchis, but the markings are much smaller and more conspicuous, as the leaves are much lighter.



MARSH ORCHIS. *Orchis latifolia*.

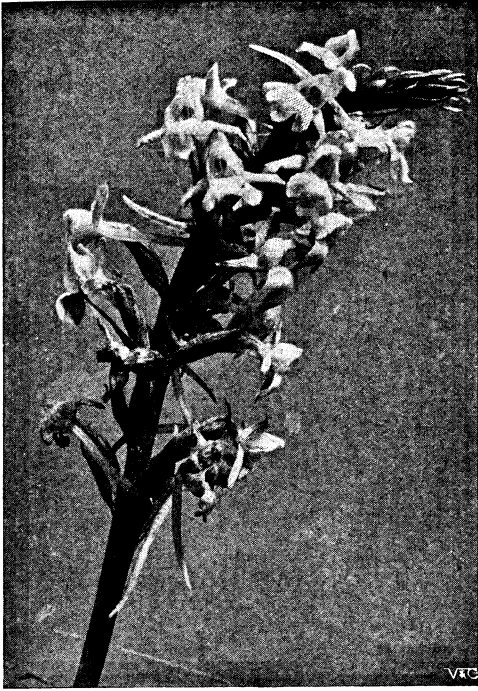


SPIDER ORCHIS. *Ophrys aranifera*.

I would refer you to "The Fertilisation of Orchids," by Darwin—most interesting reading.

The pollinia makes a pretty microscopical object, as also the dark spot in the leaf. The latter is easily mounted—all that is necessary is a clean slip of glass ; peel off the outside skin of the leaf on both sides, and you have a thin pink or purple transparent tissue as the result ; press this on the glass—it will stick of itself—and you have your slide. When dry, a coat of clear varnish will preserve it. The

seeds are worth microscopical examination ; with a one-eighth inch objective, they are like small bags beautifully covered with net. The seeds of the orchis take a long time to

SWEET-SCENTED ORCHIS. *Gymnadenia conopsea*.

same damp swamp at Swanage I found some fine specimens of *Orchis latifolia* (marsh orchis). It is a pretty flower, equal, to my thinking, to the early purple; it grows eighteen

SPOTTED ORCHIS. *Orchis maculata*.

The spike is crowded, and the flowers are carmine to a pale pink, and spotted and streaked with dark lines and spots. Its root is palmate. The flowers have a pleasant scent. It grows about six inches high. If I remember rightly, the one I photographed, and produce here, was rather a short one. Some that I found last summer, growing in damp positions, were quite eighteen inches high, but I unfortunately neglected to photograph them.

In this fine specimens of *Orchis latifolia* (marsh orchis). It is a pretty flower, equal, to my thinking, to the early purple; it grows eighteen to twenty-two inches high, and some of the specimens that I saw were taller even than that. The leaves are remarkably erect and the whole plant is very strong; the flowers are either rose-coloured or

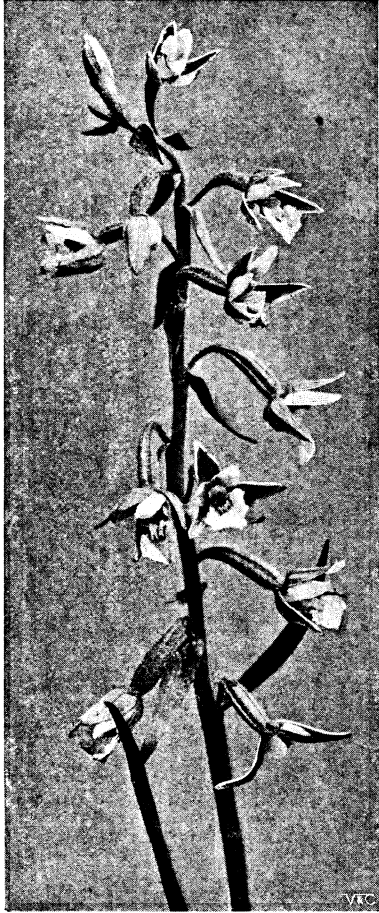
PYRAMIDAL ORCHIS.
Orchis pyramidalis.

purple, and the bracts, which taper to a fine point, are longer than the flowers; the roots are palmate. This, as well as all the foregoing, occasionally bears white flowers, especially the green-winged orchis.

I had a bunch of a dozen or so of the marsh and spotted orchis in my hand when I went into my usual retreat at Swanage, one afternoon last summer, for "a cup that cheers, but not inebriates," before taking steamer for Bournemouth; and as I was "paying up,"

the mistress of the establishment, one of the old residents, said, "What beautiful flowers you have! Do they grow wild?" "Yes," I said, and I told her what they were. "Where did you get them?" she asked. "Not far from here, in a marshy spot," I replied. "Well, I never knew such lovely flowers grew wild about here before," was her wondering remark. And she chose the word "lovely" advisedly, for they were beauties, and were greatly admired in my vases at

home by all who saw them, for many days. You, too, may get some, if you do not mind the trouble of searching for them; they will repay you for it. You will be able to have them, not exactly "a joy for ever," but a joy for many days to come. You will be able to feast on their beauty in your rooms, and when winter is with you, with its blustering and its storms, and you are sitting by the fireside with your feet on the fender, musing and thinking in the firelight, you will be able to let your thoughts run away to that summer afternoon, when you gaily scrambled up hill and down dale in search of these orchis, and the vision of the flowers will be in

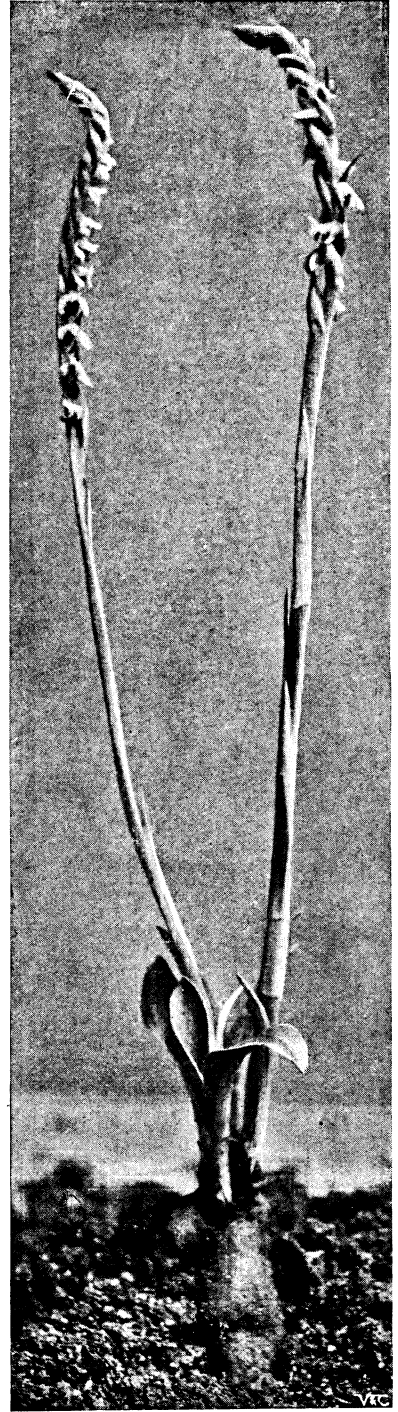


MARSH HELLEBORINE.
Epipactis palustris.

your eye, the scent of the fields in your nostrils, and the joy of summer in your heart.

In quite a different soil to the last is found the *Orchis pyramidalis* (pyramidal orchis). This plant cannot live in the swamp and marshes of the earth; but give it a chalk or limestone soil, and there it will grow in abundance. As its name implies, its flowers are in shape like a pyramid. It has a somewhat slender stem, and on the top grows a pyramid of closely packed, small, rose-coloured flowers, which are remarkable for the slenderness and length of the spur. It has an agreeable scent.

Gymnadenia conopsea (sweet-scented orchis) has rose-purple flowers, but they are not



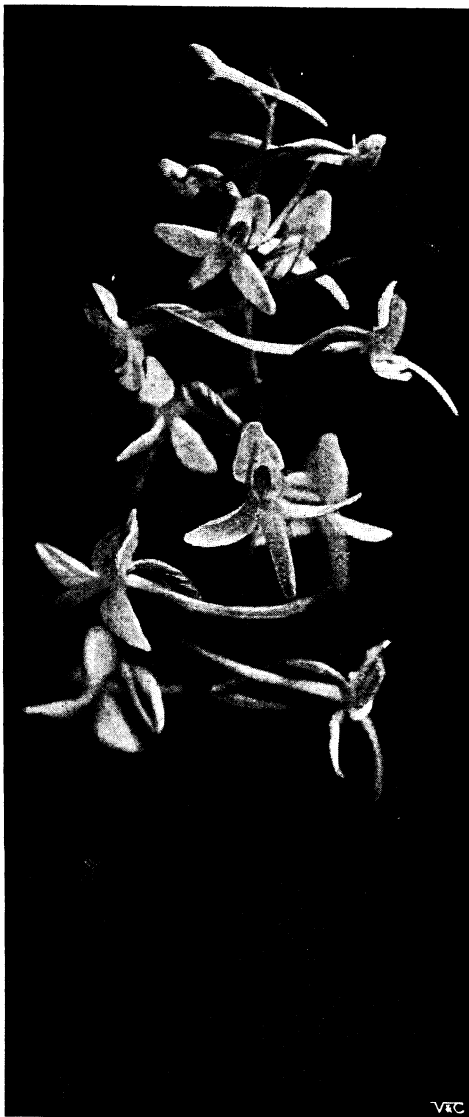
LADY'S TRESSES. *Spiranthes autumnalis.*



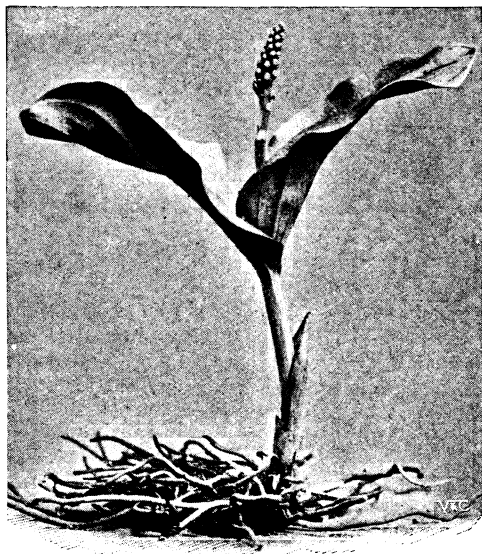
ENLARGED FLOWERS OF
SPIRANTHUS AUTUMNALIS.

spotted as in the spotted orchis, which it somewhat resembles. It is exceedingly fragrant.

Listera ovata (tway-blade) frequents woods and sometimes the fields adjoining. It grows from twelve to eighteen inches high; it has two large, coarse leaves that look like the greater plantain; between them the slender stem, with insignificant green flowers, arises. Unimportant as the flower of this orchis looks (each floret being barely two-eighths of an inch long), yet such men as Darwin, Dr. Hooker, etc., have spent much time over it and given the results of their investigations to the world. Darwin,



BUTTERFLY ORCHIS. *Habenaria bifolia*.



TWAY-BLADE, WITH FLOWERS UNEXPANDED AND
FIBROUS ROOT. *Listera ovata*.

in his "Fertilisation of Orchids," speaks of it thus: "This orchid is the most remarkable of the whole order." The only specimen of which I have a photograph does not show the flower properly, I am sorry to say, as it was taken before the flower was fully expanded, the object being to show the fibrous roots; this year I was unable to get a specimen.

Space will only allow me now briefly to mention the three orchids that I have photographed, that resemble in form, shape, and colour, insects, and which are less common than the ones I have already described. The rarest of them is *Ophrys*

aranifera (spider orchis), the lower lip of the corolla being marked like a spider; but, although rarer, it is not such a beauty as *Ophrys apifera* (bee orchis) which is beautifully marked in colours and closely resembles the humble-bee. Both these like limestone or chalky soil.

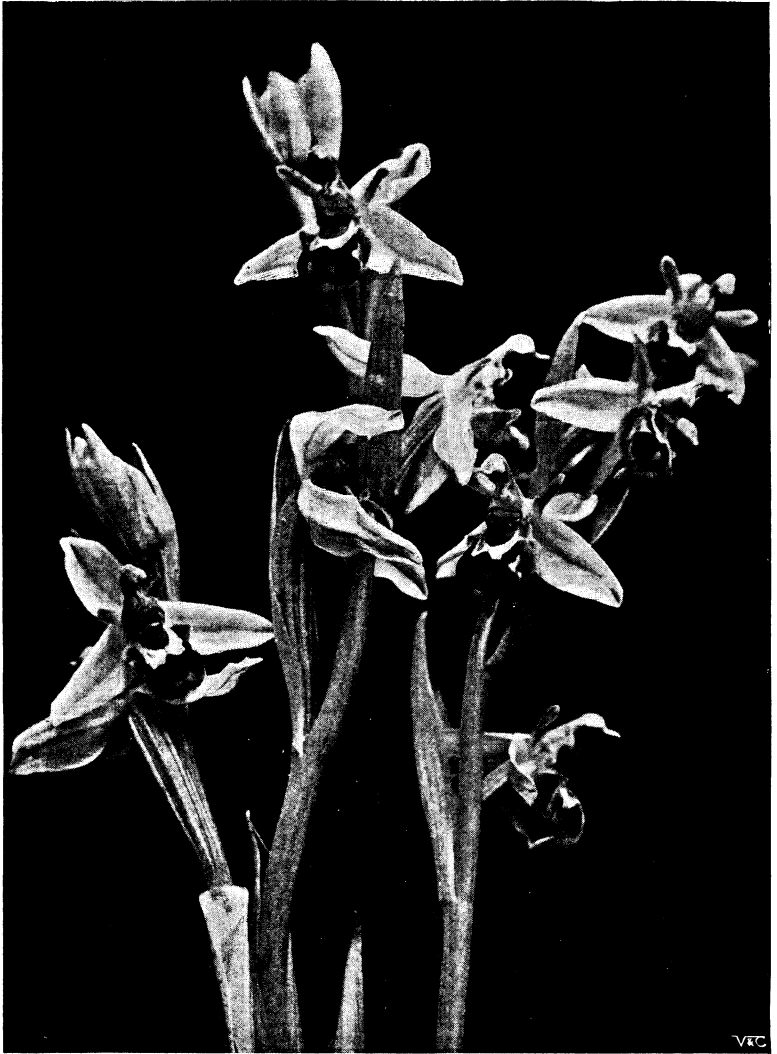
The third one, *Habenaria bifolia* (butterfly orchis), has a stem about a foot high, bearing a long, loose cluster of greenish-white flowers. It is remarkable for the length of its spur, and is fertilised by the privet hawk-moth, whose proboscis is made to fit this long nectary. The resemblance to a butterfly is slight. The scent is delicious in the evening.

The *Epipactis palustris* (marsh helleborine) is a pretty flower growing in marshy ground near the sea; the more of a swamp, the better it flourishes. It has a spike of slightly drooping flowers internally a dirty white, streaked with pink or purple, the lip white, variegated with crimson or pink. It is not plentiful.

The last one I must mention is *Spiranthes autumnalis* (lady's tresses). This is a curious little specimen four to six inches high; a spike of small white flowers, which all turn one way and in a spiral manner.

The scent is very delightful in the evening.

If this feeble attempt to show some of the beauty that lies in a common wild flower



BEE ORCHIS. *Ophrys apifera*.

has inspired you with a desire to search out these floral gems, and make their fuller acquaintance, then I can assure you that you will not be disappointed when you see, for yourself, one or all of our British orchids.

THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.*

No. IV.—THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN MRS. THOMPSON.



THE British Islands are pre-eminently the country of the sportsman and the animal-lover, and amongst country gentlemen there are those who can afford to give all their waking hours to the contemplation of these pursuits. Mr.

Thomas Thompson was a man of many interests—the making of money, and the gathering together of the reins of power into his hands took up much of his time; but he contrived to apportion a part of each week to sport, and it was hard to find anyone, even amongst those who dedicated a life-span to it, who could follow more accurately the habits of game animals and birds. A poacher he had been in his pre-opulent days, and a poacher he remained even after he had arrived at considerable fortune, through sheer inability to tear himself away from the illegitimate joys of a lonely raid.

It was a poaching exploit which brought him first into touch with the lady who afterwards became his wife; and though he appeared before her then in the poorest of lights, and inspired her merely with disgust and contempt, it is typical of him that even whilst he was conscious that her eye fell upon him with undiluted scorn, he determined that somehow or other she should go through the marriage service in his company. Moreover, at the time, he was engaged to another woman, and had parted with her not half a day before.

At that date it was the solid custom of Bradford business men to apply themselves steadily to their affairs without intermission. They took holiday on Sundays and Christmas

Days—that is, they only thought and planned on these days, and put no pen to paper, and when they went to chapel, they made it quite clear that besides their cash contributions, the time which they were giving to the Almighty had also its high pecuniary value.

Tom, with no respect for tradition to start upon, never allowed himself to get entangled too much by local custom. He found that he could work best, and that the brightest ideas came to him, when he was moving about and in the open air, and so round he moved, building up business connections in France, Germany, and the Continent generally, in North America, and even in China, where the Thompson and Asquith “chop” was a trade-mark which found very high Celestial favour. Hophni Asquith made him a perfect partner. Hophni was a sedentary creature, with no originality, and a wonderful genius for carrying out to the letter Tom’s instructions, and a whole-hearted love for routine. Hophni’s one miserable week-day of the year was Christmas Day, when custom forced him to take a vacation, and he looked forward with pleasure to those rare years when Christmas sensibly fell on a Sunday, and there was no useless frittering away of good working time.

Hophni during all his life had paid attention to one woman only, loving her from the first and always, and had married early. Tom had announced himself as “not a marrying man,” had taken a keen delight in women’s society, and remained a bachelor at twenty-nine. By that time he was a man of considerable wealth, was asked out to everything that was going in which marriageable young women were concerned, and one day it struck him that he was wasting more time over this kind of intercourse than he could strictly afford. This frivolling about with the other sex and enjoying their society was interfering with that rapid advancement of the fortunes of T. Thompson which was the principal occupation of his life. So with characteristic decision he made up his mind to marry, as the simplest means of choking off some of his invitations, and with characteristic quickness he there and then ran

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through the list of his acquaintances, made a choice, laid especial siege to the lady, and was engaged to her by that day week. He had spent four whole evenings over the job, and considered that the expenditure of time was lavish.

The young woman of his conquest was the only daughter of another Bradford manufacturer. Her father, being a self-

£18,000 on her wedding-day, and a prospect of inheriting some £150,000 from her father on some later occasion. Her name as a spinster was Emily Outhwaite, and she was quite convinced that, as a signature, "Emily Thompson" made a better combination.

On the principle that Miss Outhwaite was the best matrimonial prize of the day in Bradford, Tom selected her for himself, and,



"Delicately the long arm descended."

made man, recognised the value of education, and had given her the best procurable. As a consequence, she could sing, drive a horse, speak her three languages, play the piano, dress well and dance, and manage a house. She used the local accent for her English, but only in its more modified form. She had passably good looks, and knew how to carry her hands. She would have a *dot* of

as has been stated, got her necessary consent to the arrangement. He was not in love with her, nor she with him; but he liked her well enough, and he had observed her for sufficiently long to be sure that she would look well after his house, and any other houses or estates which hereafter he might see good to buy. He was quite right in this. He was a remarkably quick and

accurate judge both of character and capacity. Indeed, it was in a large measure owing to the high development in him of this talent, that he had been able to pick out the smart, keen men who served the firm of Thompson and Asquith, and who were piling up for them such colossal profits.

Once engaged, Tom did the thing properly. He bought a new house, and set about furnishing it in the best style which occurred to him; he was agreeably lavish with presents; and he gave Miss Outhwaite a good deal more of his own personal society than he had ever before bestowed on one single individual outside business.

But even for the most cautious and calculating of the human species, Chance is a large integral in the prescription of Fortune. If Tom had not gone with the Outhwaites to the Moors Hydropathic Establishment—then a great emporium of middle-class fashion—it is highly probable that Emily would have been his wife, and he would have had to work far harder for his admission to the House of Lords. But as it was, he felt that it was part of the game of courtship to attend her on this outing; and, as one consequence, Miss Emily Outhwaite never signed herself "Thompson."

When Tom went to the place, nothing was further from his mind than getting into a poaching embroilment; but the hours and rules of the establishment undid him. They treated him to a bad high tea instead of dinner; they filled the evening with amateur singing and some piano torture which jarred upon his musical tastes; and at 10.15 lights went out as a gentle hint that the hour had arrived for bed. The people who went to hydropathic establishments took themselves seriously in those days, and submitted to a tyranny which in more liberal times would have been looked upon as fanatical.

Tom went to bed at 10.15. He impressed firmly upon himself that as he was about to marry he ought to settle down. Moreover, being a man of tremendous will, he went to sleep at once—also on the settling down principle. But there Nature stepped in. Nature had endowed him with the faculty of getting all the rest his mind and body needed in four out of the twenty-four hours, and so at about 2.30 a.m. Tom's eyes snapped open, and, according to his quick habit, there he was, broad awake.

Again the restlessness of the man was his bane. His brain would not submit to lie empty. He picked up some business matters into his thoughts, hammered them through,

and presently had need to get up and apply himself to pencil and paper. He had an idea for an improvement in the jacquard, and sketched it out in form ready for the draughtsman. A pattern in worsted coatings revealed itself to him after much disentanglement from other patterns, and he got it keyed down on paper in those tiny chess-board squares of black and white, which mean so little to the uninitiated layman, and yet explain every stitch of the finished fabric. He reckoned the first invention was worth £10,000, and that the other would bring in Thompson and Asquith a clear £5,000, and, conceiving that he had done enough towards commerce to satisfy the moment, went to the window and threw high the sash.

The pre-dawn mists came in to him cool and sweet, the cackle of frogs sounded dry and insistent from a pond up under the moor, and over the dew-spangled grass the feeding rabbits frolicked in the thin moonlight, spreading the freshness of the coming morn, and leaving behind them dark trails amongst the herbage.

Tom stood there at the open window, torn by two proprietors. Mr. T. Thompson, the affianced husband of Miss Outhwaite, said, "Go back to bed, you fool, and drop those old blackguardly habits of yours. Cultivate respectability, my good sir." But, on the other hand, Tom Tom's-Son, the poacher, kept urging, "Come on, lad, and let's have another taste of the old trade." Tom grinned and reached for his clothes.

He went downstairs and wound his way through the corridors without creak or rustle, with his boots in his hand, and a heart beating with pleasant stimulus. He found a door and unlocked it. The keen, moist air outside thrilled him to the bone. "How could men endure to live in houses?" he thought. And then, when his boots were laced, away he dived into cover, once more primitive man, happy and forgetful that such things as trade and marriages of convenience ever formed part of his ambitions.

Although a twelve-stone man, he had acquired the knack from long poaching habit of moving without noise, and to a large extent invisibly. Four times, out of the sheer delight of testing his skill, he laid quick hands on sitting rabbits and lifted them aloft. But he did not want to burden himself with a bag of game just then, and merely taking one along with him as a stand-by against emergencies, he put the other

three captives back again on to the wet grass, with a tweak of the ears by way of farewell, and whispered instructions to keep a sharper look-out for the future.

Everything in the wood gave up interest to him. He eyed over the disused birds' nests on the ground and in the trees, and named their former tenants; he noted the earthworms scurrying home before the near approach of day; he feasted his gaze on three lemon-coloured newts in a shallow pool; and, from the scantiness of two broods of young pheasants which he saw, he deduced that the wood had been badly tended by the keeper, and that either the foxes, or the vermin, or the hooded crows needed a chastening hand.

And then, when the dawn came, and with it the cry of the corn-crake and the blundering flight of the early bumble-bee, he worked his way down to the riverside and watched the trout begin to move under the young sunlight. What a pity, he thought, that Emily neither could nor would appreciate any of this! He had sounded her on the matter many times, but she professed a distaste for game otherwise than cooked, and did not care to trace the history of trout further back than the fishmonger's slab. With a bit of a sigh Tom got his eye on a fine fat two-pounder drowsing in a pool under the bank, and presently his fingers—without asking his further opinion on the matter—began to take off his coat.

Then up went the shirt-sleeve, baring a brawny arm, and Tom lay, chin down, amongst the dewy grasses on the bank and took a final observation of that trout. Well, it might be tickled with the naked arm, or it might not; the chances lay on "not"; and all Tom's instincts, both business and sporting, always forced him to go hard for complete success in everything he put his mind to.

The water was very bright, and his arm would stand out very white against the yellow clay bottom. He had all of a clean man's dislike for daubing himself unnecessarily, but there was no help for it here if he meant having that trout. So he went further down stream, found a lump of wet clay, and with it covered his arm and fingers a ground yellow, leaving no spot unsmear'd. Then he returned to his place above the contemplative trout. Delicately the yellow fingers dipped into the water without splash or ripple. Delicately the long arm descended, the sharp eyes above directing it and allowing for the water's

refraction. The fingers curved up under the fat trout's belly, just avoiding the tail flukes. Then with the flimsiest, lightest kind of tickling they began to work their way forward.

From an unpractised hand the trout would have shot away with two tail-flicks and one quick flash of silver. But to Tom's poacher's caress it surrendered itself in a sort of ecstasy, merely propelling itself languidly against the stream. With exquisite skill the scamp's fingers edged forward till his thumb hung over the fluttering gills, and then there was a sudden clutch, a fountain of water drops under the early morning sunlight, and the trout flew upwards and fell, a picture of floundering fishy beauty, amongst the dew-flecked grass blades. Then a crisp, delicate voice from behind said, "I suppose you know you are poaching?"

To say that Tom felt foolish is putting the case mildly. Half the charm of these predatory excursions was the risk of getting caught, and he always prided himself on avoiding it. But here he had allowed himself to become too much wrapped up in his sport, and had not kept one ear sufficiently at the service of intruders; or the lady had stalked him with consummate quietness and art; or both. Anyway, there she was, standing two yards away, and regarding him with a fine contempt.

"A rabbit also, I see, in the pocket of your coat. But I suppose you will say it is not your coat?"

A readier man with his tongue than Mr. Thomas Thompson it would have been hard to find in all the West Riding of Yorkshire—which is saying something, for the district is somewhat noted for its glib repartee; but just then speech left him. What a woman was here! He was filled with amazement at the mere sight of her. What a woman for a wife!

"You have no excuse. You must know perfectly well that the river here and the woods are most strictly preserved."

What a voice she had, and what a carriage! She was cheaply, yes, shabbily dressed, but how splendidly she carried her clothes. Emily, even in her most domestic moments, would never have worn a skirt, for instance, of frieze as rough and as faded as that, and Emily in the privacy of her domestic circle could be homely and even slatternly in her attire. But Emily at her smartest never carried clothes like that. Now this was the way that the future Mrs. T. Thompson must carry her clothes.



“I must ask you to take yourself back to the public roads.”

"You had better come with me to the keeper's lodge, and he will deal with you. Of course, I can't trust you to give me your proper name and address."

And the pluck of her! He was a big, burly man, just then very unbrushed, and wet, and clay-smeared, and probably to the female gaze very ruffianly-looking. She must have known that with one hand he could have pitched her into the river with about the same ease with which he had thrown out the trout. Fancy Emily turning on a poaching stranger in this way—Emily, who would no more dream of going out into the early morning woods than she would think of climbing a chimney—Emily, who studied early Victorian female helplessness as a fine art!

"Please don't keep me waiting. Take up your coat—no, don't leave the rabbit or that trout—and go along in front of me to the keeper's. Walk along the river bank there."

Decidedly this woman was the most desirable he had ever seen. Middle height she was, with dark brown eyes, brown hair, and the most exquisite mouth and teeth imaginable. With a flash he pictured to himself how magnificent she would look in the evening, and how regally she would wear diamonds. His tastes ran rather violently to diamonds in those days—they were gems which Bradford had a great affection for. He wished he could give her a great handful of diamonds there and then, just for the momentary pleasure of seeing her in a different setting. But it came to him at that moment that, although he had been devouring her with his eyes, so far he had not opened his lips in speech, and so, with an effort, he pulled himself together and made a blurt for it.

"I haven't an atom of excuse to offer you. Of course I was poaching, and for that matter you saw me at it with your own eyes. The net bag is one rabbit and one trout, which are very much at your service if you will let me send them up to your house. I could have taken about sixteen times as much if I had happened to be on the kill. You were talking of your keeper. You ought to make that man attend more to his work. The pheasants up yonder are bringing off disgracefully small broods."

The lady's tone grew more icy. "Ah!" she said, putting her head back and looking him up and down, "I took you for a tramp. Am I wrong? Are you one of the people from that hydropathic place on the hill?"

Tom knelt down again at the water's edge and began washing the clay from his arm. "Yes, I'm staying at the hydro, and if you want to send a summons, you can address it there to T. Thompson. But, on the whole, would it not be simplest if you were to let me rent the sporting rights of the estate on a lease? I heard they were to let. You must be a Miss Norreys, I suppose."

"I know nothing about whether the shootings are to let or not. You had better see my father's agents if the matter interests you. But for the present, I know they remain in our hands, and I must ask you to take yourself back to the public roads, or to your hydro."

The amount of delicate contempt Miss Norreys put into that popular abbreviation "hydro" filled Tom's soul to the brim with delight. Indeed, her whole uncompromising attitude seemed to him exquisite. She had nothing for him but contempt, and he loved her for it. No first impressions or first meeting could possibly have been more out of his favour, but the circumstance did not ruffle him in the slightest. He intended to make this young woman his wife, and that the operation would be attended with infinite difficulty would only add to its interest. There were obstacles in the way: he was himself engaged to someone else, and, for anything he knew, she might be also; but these impediments must be honourably removed. She carried no wedding-ring on her marriage-finger, and as he finished washing the clay from his own, and rolled down his shirt-sleeve, he took a very pious vow to himself to put one there, and as he pulled on his coat he sketched out in plan the first trenches of his campaign.

"I'll send the trout up for your breakfast."

"Please throw it into the river."

Tom laughed delightedly. "Not I. If you won't have it, I'll take it myself, and it shall be stuffed. One of these days later you shall see it for yourself."

With which, and not giving the lady time for a further reply, he swung off his cap to her and strode away.

He did not go straight back to the Moors Hydropathic Establishment. After his custom, when a peculiarly knotty point presented itself, he went up on to the heather, and lay there in a quiet nook thinking it through, till at last he saw his plan clearly. Then he went down again, met Miss Outhwaite, and noticed with singular distaste



"Sent the miles flying behind him."

that she was wearing diamonds for breakfast. As an engaged young woman she assumed a proprietary air with him, and for the first time in his life he began to question as to whether her public endearments were exactly in good taste. He was somehow convinced that Miss Norreys would not say "Yes, love," and "No, love," and "Pass the buttered bread, love," at the public table of a hydro-pathic establishment, even if she were engaged to a man; and he was morally certain that she would never under any

circumstances throw a wet sponge down from a stair-head on to the hair of a comparative stranger in the hall beneath, as he had seen his Emily do the night before. These little problems of taste had never worried him before, but since that morning's adventure he was beginning to define to himself what was a lady and what was not. Miss Outhwaite was clever, undeniably clever in her way, but it appeared that there were items omitted in her education, and she showed no signs of attempting to supply what was missing. She was very well contented with herself as she was, and contented with Tom. Tom himself was satisfied with neither.

After breakfast they walked together in the grounds, carefully keeping to the paths for fear of wet feet.

"You know what I told you about my poaching tastes, Emily?"

"Yes, love. But why go into that again? We're going to forget all that when you marry and settle down."

"I've got to tell you it will never be forgotten. It's just part of me, like working and making money. If you want a confession, here's one. I was at it again this morning."

"Oh, how silly of you!"

"And if I stay in this stifling hydro, and go to bed early, I shall probably do the same thing again to-morrow."

"Didums," said Miss Outhwaite, and laid her head upon his shoulder. "It shall go poaching every morning if that pleases it."

"I got caught, too, and there's a summons hanging over me this minute."

"Then I'll go without part of my next present, love, and you can bribe them to let you off."

What can one do with an accommodating

young woman like this? Tom finished out his walk—on the dry paths—and then pleaded business. He suggested that Emily should play croquet. She retorted coquettishly enough that a Mr. Hardcastle, who was also staying in the house, had already invited her to be his companion in that exhilarating game. Tom did not recommend Hardcastle; he was too knowing for that; but he went away with a most heartfelt prayer that Hardcastle would prove an enterprising young man of eloping tendencies.

Thereafter Tom got his horse, and that intelligent animal, knowing his master's weakness for speed, and having soft turfedges to move upon, sent the miles flying behind him. A train whirled Tom into Bradford, and his legs carried him sharply across to his bank. Another half-minute saw him in the manager's room, with the door shut. It took him sixty seconds to outline his scheme and explain the amount of financial backing he required.

The bank manager pursed his lips in a noiseless whistle. "I knew you weren't exactly scared of size in your speculations, Tom, but you aren't exactly all Bradford, you know."

"I'm not asking you to hold the dog. You'll have the wool as your security, and for cover against a drop in prices, you've Thompson and Asquith. I won't insult your intelligence by telling you what that firm would squeeze out to at a pinch."

"No, Tom, I know what your firm's worth, about as well as you do yourself. It's my business to know. But it's a mountain of brass you're asking for. We're fairly big, and we can lay hold of cash easily, but we are not exactly the Bank of England for size, you know."

"You can split your holding. And if you don't care for the offer——" Tom gently indicated with his thumb that there was another bank open for business not very far away. "Besides, as I told you, I'm willing to pay through the nose for the accommodation. It will make you the biggest year your bank has ever had."

"Or the worst."

"I always thought you'd an idea T. Thompson was a pretty level-headed sort of business man? I started with practically nothing when I joined Hophni Asquith, not very long ago, and you know what I have put together. Now, does it strike you that I'd deliberately speculate with all I've got, credit and cash, on one throw of the game,

unless I'd a pretty good certainty of getting it all back again—with feathers on it?"

"Never knew a man yet who went into a speculation without assuring me he was dead sure to come out a winner. Wouldn't something smaller satisfy you?"

"No. Nibbling at it would be simply chucking the money away. It's a corner or nothing."

The bank manager stabbed patterns in his blotting paper.

Tom looked at his watch. "Well?"

"I back T. Thompson. Subject, of course, to my other two partners' approval. I've got to consult them on a big affair like this."

"They'll agree. I know what you say goes. You won't regret it. Good-bye. See you again when it's over."

Curiously enough Hophni Asquith fell in love with the scheme at once. Few financial speculations were too wild for Hophni's taste, though if anyone had hinted that he was a gambler, he would have bristled out as a picture of outraged propriety. Yet gambler he was, and gambler Tom was not. Tom's speculations to the uninitiated might many of them look perilously risky, but Tom never touched anything that he did not see through to the further side, and he tended the intermediate steps with a care which would have surprised many people who only saw the apparent ease with which his *coups* came off.

"Now, lad," said Tom, "you're a bit of a fool to go in on what I've told you so far. I haven't yet shown you the thing that'll clinch it." He clapped down a rough sketch on the desk. "How's that? I've had those improvements in mind for long enough, but this morning, about three o'clock, I woke and lit a candle, and got them down on paper. Is the sketch good enough to draw from?"

"Splendid. I'll get out the working drawings myself. We must keep it between our own four eyes. It won't do to risk letting this slip out."

"Not much. And then get the parts made quietly at different shops. It will take no time to assemble them when they are all ready. And we won't take out a provisional specification till the very last moment."

Hophni pulled delightedly at his square red whisker. "There'll be a perfect rage over this when we get it out. It will double the consumption of Botany yarns."

"No, it won't, lad. There's only a certain amount of Botany wool here in England, and you can't expand it. But if it doesn't send prices flying up, I'm a German. Only prices

are down just now, and down they must stay till we are through with our buying. The fools still shy at this fine Botany wool. By gosh! if they could only see a little further than their noses, we'd be rushed by half the big capitalists in Europe. But as it is, we shall get in cheap, and we'll make our pile, and in another year or two's time we'll be as big capitalists as any of them."

"Wool sales begin to-morrow. We've a buyer of our own now. Are you going to give him orders?"

"I doubt his nerve. I shall go up to town to-night myself. Besides," here Tom grinned, "somebody will have to satisfy the brokers that Thompson and Asquith have enough backing to see it through. I think my tongue was built specially for a job like that."

Tom went out then and called at his solicitor's. "Do you know Mr. Norreys?" he asked.

"Know of him? Proud old fellow! Nothing in your line, Mr. Thompson. He's got a soul above manufacturers, even if they

are merchants as well. His people have owned the place out there four hundred years."

"And I cropped up yesterday. Yes, I see the point of view. Lot of sons, hasn't he?"

"One. Five daughters. I know them all by sight rather well. We meet occasionally."

"There's one of the daughters with dark brown eyes. Stands five feet three and a half. Brown hair——" Tom went through with an accurate description.

"Oh, yes; that will be Mary. She's rather different from the rest. You seem to have got her pretty well off by heart."

"I've just seen her once; but she struck me. Much obliged for the information. I may want something more from you later; but that's all just now. Good-bye."

Tom's quick walk took him next to an upstairs room where a shabby man was painting.

"Hullo, Tom! It's a wonder to see you in business hours." Tom was looking sharply

round the walls. "Surely you are too much of a Philistine to think of buying one of my pictures. Oh, I forgot, though. You're going to be married, aren't you, you lucky dog? You want something to hang on the walls of your dining-room? Now, this——"

"Look here, Mr. Robins, can you do me a commission?"

"Certainly."

"A portrait?"

"As good as one of the R.A.'s, though I say it, who am a luckless scarecrow. Twenty guineas is my usual fee, but to an old friend like you——"

"I'd like to make the fee two hundred, if you'll swallow one single condition."

The poor man's eyes twinkled. "Don't humbug me now, Tom."



"Don't humbug me now, Tom."

"I only want your word of honour as a gentleman to keep the thing quiet. You're to ask no questions, and hold my name out of the matter altogether to all inquirers."

"That all seems easy. Then who is the subject? I suppose your young——"

"H'm! I want you to do me a picture of Miss Mary Norreys, and I don't want an acre of it; the smaller the better. Not more than eight inches long, anyway. Rather have a miniature, if that is in your line."

"But Miss Mary Norreys is not your——"

"Look here, Mr. Robins, let us stick to the bargain. You must not ask questions."

"Well," said the artist, scratching his chin, "I suppose I may laugh?"

"You may laugh," grinned Tom, "till you crackle, if it pleases you; but you mustn't talk, that's all. How you'll get your view of the lady, I don't know. You must arrange that somehow or other by your own wit. But if nothing else occurs, you might go painting bits in the woods out there, you know, and see her by accident. You're likely to catch her, I should say, in the early morning by the riverside. She's great on early morning. Only get the picture for me, and get a good one."

"And keep my head shut. I quite understand, Tom; you're an excellent patron of art. I hope you will find a new one every week."

"New what? Oh, I see. Confound your guessing!" And off Tom took himself, back to the bustle of business, and that night took train up to London.

Now, in those days Australia was young, and her export of the fine merino wool was correspondingly small; but still the value of the total clip ran into very large figures. In the London salerooms, where now broker after broker comes on to the rostrum, and the buyers yell themselves hoarse from the semicircle of benches above, there is ten times the competition to-day that there was then. Now there are buyers from America and from the Continent. Then England manufactured for the world, and used up all the material. And, as a consequence, if the English demand for Botany wool happened to be small, there were no other buyers to put strength into the market.



"He pulled from his pocket a miniature."

Thompson and Asquith, through their buyer, started bidding for the very first lots, and got them at such low prices that the auctioneer watered the purchase with Hebraic tears. But as they went on, other buyers who had to have some wool pressed them harder, and prices rose; but still they bought. Prices came up to the normal, and passed it. The excitement increased. Thompson and Asquith's buyer, with a white, strained face, still bought, and as the auctioneer accepted his bids, it was presumed that Thompson and Asquith had given sufficient guarantee of their ability to pay.

Still the prices grew higher. Here and there some outsider, who frantically skied a lot, had it knocked down to him, often to his considerable discomfort; but between

whiles, Thompson and Asquith bought steadily. They were paying now exactly double what they had given for the first lots, although the wool was all more or less of the same quality.

Then they practically stopped. They had got two-thirds of the entire clip, and the remaining buyers with yarn to deliver, and looms to feed, and contracts to fulfil, snatched up the rest at prices that grew hysterical. There was many a sun-baked squatter out in Australia who blessed the name of T. Thompson for his deeds at that sale, and—waited anxiously for the next mail to see how much he had gone bankrupt for.

Now, as I have said before, Tom was a keen speculator, and he was no fool. He intended to make a heap of money over this wool deal, but he intended to get something else from it besides, and that was freedom from his engagement. Mr. Outhwaite, senior, his prospective father-in-law, was a man of the steady, cautious type, who had made his own fortune by solid grind and no risk-taking, and the idea of speculation was an abomination to him. If it came off, he might forgive it; but if it did not succeed, Tom quite knew that words would fail him to express his disapprobation. He would go on to deeds as well.

When Tom returned from London, he found that the fine-spinners and the others of Bradford business men who used Botany wools were by no means pleased with him. They had had to pay through the nose for the small amount of wool they had got, and they were all short, and would have to get more somehow, whatever the price might be. They regarded him as an upstart who had deliberately upset all their regular arrangements for his own private ends, and if management could do such a thing, they intended to give him a cold season of it, and at the same time get the wool they were short of at what they considered reasonable rates.

Accordingly they put their heads together, and presently were buying and selling wool on 'Change amongst themselves, and every day the *Bradford Spectator* in its Wool Report continued to mark a fall in prices. Hophni Asquith looked leaner and more cadaverous than ever, and was all for selling before the figure got worse. But Tom saw through the manoeuvre, and insisted on holding on tightly; and, what was more to the point, persuaded the bank to see the matter in his view, and to continue their backing. And in the meanwhile, in eight

different machine shops, parts of a certain piece of mechanism were being made from Hophni's working drawings.

Down dropped prices, and further down. The firm of Thompson and Asquith began to be "talked about." The official quotation of Botany wools dropped between eightpence and tenpence in a week, and no one, except the insiders, seemed to grasp the fact that there were practically no sales. Finally, a couple of small firms who had been speculating round the fringe of the market, without understanding in the least what was going on, called meetings of their creditors, and then there was a regular flare-up of panic.

Again, to the real insiders, there was no difference in the situation. Very little wool had changed hands since the sales. Wool was wanted on all sides, and Thompson and Asquith were sitting tight on the supplies. But a few of the smaller men who had little ballast lost their heads, and this constituted the panic; and it was used for all it was worth. At such a time rumours fly on easy wing, and the market reporter would be less than human if he did not pick them up. The next morning's contents bill of the *Spectator* reflected the spirit of the moment. Thus it ran:—

RUMOURED HEAVY FAILURE.

ENORMOUS LIABILITY.

WILD SPECULATION.

Tom proposed to himself a visit to Emily that evening to see how she took it all; but Mr. Outhwaite forestalled him. He called at the Thompson and Asquith office and exhibited a good deal of violence. A ten-minute stream of words ended up with a refusal "to let my daughter wed wi' any chap that gives himself up to this 'ere immoral speculation."

"We're not bankrupt, if that's what you mean," said Tom, thinking he must put in some defence.

"It's t'principle I'm against, not t'result."

Tom choked down an "Oh, is it?" He said instead that he should only take his dismissal from Emily herself.

"I thought there'd be some sort of foolery like that. You young folks nowadays think you are to have everything your own way, and your elders need be consulted about note. But my Emily does as her father bids, and if you want her view on t'matter, it's here, packed close i' this letter which she wrote herself. We won't trouble you to call."

As Mr. Outhwaite went out of one door the pallid Hophni came in at the other, rubbing his hands. "All those parts are ready now, Tom. I've ordered them to be sent round here. We can assemble them in our own engineer's shop. The whole thing can be set up by the day after to-morrow. What about that provisional specification? I was round at the patent agent's yesterday. It's all drawn out."

"Then send it up by to-night's mail to be filed. We'll stop this panic quick now; it's gone on long enough. It's cost me my girl, anyway."

"Why, what do you mean? Engagement broken off?"

"Yes. Old Outhwaite's just been in. Didn't you hear him shouting?"

"Well, Tom, I'm not going to condole with you. Louisa says you never did care twopence for her, and so you're well out of it. I shouldn't be surprised if you never did marry, Tom. Nor'd Louisa. We don't think you could ever care enough for any woman."

"Man's an uncertain animal, Hophni. You shouldn't bet on him. You go round to the patent agents, and I'll go and rouse them up on 'Change a bit. I'm sure they will all be pleased to know that we have seen through the whole game, and we're ready for it all before it begins. And I'm sure it will cheer them, too, to know that with the new machinery that will presently be put on the market, there'll be even more demand for Botanies than they guessed at."

Now, the inside men above mentioned had kept cool during the panic, thinking that they knew all about it; but when they saw that Thompson and Asquith emulated their coolness, it began to occur to some that there must be more behind than met the eye. Of course, there was the bank in the background, but banks do not finance enormous operations

without pretty good security, and the inside men began more and more to respect that said security, the longer its powers of holding out were exhibited. Finally, when one day the cheerful Tom walked sharply in amongst them, and after a little talk produced a stub of pencil and an envelope, and sketched out the points of the new invention, they began to see how nicely they were nipped, and only a few of them availed themselves of the invitation to go round to the mill and see the machine in work for themselves.

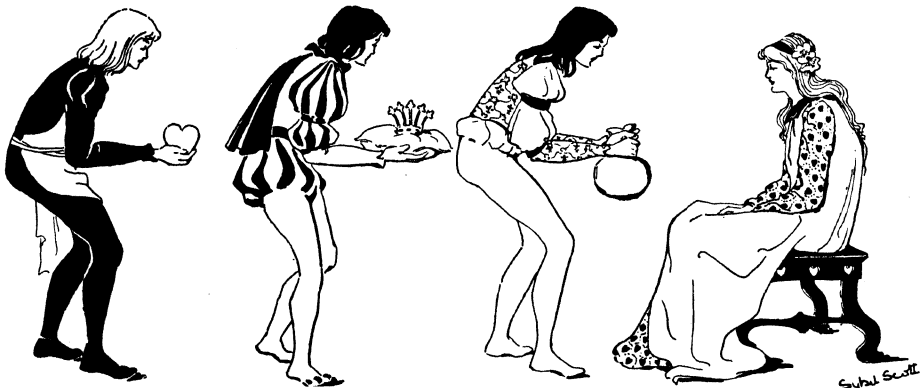
They hadn't time to get away just then. They wanted to buy wool, and the *Bradford Spectator* recorded in its report of that day that certain classes of Botany made the unprecedented jump of one-and-threepence a pound in the hour. It was not till the end of that hour that Tom commenced selling. He had brought off his *coup* to perfection, but he did not push success too remorselessly. Let alone the cruelty of the proceeding, it would not have suited either his own firm or Bradford trade to make firms fail deliberately, and so he did not carry his squeeze too deep. But he and Hophni had something on the windy side of £200,000 to divide between them over the affair, and he, Tom, was honourably free to carry on another project which lay very near to his heart.

When he was alone, he pulled from his pocket a miniature, and every time he looked at it he realised more and more how really near his heart the matter lay.

"You beauty!" he thought, as he feasted his eyes upon the painting. "I wonder how I am to win you? But I'll do it somehow."

And in the dining-room of his new house was a glass case, in which was a plump two-pound trout, delicately poised amongst grasses.

"I wonder," chuckled Tom, as he looked at it, "when Mary'll come and laugh over that for herself."



THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF CRICKET.

By W. J. FORD.

IN few matters which are governed by definite legislation do we fail to find a second code (called by some "unwritten law," by others "etiquette") which, under certain conditions, is allowed to supersede or override the registered statutes. While this implies a certain courtesy of concession on one side or the other—a concession which is as graceful as it is commendable—the observation of this *lex non scripta* is apt on occasion to cause difficulty. There is, in short, a certain point at which the two codes meet, and the hard problem is

the extreme of law is the extreme of injustice! Here is a case in point. Everyone knows the laws regarding the permission to have a substitute to run for one; they very properly limit the privilege to a man who has been injured in the match then being played. A friend of my own, a thoroughly good and keen cricketer, who had played in his school and college elevens, met with an accident which left him permanently lame. Legally, he was now exiled from the cricket-field for life; but the invariable courtesy of opponents—a courtesy which often cost

them a good many runs—revoked the sentence of transportation. This point only arose in second class cricket, when winning or losing a match was of no special moment. Transfer the case, however, to first class cricket, and the question becomes more delicate. It has been raised, indeed, in so important a match as the inter-University contest, in which the



"Just wrong in running across."

propounded to the executive: "Shall I insist on the letter of the written law or not?" No man desires to be anything but knightly and chivalric in his dealings; yet the occasion is sure to come when his chivalry is put to a hard test; when, in fact, chivalry and expediency—duty, one might almost say—are in danger of collision, and he has to consider in connection with cricket at times, whether it is better to stick tight to rules, or to let them be superseded by the other law. My own opinion leans to the strict observance of law; yet how many cases may arise, and have arisen, in which

late H. R. Webbe, who suffered from a weak heart, was allowed the advantage of a man to run for him. But when so fine a batsman was in question, it must have cost the Cambridge captain a struggle between courtesy and expediency to accede to the request. That he did accede, I am truly glad; but I wish it had been then and there stipulated that it be not "recorded as a precedent," and that the principle be finally affirmed that "every boat abides by its accidents." This thoroughly understood by both parties, no grumbling can ensue.

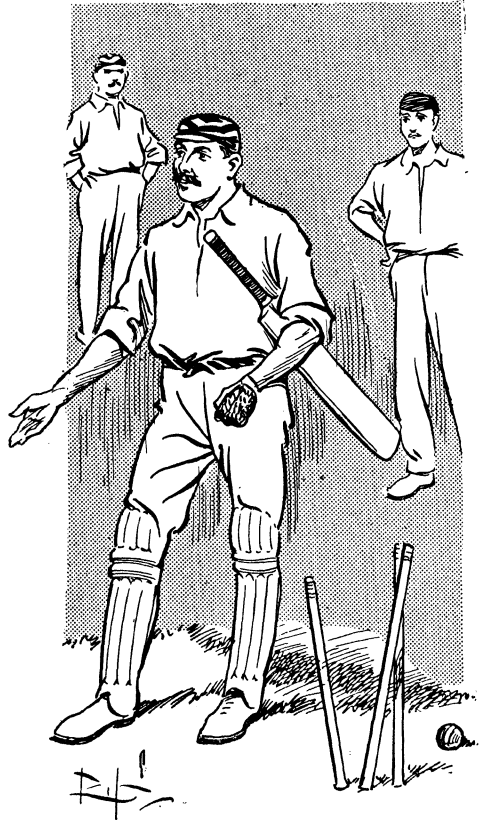
Again, one not unfrequently sees such



"The tardy ones lost their match."

a notice as: "The captain of the X side courteously consented to play for an extra ten minutes so as to allow Y to win." Mistaken courtesy, I hold it, and not, on the whole, good for the game—unless time has been previously wasted—as, in future games between X and Y, the latter side may be called upon for a similar concession, and this case be quoted as a precedent; yet the real conditions may be quite different, and Y may have been making desperate efforts to play out time. On the whole (that is, in a large series of games), the rigour of the law is the best policy, and leads to fewest disputes. I almost blush to record that I think the Marlborough boys were just wrong in *running* across between the overs in the match with Rugby last year. All honour to them for it, but I should not have sanctioned it, still less have ordered it, had I been captain, even though I feel quite sure that the Rugby boys will do the same for Marlborough if ever the occasion arises. My argument is that part, perhaps all, of the Marlborough XI. had been playing, possibly by order, to save the game by quiet batting; all their patience was, however, thrown away by sacrificing their right to change places at a walk. I would, of course, never have given the order,

"Slow march!" but, thinking the ordinary "quick" step the reasonable pace, should never have had the "double" sounded. Begin sharp to time, stop sharp to time, and waste no time, then no concessions need be expected or made; but I cannot see any reason why a side, however far behind, should do anything that tends to make a present of a match to its opponents. Here is another case. Our opponents in a certain match mustered but eight men; the other three were due on the ground—they had to come by train—about an hour and a quarter after the game was timed to begin. The enemy winning the toss and going in, we worked like Trojans, and by aid of a little luck got them out before the defaulters put in an appearance, which they did about two minutes after we had reached the pavilion and the roller had gone out. Their captain appealed to us to go on with the innings; we declined, and there was a coolness. Again, I consider it little short of impudence for a side to come down short in numbers—it is worse if it is the resident side—and to take the field after coolly demanding



"He declared that 'he wasn't ready.'"

an equivalent in substitutes. The side that is numerically deficient, whatever the cause, must bear the burden and heat of the day itself; the result will generally be that on a future occasion it will be fully equipped. There was—to adduce a fresh instance—a certain member of a suburban club who duly went up to the City every morning, match days and all days, and got a telegram as to the result of the toss. If his side won, he was down in an hour or so; if it lost, he turned up when convenient to himself, but always in time for his own innings. This was so notorious that on one occasion we refused to let a substitute field for him, the result being, as usual, coolness; but the coolness, in another sense of the word, was all on the other side. If the same course were vigorously pursued in connection with people who "have to catch a train," cricket would be a better game than it is—if possible. Of course, circumstances alter cases, but if a man cannot be in time, and tells you so beforehand, and you want to have his services, then you must submit to any inconvenience that his absence may cause, and not ask a favour from your opponents which may be a tax on their comfort as well as their courtesy. I once taught two men a lesson. I was captain of the resident team; the enemy in full force appeared punctually, won

the toss, and ordered us to field. Two of our chosen side were away, but two members were on the ground ready and willing to play, so they got the places of the absentees, better cricketers as far as mere playing went. But I stuck to my guns; the tardy ones lost their match; a few hard words broke none of my bones, and—we were a wonderfully

punctual side ever afterwards, for we relied mainly on Saturday afternoon cricket, and the number of summer Saturdays is limited.

The following case was awkward. I was once invited to captain a scratch side that contained a bowler whose action was more than dubious; anyhow, the county captains would have at least made a "suspect" of



"And got 'Out!' for an answer."

him. I, however, had not seen him bowl, though I had been told of his eccentricities. There seemed no reason, however, why I should not give him a chance of bowling at an important moment. His second or third ball—or throw—dismissed a man who was giving us a lot of trouble. Then came the scene, as the opposing captain and one or two of his side issued, hot-foot and hot-head, from the pavilion, to protest. My remedy was simple, of course; I foisted the responsibility on to the umpire, who naturally said "Out"; but the

batsman's move was superb—he declared that "he wasn't ready"! This seemed to give me a chance of stilling the storm, so on his assurance of his unpreparedness, we let him have another knock, and the pugnacious captain retired to the pavilion. The results were satisfactory; the very next ball sent a stump flying, and after one concession it



"The bowler, infuriate, hurled at the wicket."

would hardly have been decent to make a fresh disturbance. Hence the incident concluded peaceably, though not logically. On the whole, I came out of the matter pretty well; but I was wrong to yield, and the lesson was salutary—none the less salutary because weakness of determination for once did no harm. The one time when concession is the right and the only course, is when an ignorant or careless umpire—there are plenty to be found in country cricket—gives a preposterous decision that fairly floors the law. His decision is still, by law, final, but here the captain must “wrest the law to his authority,” and “to do a great right, do a little wrong.” Here is a case in which I might have suffered in *propria persona* (personal examples are best), had not the opposing captain been as courteous as he was skilful. In a malicious mood, I had goaded a certain indifferent and hot-tempered lob-bowler to the very verge of passion, treating his bowling with unnecessary contumely, and being always out of my ground till the ultimate half-second. In due course the umpire, a regular “duffer,” called “Over,” I being well out of my ground and standing where I was when the call came. The bowler, infuriate, hurled at the wicket, cut out the stump, appealed, and got “Out!” for an answer. That was warm. I felt bound to go, however, and equally bound to give the bowler my views as to his conduct in a somewhat impressive and expressive form. The captain, however, did the right thing—quashed the decision, and had me back, nothing loth, for I wanted another hit at those lobs. Leaving the legal point alone, as to whether an umpire’s ignorance can dismiss a man contrary to law—which I hold it cannot do—this was clearly a case for a captain’s intervention, and it is for that reason alone that I tell the story.

It will be gathered from the foregoing lines that I hold that concessions are in the abstract wrong, as being liable to establish precedents and consequently to generate possible friction in the future; but the principle that “circumstances alter cases”

cannot be lightly thrust aside, for, after all, serious as modern cricket necessarily is, cricket is *per se* only a game, and the word “game” includes the word “pleasure.” There would be little pleasure, indeed, if directly a batsman was out the umpire timed the new-comer by stop-watch, and sent him back for being five seconds over his two minutes; if a breathing space after running a “sixer”—such things as open grounds are still to be found—were refused as not being “in the bond,” and “so expressed”; if, in fact, the thousand and one little courtesies of the game were ever omitted. What I object to is the expectation of one side that the other should concede matters which are breaches of the broad and general principles that a match will be played during certain hours between certain sides, each consisting of eleven men. During these hours, too, those sides ought to consist of eleven men, properly constituted members of the clubs. This is a simpler thing in theory than in practice, but still it ought to be done. Playing once in a purely local match, we were staggered to see our opponents unload from their brake four well-known professionals from Lord’s as representatives of their country town! Some local magnate, smarting under the awful defeat we had inflicted in the first match, had imported these men for the “return,” and had paid all expenses. We, not wishing to create a “coolth,” as someone has called it, did not expostulate, and took the invasion like lambs, for, after all is said and done, it was rather a compliment to our prowess; but we were lions instead of lambs that evening, for we not only headed our adversaries handsomely, but actually compelled them to follow on. We heard afterwards that, well as the secret had been kept, it had leaked out to some extent, and that a good deal of money, in a small way, had exchanged hands at longish odds. Such a thing, however, ought to be impossible in local cricket, when enthusiasm and jealousy run high. The incident is by no means an isolated instance, yet it constitutes a serious breach of etiquette.



CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. X.—RUINED.



UNCTUALLY to its time, the 9.37 a.m. up train hurried into the station, and the suburban crowd rushed at it. There was a fusilade of banging doors, and the engine, snorting impatiently,

dragged the congested train on again. Many passengers were standing, and there was an overflow meeting in the guard's van. There was a little ineffective grumbling, but a more general tendency to regard a railway company as a natural law, before which the only correct attitude was one of patient resignation. The suburb was badly served and the accommodation was insufficient; it had always been so; it would always be so. But was poor, mortal man to contend with a great, divine railway company? Certainly not. The very thought seemed almost irreverent. Occasionally a clerk, in a moment of mad rebellion, would observe to a passenger who happened to be standing on another man's feet at the time, that the Company did not do them over well, and that more trains would be a convenience. But humble submission was the more general note.

But whatever might happen to others, Mr. Graham Ventnor was never crowded. A first class compartment was reserved for him and his friends. No resident in the suburb would have ventured to profane the privacy of that apartment; they were respectful people. On one occasion, when Mr. Ventnor was a few moments late, and the train was being kept back for him, a stranger, desperate in his search for a seat, ventured to enter the sacred precincts. The guard, the stationmaster, and a porter were on his trail at once; they were perfectly polite, but they managed to make that stranger understand that he had done a shameful thing; and, of course, they removed him. "No room in any of the other firsts? Very sorry, sir, but we can't help that. This compartment is strictly reserved for Mr. Ventnor and his

party." And Mr. Ventnor's party, awaiting his arrival, glared at the outcast.

Mr. Ventnor thoroughly enjoyed respect and the other signs that he was a personage. But it must not be thought that he was bumptious or peremptory in his manner. On the contrary, he was full of smiling geniality. His was the good humour of a man whose position is assured, and his vanity was no more than normal. He was thought well of in his little world, and that pleased him; he could not always be reminding himself that his suburb constituted a very little world indeed. He was popular among those who served him, as much for his kindly ways as for his generous gifts. When the stationmaster's baby was ill, Mr. Ventnor never forgot to inquire. He always had a word on the situation for that keen politician the guard of the 9.37. His equals found him a pleasant companion, but nobody found him an intimate friend. The social manner was absolutely unbreakable; even that privileged circle that shared the reserved carriage in the morning had never penetrated behind it. "He's a very good chap," said Sharman, the broker, "and I've known him for twenty years. But if I ever wanted a little help, I should feel that I didn't know him well enough to ask for it. You get on well enough with him up to a certain point, and then there's a cut-off; you never get any further."

"I'm not so sure," said Mr. Lardner, K.C., "that there is any further to get. I'm inclined to think that we know all that there is. I believe that if you did want help, he would give you it; and, which is rather important, he would not talk about it."

"I quite believe that. But all the same I should not like to ask him for it. He'd give it, but he'd never respect you again."

"Well," said Lardner, laughing, "you needn't worry about it. You're not likely to want the help. According to all I hear, you people are making money hand over fist just now. Lucky beggars!"

"The public's on the feed, and we're not standing idle. That's all true enough. But

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then, with us, the more business we have, the greater the risk that we run."

"That's it," said Lardner. "It wouldn't be you if you weren't grumbling."

"I don't grumble exactly; but times like these make one nervous. People forget that when we make money, it is in dribblets; and when we lose it, it is in big lumps. I wish things were rather quieter; they're going too fast."

Sharman always looked anxious and worried. His pessimistic tendencies were rather a joke with Ventnor and Lardner. He was a little man with a big family and a good business; he gave the impression that both the family and the business were too large for him. Barstow, who made up the party in the reserved carriage, never joined in the chaff. He was a solemn man; he was interested in his business in Mincing Lane and in his garden—he was fond of gardening and spent a good deal of money on his place; though out of a proper feeling of respect for the practical king of the suburb, he employed one man less than Mr. Graham Ventnor.

Day after day these four men travelled to the City together, and in the evening returned together. They represented the cream of the suburb; they were supposed to be the four wealthiest men in it. I would not imply that the suburb thought of nothing but money, but it did value the qualities or the opportunities that could make money without getting into trouble. The four men were on the best of terms, and their wives were on the best of terms also. They dined together with fair regularity. In good works and local politics the eight were as one. The supremacy of Ventnor was never disputed. It was for him to head the subscription list, to take the chair, and to have his name on the bills as patron. In years and presence he was the superior of the other three. He was a tall man, erect and alert in spite of his sixty years. He was still a handsome man, and he carried himself well and dressed with absolute correctness. He had lived longer in the suburb; he spent more money, it was beyond argument.

But what Sharman had said was perfectly true. Ventnor had a limit of intimacy beyond which no one was allowed to pass. The three men who met him constantly and travelled to and fro with him every working day did not know him really.

* * * * *

In another respect Sharman had been right. The boom, after the manner of

booms, had suddenly turned into a slump. One important failure had involved the downfall of some minor firms. The public performed its usual financial operation. It had bought when prices were high; it now sold when prices were low. The first part of that operation had been sheer fatuousness, but the second part was frequently a matter of necessity. Sharman looked more worried and anxious than ever. One did not question him, but he admitted that he hardly knew how he stood at present. It might be all right. Lardner, who with all his chaff had a very friendly feeling for Sharman, began to be afraid that things were going badly with him.

One afternoon, as Ventnor, Lardner, and Barstow stood on the platform at Waterloo and chatted as they waited for their train, Sharman came up to them. He was very white and his manner was nervous.

"Hullo!" said Lardner. "You look pretty seedy."

"How are things going on the Stock Exchange?" Ventnor asked, with a genial smile.

"Oh! don't ask me. I wish I'd never seen the place! I wish to goodness I were you!"

"What? You want to be a humdrum solicitor? It would bore you to death, after the excitement of your present life."

"Yes, a solicitor, or a shoeblack—anybody who has his fate more or less in his own hands, and at any rate does not get punished for other men's sins. I'm hanged if I shall be able to stand this racket much longer!"

Mr. Barstow, who believed in the exercise of tact, observed that the afternoon was almost unpleasantly warm.

"Cheer up!" said Ventnor jovially. "One of these days I'll give you eight hours in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Very, very dry. You'd never stand it. All right for old-fashioned fogies like myself, but not enough excitement in it for Mr. Sharman."

"Ah! you can afford to treat everything as a joke."

"Here's our train," said Barstow, and the four men entered their carriage. Sharman flung himself back on the cushions with his eyes half closed; he looked absolutely worn out. Ventnor, sitting opposite, seemed as fresh and bright as when he started out in the morning. He was stripping the cover from a new pack of cards. They generally played a rubber of whist on the return journey.

Sharman sat up again to play his hand. Generally good, this afternoon he played

execrably. He missed the call; he forgot the cards played; he made every possible mistake. Barstow, his partner, was furious.

"I'm very sorry," said Sharman, "but I can't help it. I simply can't get my mind on to the game. I don't believe I've got any mind left."

"We'd better give it up," said Lardner. "Sharman's not up to it. We can finish the rubber to-morrow."

"I should be awfully obliged if you would," said Sharman.

So the game was abandoned. In a few moments Sharman was asleep. Barstow read the paper; Ventnor and Lardner amused themselves with *écarté*.

At their destination, when they had got out of the carriage, Lardner caught Ventnor by the arm. "Let those two go on. I want a word or two with you."

"Certainly. What is it?"

"It's my private opinion that poor little Sharman's bust."

"You don't say so?"

"I do. Either absolutely ruined, or at any rate very hard hit. I've never known him to be like that before, and I know what an awful stew he has been in over this account. Bigger men than he have gone under, you know."

"Yes, I know that. But Sharman does not behave like a ruined man. He's had a trying time, but he's all right."

"Then how does a ruined man behave?"

"That depends on the strength of the man. But if Sharman were ruined, he would not get into the same carriage with us; he would keep out of the way. If he did get in with us, he would not even attempt to play whist, and, above all, he would not be able to go to sleep."

"I admit that those are all strong points. But it's quite simple. I shall look Sharman up to-night after dinner—nominally, to smoke a cigar with him, as I sometimes do; really, to find out how the land lies. If, after all, I happen to be right, and he only wants some temporary help to pull through, will you join me on even terms in finding it for him? You're a far richer man than I am, and whatever I do in the matter you can much better afford to do. Sharman's not a bad little chap, and we've known him a long time. He's a white man and he won't put us wrong. The trouble will be to get him to let us see him through."

"Certainly I'll join you. But I don't attach much value to this piece of generosity, because there will be no necessity for it. I

repeat what I said before—Sharman's all right. And I'm glad of it. He's a bit too ready to jabber about his private affairs, but he's a good chap at heart. He does not need your help or mine."

"I hope you're right. In any case, many thanks." And Lardner climbed into his dog-cart and drove off.

He went round to see Sharman in the evening, and found him much the better for his dinner and a rest. Of his own accord he began to talk about business, and Lardner soon found that his fears were groundless. On this occasion Sharman's nervousness and his disposition to make the worst of everything had stood him in good stead. So far as business went, he had done, he admitted, fairly well. But you could pay too much for money. The strain, the anxiety, the overwork were killing him. Luckily it was not always like that; if it were, he would have to give it up altogether. And Lardner, greatly relieved, began to talk golf.

But one of the four men who had travelled down together was ruined, though that one was not Sharman. And that rubber of whist, which after the first game had been adjourned to the following day, was never to be played out.

* * * * *

After Lardner had left him, Mr. Graham Ventnor stood for a moment undecided. Then he sent away the carriage which was waiting for him. On a fine afternoon he sometimes preferred to walk back and to take a stroll on the Common before dinner.

As he walked up the High Street he noted the familiar scene with a new interest. The shops were busy, and Ventnor found himself observing that prices were cheaper in London—as if he had never observed it before. He noticed keenly the expression on the faces of men and boys who touched their hats to him. What did they think of him? What did they say as soon as they had gone past? The group of pretty women in bright dresses standing at the corner—the motor-car that passed him, working hard and going fast—the absurd dummy in boating things in the window of the cheap tailor—the bills fluttering at the office of the local newspaper—everyone and everything, however commonplace and trivial, had for him a freshness and a mystery. He was—and he knew it—seeing it all for the last time. Yet he kept his head erect and maintained his look of genial good humour; a prosperous man, with nothing on his mind, that is what he seemed.

There were no more shops to look at now ; at its upper end the street reformed, widened and became residential. The long wall of old red bricks, pleasant in colour, with the pollarded elms showing above it at regular intervals—that was Barstow's place. A very good fellow, Barstow, but it was a pity that he had no sense of humour. Then came the Recreation Ground ; over the gate was the carved inscription that proclaimed that it was the gift of Graham Ventnor, Esq. "Thanks to the wise and splendid munificence of Mr. Ventnor"—that was how the article in the local paper had begun. Would they alter that inscription now ? And what would the paper say ? The turning to the right would have been the short way to the Common, but it would have taken Ventnor past his own house. Inside the house were his wife and daughters, all fond of him and proud of him. He could not go that way ; the shame of the bold cowardice that he had in his mind stopped him. He had already written and posted in London the letter that was to say good-bye to them ; they would believe the story that it told them—for a while, at any rate. He hurried on and took another turning further up.

There were groups of children playing on the outer fringe of the Common, under the row of young lime trees. On the seats were young men and maidens, awkward and constrained lovers—the women wearing a look of pleased discomfort. A little girl, chased by her companions, rushed past him, stumbled, fell, and howled. Kind Mr. Ventnor picked her up and comforted her with the coppers from his ticket-pocket. As he walked on he heard : "Elizabeth ! Come ! Quick ! A gentleman's give our Gladys threepence." He found an empty seat and sat down to rest. He had still more than a mile to go.

Yes, it was ruin ; not the ruin from misfortune that brings one the unbearable pity of friends, but the ruin that comes of folly and crime. The first step thither had been taken ten years before. It was the year of his "wise and splendid munificence" ; it was also the year of Pallet's bankruptcy. He had discussed that bankruptcy with Sharman, and had said, "I cannot conceive what happiness a man can get from living beyond his income. It's simply stupid, you know. It can only end one way." He remembered the words exactly ; at the time when he said them he himself was living far beyond his income, and was making good the deficiency by "borrowing" the money entrusted to him by clients for investment.

His had not been the folly of ignorance or inability ; he knew perfectly well what he was doing. He was a man that could not go back. He had slowly got into the first place in his town ; he was the man of importance, the man to whom every new scheme was to be submitted, the man whose support meant everything. Retrenchment would have been a sign of failure—an admission that the king could do wrong. So he went on, doing infamous things that he might secure respect, doing reckless and rotten things that he might be thought wise and stable. He was less a fool than a madman ; and he was a madman of some considerable cunning, since for ten years the soundness of his position had never been doubted, and his malpractices had never incurred the least suspicion. Another solicitor who had stolen his clients' money was found out, struck off, and heavily sentenced. Lardner had happened to remark on the sentence at the time ; he thought it excessive. "Not a bit of it," said Graham Ventnor, in a burst of perfectly genuine indignation. "I'm only sorry that the man can't be hanged. Where great trust is shown, as between solicitor and client, I would have the penalty for its abuse proportionately severe." He recalled those words now. They had not been hypocritical ; they had expressed his sincere conviction. At one period during those ten years a series of judicious speculations enabled him to put back the money that he had taken. But his speculations were not always successful, and his expenses went on increasing. He was soon on the downward path again. It was about this time that, thanks to his liberality and energy, the finances of the Cottage Hospital were put into a satisfactory condition.

One may play that game cleverly and prolong it wonderfully, but the end comes, and it is checkmate. Ventnor had foreseen that, and had never had the least doubt what he would do when the end came. He knew the look on an inferior's face when his superior falls—that curious, disrespectful smile. He knew the kind of thing that was said. "Poor old Ventnor ! I always said he was going a bit too fast. Sorry for his wife and children, though." And Ventnor had not the least intention of stopping to see and hear that kind of thing.

The end had come rapidly. On the verge of discovery Ventnor had tried to save himself by speculation. And he had been caught in the slump. There had been a bitter irony in the situation when Lardner had appealed



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"He recognised the man with the revolver by his side."

to him, without a doubt of his ability, to save poor Sharman from ruin. Nothing would have pleased Ventnor better, if Sharman had required the assistance and he had been in a position to give it. He was not quite a common thief; all he had valued in money was the power that it gave him to command the respect of his fellows and to do good. Well, it was all over now.

It was time for him to go. He had sat there longer than he had intended, making his useless survey of the past. The children had gone home already. The sun was setting; the air was still, hot, and heavy. He rose from his seat and took his way across the Common. Suddenly he heard behind him the sound of barking, and looked round. It was his favourite dog, a beautiful collie, the winner of many prizes. Mr. Ventnor's horses, and dogs, and begonias always won prizes.

"What are you doing here, Pete? Who let you out? Managed that yourself, did you? Well, you're not coming. No, Pete. Home! Get home!"

The dog understood and was generally obedient. But this time he went a little way, stopped, and again tried to follow his master. Ventnor had to throw stones at him to get him finally to obey.

In another twenty minutes he had reached the place where a little footpath leaves the main track across the Common, and passes through a wood lying low in a hollow. Ventnor took the footpath. On the edge of the wood he paused and looked round. Not a soul was in sight; not a sound was to be heard. He took the revolver—a new one—from his pocket and began methodically to slip in the cartridges. He gave a sigh of relief—relief that he had managed to keep it up to the end. Not by a word or a look had he given away his secret. Pity and contempt would come, but he would never have

to know them. The house of cards would fall, but it would have lasted his lifetime.

He walked slowly and with a firm step into the dark of the wood. For nearly ten minutes there was silence. Then a shot rang out clear, and a flight of birds rose from the wood and flew rapidly away.

* * * * *

On Sunday morning Lardner and Sharman went for a walk together across the Common. Naturally they spoke of the one subject with which the suburb was ringing—the disappearance of its great man.

"Well," said Sharman, "we saw him that afternoon. He was sane and normal then, if ever a man was. He was in no trouble of any kind. He was on the best of terms with his wife and children. It seems absurd to suppose that he was in any financial mess."

"Quite absurd," said Lardner. "We know the kind of man he was. He hated speculation and extravagance; he was one's ideal of a safe, solid, prosperous solicitor. No, the thing's inexplicable—unless he's met with some accident."

"And even then we should have heard of it by now."

They turned down the footpath into the wood, still discussing the mystery. Presently Sharman pointed to a recumbent figure, half hidden in the bracken, some few yards away from them. "That beggar's taking it pretty easy," he said.

"Yes. I wonder what that thing is shining there by his hand."

"Go and see."

Lardner went forward. He recognised the man with the revolver by his side. Then he motioned to Sharman to stand back.

"Don't come!" he called. "It's too awful to look at!"

"What do you mean? What?"

"Ventnor! It's his body! He has killed himself!"

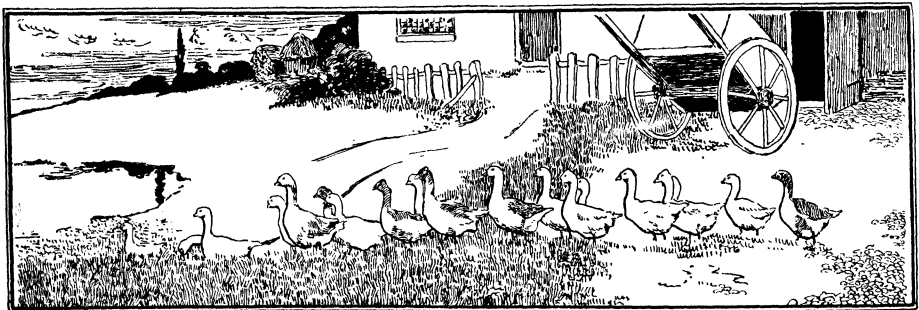




Photo by]

[Atwood & Son, Southgate.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S COUNTRY HOUSE, OSIDGE, SOUTHGATE.

THE EVOLUTION OF A GREAT BUSINESS:

A TALK WITH SIR THOMAS LIPTON, K.C.V.O.

BY FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.*

FORTUNES, if they come at all, sometimes come too late. The words addressed by Samuel Johnson to Lord Chesterfield on his tardy patronage have too often an echo in the admissions of millionaires who take the world into their confidence. "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it." Lucky Sir Thomas Lipton has a record all on the other side. Fortune came to him before he had lost that "joy of our youth" which does not necessarily vanish with the increase of mere years. A millionaire in the prime of life he could gratify tastes which, formed early, were still fresh in practice to him. When at last a little leisure fell to his share, he had all the heart ready to delight in it. He had adaptability. He could work, but he could play. Dreams indulged in when, as a boy, he lay on the banks of the Clyde and watched the shipping, dreams of a "not

impossible She," a lady of the waters, he was able to realise, surely over and beyond all early expectations, when he bought the *Erin* and built the two *Shamrocks*. Dreams, too, of soldiering, when he stood as a child in a Glasgow street and watched the Highland Light Infantry go by, had their fulfilment when up that very street, in the time to come, he rode proudly with that troop as its Honorary Colonel. Browning used to say that he was almost afraid to wish for anything, he was so certain to obtain it. Sir Thomas Lipton seems throughout life to have played the nursery game of "pretending," and found all pretences true.

There we pull up, however. "Till I was solitary, and could not impart it," said Dr. Johnson, in allusion to his dead wife. Sir Thomas Lipton is a bachelor. All the same he is a son; and he has been heard to say that one of the drawbacks (drawbacks, in the plural, if you please!) to his success in life is the regret that his father and mother passed away before he reached the summit that would have delighted them. They had come from County Monaghan, where the soil was too poor to support them, and had settled in Glasgow, where their son was born.

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At any rate, they lived long enough to see him prospering; and near Glasgow is a villa of his, in which they lived, and which the most magnificent offers would not tempt him to sell. It stands, a monument to the fact, which he never forgets to tell you, that they were Irish people whom hard times had driven from their native land, and whom he, starting life as a shop-assistant who was ready to sleep under the counter, was able, by degrees, to accommodate in what was to them a palatial residence. Their portraits are to be seen to-day by all who go into the millionaire's room in the City Road, and adorn the walls of his home at Osidge, as our picture of the dining-room dimly shows.

Of Sir Thomas Lipton's early struggles there is an abundance of anecdotes, mostly true in the spirit, many of them in the letter. "Never despair; keep pushing on," was the motto of the early days in Glasgow and in New York. In New York he got together his first hundred pounds. He gathered also a store of experiences so wit-sharpening that, looking back now, he is moved to declare that to America he owes his after-success. "Our youths should go there for a year or two," he says, "to finish. It is the best sort of university for younger sons who have their way to make." All the same, young Lipton, thinking things over, and counting his earnings, came to the conclusion that it would be as easy to use his talents and his capital to advantage in the Old Country as it was in the New.

"How did you make a fortune, Sir Thomas?" That question is often put to the millionaire, sometimes in so many words, sometimes by indirect

methods. Sir Thomas is nothing if not direct; and as he has a great feeling for such a magazine as the WINDSOR, and received its representative most kindly, as he is, moreover, open-handed in his generousities, we may take it that he would have given us the wealth-getting formula, if, indeed, he had one. What were his methods? He tells you at once that they were all of the old recipes, with perhaps one little dash of the new. Ceaseless industry—that is the first ingredient in this manufacture of gold. Had Lipton flagged, there are many occasions when the race would not have been his. With all his strength, there were times when he was weary; but he forged ahead. "Be industrious, then," says Sir Thomas; "be honest; be enterprising; show good judgment in great things and small; and advertise wisely and well." That is the talisman. It sounds a little commonplace compared with the mysterious methods of alchemists for the

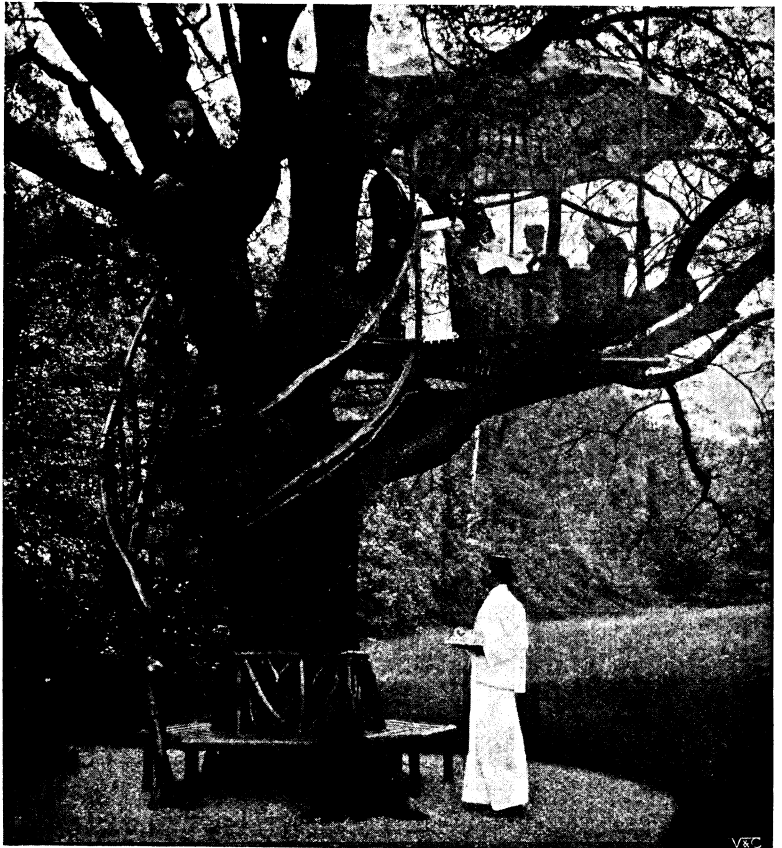


Photo by]

[Atwood & Son, Southgate.

AFTERNOON TEA AT OSIDGE.



Photo by]

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, K.C.V.O.

[Lafayette.

making of the precious metal. But they died beside their empty crucibles ; while Sir Thomas, in the prime of life, has the modern, and again unromantic, bank-book, which will respond to his signature up to millions of sovereigns—a valuable autograph indeed, one thought, as he affixed it to a portrait here reproduced. It is on beaten ways and by everyday methods that the world's marvels are wrought ; and the recognition of that homely fact is everywhere the motive behind great deeds and the secret of achievements which astonish the world. He who looks away, scanning the skies for visions, misses the possibilities at his feet.

All this our grandfathers knew, but their days were not propitious to fortune-making. Railways first created the aristocracy of wealth. It was precisely by the further

application of the principle of intercommunication that the great Lipton firm was built up. One shop sufficed for the ambition of the quiet-going merchantman of old days. Even so he got all his advantage by buying wholesale. But that term was one of degrees, and the man who flourished by buying a gross, and selling them off as units, could obviously flourish the more by buying a hundred thousand and still effecting individual sales. What was wanted was the man—a replica of the “Mr. G. O. A. Head” to whom Lord Beaconsfield introduces Coningsby in the pages of a novel written under the new impulses set going by the birth of cities like Manchester. But how to deal with large numbers ? — that was the problem. The answer was expressed in the one word “Organisation.” It was, in its way, a new faculty, born of the increase of population and of the possibilities opened by steam and electric traffic on land and sea. Industry, honesty — these qualities do not in themselves bring the reward of wealth ; and this for the best of reasons, that they are too

common to distinguish a man from his fellows in any sort of pre-eminence. The genius of organisation is a rarer possession. Luckily it was Sir Thomas Lipton's.

When one shop in Glasgow succeeded, he opened another. That sounds easy. In practice it was otherwise. To spend hard earnings, to settle down into domestic comfort, that is the common way and the thronged. Nobody's head rises higher than the rest. The man who postponed his holidays, put off his spendings on himself, and added to his responsibilities as he went along, was soon seen apart from the crowd, climbing his hill. “Adventures are to the adventurers,” says the proverb. But adventurers are born, not made. The requisite qualification for success in the case of the Lipton combination of businesses was



[Photo by]

[E. Thomas, Cheapside.]

THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT OSIDGE.

the level head of the organiser-in-chief, who did not niggle, but drew with large and broad design his plan of life, and who had that rare gift of multiplying himself which belongs to those who choose their deputies well. It is not enough for those Bonapartes of business to know Affairs merely—they must also know Men. One man, indeed, they do refuse, as far as may be, to know—the middleman. Wherever possible, they make what they sell.

The results of Lipton's knowledge, and the shrewd, unwearying application of it through long hours of daily toil, year in and year out, are sufficiently well known. The humble shop in Glasgow was transformed into hundreds of marts; the great streets of great capitals knew the name; manufactories arose, here and there, of all the great requisites of life; tea-gardens blossomed in Ceylon; fruit-gardens at home; Lipton's vans on road and railway, Lipton's ships on the sea, carried to and fro their cargoes of comestibles. Ireland's supply of bacon, falling short of insatiable English demands, was supplemented by America's superabundance, and the eggs of the thrifty *petite-culture* of France eked out the English breakfast-table; and all on a system of purchase in great bulk in the open markets of the world. Free

Trade, one imagines, must have waited for organisations such as this to make its benefits fully felt. That is the impression produced by a visit to the great central emporium in the City Road. Leaving behind the counting-house, with its vast army of clerks of both sexes, the visitor, who is told he may "see everything," is led through warehouse after warehouse, stored with bales of merchandise. Consignments from India, China, Ceylon tell how Lipton holds, like Venice of old, "the gorgeous East in fee." The mere leaden linings of the chests of tea, stripped off, produce a yearly revenue of over £5,000.

The mixing-room, the tasting-room, the packing-room, these are simple enough departments—"elemental tea," said Pope. Complexity rules in the cocoa and chocolate manufactory. Confectionery has its headquarters at the City Road, as jam has at Bermondsey, and the bakeries in Glasgow. Tin-works, paper-works, printing-works, soap-works—these are among mere accessories of the main business. They are done by deputy; but the deputy has to be chosen and to be controlled, an exercise of supreme judgment. The bad workman who complains of his tools has his fellow in the bad master who complains of his men.

This employer, at any rate, has good words

for all who serve him. Moreover, it is idle to suppose that a business of this magnitude, or any great work in the world, was ever yet built up except by a full recognition of the great principles which govern the conduct of mankind: Self-interest, in no mean sense, is one of these. The man who labours for himself labours with most heart, and this motive power is made available by the transfer of a private business to a public company. One great advantage gained by a co-operation of capital is the worker's possibility of participation in the profits of his own toil. Sir Thomas Lipton's sense of logic told him that the same rule of advantage applied, in a smaller degree, to the consumer. He is, in fact, the partner of the producer; let him have full advantage of the fact. When Lipton, Limited, was formed, therefore, the servants of the firm had their first chance of an investment; and by the placing of shares as far as possible in the hands of small owners, and away from the mere speculator, the customer also had his opportunity. And he took it. The story is still fresh of that marvellous run which the premium of five shillings on each pound share could not check. Some £40,000,000 or £50,000,000 worth of shares were applied for; as if the possession of one share were the ambition

of every man, woman, and child in the Kingdom.

The wealth of Sir Thomas Lipton has reached, besides, a portion of the public to whom no investments are possible. There was the Princess of Wales's Fund to feast the really poor on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. The proposal seemed to languish. That was a misfortune which might seem to imply some fault in the conception of the Princess's plan. But people should not go hungry, least of all on Jubilee Day; besides which, Royalties must not fail to carry out what they propose. Sir Thomas seized the position at once when it was described to him over a cup of tea with the Lady Mayoress. "How much is wanted?" "£30,000." "How much is in hand?" "£5,000." "Then count on a cheque from me for the missing £25,000." The delight of the Princess may be imagined. It was renewed afresh a little later when Sir Thomas Lipton handed to her another cheque, this time for £100,000, to establish the Alexandra Trust for the erection of cheap restaurants. According to common gossip, the Princess, to whom the magic slip of pink paper was handed by Sir Thomas at Marlborough House, danced round the room with pleasure, saying she had never before held in her



Photo by]

[Thomas, Cheapside.

THE DINING-ROOM, WITH ITS PORTRAITS OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S PARENTS,



THE AMERICA CUP.

hands so large a sum. These were knightly deeds all round; and the name of Thomas Lipton seemed quite in its place when it appeared upon the formal roll of honours in the *Gazette*.

The tea-cup is not now the only Cup associated with Sir Thomas Lipton. "All good ideas are born in France," claims one of her proud sons. By a mere chance the idea of building a yacht to compete for the America Cup took definite shape in a railway-compartment

which left Paris for Rome one midnight in the spring of 1897. The Hon. Charles Russell was, by a further chance, the companion of that journey, he being bound for Rome on a diplomatic mission for the Government of Canada, while Sir Thomas was making for Naples, *en route* to Ceylon. Cosmopolitan as these origins sound, and as the race was to be, the thoughts of these two Irishmen did not travel far afield. The boat was to be an Irish boat, in ownership, in name, and, as far as might be, in the building and the manning of her. The challenge went across the Atlantic from the Ulster Yacht Club—Sir Thomas's native province, and President McKinley's, too. Public interest followed the building of the *Shamrock* from the beginning. The Prince of Wales saw it in dock, and when it reached the other side it had a welcome which showed what good cousins we and the Americans really are, when interchanges of sportsmanlike rivalry are fairly and courteously entered upon. "The race, undecided," said Sir Thomas beforehand, "is delightful to anticipate; and I know that, however de-

cided, it will never be less than delightful to me in the retrospect." The race was one of freaks and flukes on a sea becalmed. *Shamrock* was the laggard, but her owner was as good as his word. He took his defeat with all the consolation that ought, between these countries, to belong to a father who is outstripped by his own sons. The building of *Shamrock II.* reawakened and, indeed, redoubled the interest of two years earlier, and when her trial race with *Shamrock I.* was to be run in the Solent, the King was there to see. The sudden gust which blew away the sails and broke the mast of the new challenger would in any case have caused sympathetic consternation; but it sent a thrill over the world when it was known to have put into imminent peril the Monarch at the outset of his long-prepared-for rule. The bestowal of a Knight Commandership of the Victorian Order upon Sir Thomas Lipton had been one of the earliest acts of Edward VII.'s reign; and another mark of regard came to Sir Thomas from overseas when the New York Yacht Club postponed the date of the race so as to give time for the



Photo by]

[West & Son, Southsea.

"SHAMROCK I.": SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA CUP IN 1899.



Photo, Gregory & Co.]

[Stuart Copyright.

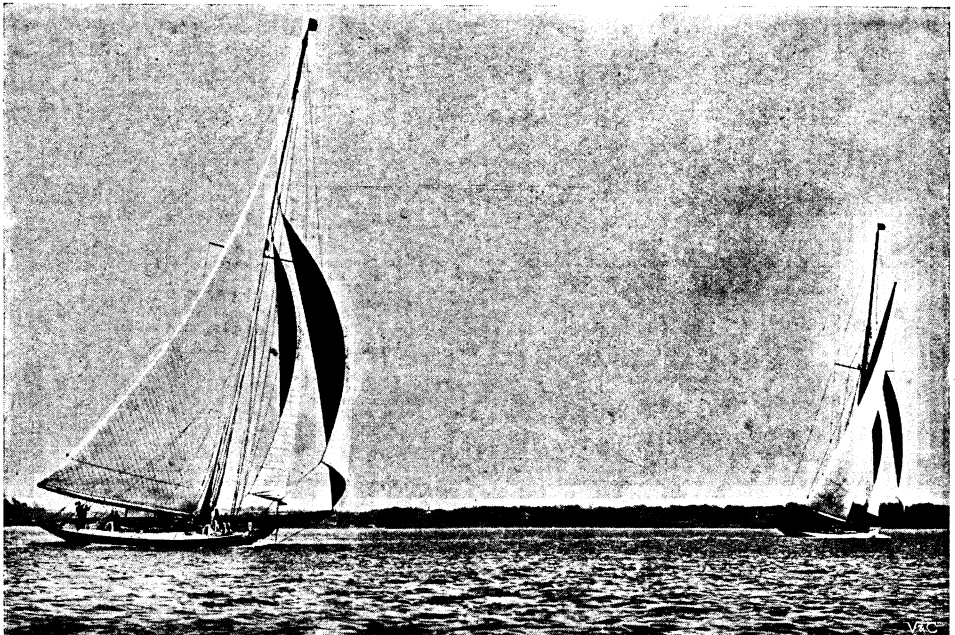
SHAMROCK II., AFTER THE RECENT ACCIDENT WHILE THE KING WAS ON BOARD.

repairing of the new competitor that aspired to "lift the Cup."

Sports and games are enjoyed by Sir Thomas Lipton for their own sake. He is a sportsman who does not bet. Speaking of recreations in general, Sir Thomas says :—

"It is hardly necessary to ask me if I am a believer in Saturday's half holiday and Sunday's rest. It is a mistake, mentally and physically, for any man to work seven days

without ceasing, however young and strong he may be, and however ardent to make strides in business. Off hours from my business I spend, as far as possible, in the open air ; I leave behind me the city at night. Even now, when of necessity I dine frequently in London, I drive ten miles into the country to sleep ; the extra trouble and the loss of time are well repaid by the pure air. That is my opinion, and I leave others



Shamrock I.

Shamrock II.

A TRIAL RACE BETWEEN THE TWO SHAMROCKS.

Photo, Gregory & Co., Stuart Copyright.

to smile at the suburbs. Gardening I agree with Lord Tennyson in thinking the most perfect of recreations; it gives you just enough to think about to be a complete distraction, yet not enough to worry you; and it is work-play done under delightful conditions. The hour in the garden at the beginning of the day or at its close is worthy many sacrifices in the winning. Though I have never been able to get to bed before midnight, I am always up at seven—an allowance of sleep that is less by an hour than Lord Palmerston gave out as indispensable—at any rate, for a statesman. Other spare half-hotrs at home go to outdoor games—cricket, golf, tennis, and bowls. If one must be indoors, a game of billiards I find to be a grand exercise. You walk miles, to begin with, and a private table is a great attraction to keep together the young members of a household in the evenings. From all this it follows I am not a great theatre-goer. I do not think I sat out a play more than twelve times in my life, and never did I do so till the last very few years. My parents, being old-fashioned and church-going, had never seen the glare of the footlights, and I felt that I could not properly allow the time to give myself up to being amused for so long by other people—in a vitiated atmosphere. I felt I could do better for myself. Half an hour in a music-hall seemed to be a different matter—you could hear the song you wished to hear and then come away. All the same, some of the nicest people I have ever known belonged to

the stage. Sport and gambling are often supposed to be inseparable. Many thousands of pounds are put upon yacht-racing, but never a pound by me. I have yet to make my first bet. I race purely for the pleasure of the sport; and I would not bet on my own boat or any other."

Sir Thomas, who is now fifty-one years of age, is a great believer in young men. He has proved in his own case their possibilities of quick advancement from obscurity to fame, circumstances favouring; and in America one of the features of commercial life that has always enlisted his quick sympathies has been the lead taken, in nearly all departments of industry, by the almost beardless boy.

For the rest, Sir Thomas is a little bit of a musician, having played the violin since he was a lad. But his chief diversion, after all, has been his ascent of the ladder of fortune—surely a most exhilarating exercise. With that we take our leave, in Ingoldsby's pat words, of—

Sir Thomas the good—

Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
Some toothsome conserve of quince, apple, or pear,
Or distilling strong waters, or potting a hare,

or adventuring after that desired great trophy with all eagerness, yet with the good temper of the true sportsman who knows how to take defeat if it needs must come his way; or devising anew schemes of beneficence by which he makes the Poor the sleeping-partners in his fortunes.





HIS RETAINING FEE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.*

BUSY with the weekly books, and sometimes looking up at the closed shutters of the houses opposite, Miss Lane sat in her neat little morning-room.

"I am afraid we have missed Mrs. Jolly's rooms at Broadstairs. The delay of Gwen's trip to Switzerland was unfortunate." Her unuttered soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of an elderly young woman somewhat starched in aspect.

"If you please, 'm, I have heard from my aunt, Mrs. Jolly; she says her drawing-rooms have been obliged to leave sudden, so if you are not suited, she can be ready for you by dinner-time to-morrow, 'm."

"I am glad to hear it, Priscilla. I began to fear we should find every place occupied."

"Well, 'm, it looked like it. Now, I suppose we had better hurry up with the packing; and I've been thinking, 'm, I had better put up some claret for you to take, 'm."

"Why, Priscilla?"

"Well, 'm, my haunt is a total abstainer, like myself, and she is that particular, she never likes to see bottles of any kind except physic bottles come into her house—I mean from the tradespeople near. You see, Mrs. Jolly has a position to lose, 'm; she is president of the Broadstairs and St. Peter's Blue Ribbon Women of the United Something. I forget the name; it's very long. You'll find she is highly respectable, 'm, and that clean you might eat off her kitchen floor."

"Very satisfactory indeed. These high principles are very praiseworthy."

"It's twenty minutes past one, 'm. Miss Lavinia won't be long. Shall I bring up lunch?"

"Perhaps you had better. My sister ought to be here by this."

"Here she is, 'm. That's her ring, 'm."

In another minute a slight, neat figure, in lilac muslin, a black lace scarf, and a hat adorned with primroses, came into the room.

"I had begun to feel uneasy about you, my dear."

The speaker was a tall, thin woman, with an indefinite nose, a wide, thin-lipped mouth, and a high, narrow forehead; she was attired in black alpaca, and her aspect was highly dignified.

"Yes, dear; I was so unlucky as to have a drunken driver returning from Victoria, so I got out and took an omnibus, which delayed me."

Here Priscilla announced luncheon, and as soon as that meal was half over, Miss Lane told the good news that Mrs. Jolly's rooms were available, and they could go to Broadstairs to-morrow. Miss Lavinia expressed her pleasure at this information. She had removed her hat, showing a nicely shaped head, with a good deal of hay-coloured hair; she had a short, simple, smiling face, like an elderly child, faded, wandering, blue eyes, and a kindly, half-open mouth.

"Now, tell me," said the elder sister, "how did Gwen go off?"

"In better spirits than I expected. The other young ladies of Madame Carolet's party seemed very nice. At the last she said, 'Mind, I do not send my love to Aunt Betty, I am too vexed; when I am in a better temper I will write!'"

"Gwen is exceedingly wilful."

"Still, I shall miss her, Bettina."

"You are deplorably weak, Lavinia!"

Lavinia wisely turned the conversation on to-morrow's journey, and in discussing details her shortcomings were forgotten.

The Misses Lane, as their cards were printed, were fortunate in weather and surroundings during their holiday.

Mrs. Jolly, a lugubrious female in a large widow's cap, cooked fairly well; and on the same terrace they found acquaintances—Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, with their son and daughter; the former, an ideal young curate, on whom they would gladly have bestowed the hand of their niece, who had made a far different, and far less estimable, choice.

"Here is a letter from Gwen," exclaimed Lavinia one day, when they had been a short time at the seaside.

"Quite an interesting letter!" Bettina

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said presently. "I am glad I let her join Madame's party, though it is expensive."

"Her mind will be diverted from that Mr. Harley," returned Lavinia.

"I doubt that! She says (reading): 'I do hope you are enjoying yourselves. You are dear old things! I shall be so glad to see you again; but I wish you would let me go my own way at first, as I certainly shall at last! I had a letter from Jack Harley. He is going to paint some pictures of the cliffs at Ramsgate—a commission from a rich Jew. This is encouraging! Best love to Auntie L. Though I am angry with you, I am still your loving niece,

"Gwendoline Lane.'"

"She has an affectionate heart," said Lavinia, touching her eyes lightly with her handkerchief.

"But no judgment, sister. Never will I consent to her marriage with a mere penniless Bohemian artist such as Mr. John Harley."

Here the argument was interrupted by the entrance of the Rev. Eustace Fuller, who came with an invitation to the sisters from his mother to spend that evening with Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, who found they were obliged to leave much sooner than they expected, so proposed a rubber of whist and a little supper as a wind-up to their pleasant intercourse.

The invitation was graciously accepted. A very cheerful evening ensued, and at supper everyone appreciated a dressed crab prepared by the delicate fingers of Miss Fuller.

"Yes, my little girl is a dab at cooking," said Mr. Fuller exultingly. "But, mamma, I think a little hot brandy-and-water would be an excellent corrective."

Mrs. Fuller assented, and soon the Reverend Eustace and his father were engaged in compounding the desired beverage.

"Not for us, thank you," said Miss Lane, with suave rejection. "Neither my sister nor myself can take hot spirits and water."

"Try them cold, then," urged Mr. Fuller with earnest hospitality. The refined sisters were steady in their refusal.

After a cordial leavetaking the Misses Lane retired to their respective apartments, where, content with themselves and all the world, sweet sleep soon stole over them.

But not for long.

A sudden light flashing against her closed eyes woke Bettina. She opened them and



"Well, 'm, my haunt is a total abstainer, like myself.'"

beheld Lavinia in a pink dressing-gown, and a lighted candle in her hand—Lavinia, with red eyes and greenly white cheeks. “Betty,” she said, in trembling tones, “I am awfully ill; I feel as if I were dying!”

Betty sat up in her bed, crowned by a ferociously frilled nightcap. She gazed piercingly at her sister for an instant.

“It’s the crab!” she exclaimed dramatically. “You took two helpings of it, Lavinia, which was childishly greedy; now you are suffering.”

“I feared it might be blood-poisoning from drains, or something. There is such an awful pain just below my chest!”

Even in the seclusion of her sister’s sleeping apartment the gentle Lavinia hesitated to pronounce the word “stomach.”

“It is nothing of the sort! Give me my wrapper,” said Miss Lane decisively; “you must have some brandy. Fortunately, I took the precaution of putting some in the travelling flask.”

With dignity Miss Lane descended from her couch, put on her wrapper, drew her keys from under her pillow, unlocked a handbag, drew forth the flask, and administered a teaspoonful of the fiery liquid to her suffering sister, who swallowed it obediently and coughed a little.

“Go back to your bed, Lavinia. I will stay by you for a while, and, if necessary, repeat the dose.”

“Really, Betty, I do not think I could swallow any more; it is so powerful. Indeed, I feel better already.”

“Then you certainly must have another spoonful.” She proceeded to pour and administer it, Lavinia, of course, submitting.

Thus was forged the first link in the chain of events recorded in this true tale.

Poor Lavinia, however, did not soon recover from the effects of the crab; her sister was, therefore, obliged to administer further spoonfuls, and their very slender store of Cognac was quickly exhausted.

The departure of their friends, and a few succeeding days of rain and gloom, had a very depressing effect, especially on Lavinia.

“There is something very miserable in the weather,” she sighed. “I feel such a sinking, especially when night closes in. I wish we were at home, where I could have what I like.”

Miss Lane did not reply immediately, and when she spoke she had evidently made up her mind.

“I see it is quite necessary that you should have something more sustaining than claret,

Lavinia. A nice cup of arrowroot, now, at bedtime, with some Cognac in it?”

“Yes, my dear; but I do not see how we are to get any more,” ruefully.

“Well, I do. I am determined to get some.”

“You are a wonderful woman, Betty!”

“We will drive over to Ramsgate to-morrow, if it is fine,” returned Betty enigmatically.

To-morrow was fine, and they carried out their intention. After viewing the bathers from the esplanade, and listening to the band, they proceeded to do a little shopping. The carriage was detained a few moments before a gorgeous establishment. Lavinia remained in the carriage until Miss Lane issued from the emporium of “sugar and spice, and all that’s nice,” an innocent-looking bag of vanilla biscuits in her hand, and a round, brown parcel under her cloak. She had an air of supreme triumph as she stepped into the carriage, having directed the driver “home.” They had accomplished half a mile before she spoke again; then she said mysteriously, “They will not sell less than a large bottle—I mean a wine bottle.”

“Indeed! That is a great deal, isn’t it?”

As they approached the tranquil precincts of Broadstairs, a gentleman came out from a lane which led down to the beach—a tall man, in a shabby shooting jacket and a rather battered soft felt hat. It was a warm day, and his jacket hanging open showed a beautifully white shirt, with a gay Indian silk scarf tied round him instead of a waistcoat. As soon as his laughing hazel eyes fell upon the sisters he smiled in friendly fashion, showing a range of fine, white teeth, and raised his hat.

Miss Lane looked sternly over his head, but Lavinia gave him a nervous little bow.

“That Mr. Harley is really too audacious! He ought to have waited for *our* recognition,” said Bettina.

“He is really very good-looking,” simpered Lavinia.

“Handsome is that handsome does!” was the scornful rejoinder.

It was now within a few days of their returning home, and Miss Lane carefully transferred the remainder of the Cognac to their flask. Miss Lavinia watched the process with great interest; then in a hesitating voice she asked, “What are you going to do with the bottle, Betty, dear?”

“I am not sure; we cannot leave it behind. Though, no doubt, Mrs. Jolly is a

Christian woman, she would be apt to take a wrong view of a brandy bottle."

"No doubt of that."

"I believe it would be best to put it up amongst our clothes in the large dress basket."

"Well, Bettina, I am not so sure."

"Why, Lavinia?"

"You see, Priscilla would want to unpack it, and think it most extraordinary if we did not let her; she is very severe as to total abstinence, and just a little censorious. She would certainly tell Mrs. Jolly!"

"Such uneasiness is unworthy of you, Lavinia," said her sister softly.

"Perhaps so, dear; but——"

Lavinia proceeded to picture many dangers. Even if this miserable proof of their small but secret potations escaped the sharp eyes of Priscilla, their grocer's boy, when he came to collect the empties, would be sure to leave the stranger alone in its glory, distinctly labelled, "Timkins and Sons, Ramsgate," to inform the world that, not content with their private flask and a small hamper of claret, the Misses Lane had surreptitiously purchased a full-sized bottle of brandy.

Even Bettina paused before the picture thus conjured up. But the resources of her daring spirit and inventive brain were not yet exhausted.

"Lavinia," she said, "I did not dream that these complications could have arisen; but I begin to see my way."

"Indeed! What is your idea? You are quite wonderful."

"I think, my dear, I should prefer not telling you my plan; you are such a curious, timid creature, I would rather bear the anxiety myself."

Though burning with curiosity, Lavinia, as usual, submitted, and soon after luncheon accepted Miss Lane's suggestion of a drive to Ramsgate.

A short way from the modest little town of Broadstairs the road to Ramsgate, where it draws near the cliffs, passes a remarkably large field, then lying fallow, traces of the furrows it had borne being still visible.

On the left hand a small patch of woodland sheltered the road from the sea breezes; across the wide space to the right there was no sign of life, and the little wood seemed equally deserted.

Then it was that Miss Lane, with the courage and decision which distinguished her, rose suddenly to her full height, and facing about, drew the obnoxious bottle from

under her cloak, and, with greater force than could have been expected, flung it away over the soft earth surface of the fallow field, swiftly turning as it flew from her hand, and resuming her seat.

"Oh! Bettina, you are quite extraordinary. But—but—suppose anyone saw!" gasped Lavinia.

"I have taken care of that!" with quiet exultation. "There was not a soul in sight. Now we have got rid of the horrid thing, and not a moment too soon. Here is a *char-à-banc* full of people."

Thus Bettina!

"It was quite a splendid idea!" exclaimed her admiring sister.

They drove on with a delightful sense of relief and security.

Woman proposes, but Fate disposes! As they passed the *char-à-banc*, and reached the edge of the little copse, a man came out from among the trees and paused, looking after the vanishing vehicle. He carried a campstool and a flat box, strapped together, and after a moment's thought leant against the stem of a tree and laughed long and heartily. Then he said half aloud—

"'Twas the majestic Bettina herself, and no mistake! Gwen would laugh ~~fill~~ she cried at the story, only she is so fond of the old girls, she would not like me to tell it! I must go and see what the bottle is that Miss Lane threw away with so much vigour. Hallo!"

This exclamation was elicited by the sight of a rugged figure which arose from among the half-effaced furrows and came towards him; in its left hand it held a bottle—yes! certainly a bottle!

Jack Harley, for it was that objectionable artist, went to meet the figure, and found it to be a battered-looking old labourer, with a queer, puckered, weather-beaten face, who walked as if stiffened with rheumatism. In his left hand he held a bottle. He was muttering to himself,

"Well, my man, this is remarkable soil, if it grows bottles."

"Faith! it is so. Oh! Preserve us! What have I done at all, at all, to get such a crack over me skull, an' I pickin' up weeds as innocent as the babe unborn? Can you see a wound, sir? or am I losin' much blood?"

"No! I don't think you have any bones broken! Tell me—who attacked you?"

"Sorra one! I was stooping over a big tuft of weeds, whin I felt something like a cannon-ball hit me head and send a hundred



BERTHA NEWCOMBE

“‘Oh! Bettina, you are quite extraordinary.’”

quare colours dancin’ in me eyes. As soon as I got me sight, what did I see but this bottle by me side. Bad luck to it!”

“Were there any roughs about?”

“Sorra one. Nothing but the hoight of good company, no less. ‘Timkins and Sons,’” he continued, reading the label. “Faith! I’ll take this back to ’em; maybe they will give me a sixpence.”

“I doubt it,” said Harley. “Come, now, don’t bother any more about it. Give me your address—I’ll come and see how you

get on. There’s sixpence for you; go on to that little tavern, get a glass of beer, and they’ll let you sit down and rest.” He scribbled the old man’s address in his notebook, strapped up his impedimenta tighter, and slipping his arms through the slings with which his box or case was furnished, hoisted it on his back and set off at a round pace towards Ramsgate, hoping to catch his friend, Tom Eccles, editor and part owner of the *Ramsgate Sphere*—a high-class provincial paper—before he left his office, as that

respectable and widely popular print always appears on a Saturday, and it was now a little after three on Friday.

The next morning broke bright and sunny, and the sisters descended to breakfast with a serene sense that on the whole life was an excellent thing.

A letter from Gwen lay on Lavinia's plate. She read it eagerly. The conclusion ran thus: "Madame Carolet wishes to go on to the Italian Lakes. Now, I want to go home; I seem to have been so long away. I therefore shall return with Mrs. and Miss Selby, who start for home on Monday. I shall be so glad to see you."

"The child has a good heart," remarked the reader.

"But indifferent judgment," added Bettina.

"What can you expect from nineteen?" added Lavinia, as she proceeded to unfold the *Ramsgate Sphere*. Glancing down the columns, suddenly her eyes grew round, her face pale, as if with horror and wonder.

"Oh, Betty, do read this!" she cried in accents of despair. "I wish you had never touched the horrid thing." There was the sound of a sob in her voice as she started up and laid the paper before her sister, her finger on a paragraph which ran as follows:—

"A curious incident which occurred on Friday afternoon may interest our spiritualist readers, and perhaps elicit some explanation of what seems at present inexplicable. An aged son of toil was weeding in a large field, by which the road between this town and Broadstairs runs, shortly after passing a little wayside public known as the 'Three Pigeons,' when he felt a severe blow on his right temple, which partially stunned him.

"No one was in sight, and profound silence reigned around.

"Recovering himself, he saw on the ground beside him an empty brandy bottle bearing the label of our respected townsmen, Messrs. Timkins and Sons. The poor old fellow between pain and terror (for the extraordinary attack seemed to him supernatural) was quite dazed; for although the heavens occasionally pour cats and dogs, the clouds have not as yet been known to discharge brandy bottles!

"We await a further development of the mystery. Our very efficient police inspector is making a searching investigation into the case, and has, we understand, obtained a clue."

These appalling sentences were read aloud by Miss Lane, in a suppressed tone, till she reached the awful sentence stating that the police had obtained a clue; here her voice failed her. She sat still and silent, staring at her partner in misery.

"Oh! Betty, Betty! What shall we do?" With this despairing question Lavinia burst into tears.

"It is a fearful position," gasped her sister. "The police will be coming here." Poor Bettina looked absolutely limp.

"They will put our names in the paper," whispered Lavinia.

"We must write to the editor and offer him a large sum to say no more about it!" sobbed Bettina.

"But the police will not let it drop." Lavinia paused, then added brokenly, "Do you think we might ask that Mr. Harley to help us?"

"Oh! no—that is—how could he?"

"Well, he is a man; he used to study law. We can never manage alone."

"But how can we find him?" Lavinia's head drooped forward hopelessly.

For more than an hour the desponding pair argued round and round their unhappy position, and no loophole of escape presented itself, until Jemima, coming to clear the breakfast things away, imposed silence on them. Then Lavinia wandered aimlessly to the window, gazing out, but seeing nothing.

Suddenly she started, clasped her hands, and cried out, with a look of wild excitement—

"Oh, Bettina! It is perfectly providential! There is Mr. Harley standing at the top of the steps going down to the beach. Let us catch him. Oh, let us catch him!"

To scream for Jemima and despatch her, double quick, with a request that Mr. Harley would come and speak to Miss Lane, was the work of a moment; and soon Harley was making his best bow with an air of grave deferential politeness before the two distracted women, who stood gazing at him, not knowing how to begin what they considered their "disgraceful" tale.

"You wished to speak to me? I am quite at your service," said Harley, perceiving their embarrassment.

"Oh, my dear sir!" burst out Lavinia, who was too full of fear for the result of the newspaper revelations to regard her interlocutor's opinion, "we are in dreadful trouble." And she plunged into a confused narrative, in which "severe indisposition," "possibly blood poisoning," "hot arrowroot,"

"indispensable Cognac," "a censorious landlady" were mixed up inextricably, being further entangled by Miss Lane's comments.

Harley, though a sharp fellow, could never have followed the thread of the discourse had he not already possessed the key of the puzzle. He kept a serious and sympathetic expression as he listened, though internally radiant at the success of his little game, and determined to make matters as smooth as he could for the quivering spinsters.

"I quite understand," he said at last, in his pleasant, rich, deep voice. "Brandy, under these circumstances, is the best remedy. As to your landlady, I know these

characters! It was merely prudence and common sense to leave no proof of anything behind you. Now, the thing to be done is to silence this newspaper. May I look at it? Thank you. The *Ramsgate Sphere*! I seem to know something about it. Yes; I believe the editor used to be a pal—I mean an acquaintance of mine. A sharp fellow; give him the faintest scent, and he'd run down the trail like a sleuth-hound. Then the old chawbacon must be squared. If you leave the matter in my hands, Miss Lane, I hope to be able to manage it. I feel quite indignant to think that your holiday should be spoiled in this way. Allow me to make a note or two."

Harley pulled out a business-like little book with a pencil and began to scribble in it.

Bettina and Lavinia breathed again.

"This, I am quite aware, cannot be done without money," said the former eagerly, as she drew out her purse.

"No, my dear madam, not at present," with a gesture of rejection. "When I have smoothed out these wrinkles, I shall, if you will allow me, ask a 'retaining fee,' which shall secure my services, secret and otherwise, for life. No cash now, my dear Miss Lane."

"You puzzle me exceedingly, Mr. Harley; but both my sister and myself are immensely indebted to you, and most thankful that a fortunate chance brought you to our aid."

"Well, I intended



BERTHA NEWCO

"In its left hand it held a bottle—yes! certainly a bottle!"

going on to Canterbury to-day; of course, I shall remain now until your affair is settled. In matters of this kind prompt action means success." Another respectful bow and Harley left them.

The sisters each subsided into a chair with a deep sigh.

"Ah! it is a comfort to have a man at hand sometimes," exclaimed Lavinia.

"I must say Mr. Harley has shown himself well-bred and possessed of a feeling heart," returned Bettina. "I seem to believe he will extricate us from this distressing *contretemps*."

"I am *sure* he will, Betty, dear," cried her enthusiastic junior; "and if he *does*, it may alter our views—eh, Bettina? You know, he is a gentleman by birth. His uncle, Sir Evelyn Harley, of Harrow Chase and——"

"Lavinia, we must *not* be precipitate!"

"No, dear, certainly not; only a man relative or connection is very useful, and—rather nice, eh?"

"We have been very happy hitherto without one; in any case, Mr. Harley's presence here is most fortunate."

Of the objectionable artist they saw no more that day.

The next afternoon Harley paid a long visit to the sisters, narrated the steps he had taken, set forth the difficulties which he hoped to overcome, and imbibed three cups of very hot tea.

They conversed in a most friendly fashion on various subjects, and when Harley departed, to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* dinner with his friend Tom Eccles, at which host and guest drank to the latter's plans, his last comforting words were, "At any rate, further publicity is impossible till next week, and by *that* time I think all danger will be over."

Little by little the light of hope was irradiating the hearts of Bettina and Lavinia; but for the necessity of waiting for their niece Gwen, they would have forfeited the last week of their tenancy and returned to the safe sanctity of their London house. Harley, however, looked in to tea of an afternoon and reported progress. There was some difficulty with the old Irish sufferer from the blow unwittingly inflicted by Bettina. However, a judicious mixture of bribery and threats reduced him to silence.

At last Saturday morning came, and again the *Ramsgate Sphere* awaited the descent of the Misses Lane to breakfast. For some moments they sat gazing upon it in silence, afraid to unfold the fateful sheet. At last

Lavinia, whose nervous power seemed to have grown stronger by a sudden effort, seized and opened it.

Eagerly did two pairs of eyes scan the columns.

"I do not see a *word* about it," said Bettina softly.

"Stay, Betty! Just look at this!" and she read:—

"To the Editor. Sir,—Seeing your account in Saturday's issue, I send a line to say the Broadstairs Mystery is all bosh! On Friday last myself and some chaps on the spree drove over to Ramsgate and had a picnic, including a fair allowance of B. and S., and not caring to convey returned empties, going back I shied away a "dead man"—*i.e.*, exhausted bottle—and am sorry I hurt old Hodge. I enclose a trifle to salve the wound, and am, sir, yours,

"ARRY TRIPPER.

"Margate, Tuesday.

"We are glad this affair is cleared up, and must say the writer sends a very generous amount of "salve."—ED."

"My dear Bettina! It is all right now; no more fear of anything coming out. But what a strange name!"

"Don't you see! It is a *nom de plume*. But oh! Lavinia, I fear—I fear Mr. Harley must have taken the blame on his own shoulders. It is kind—it is generous; but it is not the truth."

"No matter, dear, as long as it shelters us," cried Lavinia, whose virtues were not quite Spartan-like in rigidity. "Oh, here is Mr. Harley."

"My dear sir, how can we ever thank you enough for your self-sacrifice?" said Bettina, in her old stately style.

"Don't mention it. Let us bury the whole affair in oblivion," cried Harley.

"But it must have cost you a large sum of money. That I must refund."

"And I will only accept it in the shape of a fee which shall retain my silence and services for life."

"But what is to be this retaining fee?"

The door was suddenly opened, and Jemima exclaimed, "Your young lady, mum!"

Enter a small, slight girl, with laughing blue eyes, a saucy little upturned nose, and a lot of red-brown hair somewhat dishevelled.

"Ah! Gwen!" exclaimed her aunts.

"Exactly!" cried Harley. "It's a precious big fee, but I have the cheek to ask it."



"Your young lady, mum!"

Give me Gwen, and settle her bit of money how and where you like."

"Why, Jack, what *have* you been up to?"

"Yes, my dear Mr. Harley, you have

my consent; and *you* must not say 'No,' Bettina."

And Bettina replied, "I must say Mr. Harley has shown himself 'worthy of all confidence,' so I shall *not* refuse."



Harold Percival
1900

"BOB-CHERRY." BY HAROLD PERCIVAL.

A CONNOISSEUR IN CURIOUS PETS.

BY E. LEUTY COLLINS.

A SPECIAL interest always attaches to anything rare or uncommon in the way of a pet. Certain animals seem born with an innate antipathy to the human race, just as others apparently find their greatest pleasure in human society. Some animals, though fierce and even dangerous in their wild state, may be subdued and

collection of curious foreign pets being, in its way, unique. Mr. Brooke has all an Englishman's love of sport, combined with the Continental love of arms. For this his early training is responsible.

"I went from King's College School to a school at Sutton-Valence," he told me, when I was interviewing him for the purposes of



Photo by]

MRS. H. C. BROOKE.
Mexican Hairless Dog,
"Oh, Susannah!"

MR. C. G. HOPTON.
Hon. Sec. American Bulldog Club.
"Chelsworth Sly."

[Francis Chinn, Brockley.
MR. H. C. BROOKE.
Dingo. Russian Wolf.

brought under perfect control with patient training; while others appear to defy man to the last, and remain uncertain and treacherous, even though placed under careful supervision from their earliest days.

Occasionally one finds people possessing a distinct magnetism that enables them to subdue animals which are for the most part pronounced untamable. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Brooke, of Welling, have attained considerable celebrity in this particular, their

this article. "Here I first imbibed the joys of hunting and ferreting; and I may say that even now, after all my varied experiences of pastimes at home and abroad, ferreting is still one of my favourite amusements. I next went to college in Germany, where I very soon joined one of the 'corps' which exist at most of the higher German educational institutions for convivial and duelling purposes. Since then I have been, and still am, a great believer in the duel. The



Photo by]

[A. F. Morgan.

FRENCH TOY BULLDOG.

majority of these college duels are of a comparatively light character, such as the 'Schläger,' which is extremely prevalent among students; but even this may sometimes result in serious injuries. My own nose has been cut off and my skull splintered; the loss of several teeth from a

cut is common, but death is very rare. I have, however, seen death on the spot in the case of a sabre duel."

Fortunately, Mr. Brooke's nose has been carefully repaired; and now a severe scar is all that remains to remind one of the accident.

"From my schoolboy days I have always had a number of pets," Mr. Brooke continued, "and when I went to Berlin to study at the Veterinary College I had a large artificial run, near the town, for training dachshunds to fox and badger. I also had foxes, jackals, polecats, martens, a hybrid between dog and wolf, a toy Pomeranian, long-haired dachshunds, a bloodhound, and a fighting boarhound related to Harras II. This dog was never beaten, though he fought over sixty battles. I had a number of snakes, too, both harmless and poisonous. One special pet was a nine-feet boa-constrictor, a creature tame as a kitten, who used to sleep between my mattresses. It died in 1887. I also had Smooth, Leopard, Seven-banded, and Æsculap's snakes, vipers, and many batrachians and saurians. I am extremely fond of the carnivorous section. The only animals I fear are horses and cattle.



Photo by]

[A. R. Dresser.

PRIZE CATS.

Manx Cats, "Katzenjammer" and "Champion Bonhaki."

Abyssinian "Sedgemere Peaty."

I always fancy that a horse does not play fair. One knows the business-end of a wolf or a dog, but a horse may injure one quite unexpectedly. I was once kept up a tree by a wretched buffalo for two hours, which I do not forget."

"You believe in the fidelity of so-called wild animals, when treated as pets and yet with a firm kindness?"

"Absolutely; though it seems that all people have not the power of taming these to any *certain* degree. Here is an instance of my own capacity. I



Photo by]

[A. R. Pickett.

MRS. BROOKE'S ESQUIMAUX, "PREMIER ARCTIC KING."

Winner of seventy prizes.

such animals when training them. I like the wolf very much; I admire his exterior and like his character. All dogs feared my old wolf; yet now and again she would be friendly."

"But what about the fighting instinct of the wolf? Does it not survive even in the trained animal?"

"Fight!—yes. It is no joke parting a wolf and dog. The wolf



Photo by]

[Francis Chinn.

DOGUE DE BORDEAUX, "SANS-PEUR."

bought an old female wolf from a German menagerie; she had not been out of her cage for seven years. I intended she should come out, and a good many of the season ticket-holders were assembled round the cage to witness her exit, evidently expecting a sensation. However, they were disappointed, for 'Paula' took to me at once, and in a fortnight I took her walking in the streets with me. The poor thing was very gentle and affectionate; she died from an abscess in the jaw. I never strike or threaten



Photo by]

DOGUE DE BORDEAUX PUP.

[Francis Chinn.



Photo by]

[A. R. Dresser.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS DOG, "PADEREWSKI, JUNIOR."

1st Prize, Crystal Palace.

snaps very sharply, and ten times as fast as a dog. Every snap means a terrible wound ; it is like getting caught in a big steel trap."

"How about your celebrated wild cat, exhibited at the Palace—did you manage to tame that also?" I queried.

"Well, here I have to confess a failure, for the wild cat I have as yet found untamable. My wife and I both like cats, and our notable silver tabby (the only silver Manx shown) was a great pet with us. Then, again, the 'Champion Bonhaki' won five championships and five firsts, besides

specials. Queen Alexandra honoured him with a Royal pat at the N.C.C. Show at the Botanic Gardens in 1898. We had also another cat rarity in the prize Abyssinian 'Sedgemere Peaty.' Her fur was just like that of a hare. The Abyssinian cat greatly resembles the wild cat of Egypt (*Felis chaus*) in type. But to pass to foreign dogs. I introduced that ancient and historic breed the Dogue de Bordeaux into this country with the help of Mr. G. R. Krehl. But as the breed has been killed by the anti-cropping regulations of the Kennel Club, I have given up benching these valuable specimens. I admire them immensely, as I consider, next to the Tibet mastiff, the dogue is the grandest breed of all. I tested them at baiting a bear, and I know what they can do. I have also tried the dogue at a bull with excellent results."

"As secretary of the South London Bulldog Club, I conclude you are a good authority on the typical scion of our country, Mr. Brooke?"

"I was secretary of the society from its foundation in 1891 until 1895, and I was the first to provide a class in 1893 for the French toy bulldog, at that time so satirised by fanciers, but *now*, the fashionable pet. I was approached in 1897 to take up the secretaryship again, and I was again elected. I consider, however, that the old-fashioned

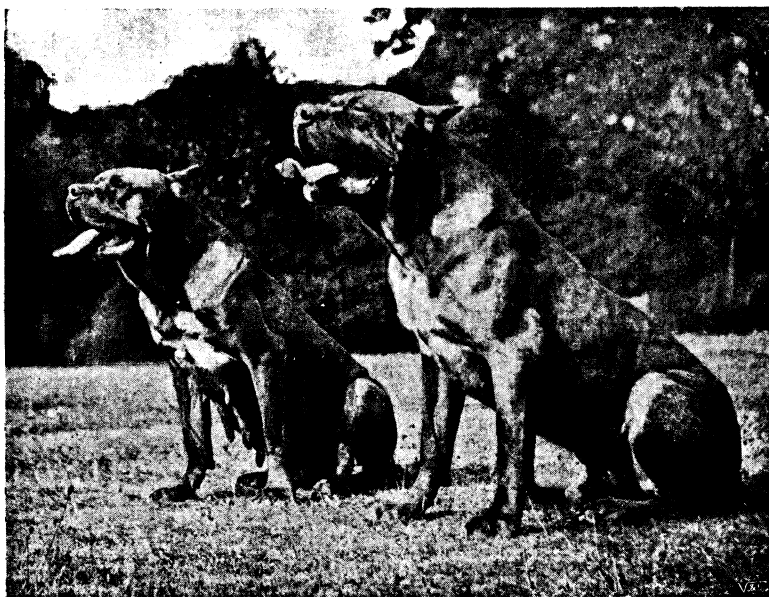


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[A. R. Dresser.

PRIZE DOGUES DE BORDEAUX, "SANS-PEUR" AND "LA GOULUE."

Exported to America.

glory of the English bulldog has departed. He is 'Ichabod'; for the specimens now shown more often resemble the soft-minded gentleman's lapdog than the embodiment of all that once was courageous and powerful in the old English breed. So my wife and I prefer foreign breeds. Of these, our Esquimaux, 'Arctic King,' and 'Farthest North,' the latter the sole surviving dog of the Peary Expedition, have been perhaps the most famous. They are typical specimens and great winners. The 'Arctic King' has over seventy wins to boast of. Our hairless Mexican dog, 'The Hairy King,' a grand specimen, was another rarity; likewise his son, 'Paderewski, junior.' Then we have the dingo, 'Myall,' an Australian wild dog — *the* house pet, and I have had a white specimen, which is very uncommon; in addition there is our wolf, some toy bulls, a tame badger, besides some choice variegated field-rats from Egypt, and a pair of the almost extinct old English black rats; these are very rare."



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[A. R. Pickett.

MRS. BROOKE'S WILD AUSTRALIAN DINGO, "MYALL."



Photo by A. R. Pickett.

THE DINGO AGAIN.

"And they all agree?"

"Yes, very well, on the whole. Only the Esquimaux will agree with few of his fellows. Wolf and dogs, and dogs and cats, are all friends; but the Esquimaux would kill everything else. We find them a most interesting group."

Mrs. Brooke is an ardent member of the

Ladies' Kennel Association, and Mr. Brooke himself is on the list of judges for foreign dogs.

Questioned as to his duties in this connection, Mr. Brooke replied—

"I do occasionally accept the post. I suppose my experience gives me a certain qualification; but, *à propos* of foreign dogs or kindred animals, I will say this—we both admire—and, in short, prefer—foreign dogs to any others.

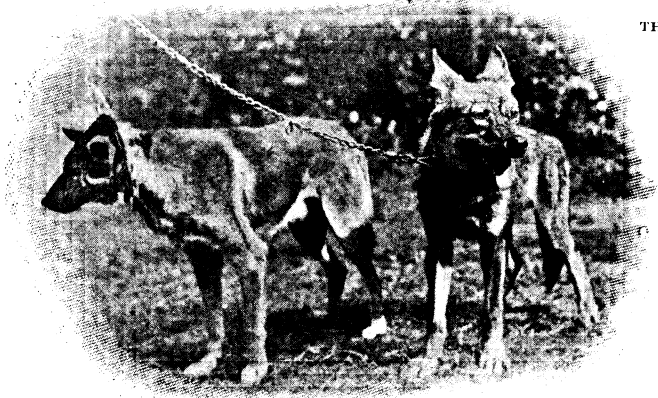


Photo by]

[A. J. Bowden, Dulwich.

AUSTRALIAN DINGO, "MYALL," AND YOUNG RUSSIAN WOLF.

The ordinary English breeds have ceased to interest us, simply because they are so plentiful. I have at this present moment a Tibet mastiff, 'Dsamu,' who won first at the Crystal Palace last year. He is most rare. An excellent type, though rather small, he is the only one in the country. It is next to impossible to obtain really gigantic specimens of this breed, one of the oldest of all known varieties."

"And what are your latest acquisitions?" I queried.

"Well," replied Mr. Brooke, "our very

latest addition to our troupe is a male white Siberian wolf, kindly presented us by the Hon. Walter Rothschild. We have now a pair of these rare animals tamed, and hope to breed some more. Lady Alexander has one of our last cubs, and the last of the grey Siberian litter is in the house now as a pet."

Mr. Brooke is frequently to be seen walking with his white wolf in Regent Street, and when my time came to bid him adieu at Welling, he accompanied me to the station escorted by a grey wolf and a dingo led together.



Photo by]

[A. R. Dresser.

DOGUE DE BORDEAUX, "SANS-PEUR," AND MANX CAT, "KATZENJAMMER." .
1st, Paris; 1st, Palace. Silver Medal, Crystal Palace.

Love on a See-saw



BY MAUD WINIFRED SPENCE.

THE young Oxonian was drawing his hands leisurely out of the pockets of his trousers, and reluctantly stowing away under his arm a small Greek lexicon, a text-book of Aristotle, and an English translation.

The books had been lying on the window-sill of the blue parlour for over a week, unheeded, save when the maid flicked the dust off them in the early morning.

The half-open window was latticed and picturesque. Without, the miniature garden showed brilliant in the warm August sunshine, flower after flower raising her head proudly beneath the caress of gaily winged butterflies; beyond, the broad fields, enamelled with daisies and buttercups, gave promise of some shade beneath scattered groups of trees; and, binding these, a narrow ribbon of white road wandered away through the placid country to the nearest market town.

The young Oxonian lingered beside the open window. It was a fatal mistake, for presently a young girl came from over the fields across his line of vision, footing the daisies lightly in her passage.

The youthful scholar put down the lexicon, the text-book, and the English translation. The lines of his face relaxed, and he sighed, as though relieved of a burdensome thought. A glint of straying sunshine came through the window slantwise, gilding the brown hair of the young man where it curled on the temples and the faint outline of the fair moustache, and filling the eyes with a momentary blindness. Instantly it vanished, but the girl had passed out of sight.

Again the young man took up the lexicon, the text-book, and the English translation, slowly, one by one.

"I suppose it's about time I did some work," he murmured half aloud.

Yet he lingered as before, idling with the open half of the window.

Suddenly the girl wandered afresh into the living picture he was contemplating. This time she swung open the low gate carelessly and tripped into the rose-garden among the butterflies.

"Hallo!" she cried, catching sight of the face at the window. "Thought you were studying, Ralph."

"So I am," answered the young Oxonian; "or, rather, so I'm intending. What's it like out, Mollie?"

She came close to the window and looked in upon him.

"It's hot in the sun, and everything seems sleepy; but it's nice in the swing and in the plantation—quite cool with a breeze, and the birds are talking—but, of course, you're studying."

"Yes, of course, I'm—studying," he answered.

"And you like studying—don't you?"

"Yes—awfully."

"It's very good of you, then, to have denied yourself such a great pleasure for over a week."

"Don't mention it."

The girl took up the text-book which had fallen from Ralph's arm on to the window-ledge.

"It's odd stuff to like so immensely. Who made it?" she queried, turning over the pages aimlessly.

"Aristotle."

"Who's he?"

"A very great philosopher."

"Oh!"

A white butterfly poised on one of the

roses that framed the window. Ralph caught it deftly in his hand.

"Don't kill it!" the girl cried piteously. "Give it to me."

"Give me back my text-book, then"—he was holding his closed hand above her reach.

She jerked the book through the window.

"Take your dear, learned Aristotle. I'm sorry I disturbed you. You don't care for butterflies, you only try to crush them—evidently."

She moved away among the rose-beds, the butterfly walking across the palm of her opened hand.

She was pleasant to look at in her white summer dress. Even at the distance of the rose-garden he could see how blue her eyes looked in the twinkling sunlight as he stood watching her.

Again the young man took up the lexicon, the text-book, and the English translation. Sitting down, he opened the text-book. It smelt of tobacco, and showed pencil markings on the margin at intervals. For a while he interested himself with turning over the pages, noting these.

Half an hour later a servant handed him a thin, orange-coloured envelope. When Ralph had read the twelve brief words, he placed the books upon the window-sill and looked out on the drowsy rose-beds, as though but dimly conscious of their existence. Again about the rose-wreath of the window hovered a white butterfly, for there were many of them flying within the garden.

Ralph watched it, still absorbed; he was thinking of Mollie, and a smile played upon his lips. Thrusting the crumpled telegram into his pocket, he went into the garden and round by the outbuildings. The head gardener was clipping one of the side hedges. Ralph knew the man well.

"Is Miss Mollie in the garden?" he asked him.

"She went towards the plantation, sir," the man answered.

A narrow field, more shaded than the rest, ran for some distance along one side of the irregular plantation. On the shadiest side of this field a rude see-saw had been put together. Mollie was sitting on the further end of the slanting beam, a book upon her lap.

Ralph approached the see-saw cautiously on the side Mollie was backing. Then he threw his weight upon the raised end of the beam. "Hold on tight!" he called out.

Instantly the position of the beam began to reverse. Mollie went swinging up gently

into mid-air. Ralph sat on the other end firmly, his arms folded, his feet resting among the daisies and buttercups that bestrewed the field.

The girl uttered a little cry of surprise as the see-saw was put in motion and the open book fell from her lap, crushing the grass.

"What are you up to, Ralph? Let me down!" she called from her lofty throne.

"Not till you agree to fulfil your promise of last night," he answered from the buttercups and daisies.

"How mean you are!" said the girl, throwing back her head disdainfully.

"One has to take strong measures sometimes," he laughed back, "even with—butterflies."

"Why are you so persistent?" she asked.

"Because I am going away this evening. I have had a telegram. It is my last chance."

"It is very cool and pleasant up here," said Mollie, settling herself bird-like upon her perch. "I'm enjoying it so much."

"Awfully glad to hear it," Ralph answered.

"What a pity you didn't bring your Aristotle with you!" the girl said presently. "You could have read such a lot of it."

"I'm quite content with my present position," said the voice from the daisies.

"Hem! its very lowly. You're easily satisfied," answered the voice from the cloudless blue.

The heat of the day was lessening; a small, refreshing breeze gave movement to the still fields around. Bees were busying themselves with meadowsweet, honeysuckle, and wild roses. Through a corner of the plantation, where the trees grew thinly, there was a glimpse of the back part of the house, with the triangular pigeon-cot, abode of white fantails and smartly frilled jacobins.

Through the clear air came faintly the monotonous sound of hedge-clipping.

"Let me down!" cried the voice from the cool height impatiently.

"You're going to fulfil your promise?" asked the voice from the earth.

"I can't hear. I'm too high up," called back the treble voice.

A long silence followed, broken only by the varied sounds that help to make the summer.

Presently the young scholar caught sight of the book Mollie had been so intent upon. It was an old Greek grammar—one of his own. He recognised it at once.

"Why, little Mollie," he cried, giving a



"It is very cool and pleasant up here."

start that nearly resulted in a catastrophe to the girl poised above him, "what are you doing with Greek?"

"I thought I would take it up," she answered, with a grand air, "as you seem to consider it so nice."

"Is that a recommendation?" he asked.

She was silent.

"Why didn't you ask me to teach you Greek?" There was just a touch of earnestness in his tone.

"I did not like to disturb you," she answered, turning away her head demurely.

"But I have not really done any work since I came down here; you know that quite as well as I do. Mollie, look at me."

"I can't; my neck aches on that side."

"Mollie, I am going away this evening."

"I've heard that before."

"Mollie, why won't you be kind to me?"

"I am kind. I leave you to your studies in peace."

"But I don't like studying while I'm here."

"Then why did you say so this afternoon?"

"I was trying to think that I liked it."

Mollie turned her head and looked down upon him from her exalted position.

"But you like Aristotle—awfully, don't you?"

"Not when *you* are near," he said, digging his heel into the daisies.

"Oh! So you were trying to be a good boy this afternoon?"

"I found it harder than I thought," he answered somewhat dejectedly.

"Poor boy!" she murmured consolingly from full, red lips.

Another silence ensued.

"Couldn't you teach me some Greek now?" asked the girl. "Say something to me in Greek. It would help to pass away the time, you know."

He looked up with thoughtful eyes.

"*Σὺν μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ,*" he said, repeating the line slowly from Byron's "Maid of Athens." He knew his Byron better than his Aristotle. "That's a very short sentence, but it means a lot."

"What does it mean?" she asked, leaning towards him.

"Something very nice."

"Aren't you going to translate it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I daren't."

She glanced down upon him searchingly. But he was looking afar off into the shadows of the plantation.

"Say the funny sentence again," she demanded.

"*Σὺν μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ,*" he murmured as before.

"Do translate it," she urged. "Dear, good, clever Ralph, do tell me what it means."

"I told you that I dare not." Again he did not meet her eyes.

"How unkind he is!" she observed to the blue zenith. "What a show he makes of his cleverness!"

"Some day I will come back and translate it to you," Ralph said, still avoiding her gaze.

"Thank you," she answered curtly; "you need not take the trouble. Greek is not so very interesting to me; and, after all, I don't pretend to be wise. I am only a—butterfly. Oh, sit still, Ralph! Remember we are on a see-saw!"

"Mollie, I want to tell you something—I am going to be 'wise' for once, or rather, I am going to *try* to be wise."

"Is it very hard?"

"Yes, dreadfully."

"Yet you read Aristotle; and he was a very wise man."

"Oh, yes, he was all that; but he didn't understand this sort of thing, you know."

"What sort of thing?"

"This see-sawing sort of thing."

"Wasn't that funny sentence from Aristotle?"

"Oh, no." An amused smile passed over the young man's face. "Aristotle never wrote anything so nice as that."

"Tell me what the sentence means, and then—and then—and then you can let me down from the see-saw. But you'll do it gently, won't you?"

"You understand what you are saying, Mollie? You understand the whole of it?"

She nodded her head.

He fixed his gaze upon her and began translating slowly.

"*Σὺν* means 'life'—*μοῦ*, 'of me'—*σὰς ἀγαπῶ* means—*σὰς ἀγαπῶ* means——"

"What does it mean?"

"What do you think?"

"I can't think; it's all Greek to me."

He looked away into the shadows.

"Ralph, what does *σὰς ἀγαπῶ* mean?"

He slid dexterously nearer the centre of the plank, allowing it to balance till they were on a level.

"It means 'you—I—love.'"

In a moment he was at her side.

"Now, Mollie," he cried, putting his arm about her, "give me the kiss you promised me last night."

* * * * *

Meanwhile, around a latticed window, gay roses nodded knowingly at a small Greek lexicon, a text-book of Aristotle, and an English translation, lying on the window-sill. They shook their beautiful heads knowingly especially at the English translation.



SOME RIVER SPORTS.

DESCRIBED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY

F. G. CALLCOTT.



WALKING THE GREASY POLE.

THERE is a well-known saying that "a little folly now and then is relished by the wisest men," and we might even go a step farther and say that no man can show his wisdom more plainly than by occasionally indulging in a little folly and laughter.

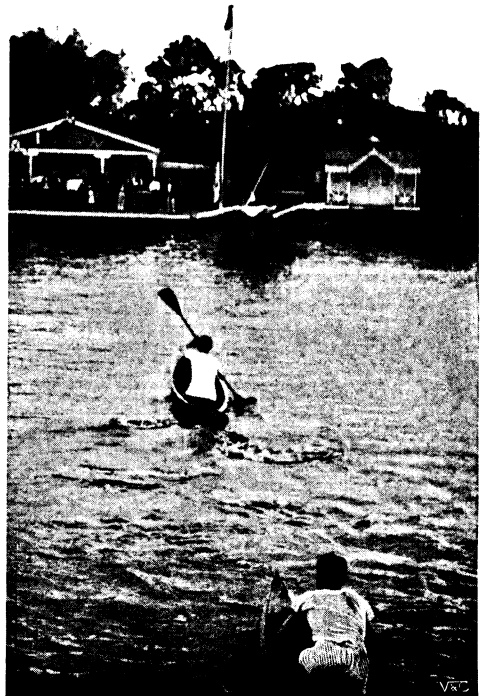
There seems to be too great a tendency at the present day to elevate our sports, which, after all, are only means of relaxation from the more serious pursuits of life, to the place of pursuits in themselves, and they are engaged in with such cold-blooded calculation and serious devotion of every faculty of mind and body, that any relaxation which might be derived from them is impossible, and they even seem to put greater strain on the mental energies of their devotees than many a man would consider necessary to the conduct of his business affairs.

Any leaning towards the humorous which can be introduced into our sports is for this reason, in our opinion, to be encouraged, and it speaks well for the restoration of our old-time name of Merrie England that the great majority of the laughter-raising events in the field of river sport are of recent origin, though we have, of course, one or two of the better-known forms of amusement which have been handed down from time immemorial, and a few others which were in olden times popular, but have more or less died out from lack of support.

The very oldest water sports now surviving

are probably the water jousting and walking the greasy pole which still frequently occur on the programmes of the less pretentious regattas, although we should not, of course, expect to meet with them at such places as Henley, where the regattas are wholly devoted to first class rowing.

The water jousting, as is probably well known to most people, is a battle between two men armed with mops, standing on the ends of separate punts. Each man thrusts his mop at his opponent, striving to push him over into the water; but the contest very frequently ends in the attacker missing his mark and losing his own balance. In either event plenty of splashing and unexpected immersions in the water are the result, to the great delight of the spectators, when they are not themselves involved in the drenching, as may sometimes be the case if



A CANOE CHASE.



PUNTING IN CANOES.

they should venture too near to the scene of conflict.

The fun in walking the greasy pole is of the same class, the goal not being reached before the competitors have several times lost their balance on the slippery pole and taken involuntary baths in the depths of the river.

The old form of this amusement provided a pig in a box on the end of the pole, which was released by the man who first succeeded in reaching it, and a pig-hunt in the water then ensued, the pig using its best endeavours to escape, while the anxious hunters struggled to seize hold of some part of the slippery beast and so lay claim to its possession. This is now rarely or never seen, the amusement not being supposed to

be to the liking of the pig, though, as in the old huntsman's defence of fox-hunting, we might say the men enjoy it, the spectators enjoy it, and the pig has never said that he does *not* enjoy it.

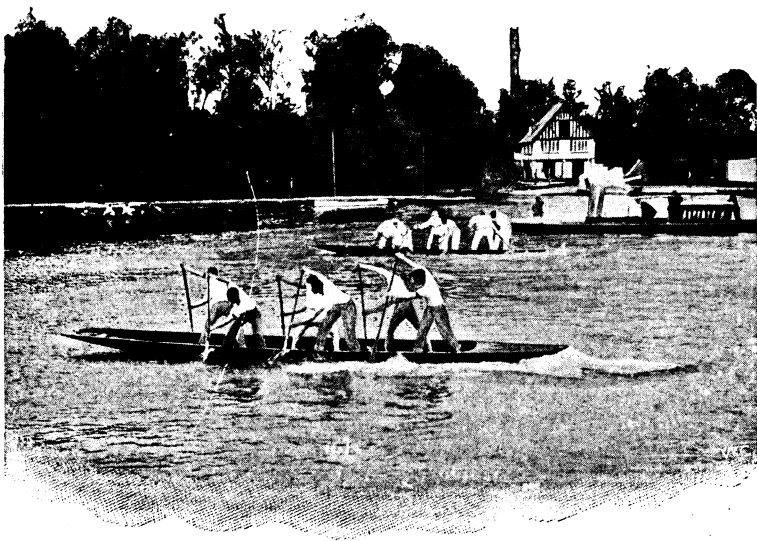
A variation of walking the greasy pole is climbing the greasy pole, which is, of course, actually a land sport, but is frequently seen at up-river regattas. This is rather more difficult than the other, and the feat is rarely accomplished by the unaided efforts of one man.

After many unsuccessful attempts one of the competitors is generally hoisted by his fellows half-way up the pole, when he may, perhaps, succeed in eventually securing the leg of mutton suspended from the top.

Of recent years the water jousting has in some cases been developed into a water



PUNTING IN CANOES.



A START FOR THE DONGOLA RACE.



PUNTING IN CANOES IN FANCY COSTUME.

tournament, where, as in the cockade fight in a military tournament, the players are ranged on two sides, the reds and the blues, each man being provided with a separate canoe and a mop. The two sides strive either to push their adversaries into the water or to overturn their canoes by means of their mops. The contest is started on equal terms, of course, but on either side eventually getting the upper hand there is small chance for the remaining minority, a man being liable to be attacked on all sides

at once by the stronger body of his opponents, one thrusting at him in front, while another will perhaps press his canoe downwards with his mop, endeavouring to submerge or overturn it.

Another form of river sport known to our forefathers, and still occasionally met with, is the tub race, the competition in this case being limited to boys, who, when they succeed in doing anything beyond turning round and round, generally manage to overturn their heavy craft before they have



PUNTING IN CANOES.

gone very many yards from the starting-post.

A very much more elegant form of this amusement is the coracle race, which was first introduced at one of Molesey's many regattas. These vessels, though somewhat similar in appearance to tubs, are very much more manageable, and can generally be relied upon to land their occupants in good and dry condition, and by a skilful manipulator can really be got along at a very fair pace.

To anyone not thoroughly used to the peculiarities of a canoe it is a weird and wonderful thing how it will refuse to go where you have made up your mind to send it. Punting in canoes was, when it was first introduced, a most comical exhibition,

now provide none of those sudden darts across the river, somersaults, and immersions which are naturally expected by the interested



A TUG-OF-WAR IN PUNTS.



A TUG-OF-WAR IN PUNTS.

spectator, and the gaiety of the event has to be provided for by the addition of comic costumes, which, however amusing they may be, are but a poor substitute for the unrehearsed harlequinade which was the outcome of the first attempts at canoe punting.

The dongola race, perhaps the earliest amongst the modern series of river amusements, is another instance of the fact that too much skill is not to be desired from the point of view of

and still is when the exhibition is entrusted to the hands of a novice. The art has, however, been brought to such scientific perfection by the men of Molesey that they

the spectator. It is the inability of her crew to keep her from running into the bank, from running into the rival crew, or from doing anything else than provide free shower-



A CORACLE RACE.

baths for themselves, that arouses the spectator's interest. When a well-trained crew of six ladies and gentlemen collectedly paddle their punt in a straight line from start to finish, the spectator naturally feels aggrieved. That is not what he came to see; he wants to see one of the crew miss the water and fall back on the next man, hitting the man in front of him with his paddle as he falls; he likes to see one punt



A CORACLE RACE.



AFTER THE CORACLE RACE.

cross the path of the other and turn it completely round; he likes to see a man shovelling up the water by paddle-fuls and gradually filling up the punt, until just as the winning-post is reached the punt sinks and six heads are seen gradually settling down into the depths of the river. This is what he comes to see, and, as this form of sport, being a tolerably easy one, is always receiving

fresh recruits, this is what he generally does see.

A variation of the dongola race, and one which invariably does result in the sinking of one of the crews, is the tug-of-war in punts, which is due, we believe, to the inventive genius of the Teddington Reach Aquatic Sports Committee. Here the two punts are fastened together and placed broadside across the



AFTER A TUG-OF-WAR IN PUNTS: THE LOSING TEAM'S BOAT SUNK.

stream, each crew by paddling trying to drag their opponents to their own bank. With thoroughly equal crews this, of course, would never happen; the punts would remain in position in mid-stream, and the rival crews would neutralise each other's efforts, as

occurs sometimes when a man pulls with all his might against a strong stream, finding himself at the end of the time in the same place. But the crews are rarely exactly equal, and then one, in its frantic endeavours for the mastery, will transfer a portion of the river into its own boat, and, as a result, is gradually drawn over, sinking, perhaps, just as it reaches the bank.

The canoe chase is a favourite event at some of our regattas, the competitors starting from the bank, launching their

canoes, jumping in, paddling over to the opposite side of the river, passing, perhaps, over intervening obstacles, such as a plank moored at the surface of the water (a very difficult obstacle to cross without an upset), dragging the canoe up the bank, and running



RED INDIANS ON THE THAMES.

with it round some specified tree, and then launching again and paddling back to the starting-point. To do this in the hurry and excitement of a close race generally involves one or two *contretemps* such as afford amusement to the onlooker.

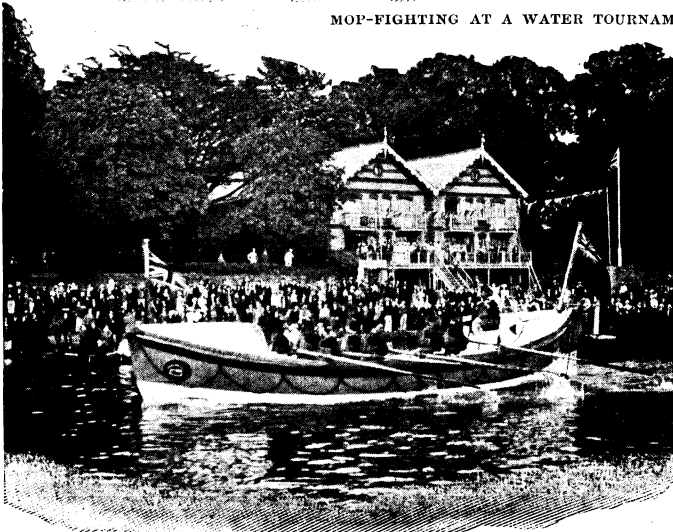
To Molesey we have referred as the originator of most of the modern forms of aquatic sport, and to Molesey we must look for any fresh novelties. One



A MOP-FIGHT AT A WATER TOURNAMENT.

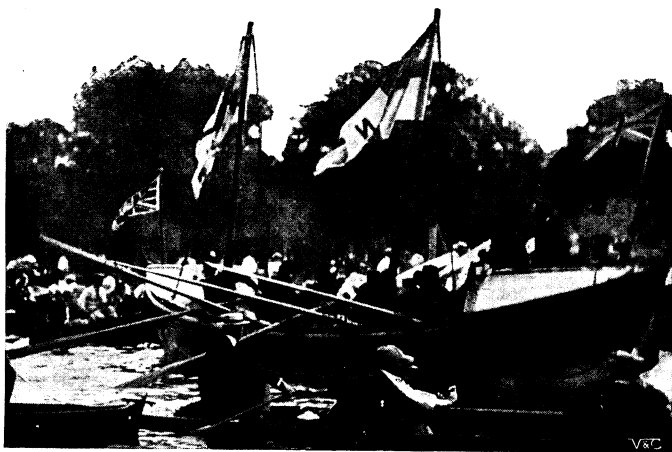


MOP-FIGHTING AT A WATER TOURNAMENT.



A LIFEBOAT CARNIVAL IN TEDDINGTON REACH: THE LAUNCH OF THE LIFEBOAT.

year there is an Albert Medal race, which is a water variety of the Victoria Cross race. A number of dummy figures are dressed up and placed on a raft in the centre of the stream. The competitors then put off in canoes, and taking up the dummies convey them back in safety to land. Another year we had the water-chute, and, not long since, an imitation of the performance of a bareback circus rider, in which the canoeist was expected to jump through a screen of paper and re-align in his canoe without upsetting it.



A LIFEBOAT ON THE THAMES.

In the novelty race held at Hampton Court Aquatic Sports last year the entries were restricted to craft of a kind which had never taken part in a race on any previous occasion. One man provided himself with a bath-tub, another entrusted himself to a table turned upside down, and another to a clothes-basket, while the successful competitor simply floated across on an air mattress.

Lifeboat races, though matters of strict business when conducted by sea, bringing memories of many an heroic deed of valour, become a source of amusement when the

scene is changed to the river. The rescue of a so-called shipwrecked crew, who might with truth have used the Frenchman's cry—"I will be drowned, and nobody shall save me"—was the *pièce de résistance* at one of our river regattas last season. The same meeting also provided a "rod and man contest," in which the angler with his rod and line was pitted against a man who acted the part of the fish, and used all his efforts to effect an escape, while his would-be captor's energies

were directed towards landing him without breaking the line.

What new forms of amusement the present season will bring forth remains yet to be seen, these more frivolous river sports not making their appearance until the rowing season proper is nearing its end and the first class regattas are matters of history; but, in spite of the outcry raised that cycling had killed boating, there is little doubt but that, "with Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm," the river and its sports may always be sure of attention in its own particular season.



A DONGOLA RACE.

A SHOCKING MÉSALLIANCE.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.



WO men sat smoking their after-dinner cigars, in the long, low dining-room of Houghton Grange, in most masculine silence—a silence, however, which proceeded in

each case from a very different cause. The elder of the two—the master of Houghton Grange, a man of about thirty-five years of age, was lounging comfortably before the fire, complacently enjoying his Cabana, and his silence was the silence of repletion and satisfaction with things in general. It was easy to see that neither his digestion nor his worldly affairs were out of gear. His guest, however, who appeared to be a much younger man, did not bear in his face the signs of a like complacency. He still remained seated at the table, and, with his head resting in his hands and a moody frown on his brow, was apparently engaged in studying the pattern of the tablecloth. He was the first to speak.

“Is there any chance of Miss Smith being at Lady Malvern’s to-night?” he inquired suddenly, as if the idea had only just occurred to him.

Mr. Coulson, his host, shook his head.

“Not the ghost of a chance, my dear fellow. The county people don’t even tolerate old Smith; he’s such a beastly cad.”

“No bad language about my future father-in-law, please,” said the young man, with a grim smile.

“Future father-in-law! What rubbish! Why, you’ve never spoken a word to the girl in your life, and never saw her before this morning. You’re a pretty cool hand, I must say, Escott, if you’re not joking.”

“I was never more serious in my life,” declared the other doggedly. “I don’t care

a fig what her father’s like. I’ve fallen in love with the girl, and I’ll swear she’s a lady; and, what’s more, I’m going to marry her!”

His friend turned round and stared at him in half-amused, half-vexed astonishment.

“What nonsense you talk, Dick!” he said. “Marry her on nothing a year, and something pretty considerable to the bad in the shape of a cartload of debts! I don’t suppose your pay more than squares the interest of them. You must be mad to talk about marrying!”

“Her father is a Cræsus. He can give the girl money.”

“He can, but he won’t if you’re the husband. You’d better get rid of that idea as soon as possible. Old Smith is different from most of the retired City men. He doesn’t care a fig for society or the aristocracy. Snaps his fingers at us and says ‘he ain’t going to have any fine gentleman dangling after his daughter’s money-bags.’ He means to marry her to a man named Gryce, who took his business in the City. I’ve heard him say so myself. If she married you, he’d simply cut her off with a shilling. And, besides, you’re not likely to meet her, old chap. You won’t see anything of them in our set, and she doesn’t look the sort of girl you’d scrape acquaintance with anyhow.”

Captain Escott smiled. A boyish-looking face his, but wonderfully handsome. Women had done their best to spoil him by praising his clear-cut features, his blue eyes and smooth skin; but he had survived the spoiling, and was at heart what every man called him—a thoroughly good fellow.

“I don’t often make up my mind about anything, Coulson,” he said deliberately, “but I have done this time. I daresay you think I’m in a pretty mess to start love-making. Heigho! I don’t care. Duns and writs may take care of themselves—worrying about them won’t pay them, will it? and I must get to know that girl.”

“Well, I wish you luck,” said his friend, rising. “If you’re quite sure that you won’t come to Lady Malvern’s—they’re awfully hard up for men, and would be charmed to see you—I must go, for the brougham’s

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"Lizette was better."

round, and my wife hates being kept waiting. I'll come round to your room and smoke a cigar with you when I get back, if you like."

"Very well—do."

About two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Coulson returned from Lady Malvern's dance, and, exchanging his dress-coat for a shooting-jacket, made his way into his guest's room.

Captain Escott welcomed him with a nod and kicked a chair towards him.

"Had a good dance?"

"Very fair. Dances are not much in my line now, though," replied Mr. Coulson, dropping into the chair and carefully selecting a cigar from the open box on the table. "Astonishing how differently you regard these sort of things when you're a married man, Dick, my boy. What have you been doing with yourself all the evening?"

"I've been to Saddington Hall—to Smith's," said Captain Escott quietly.

"Been to Saddington!" exclaimed Mr. Coulson incredulously. "Nonsense!"

"It's perfectly true. I recognised Miss Smith's man this morning at the meet. He used to be head-groom at The Towers, so I thought I should like to look him up, you know, and have a chat about home."

Mr. Coulson laughed. "Well, you didn't see your divinity, I suppose?"

Captain Escott took a long draw at his cigar.

"No, I did not see Miss Smith," he assented. "After my interview with Burditt, I took particularly good care to keep out of the way. I found out something rather interesting about her, though."

"Ah! Is she engaged?"

"Not that I'm aware of. But she inherits three thousand pounds a year from her mother, independent of old Smith. I found that out. He's kept it from her, and Burditt only came to know of it by accident, through having a nephew in Somerset House. Of course, she's bound to know when she comes of age, next month; so I haven't much time to lose. I must be engaged to her before then."

Mr. Coulson's interest in his friend's infatuation increased wonderfully when he had digested this piece of news.

"It wouldn't be at all a bad thing for you, Dick, my boy," he acknowledged; "you must marry money, and soon. But how the deuce are we to get at these Smiths? The old man is a Tartar, and the girl isn't the sort you could scrape an acquaintance with uncereemoniously in the hunting-field. I ought to be able to help you here, but I can't. You see, my wife never dreamt of calling. I'd have made her if I'd known about this before; but it's too late now."

"I've laid my own plans, thank you," said Captain Escott quietly. "Now listen to me carefully. There isn't the slightest chance of getting even an introduction by ordinary means, so I'm going to try extraordinary ones. Old Smith wants a groom. I intend—in fact, I've already made sure of the situation. You needn't look at me like that; I'm quite serious. I don't know any of your friends yet, thank goodness! and I don't know a soul in this part of the country; so I shall be perfectly safe. Burditt is in the secret, and is red-hot for me. Everything's arranged. I'm to have a little cottage to myself away from the stables. All I want from you is a character."

Mr. Coulson dropped his cigar and looked at his friend aghast.

"You're joking, Escott!"

"I was never more serious in my life."

"But—but I don't see what good this mad freak of yours will do, even if you carry it out. If your divinity is anything like what she appears to be, she isn't the sort of girl to let her groom make love to her."

Captain Dick smiled. "You leave Miss Smith alone and give me that character."

Mr. Coulson suddenly took in the humour of the situation and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well, here goes," he said, moving to the table; "you've got some paper ready for me, I see. What am I to say?"

"I don't want you to say anything that isn't true. Just write that you've known Richard Escott for—let's see, what year were we at Eton together? Say, ten years."

"Yes; well?"

"And can certify that he is honest, sober——"

Mr. Coulson flung down his pen and burst out laughing again.

"Hang it all, Dick! I can't say that, you know. How about that night at the club when you floored the waiter and put old——?"

"Honest, sober, and trustworthy. Go on, and don't be a fool!" interrupted Dick.

"It's all very well, you know," protested Mr. Coulson, taking up his pen again.

"Well, I've put it. Anything else?"

"You'd better say that I can ride."

"That's about the truest part of the character," remarked Mr. Coulson. "I'll put that in with pleasure."

"That'll do. Hand it over. You see that parcel in the corner there? That's a suit of livery, and I'm going to put it on and clear out from here at five o'clock. You'll be so good as to make my excuses to your wife, and let the servants think that I've been obliged to run up to town by the early morning train. And just have my traps put together and sent to Burditt at Saddington Hall by someone whom you can trust."

"All right, old man—and good luck!"

The new groom was duly installed at Saddington Hall and gave great satisfaction. Fortune favours the rash sometimes, and it favoured Dick Escott in this mad escapade. On the first evening of his arrival, Miss Smith's favourite hunter, Lizette, had a fit in the stable. A veterinary from Harborough pronounced the case hopeless, and word was sent in to Miss Smith that her favourite must be shot. She spent a miserable evening and a sleepless night, fretting;

but early in the morning her maid knocked at her door with some joyful news. Burditt had sent in word that Lizette was better, and would she come to the stables? In half an hour her arm was round Lizette's neck.

"She'll do now," remarked Burditt, with considerable satisfaction. "Muster Hamson, the veterinary, he was for shooting her last night; but the new groom, who had just turned up opportune like, a rare nice young chap he is, he laughed at 'im, and got some drugs from the village to make a mash, and sat up all night a-giving them to her. I never see'd anyone take to a 'oss so. He sat all the mortal night with his head in his lap, and he's just brought her round again—that's what he's done."

Miss Smith jumped up with a radiant smile.

"Where is he?" she asked, "and what's his name? I shall go straight and thank him."

"He's got t'old cottage Miles used to have, but——"

Miss Smith was already gone, and Burditt gave vent to a delighted chuckle.

That visit very nearly spoilt the whole game. Dick had taken off his groom's coat and donned a shooting-jacket, and when Miss Smith lifted the latch and entered the cottage he was lolling in an easy-chair with a cigar in his mouth and something suspiciously like a brandy-and-seltzer by his side. Neither his position nor his immediate surroundings were exactly in accord with his new calling.

He was astonished, but he was equal to the occasion. In a moment the cigar was pitched into the grate, the *Sporting Life* fell over a silver cigar-case, and a clumsy salutation took the place of the bow and courteous inquiry which had almost escaped him.

Miss Smith—a tall, handsome girl—stood with her hand on the latch and looked at him with a gracious smile.

"You are the new groom, I believe—Escott? I have come to thank you very much for your kindness to my poor Lizette. Burditt tells me that you saved her life."

Dick had quite recovered himself by this time.

"I'm very glad to have been of any use, miss," he said quietly. "It would have been such a pity if she'd been shot, a fine animal like that, and such a favourite of yours, too, they tell me."

"I am very fond of her. Are you married, Escott?" she continued, glancing round the room.

"I am not, miss."

"Then who looks after you?" It appeared to her that the new groom was a man of taste.

He laughed, and made a slip—the first.

"I am no sybarite, and I need very little looking after. I cook my meals there, miss," he continued, pointing to a gas-stove. "Mrs. Burditt does the cleaning for me and such little things as I don't understand. I've roughed it worse than this when I was a youngster in Zululand."

She stared at him curiously. He was a novelty in the way of grooms.

"Ah, well. Thank you once more, Escott, for nursing Lizette so nicely for me. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, miss," and he sprang forward and opened the door for her.

Later on in the morning Burditt sought his young mistress with a request. The rheumatics were troubling him, and Prince Charles was fractious, and took a lot of holding at the gate. Might the new groom attend her to the meets?"

Miss Smith had not the slightest objection.

"Where did he come from, this new groom?" she asked carelessly.

Burditt heaved a sigh, the old humbug!

"Well, miss, I'm afraid he's had a lot of trouble, that young gentleman—come down in the world, you know. He came here with a splendid character from Mr. Coulson, of Houghton Grange, but he ain't been a groom allus, I'll wager. It's my private belief, miss," he added confidentially, "that he was born a gentleman."

Miss Smith laughed incredulously and walked away, but secretly she thought it not at all unlikely.

Several days passed without event. The new groom turned out to be civil, intelligent, respectful, and withal a magnificent horseman. Several tempting offers of service were made to him on the hunting-field, but these he steadily declined. His young mistress, feeling herself in somewhat of an anomalous position, bore herself at the meets in so independent a manner as to be universally considered proud; but her pride was merely reserve, and she was never above exchanging remarks with her groom whenever the exigencies of the run placed them side by side, and even occasionally on their way home. His ready and often amusing answers interested her, and generally, without her perceiving it, a conversation sprang up. He appeared to have travelled and seen much of life, and he told his young mistress

much that it interested her to know. Then his opportune rescue of Lizette, who had now quite recovered, had won her gratitude and engendered a kindly interest in him, which Burditt's remark and his own bearing and conversation had increased.

Yet, notwithstanding her favour, he never lost his head, and really displayed an admirable amount of tact. He never presumed too far, but kept forcing the limits of their conversation further and further away. If he feared having overstepped the line, he was at once extra civil and respectful until her momentary uneasiness passed away.

severe castigation from her groom, who rode behind, boiling over with rage.

There was one consolation, however—Miss Smith gave very evident signs of disgust at her forced companionship, and once, when during a short run he had been left a few fields behind, she made a slight detour and turned homewards, with the evident purpose of ridding herself of him. He detected the manœuvre, however, and was by her side again in a moment.

Dick mattered an oath, but a regretful glance from his young mistress, involuntary though it was, almost reconciled him.



"Miss Smith stood with her hand on the latch."

Thus it came to pass that their homeward rides were generally made side by side, and, although Miss Smith altogether failed to realise it, were by no means the least enjoyable part of the day to her. One morning she had a companion to the meet. Her proposed suitor from London—a vulgar, over-dressed man, bearing in every movement and action the unmistakable impress of the City cad—was spending a few days at Saddington Hall. Captain Dick had scarcely reckoned upon him, and the fellow's vulgar compliments and leers as he rode by Miss Smith's side very nearly secured him a

After all, the climax came that morning. A sudden storm overtook them on the way home, and Mr. Gryce and Miss Smith dismounted and entered a large barn. The latter beckoned her groom to follow suit.

"Oh, hang it! there's no room for that fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Gryce roughly; "a wetting won't hurt him. Here, my man, here's half-a-crown for you. Go on to the village and wait for us. Don't get drunk, mind."

Dick hesitated; then an appealing glance from his young mistress decided him. He rode up to Mr. Gryce, solemnly pocketed

the half-crown, and, turning round, rode away. He did not go quite as far as the village, though; in fact, he remained within half a dozen yards of the barn, although unseen.

Soon the sound of an angry voice and an oath reached him, and he drew nearer still.

"By Heaven! Miss Mabel, you shall marry me, whether you will or not; so you'd better make up your mind to it at once. Your father has promised, and he shall make you!" exclaimed a thick, passionate voice.

"He will do nothing of the sort," was the firm reply. "Release my hand at once, sir!"

"Never, until you give me a kiss and promise to marry me. Come!"

A scuffle, a shriek, and, before he well realised what was happening, Mr. Gryce felt himself lifted from his feet by a strong grasp and flung heavily to the ground. He looked up, and Miss Smith's groom was standing over him with a passionate fury in his keen blue eyes.

"You hound! You dirty beast of a groom!" he spluttered out as he staggered to his feet. "I'll make you pay for this! How dare you lay your dirty hands on a gentleman!"

The passion died out of Dick's eyes as he surveyed the mean-looking object who stood before him shaking with impotent rage, and he smiled.

"A what?" he inquired.

Mr. Gryce stamped his foot in a paroxysm of blind rage.

"If you were only my equal," he burst out, "instead of a low blackguard of a groom——"

"I should be very sorry to be your equal, Mr. er-Gryce," said Dick coolly. "I am a gentleman, however, and shall be happy to pass over our inequality and give you any satisfaction you desire. There is my card—Captain Escott, 4th Dragoons; and a note to the Army and Navy Club, or care of my brother, Sir Herbert Escott, of Stretton Hall, Leicestershire, will be sure to find me. And now let me tell you this, sir, unless you mount that horse of yours and make yourself scarce in three minutes, I shall give you the sound horsewhipping that you deserve. Be off!"

Mr. Gryce laughed a forced, uneasy laugh.

"Gammon!" he exclaimed roughly, moving a pace or two towards his horse, however. "You don't suppose I believe that rubbish!"

Miss Smith, this groom of yours is drunk. Allow me to escort you home."

She darted an indignant glance at him and moved a little further away.

"If you presume to come near or even speak to me again," she exclaimed contemptuously, "I—I hope that he will horsewhip you."

Dick clenched his whip firmly, and his blue eyes flashed fire.

"You hear that, sir," he said. "Be off!"

Mr. Gryce climbed into his saddle and rode away without another word. There was a silence. Then Miss Smith turned to her groom.

"Perhaps, sir, you will now be good enough to explain what this masquerading means," she said haughtily. But, in spite of her efforts, she could not altogether keep the gratitude from her eyes.

"I was about to do so," he said quietly, nerving himself for the crisis. "I am, as I told that fellow, a captain in the 4th Dragoons and a gentleman—by birth, at any rate. I am a sham groom. Let me confess how it has happened. I came down here to stop with a friend of mine, Mr. Coulson, at Houghton Grange, and I saw you at the meet."

He hesitated and glanced at her face. It was inscrutable.

"I don't know if you'll ever forgive me," he went on desperately, "but it wasn't exactly my fault. I fell in love with you; I couldn't help that, you know. I asked Coulson if I couldn't be introduced, but he told me that it was impossible. From him I learnt your father's strong aversion to—to us, and his intention of making you marry that fellow Gryce. Everything seemed against me, but I swore to know you somehow, and, you see, I have succeeded so far, at any rate. Burditt was my sister's groom years ago, and I confided in him. I got him to engage me as a groom, and—and here I am. Don't turn away from me, Mabel," he pleaded. "I know it was a mean thing to do, but I could think of no other way, and I felt that I must get to know you; you know why. Tell me that there is a little, just a little, hope for me."

She kept her eyes fixed upon the ground, and he felt that every moment of silence was golden. Pride was struggling with anger in her features, while she was framing some stern rebuke.

She looked up with a heavy frown and opened her lips, but as her eyes met his, full of an eager, hopeful light, they drooped, and the rebuke melted away.



“‘I’ll make you pay for this!’”

"I don't believe you really care for me," she said in a low voice.

"But I do, Mabel," he said earnestly. "Do you think I should have gone through what I have unless I did? You forgive me?" and his hand touched hers and gently took possession of it.

"It was very wrong of you," she muttered demurely, "but——"

Some men are woefully misrepresented. Old Smith was no Tartar, after all. That same afternoon, having resumed his ordinary dress, Captain Escott called upon him, and in

a frank, straightforward manner told him the whole truth.

To his unspeakable amazement, his prospective father-in-law, after listening to his recital in solemn silence, burst into a roar of hearty laughter.

"You shall have her, my boy, for your pluck!" he said, slapping the young officer on the back. "I like your face, and I like the way you've made a clean breast of it all. Gryce can go to the deuce! Mabel's a lot too good for him. Stay and dine."

And he did.



A MAID OF HOLLAND.

From the picture by Julius Wengel.

NEWGATE, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY PERCY V. LEVI.

FEW, if any, places of durance in the world can compare with Newgate Prison for antiquity and varied interest. Of the Tuscan order of architecture, it has passed through the vicissitudes of many centuries, till at the present day it stands, one of the most interesting links with the past that London still possesses; but not for very much longer, for in prison architecture, no less than in much else, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new,"

first occasion being in 1666, when the Great Fire wrought much havoc with the then existing gaol. During the Gordon Riots, a hundred years later, it fared still worse. The riots were promulgated owing to the relaxation of the penal laws against Roman Catholics, and, upon the rejection of a petition to the House of Commons and the arrest of some of the petitioners, a frenzied mob proceeded to Newgate to liberate them. The door was burnt down, the prisoners



Photo by]

[Mr. Sturdee.

THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDING OF "THE OLD BAILEY," INCLUDING NEWGATE PRISON.

and the site of Newgate will shortly know its ancient pile no more.

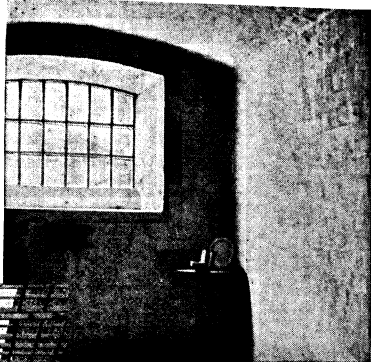
Whilst a prison of some sort has occupied the present site for upwards of a thousand years, it has undergone such elaborate structural alterations during that period that it is very doubtful if much of the original building now remains. We hear of it first in the reign of the first Henry, and again in the twelfth century; Richard Whittington, the then Lord Mayor, is recorded to have done much towards improving the structure. It has at least twice been attacked by fire, the

liberated, and the place sacked. Not satisfied with this, the rioters dragged the furniture from the Governor's house, piled it up against the prison in several places, and set it alight, with the result that many parts were almost razed to the ground.

In the present century also this prison has undergone many alterations, which, in view of its demolition in the near future, will probably be the last. Since 1880 it has only been used during the sitting of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey, and, except for this and the infliction of

capital punishment, it is practically closed for ever. With the passing of the prison one of England's oldest associations with crime and criminals will sink into oblivion.

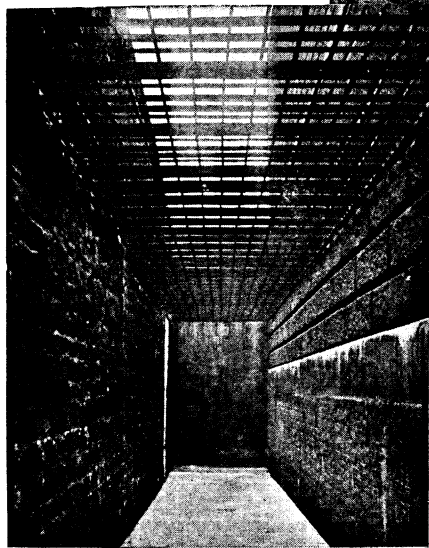
Upon a recent visit, as its massive door clanged behind me, I felt how entirely within its sombre walls I was cut off from the outer world. Threading my way along gloomy passages and up a short flight of stone steps, I found myself in the chapel, an edifice of roomy dimensions flanked on either side by iron bars within the safe keeping of which the prisoners pursue their devotions, a gallery above being reserved for female delinquents. The reading-desk and pulpit, together with a small harmonium, face the altar, which is surmounted by a cross and a copy of the Ten Commandments legibly painted on the whitewashed



CORNER OF A CELL.

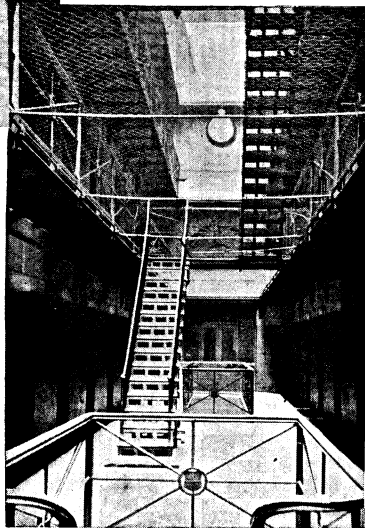
wall. A couple of curtained boxes for the Governor of the prison and the Chief Magistrate complete the chamber, the restrained simplicity of which is quite in keeping with the sanctity of its purpose.

Retracing my steps along further winding passages, I was ushered into the main hall of the building, over



TWO VIEWS OF
"BIRDCAGE WALK."

*Photographs by Percy
V. Levi.*



THE MAIN HALL.

which are ranged, on either side of several galleries approached by iron staircases, the cells in which the prisoners are incarcerated. As depicted in the accompanying illustration, a wire netting is stretched across the first gallery, an Act of Parliament demanding that such precaution should be taken to deter desperate prisoners from throwing themselves over on to the stone-flagged floor beneath.

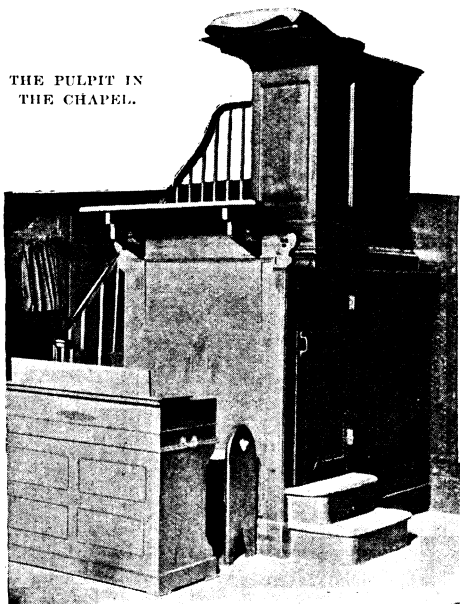
The cells which abut the galleries measure about 12 ft. by 7 ft., and are amply lighted by large windows of fluted glass, ventilation being obtained from a shaft just below the middle, as, of course, the windows will not open. A plate, pannikin, and knife and fork, all made of tin, are the modest utensils afforded the prisoners, and these, together with a Prayer-book, are ranged on a bracket in the corner of the cell as shown in the accompanying illustration. The furniture consists of a small four-legged stool, a fold-down table, and a hammock bed, with which are provided a couple of blankets, a sheet, and a rug. The walls

are whitewashed, and here, as elsewhere throughout the prison, cleanliness and order predominate. The doors, which are self-closing, are each provided with a shutter through which a full view of the interior of the cell can be commanded by the officer on duty in the corridor.

Two cells merged into one constitute the condemned cell, which is supplied with a wooden bed in place of the hammock, the walls being decorated with several illuminated texts; otherwise it does not differ very materially from the others. It is here that the doomed prisoner ekes out the few remaining days of his life, religiously guarded day and night by a couple of warders, in order that the gallows should not be cheated of its prey. Across the passage are the solicitors' boxes, where prisoners are allowed to interview their solicitors, and close at hand the Governor's office, outside which stands a weighing-machine, placed in the building for obvious reasons.

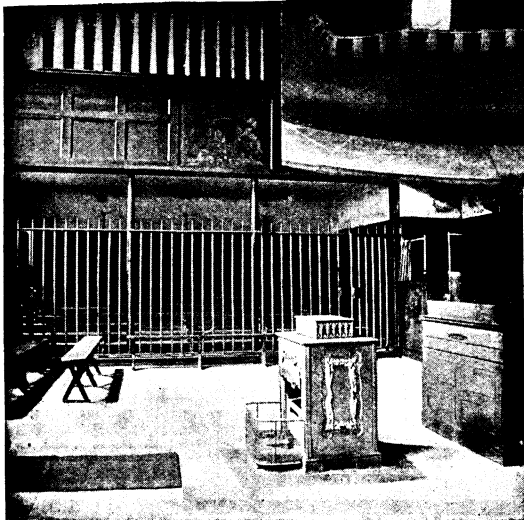
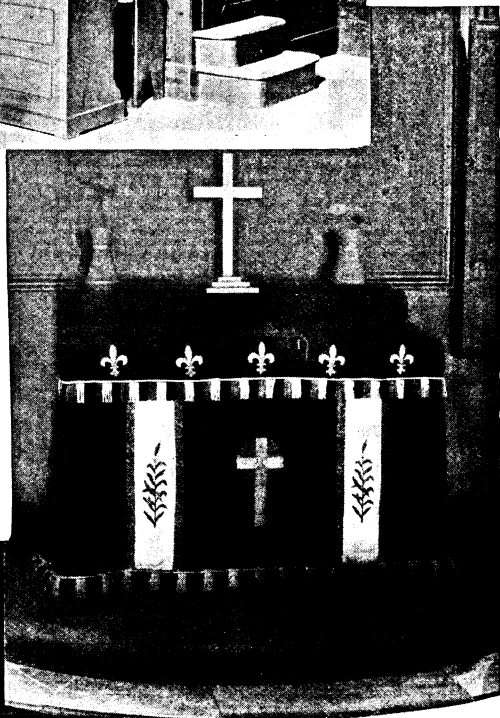
Almost facing is a door in the building leading to the exercise-ground, at one time termed the press-yard, as prisoners who would not plead were here crushed to death. Previously to 1784, the gibbet at Tyburn Gate, which stood almost opposite the site of the present Marble Arch, was the public place of execution; but at that date the Commissioners came to the conclusion that executions here were demoralising, and, except on occasions when the punishment occurred near the place of the crime, owing to the notion that retribution should follow near the scene of the offence, Newgate was prescribed for the future performance of this gruesome office. And up to within the last few decades the unhappy criminal was hanged outside the iron door, surmounted by rusty iron fetters, which still fronts the Old

THE PULPIT IN
THE CHAPEL.



THE ALTAR
AND
GENERAL
VIEW OF
THE
CHAPEL.

*Photographs
by
Percy V. Levi.*



Bailey, and was once known as the debtors' door.

Here, on a small sliding platform, the culprit met his fate in full view of a vast concourse of people—a seething mass, chiefly composed of the dregs of humanity, who observed the occasion as a

public holiday and the execution as a form of entertainment presented for their special delectation. Matters were as bad here as at Tyburn, and in the tumult and disorder that supervened the death roll did not generally end with the man on the gallows. More often than not numbers of the crowd met with a similar fate by being crushed or trodden down. Later all this was put a stop to; the gallows was relegated to the place it still occupies within the prison walls, and executions have since taken place with that decorum which the solemnity of the occasion demands.

The last execution in public took place in 1868, when the Fenian Michael Barrett was executed for complicity in the explosion at Clerkenwell prison, which was intended to effect the release of a couple of his compatriots. His object was not achieved, but his enterprise resulted in the loss of many lives, for which he was justly awarded the extreme penalty of the law.

Several of Queen Victoria's assailants have been quartered in this prison. In 1841 two attempts were made on her life, and in the following year she narrowly escaped, when a man named Francis fired point-blank at her as she was driving out. Francis was sentenced to be hanged, decapitated, and quartered; but this was respited on the Queen's intervention to transportation for life. Again, in 1850, an officer named Pate, holding Her Majesty's commission, struck her in the face with a stick, for which he was indicted for high treason and sentenced to seven years' transportation. These attacks were all the acts of lunatics, who had no more substantial reason for compassing the death of that illustrious sovereign than an insane craze for notoriety.

From the north-west corner of the prison the black flag is hoisted when the extreme penalty of the law has been enforced, and the death-knell is tolled from a small shed on the roof, and not from the chapel of St. Faith's, as generally supposed.

The "debtors' door" at Newgate now opens directly into the kitchen, which is a roomy,

albeit sparsely furnished apartment, fitted with several large coppers and all the necessary utensils for cooking the frugal fare that is meted out to the prisoners.

One of the most ghastly of the remaining sights of Newgate is "Birdcage Walk"—once used as an exercising-ground, but now the burial-ground of all who suffer the extreme penalty of the law within the precincts of the prison. It is roofed with heavy iron bars, which give it the aspect of a huge cage, and through these bars pigeons were wont to fly into captivity—hence the origin of the cognomen.

The walls are covered with epitaphs of those who lie below the well-worn flagstones, one relating to the pirates of the ship *Flowerland* being very prominent. The initials of Blanco, Lopez, Duranno, Leon, and Wartto, who were brought over from Brazil and hanged outside the gaol, figure together with the ship's name and the date of execution, February 22nd, 1864.

Of more recent inscriptions are the epitaphs of Milsom and Fowler, the Muswell Hill murderers (who were so skilfully tracked to earth by means of a toy lantern), of Neill Cream, who expiated his crime in 1893, and of Mrs. Piercey, and, more recently still, that of Schneider.

There seems something peculiarly uncanny in the fact that the only approach to the Central Criminal Court is through a small iron-plated gate at the end of this passage, with the result that a prisoner condemned to death has practically to walk over his own grave on the way to the condemned cell.

To all but the student of criminology it will doubtless seem, on the whole, as well that the projected building of a handsome new Central Criminal Court on the site of the present "Old Bailey" and the adjacent prison will shortly demolish this monument of crime, whose very walls are haunted with the misdeeds perpetrated by its gruesome occupants, whose very epitaphs each symbolise some awful crime revived in memory from out of the burial-ground of the dead past.

THE HEART OF A MYSTERY.

BY L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE.*

NO. IV.—A CONJURING TRICK.



"ATHER a strange game is this of ours," said Pinheiro to me one afternoon.

I was better again, although still quite the wreck of my former self. I was lying on the balcony in his house and enjoying the delicious air. The tone of his voice as he now spoke startled me, his eyes were gloomy and full of trouble.

"Of course, Phenays, you clearly understand that we are both playing for the same stake," he continued. "Mademoiselle Delacourt is the stake, and we shall get her yet."

I smiled. "I wish I could agree with you," I answered; "but the more I think of that woman, the more she overpowers me, and the more I feel that she will always elude us."

"No," he answered, "not for ever; we shall have her yet." He had scarcely uttered the words before the servant entered the room bearing a letter which was addressed to me and had an English post-mark on it. I opened it hastily and in some fear. Had my lawyer in London bad news to convey? One glance, however, reassured me. The letter was from an old friend of my father's, a certain Sir James Noel, of the War Office. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR PHENAYS,—I am wondering if you are home again. I want to see you very particularly, so I write this on the chance that it will be forwarded to your present address, wherever it happens to be. You will be surprised to learn that your old friend Evelyn is engaged—the wedding is to take place in less than a month. She is about to marry my private secretary, Mr. Monck, a very clever fellow who has been in my employment for some time. Monck has lately come in for a considerable property, and will leave me immediately after the

wedding. I want someone to take his place, and it has occurred to me that you might like the post. It is essential that I should have a man with me on whom I can absolutely rely. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that hostilities between this country and the Transvaal are more than likely. Will you wire me your answer on receipt of this? I beg you to come if possible. There is more in my request than meets the eye.

"Yours, in haste,

"JAMES NOEL."

"It is odd," I said, handing the letter across to my friend. "I seem destined to be mixed up with this infernal war. Read the letter, Pinheiro, and tell me what I should do."

Pinheiro read Sir James Noel's communication very quietly. When he came to the end, a grim smile played round the corners of his lips.

"The gods fight for us at last," he said. "This is magnificent!"

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"My dear fellow, if we had arranged the thing it could not have been better. Let me send off a wire for you at once, accepting the offer."

A sudden animation lit up his face and gleamed in his eyes.

"You are thinking of the last sentence in Sir James Noel's letter," I remarked.

"Possibly I am," he answered; "but do you not see for yourself the immense advantage we shall gain by being once more in touch with the enemy?"

"But how shall we be in touch? I fail to understand."

"Judging from information received, I shall be much surprised if Mademoiselle Delacourt is not poking her delicate little thumb into War Office secrets. You must accept, and at once, Phenays."

"But am I justified? Remember, I am wanted by the French Secret Service in connection with supposed war secrets, although, of course, I possess none."

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"You must tell Sir James everything," was his answer. "What you know may be of the greatest service to the War Office. Now, my dear fellow, do not, I implore you, throw away this great chance of silencing that dreadful woman, perhaps for ever. Remember what it means—your freedom from further persecution, and" (his voice hardened) "I shall have squared my account. Phenays, you must be the mouse to lure the cat in the direction of the trap."

"Thank you! What a cheerful situation! But suppose I get a scratch from her claws?"

"If you trust me, you will run no risks. Now, are you going to accept?"

"I suppose so," I answered after a moment, during which I was thinking hard. "It seems preposterous and unreasonable and a little mad, but no doubt you are right. Will you send a wire for me?"

"Will I?" he replied. "With a thousand congratulations, my good friend. Before Heaven! this fires me with new life." He rushed from the room.

A few hours later I had Sir James's reply. He begged me to take the first possible train to London. The Sud express left Lisbon the next day, and Pinheiro and I arranged to go by it. We sat long into the night discussing our plans, and four days later we found ourselves once again on English soil, embarked in one of the strangest games two men were ever destined to play.

I wired to Sir James to say that I should be in London at midday, and on our arrival at my chambers, to my surprise and delight, I found the good baronet waiting for me.

"Delighted to see you, my boy!" he said, coming forward and grasping my hand. "It is most good of you to come so promptly. Your arrival is the greatest relief to me."

"May I introduce my friend, Senhor Pinheiro?" I said.

Pinheiro bowed and began to talk at once in his excellent and fluent English.

"I will leave you both," he said after a moment or two; "I want to secure rooms at the Berkeley."

When he was gone, Sir James began to speak in a serious tone.

"My dear Phenays," he said, "I regard this acceptance of yours as most lucky. You,



"Delighted to see you, my boy!"

of course, appreciate the responsibility of the appointment you have agreed to take, but I may as well tell you at once it is due to a very special reason that I have chosen you. There are some extraordinary things happening, and it is not only our mission, but our duty to find out what they are."

"I do not understand you, sir," I answered; "but," I continued, "before we proceed further, it is only right that you should know the strange and terrible position in which I myself am placed. Can you listen? I cannot accept this appointment until you know the whole truth."

"Tell me, Phenays, and be quick," was his answer.

He sank into a seat near the window, and turning his back on the outside world listened with attention while I gave him a rapid and precise *résumé* of the strange events which had come into my life during the last few months. Before I reached the end I could see that he was much excited, and as I finished he leapt to his feet.

"So Mademoiselle Delacourt has been hunting you down?" he said. "She is under the supposition that you possess one of the French Secret Service secrets?"

"Precisely, and she has on three occasions very nearly succeeded in her designs," I answered with a shudder. "That scratch from the tiger's claw was a near thing—touch and go, in fact."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "She may be the mysterious and powerful centre from which all my present troubles arise. What you have told me is of the greatest importance to us. As a matter of fact, we are just now in a fine mess. The emissaries and spies of our enemies in the Transvaal are ever on the watch. The best detectives are hard at work to discover their whereabouts and modes of operation, but can do nothing. Listen. This is what has just happened—it is worrying me to my grave. On two occasions lately we have discovered that some of our most private secrets in connection with our armaments and reserves have found their way to the Transvaal through French channels, and the horror of the whole thing is that they are secrets for which I alone am responsible. Everything conceivable has been done to discover the traitor, but the man to do so has yet to be found."

"Then I can name him," I cried. "The man of all men for your work—you have just seen him—Senhor Pinheiro. Political intrigue is his speciality. He speaks almost every European language, and is well known to the police in all the capitals of Europe. He is a Portuguese by birth, but I know for certain that he will be ready and willing to throw himself into the work of this business immediately. He is also implicitly trustworthy. If Mademoiselle Delacourt should be at the bottom of all your trouble, rest assured Senhor Pinheiro will not fail to discover her."

"Has he, too, fallen into the trap of that woman?" asked Sir James.

"Yes," I answered, lowering my voice to a whisper; "the object of his life is to revenge himself. Did you notice that one of his hands lacks two fingers? He owes that to Mademoiselle; but how she did it, and when, I know not, for he will not reveal his secret."

Sir James rubbed his hands with pleasure.

"The arrival of your friend is most opportune," he said; "but we must move rapidly. Now listen! In affairs of such immense importance I cannot employ Pinheiro without getting permission from Scotland Yard. This is a mere form, of course, and I will go there immediately. Phenays, you and Pinheiro must come down to Warleigh Court to-night

and dine and sleep. You will be glad to see Evelyn and my wife again, and I want to introduce you both to Monck—my present secretary. He is as troubled over this matter as I am. Now I will leave you, for there is much to be done."

Sir James went off at once, and I strolled across to the Berkeley. I found Pinheiro enjoying an excellent lunch, and I immediately told him the news.

"This is capital," was his reply. "I shall have some business on my own account to transact this afternoon, and will meet you and Sir James at Baker Street at 6.10."

"You know London well," I remarked.

He smiled.

"I lived in London for many years," he said, after a pause. "In those days I was light-hearted and happy; but that was before——" His face grew dark and a frown knit his forehead.

I looked at him with admiration. To the outward eye he was only a very thin, hollow-cheeked, dark-looking man, in apparently bad health. It was difficult to realise that he was in reality one of the keenest detectives in Europe—a man to be trusted as men trust those they care most for.

We arrived at Warleigh Court just in time to dress for dinner. I was down before Pinheiro, and had scarcely spoken to Lady Noel and Evelyn before Monck appeared. I was naturally interested in the man who was to marry Evelyn, and whose place I was to take as Noel's private secretary. He was tall, good-looking, and self-possessed. His manner was that of one used to society, he had a low voice and a pleasant accent. On the whole, he was the sort of person to impress one favourably; but as I looked at him, I wondered if he was worthy of Evelyn, whom I had known from a child, and had always regarded with special affection. She was a very beautiful and spirited girl, barely nineteen years of age—I thought her far too young to be Monck's wife, and wondered why Sir James consented to the marriage. She was, to all appearance, in high spirits, and laughed and chatted volubly; but I could not help an uneasy fear that her mirth was a little forced, and once again I looked at Monck to discover the cause. As I glanced at him our eyes met. His eyes were peculiar—very light grey in colour, with black rims round the irises, and thick black lashes. Handsome eyes in themselves, but I did not care for their expression. Instinctively I drew nearer to Evelyn, as if I would protect her, and then, ashamed of

myself, entered into an animated conversation with Lady Noel.

During dinner Pinheiro made himself agreeable. He talked on the varied subjects of the day with ease and distinction. It was only when the possible war with the Transvaal was mentioned that he remained silent.

As soon as the ladies had withdrawn, Sir James lowered his voice and began to speak on the subject that was uppermost in all our minds.

"It has been a great pleasure to welcome you here as a guest," he said, turning to Pinheiro. "It is even a greater pleasure to make your acquaintance in your professional capacity. I have been to Scotland Yard to-day, and have secured your services in connection with a very serious official question. Inspector Scott welcomes your co-operation and authorises me to give you my fullest confidence."

"You can depend on my doing my best," answered Pinheiro. "And now," he added, "I have something to say on my own account. I also called on Inspector Scott this afternoon, and have heard from him most of the details of this extremely interesting case. The last instance of treachery relates to armaments which were to be immediately despatched to South Africa. The particulars were mentioned by you, Sir James, in a sealed despatch to the Colonial Office, and were known only to you and to your secretary, Mr. Monck. Now, one thing is evident, we are face to face with some entirely new criminal method, of which there has been no previous experience in the annals of crime; otherwise, such information could not have been obtained by a spy. There is no doubt whatever that it was through Paris that this information was forwarded to President Kruger. Of course, I can speak freely in the presence of Mr. Monck?"

"Certainly," cried Sir James. "Monck is my private secretary."

"Then I shall betray no confidence when I make a remark? Mr. Phenays has already told you how by an extraordinary coincidence he and I are both in touch with that most dreadful gang of spies, at the head of which is Mademoiselle Delacourt."

At these words Monck got up slowly, went to the door and turned the key in the lock.

"What is the matter, Monck?" said Sir James, irritation in his tone.

"Nothing, Sir James. As we are talking

on such very private matters, I thought it best to secure our not being interrupted."

Pinheiro gave the private secretary a keen glance, then looked at Sir James.

"I know all about your adventures in Portugal," said the baronet. "But now to return once more to my own affairs. The day after to-morrow I shall be sending in my communication to the Foreign Office in reference to shell ammunition. Of course, the usual secrecy will be exercised, but, should this matter leak out, as other matters have done, the result will be most disastrous. I shall, of course, have to give up my appointment at the War Office, my reputation will be damaged, I shall be a ruined man. But why should I talk of my private affairs? The disaster to the country at large is what one has to guard against."

"Your position is a very grave one," said Pinheiro, "and you will have to use the utmost caution, remembering the system of espionage to which you are doubtless subjected. Now, I am taking up this matter, and shall work with Inspector Scott, and will not trouble you with any further discussion. I by no means despair of solving the riddle—perhaps before your wedding-day, sir." Here Pinheiro bowed to Monck. "I shall leave here early in the morning and return to town," he added. "By the way, Mr. Monck, I must add my trifle to Miss Noel's wedding presents. Can you tell me the name of a good jeweller?"

Monck mentioned the name of a West End firm, and then added, "But you must not think of giving us a present, Senhor."

"Pray scribble the number down," said Pinheiro, passing him an old envelope. He did so and returned it to the Portuguese. When we joined the ladies, Evelyn came to my side.

"I have been wanting to talk to you," she said. "Come into the conservatory. Oh, do be quick! I don't want father to ask me to sing."

The girl's face was grave and even old for her years. I wondered at its expression, and my heart beat for a moment a little quicker than usual, while a strange sensation of apprehension swept like a cold wind through my frame. We strolled into the conservatory.

Evelyn paused by a magnolia tree in full flower, and plucking one of the blossoms began to pull it to pieces.

"Now, tell me," she said quickly. "What is the matter? What is wrong?"

"How do you know there is anything wrong?" I asked.

She stamped her foot. "Am I a child?" she asked. "My mother notices nothing, but I am not blind. My father is in trouble; there is a burden on his heart. Has he confided it to you?"

"He has," I said after a pause. "There is something the matter. It relates to his work at the War Office. I must not tell you more. I cannot betray his confidence, can I?"

"You have told me all I want to know," she replied. She stood still, looking straight before her; her beautiful eyes were full of intense trouble, almost despair. Suddenly they filled to the brim with large drops which rolled down her cheeks. She bent towards me, her voice low and troubled.

"My father's unhappiness has something to do with Reginald Monck."

"What do you mean?" I could not help exclaiming. "You are engaged to Monck."

"I know, I know."

"And you are happy? It cannot be otherwise. I have known you, Evelyn, from a child. Tell me that you are happy; you

love the man whom you are about to marry?"

"No," she said in a low voice. "But I am marrying him because it is the only way in which I can save my father."

"Evelyn, what can I do for you? This is terrible!"

We had reached the farther end of the conservatory; there was a door here which led on to the lawn. Evelyn opened it and we both stepped out.

"I can no more confide in you than you can confide in me," she said. "But I will give you one commission for the sake of old times. Discover the truth."

"If I only could!" I exclaimed.

"You must go back. I am suspected. I feel as if the air were full of spies. You cannot guess what I am enduring, Mr. Phenays. For the sake of our old friendship, discover the truth."

"I will," I said; and she left me.

That night I followed Pinheiro into his bedroom.

"What do you think of matters?" I asked.

"Can Mademoiselle Delacourt be at the bottom of this mystery?"

"Ask me no questions," answered Pinheiro. "I have hope, and it points in a certain direction; but I may be wrong, of course. If there is one person more than another whom I pity in this unfortunate affair, it is Miss Noel. She is little more than a child—the man is double her age. What could have induced her father to consent to the engagement? Why, the girl is not even happy."

"What eyes you have, my friend!" I could not help remarking.

He smiled.

"Practice," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

I left him and went to my own room; but, although very tired after my long journey, I could not sleep. Evelyn's words haunted me.

"Discover the truth," she had said. How was I to do so?

The next day Sir James,



"She bent towards me, her voice low and troubled."

Pinheiro, and Monck went up to town, but I remained at Warleigh Court. I felt tempted to take advantage of the opportunity to draw some further confidences from Evelyn, but she avoided me, devoting herself absolutely to her mother, from whose side she never stirred.

The men returned in time for dinner, and just before dressing Pinheiro drew me aside.

"I intend to do some conjuring tricks to-night, Phenays," he said. "Back me up, will you?"

will be a return to my childish days. Be sure of one thing, Senhor—whenever you score a trick, I shall clap you."

Pinheiro laughed, and Monck drew near and stood by her side. They made a handsome couple, and a cursory observer would have augured well for the proposed match.

In a few moments Pinheiro was busy with cards, coins, hats, and handkerchiefs, delighting us all with his cleverness and sleight-of-hand. As I watched his deft white fingers and the eager expression on his face, while



"'Yes,' he answered; 'and I have scored *well*.'"

"Certainly; but what a strange idea!"

"Oh, I just want to amuse the company. I am rather clever at sleight-of-hand."

We entered the drawing-room. After dinner Pinheiro proposed to act magician for the occasion. His proposition was hailed with pleasure, and Evelyn, in particular, expressed her approval.

"Fancy being in the presence of a real live conjurer once more," she said—"a man who draws ribbons out of hats, and makes coins spin as if they were alive. This

he made his passes, rattling off a patter with each new trick, I could not help thinking of the Great Conjuring Trick, involving tremendous issues, in which he was himself engaged.

"And now," he said, after he had amused us with his clever performances for about a quarter of an hour, "I mean to give you my last and, I hope, my most remarkable trick.

"Will someone in the room write a sentence—any sentence will do? Perhaps, Miss

Noel, you will oblige me? When you have written your sentence, fold up the paper, do not show it to anyone, **but** put it into that hat. Meanwhile, I will leave the room and write the same sentence outside."

"But how can you," cried Lady Noel, "when you won't know anything about Evelyn's choice?"

"Have you never heard of thought-reading, dear madam?" asked Pinheiro, bowing in his most graceful manner.

Evelyn tripped eagerly across the room, took a piece of paper, wrote something on it, carefully folded the paper, and placed it inside the magician's hat. She then placed it on the piano, where no one could possibly disturb it, and Pinheiro, taking up another sheet of paper, prepared to leave the room.

"I have left my pen upstairs," he suddenly exclaimed. "Will you lend me your stylographic pen, Mr. Monck?"

Monck immediately gave him the pen, and Pinheiro left the room. He returned in a few moments, holding a folded piece of paper in his hand.

"Now, Miss Noel," he said, "will you read your sentence aloud?"

Evelyn took the piece of paper out of the hat and read in a clear voice, so that everyone in the room could hear, the well-known proverb, "**STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.**"

Pinheiro smiled. He then unfolded his paper, and read, with the calm assurance of a man certain of having scored his trick, the equally well-known proverb, "**HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.**"

There was a moment's pause of dead silence in the room, then I exclaimed, "You have not done the trick!"

"Yes," he answered gravely; "and I have scored *well*."

There was something very peculiar and almost uncanny in his words. His eyes danced with triumph. Finally they rested on Monck. "I have scored," he repeated. "I will explain, I hope, before your wedding, Miss Evelyn."

Everyone looked surprised and disappointed, and Lady Noel said in a cold voice—

"I fail to understand."

When we went to our rooms, I said to Pinheiro—

"You really are an enigma. How can you pretend that you guessed Evelyn's sentence?"

Pinheiro rubbed his hands. "I admit that I gave you all a hard nut to crack," he said; "but the riddle will be explained, all

being well, before the wedding, Phenays. Cheer up! things are progressing favourably."

"Pinheiro," I said, "I would give almost anything in the world to prevent this marriage."

His eyes twinkled. "How strange!" he said. "Those are precisely my sentiments." As he spoke he left the room.

The next morning my friend and I both left Warleigh Court, promising to return the following Tuesday for the wedding.

Sir James and Monck travelled up to town with us, and when we got to St. John's Wood, Inspector Scott met us at the station. I thought Pinheiro would have gone off with him, but, to my surprise, he expressed his intention of returning to my rooms with me.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "I thought you would spend to-day at the War Office?"

"No," he replied, "I shall spend to-day in your rooms, Phenays. Dear, dear! this is a wicked world!"

I could not get any information out of him, and gave way to a sense of annoyance. When time was so short, and so much hung in the balance, how could he be content to sit down with his hands before him? Nevertheless, strange or not, this was precisely what Pinheiro did intend to do. He looked morose and disagreeable, and, as far as I could tell, did not move a finger to elucidate the mystery.

At last the all-important day arrived.

The wedding was fixed for twelve o'clock, but soon after ten Pinheiro and I arrived at Warleigh Court. Already some forty other guests had assembled.

I went to seek Sir James in his study. His face wore a very perturbed expression.

"Has Pinheiro come?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, I must see him at once. The worst has happened. I am almost mad! Once more my secret information has leaked out. This sort of thing cannot go on, and I must of course resign my position at the War Office."

"I am bitterly sorry for you," I answered. "Poor Evelyn! what a sad wedding-day for her!"

"Her attitude puzzles me also," said Noel, raising his anxious face to mine. "I doubt if the child is happy. Her mother tells me that she cried herself to sleep last night."

"For Heaven's sake!" I could not help exclaiming, "do not let this marriage go on if there is any doubt on that point. Though

it is the eleventh hour, there is still time to stop it."

"No, no," he said, after a moment of deep thought. "Most girls are nervous on occasions like the present, and Evelyn always knew her own mind. Beyond doubt she is deeply attached to Monck; she has had good opportunities of studying his character, for he has been my secretary over two years."

"You would like to see Senhor Pinheiro," I said, after a pause. "Shall I fetch him for you?"

He had sunk into a chair and buried his face in his hands. Now he started up.

"My thoughts are in a whirl," he exclaimed. "What with the wedding, and this fearful, this disgraceful business, I do not know what I am doing. To tell the truth, Phenays, I am disappointed in your friend. He seems to have done nothing to help us."

"Neither can I understand him," I answered. "But here he comes to answer for himself."

The door opened and Pinheiro entered. A complete change had come over him. During the last few days he had been languid and even lethargic. Now a queer excitement filled him. He carried a small bag in his hand, and also a long, blue envelope.

"Sir James," he said, speaking with rapidity, "I hold in this bag the wedding present which I mean to give to your son-in-law, and in this envelope I hold something else. But to business. I am grieved to have to perform a most disagreeable duty at once."

"What do you mean?" cried Sir James, springing to his feet. "Have you found a clue?"

"It looks like it," answered Pinheiro, opening the bag; "but we will soon tell. Inspector Scott is here. He is in plain clothes. Do not alarm Miss Noel. The matter won't take five minutes. Can I see Monck?"

My heart began to beat. What on earth was going to happen?

Sir James rang the bell.

"Ask Mr. Monck to be good enough to step here," he said to the servant who entered.

The man withdrew, and in another moment Monck, dressed for his wedding and looking particularly handsome, entered the room, accompanied by Inspector Scott.

"This must mean good news, Senhor Pinheiro," he exclaimed. "You would not bring Inspector Scott down here for nothing.

I hope that you are going to put all our doubts to rest."

By way of answer Pinheiro drew a small sheet of paper from the envelope.

"This paper was signed yesterday in Paris," he said. "It was written by someone in England, and conveyed to someone in Paris the full particulars of a private despatch written by Sir James Noel last Thursday. It is in the form of a letter which is apparently written to a friend, but that is of no consequence. Is anything the matter, Mr. Monck?"

"Nothing. Excuse me—I have forgotten a certain matter; I will be back in a moment."

"You must not leave the room just at present, sir," here interrupted Inspector Scott; "you must hear the rest of what this gentleman has to say."

Monck leant against the frame of the window. I saw that his face was white and that his lips trembled.

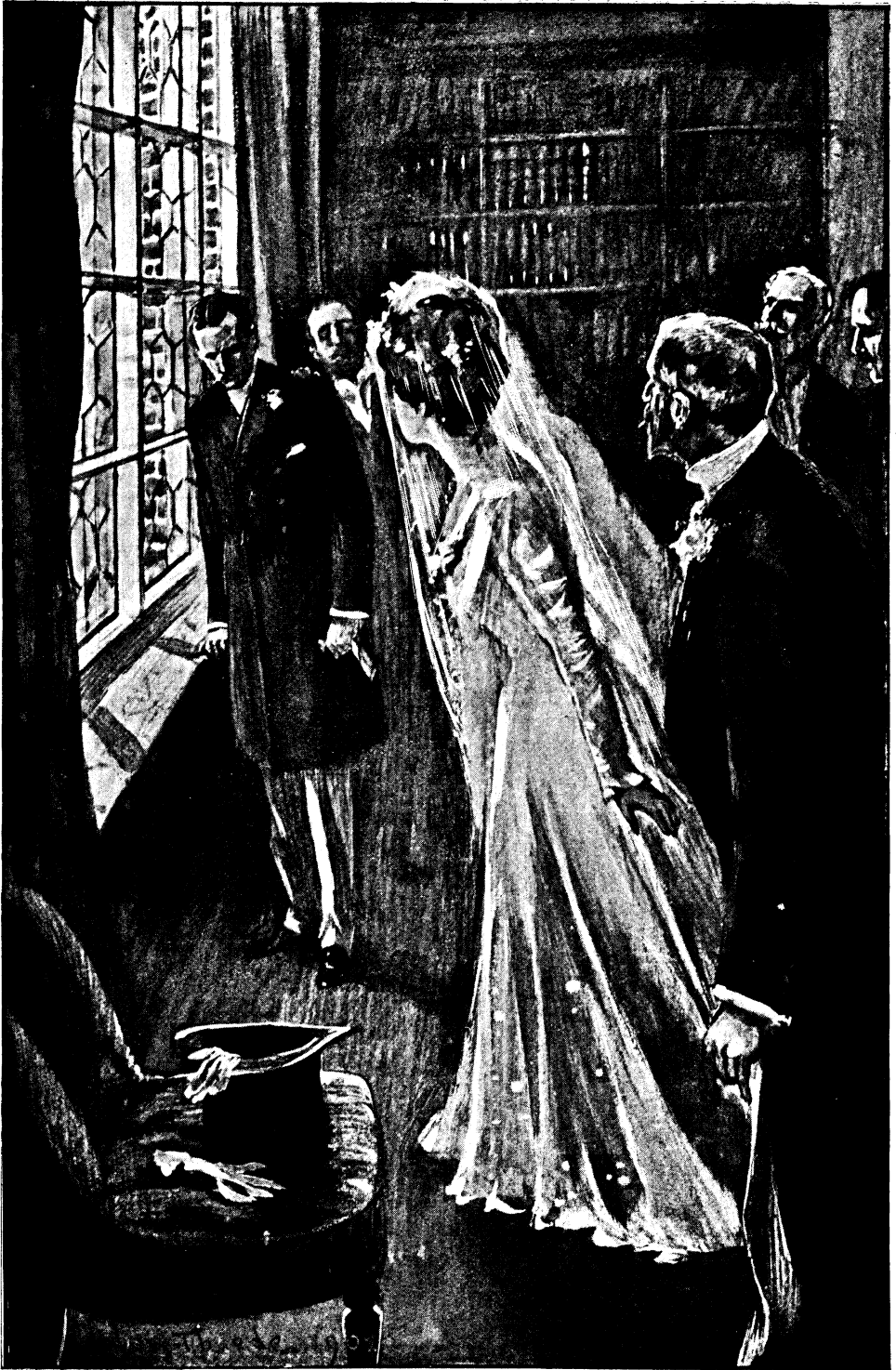
Without taking any further notice of him, Pinheiro now produced some chemical apparatus from his bag. He proceeded to arrange it. When everything was in order, he looked straight up at Monck, and said in a short, jerky voice—

"I propose, sir, to give you this as your wedding present. Now, pray listen. I must crave your earnest attention, gentlemen. I have here in this glass vessel some zinc trimmings. Observe that I add some diluted sulphuric acid to the trimmings. Hydrogen gas is now evolved. This I will set light to."

As he spoke he struck a match, and, applying it to the opening of the little glass tube, a pale flame began to burn.

"So far, so good, gentlemen," continued Pinheiro. "I now proceed to the next part of my interesting work. I will moisten a portion of this letter" (here he tore off a piece from the letter which he had taken from the blue envelope, and dipped it into water). "I add this paper to the contents of the glass vessel. If now this pale blue flame is changed to lilac colour, and gives me a black deposit at the bottom of this plate that I hold over the flame" (he raised an ordinary dinner-plate in his hand as he spoke), "arsenic is proved to be present in the ink with which it is written."

We all gazed at him in utter amazement; not one word was spoken. I had not the slightest notion of what it meant, but I noticed that Pinheiro's long fingers trembled as he added the moistened paper to the



“‘Have you broken your word?’”

vessel. Almost instantly the flame changed to a distinct lilac colour. He then applied the plate to the flame, and a black, sooty deposit was at once formed. When this happened, he looked up and nodded to Inspector Scott. Before any of us could move or utter a sound, the latter laid his hand on Monck's shoulder.

"I arrest you, Reginald James Monck, on the charge of high treason to Her Majesty's Government."

If a thunderbolt had fallen in the room, the sensation could not have been more profound.

Sir James uttered a sharp cry and reeled back against the mantelpiece. His face was the colour of clay.

"What does it mean?" he exclaimed. "You prove that there is arsenic in the ink of certain writing. What has that got to do with my friend? Monck, speak, man, speak! You look as if a devil had struck you. What is wrong? Why, you were just about to become my child's husband! Pinheiro, explain matters, or I shall go raving mad!"

Pinheiro glanced at me, nodded emphatically, and then stepped forward.

"My explanation is quickly given," he said. "It scarcely needed a wise man to be sure that you had a traitor in the camp, Sir James. The question was, Who? Why did I suspect Monck? I will tell you. He has lately come into a good deal of money—into sufficient money to enable him to be a suitor for your daughter's hand. I found on inquiry that he had lately received a legacy from an uncle; but this legacy, instead of amounting to £50,000, as he gave you to understand, was only worth £2,000. As I discovered that he had £50,000 in his possession, my wonder was naturally raised as to how he had obtained it. The diamond ring which he gave to your daughter cost £500. I asked him the name of his jeweller the first night at dinner with the express object of making this inquiry. He wrote the address of the man with his stylographic pen, and at that instant I saw my opportunity of a possible proof. I went to town, thought matters out, and arranged my little performance. You may remember, Sir James, that I did some simple conjuring tricks in your drawing-room last week. You will doubtless recall the fact that my last so-called trick turned out a failure. I told you then that I had scored. I mean now to explain how.

"I asked Monck to lend me his stylographic

pen in order to write a sentence, which was supposed to be the same as the one your daughter wrote, in the hall. While there, I opened the pen and inserted a grain of arsenious acid—such a small amount as would make no difference in the use of the pen.

"This happened the night before the next attempt at obtaining Government secrets would be attempted. Everything now depended on whether the paper which was sent to Paris, and there seized by our man, had arsenic on it or not. I put the police on the watch, and an agent of Mademoiselle Delacourt's was arrested yesterday with this letter on his person. The handwriting would have afforded no proof, but the arsenic test is absolute. Marsh's test is so delicate that there was plenty of arsenic in the ink to give a reaction, as you saw."

Pinheiro had scarcely finished speaking before the bride, in all her bridal finery, entered the room.

"Go away, Evelyn! Go away! This is not the place for you!" cried her father. "I will see you presently!" he continued, in a voice of agony.

"I want to hear what you are talking about," she replied gently, and her eyes travelled round the room. "Tell your story to me, Senhor Pinheiro."

"Nay, Miss Noel," he answered; "the story is told."

"Go, Evelyn! Go, I pray of you!" said Sir James again.

She did not seem to hear him. For the first time she noticed something unusual about Monck. He was standing near the wall. Inspector Scott's hand still rested on his shoulder—his eyes were fixed on the ground, his face was cadaverous.

Into the girl's eyes now there leapt a curious light. A sort of unholy joy filled them. She went up to Monck and almost hissed her words into his ear.

"Have you broken your word? Have you been doing it again, *traitor*! and has he" (she flung out her arm in the direction of Pinheiro) "found you out? Then I am saved."

She tottered up against the table; her breath came fast, her lips trembled, but her eyes were bright and tearless.

We all clustered round her. Pinheiro took her hand.

"This man has been arrested on a charge of high treason," he said. "If you have anything to tell, tell it now. Silence is no longer possible."

"Then I will speak," she said. She rose

and stood before us. "Think of me as you like," she said. "But this is my story—my terrible story. Two years ago I met Mademoiselle Delacourt in Paris. I was a child—only seventeen. She fascinated me and got me into her power. Without intending it, I told her much about our life and my father's work. I was unconscious of having done wrong. Soon after we returned home, that man" (here she motioned in the direction of Monck) "applied for the post of private secretary to my father. I saw him first, for he came here, and he gave me, when no one was by, a letter from Mademoiselle.

"'You are in my power,' she wrote. 'Use your influence to get the post he covets for Reginald Monck.'

"I read the letter in his presence and looked my astonishment, and he explained *horribly*. I was frightened, terrified! I fell into the trap. From that moment my

life was hell. I was in his power as well as hers. For a time he was careful, and nothing apparently happened; but this year the work of treachery began. I knew that my father's secrets were betrayed, and I knew that he was the traitor. In my awful agony I cried to him for mercy. Then he made a compromise. If I would consent to marry him, he would leave my father's employment, and from the hour I promised to be his wife he would never betray another secret. I promised, in order to save my father. To-day was to be the day of my marriage, but he has broken his word. He has sold us again."

She paused, uttering a cry. In an instant her father's arms were round her.

"My darling! my poor darling!" I heard him say.

In absolute silence Inspector Scott conveyed Monck from the room. Pinheiro and I followed.



"LIKE GRANDMA!"

From the picture by A. Gandy.

POLITICAL LEADERS IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

IT may, I think, be said that the history of New Zealand, short though it has been, contains more distinguished names in statesmanship than that of any other single Colony. Sir George Grey, first Governor and afterwards Premier, was the most eminent man who has ever held the latter position in Greater Britain. Sir Harry Atkinson—old *habitués* of the Parliament House at Wellington still regretfully refer to “the days of Sir Harry”—Sir John Hall, the author of woman suffrage, Sir Julius Vogel, who recently died after some years of retirement in London, and Mr. John Ballance, whose decease occurred before the full maturity of his fame, all possessed political qualities that would have obtained recognition on a far larger stage than that of New Zealand.

From the point of view of Parliamentary success, the Right Hon. Richard Seddon, the present Premier, can hardly be placed second to any of these able predecessors. The important legislative measures of his eight

years' reign, which have put the name of New Zealand constantly in the mouths of English politicians, are largely the result of his courage, energy, and skill. In New Zealand itself you discover the great influence of the man by the manner in which “Dick Seddon” is spoken of on all sides—with enthusiastic admiration by his political friends, who are generally working men, and with cynical bitterness by his enemies, who as a rule belong to the moneyed class. In New Zealand to-day “Dick Seddon” stands for much the same social divisions as did “Joe Chamberlain” in England rather more than fifteen years ago. In Wellington and Auckland I was presented with several portraits of the Prime Minister, varying in hue from the angelic to the diabolic.

Friends and opponents alike, however, are agreed as to Mr. Seddon's great natural talent and power of will, and, indeed, these can hardly be denied in the face of his life-story. In the unkindest of these portraits Mr. Seddon was labelled “ex-publican”—a term of reproach which refers to a short time during which the present Premier acted as manager of the canteen at a mining camp. In point of fact Mr. Seddon has climbed to his position over greater difficulties than might be supposed to confront a well-to-do publican with political ambition. The son of a Lancashire artisan, he started life at St. Helens with much the same education and prospects as any other lad in his grade of life. Before he was twenty, however, he showed independent judgment by emigrating to the Colony of Victoria, where Mr. Seddon spent some years as a working engineer on the railway. Then he was attracted by the gold discoveries in New Zealand, and in 1876 he settled at Kumara, on the west coast of the South Island.

Mr. Seddon did not make a “pile” by his change of country and of employment, but it proved the making of his public career. He was first heard of as an advocate of miners' rights in the local court, then he was elected the representative of the district on the County Council, and finally well started on the road to the Premiership by his election in 1879 as member for



Photo by]

[Lafayette.

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD J. SEDDON, P.C., PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND.

Hokitika in the House of Representatives. Each successive step in Mr. Seddon's advancement seems to have been won by his shrewd, fluent speech and "taking" manner rather than by the display of any striking political ability, and none of his friends at that time ever supposed that he had in him the making of a Parliamentary leader.

Of the turning-point in Mr. Seddon's life an anecdote was told me which, if not literally true, may be regarded as an illustration of the sort of hold which he has got upon the people of New Zealand. A dispute occurred between the miners of Dead Horse Gully, let me say, and those of Falling Star Creek. The miners of the Gully wished to settle the matter by the ordeal of battle, and accordingly sent their chosen representative to the Creek with a challenge to fight its best man. The champion of Dead Horse Gully was a bully who had tyrannised over the miners in both camps, and was only chosen now in the belief that his prowess would intimidate the enemy. This effect it seemed likely to have, until Dick Seddon offered to fight the bully in his comrades' cause. Fight he did, and won such a victory as made him the hero henceforth of the whole camp.

There was perhaps some reason for the trepidation with which certain people in New Zealand professed to regard the visit to England of a Prime Minister with such antecedents as the representative of the Colony at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. As they were obliged afterwards to admit, however, Mr. Seddon acquitted himself with an easy dignity such as well became New Zealand democracy; even at such a trying function as the conferment of the honorary degree of Laws at Oxford his deportment was irreproachable. At the same time, those who met Mr. Seddon in London, and observed his splendid physique and blunt style of speech, could readily believe that in his earlier manhood he was quite capable of such an exploit as I have just narrated.

When Mr. Ballance died, in the spring of

1893, it was generally expected that Sir Robert Stout would succeed him as Prime Minister and Liberal leader, and it is said that the dying statesman had nominated him for that position. But the most respected of Prime Ministers cannot appoint their successors; the Liberal party chose Mr. Seddon—also a member of Mr. Ballance's Cabinet—instead of Sir Robert Stout. Sir Robert became an implacable opponent of the new Premier—from this time until quite recently, indeed, parliamentary life at Wellington became chiefly, on its personal side, a duel to the political death between Mr. Seddon and Sir Robert Stout. A barrister by training, Sir Robert was immeasurably superior in general culture as well as in knowledge of politics and government. But he was no match for Mr. Seddon in practical under-

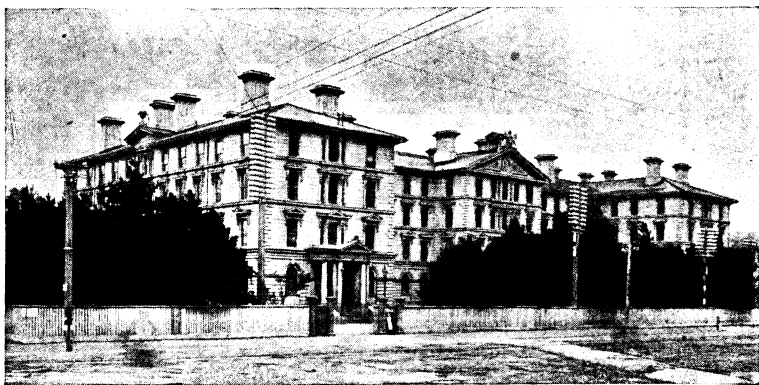


Photo by]

GOVERNMENT BUILDING, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

[Tomlinson.

standing of men; his academic views never really got the ear of the House, and his retirement from Parliament the other day was in effect a confession of defeat.

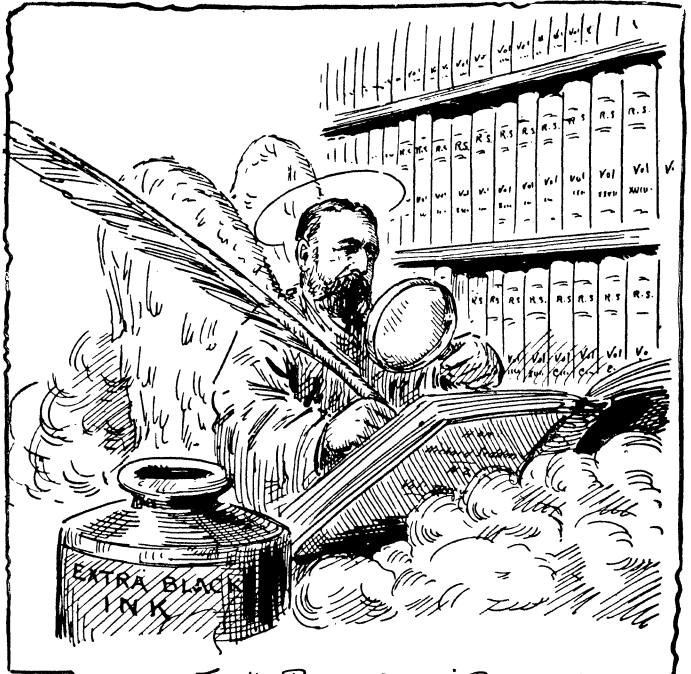
Sir Robert Stout was actually, though not in name, leader of the Opposition in the House of Representatives. His retirement left the field clear to the leader, Captain Russell. Captain William R. Russell is an avowed Conservative, somewhat of the English type, and can encounter Mr. Seddon, therefore, free from any suspicion as to his personal motives. Captain Russell's reputation as a genial agriculturist and an ex-officer in the British Army is an excellent one, but I doubt whether he can do much more than has been done in opposition to Mr. Seddon's policy. From Captain Russell's point of view, the times in New Zealand are very much out of joint, and "the swing of the pendulum"—so dear to the hearts of Oppo-

sition leaders all the world over—is the best which he has to hope for.

As far as he is personally concerned, the length of his opponents' innings probably grieves Captain Russell very little. The leader of the Opposition attends regularly to his Parliamentary duties, but during the recess he is doubtless far happier on his extensive farm, "Flaxmere," near Hastings, in the pleasant Hawke's Bay district, than he would be in the Government offices at Wellington. Of Ministerial routine he had a brief experience under Sir Henry Atkinson, the last Conservative Premier, in 1884 and again in 1890. Always fond of horse-racing, Captain Russell has since largely increased his interest in New Zealand's most popular sport, and is now president of the Jockey Club in the Colony.

Born at Sandhurst just over sixty years ago, Captain Russell first went to New Zealand at the tender age of seven, in consequence of his father's regiment being ordered thither. He came back in three years for an education in England. Following his father's career, Captain Russell obtained a commission and served in New Zealand during 1857–61, seeing some hard fighting in the conflict with the Maoris. It was many years later when he was induced to enter the House of Representatives. Having become a graceful and effective speaker, Captain Russell was in 1884 asked by Sir Henry Atkinson to become Colonial Secretary and Minister for Defence. Unfortunately for him, Sir Henry's Ministry fell only a few days after he had accepted the office. Captain Russell joined Sir Henry again in 1890, but this Ministry did not survive the year. During this short period Captain Russell's position in New Zealand public life was ratified by his being chosen to accompany Sir George Grey and Sir Henry Atkinson as the Colony's delegates at the Australasian National Convention, New Zealand at that time not having decided to stand aloof from federation.

Mr. Seddon's Government is often described by its opponents with more truth than



The Hon. Richard Seddon's Recording Angel

Captain Russell's last words of the session just ended were that he would take every opportunity during the recess to inform the constituencies of the sins of the Government.

By permission of the "New Zealand Graphic."

elegance as a "one man show." As originally formed eight years ago it contained two other men of considerable mark, Mr. W. P. Reeves and Mr. J. G. Ward. Early in 1896 Mr. Reeves resigned the position of Minister for Labour to accept the office of Agent-General for New Zealand, in which he is so well known in London. Having exercised a great intellectual influence over Mr. Seddon, it is almost with paternal enthusiasm that Mr. Reeves adds to the ordinary duties of an Agent-General that of explaining and defending the social legislation for which New Zealand has distinguished itself during the last few years, and he would seem to be clearly destined for the Premiership himself as soon as a vacancy should occur. Mr. Ward resigned the office of Treasurer about five years ago, but is again in the Cabinet, as Colonial Secretary.

Mr. Seddon now combines in his own person the offices of Colonial Treasurer, Commissioner of Trade and Customs, Postmaster-General, Minister for Labour, and Minister of Native Affairs—a plurality of titles which is suggestive of comic opera, but in reality testifies to the Prime Minister's inexhaustible energy and firm grasp of public business. Of his six colleagues in the Cabinet, Mr. John Mackenzie, Minister of Lands, by virtue of long experience, is most influential, and it was to him that the duties of Acting Premier were committed when Mr. Seddon visited England for the Diamond Jubilee. Mr. Mackenzie, who is about the same age as his chief, has been a member of the House of Representatives for over thirty years, and before that—when New Zealand had a federal form of government—he sat in the Legislative Assembly of Otago Province.

It is over forty years since Mr. Mackenzie, then a braw young shepherd, left his native Ross-shire, but the accent of the Highlands is as strong as ever, and in the House of Representatives he is regarded as leader of the clansmen. A practical farmer on a small scale in the Otago district, who always spoke sensibly if with some sharpness of tone, Mr. Mackenzie was appointed Land Minister by the late Mr. Ballance in 1891, and has held the post ever since. Having come to New Zealand as a humble settler himself, Mr. Mackenzie's ruling passion is for settlement on the land, and he has constantly striven, with much success, to promote that object.

Of the other Ministers, Mr. James Carroll has the most interesting personality. A half-caste native of New Zealand, with an English father and a Maori mother, Mr. Carroll is the representative in the Cabinet of the declining aboriginal population, to which post he was first appointed by Mr. Ballance. Mr. Carroll is a man of real ability, who speaks English fluently and effectively. In the House he seldom speaks, except on native questions; but a speech I heard him deliver at a semi-social, semi-political meeting at Petone showed good understanding of the general politics of the Colony. As his reception at this meeting suggested, Mr. Carroll is personally popular with Europeans and Maoris alike. As is usual in New Zealand, it was called for social enjoyment as well as political propaganda; and when the speeches were over, Mr. Carroll—withstanding his forty

odd years and Ministerial dignity—joined with zest in the dancing.

Mr. Carroll represents the European constituency of Waiapu in the House of Representatives, although specially charged with the interests of the natives. But, as most readers are doubtless aware, the Maoris are enabled to elect from among themselves six Parliamentary representatives—four in the House of Representatives and two in the Legislative Council. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Hone Heke, promises to have a public career of some distinction. Mr. Hone Heke's grandfather was the famous Maori leader of that name who for a long time successfully carried on war against the Queen's troops. The grandson has had the education of an English gentleman, for which, if it were not for the darkness of his skin, he might well be mistaken. For some time the youngest member—he is only twenty-nine, I believe—of the House of Representatives, Mr. Hone Heke has already earned its good opinion by his earnest, thoughtful, and well-informed speeches on native affairs.



MR. SEDDON IN CARICATURE.

Reproduced by permission of the "New Zealand Graphic."

THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET.

*Pirani is eager to fight Mr. Seddon,
And offers the use of his coat-tails to tread on;
And the Premier, no doubt, will display his discretion
By simply ignoring Pirani's aggression.*

[Mr. Pirani, M.H.R. for Palmerston North, wants the Premier to resign his seat and contest Palmerston North with him.]

If Captain Russell were called upon to form a Ministry at the present juncture, he would doubtless look to Mr. George Hutchison and Mr. Scobie Mackenzie as his two ablest supporters. A leader of the legal profession in New Zealand, where barristers and solicitors are as one, Mr. Hutchison has served in Parliament for over twenty years without the fortunes of war bringing him the sweets of office. Such a circumstance argues a fidelity to principle on Mr. Hutchison's part such as would not be inferred sometimes from his cynical style of speech. But the best of institutions is the better for a strong critic, and he certainly fills that rôle towards Mr. Seddon's Government. Mr. Scobie Mackenzie, who is a younger



Photo by Wrigglesworth & Binns.]

[Wellington, N.Z.]

MRS. RICHARD J. SEDDON.

man, has now the reputation of being one of the best debaters in the New Zealand Parliament. He propounds, from wide reading and careful thought, the doctrine of Individualism in opposition to the predominant Socialistic policy.

It will be noticed that several Scotch names have occurred in the course of this article. The most distinguished Irishman in the public life of New Zealand is Sir Maurice O'Rorke, the Speaker of the House of Representatives. With an interval of three years when he had not a Parliamentary seat, Sir Maurice has occupied the chair since 1879, and it is largely owing to his personal influence that the democratic Chamber in our most democratic Colony has maintained such a high reputation for dignity and

decorum. It is true that in some degree Sir Maurice has the excitable temperament of his race, and on occasions this has manifested itself in his manner of asserting the Speaker's authority. But such are his tact, firmness, and natural urbanity, that a "scene" at Wellington seldom reaches the disorderly stage.

With an Irishman for Speaker, Englishmen as Prime Minister and leader of the Opposition, and Scotchmen on the front Parliamentary benches, New Zealand illustrates very well the union of Saxon and Celt in the practical statesmanship of Greater Britain.

THE PREMIER IMPERIALIST AT HOME.

A PEN PORTRAIT BY M. W. S. MYERS.

IT was during the recent Parliamentary session in Wellington—the official seat of Government—that I saw and heard the Big Man of New Zealand.

As the clock struck ten, I was shown into the bright, homely drawing-room, and, turning to look at a signed photograph etching of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, dated Jubilee year, I was startled as the door opened briskly, and the Premier, large and genial, stood before me. Early morning as it was, it was not too early for him.

The first thing that impressed me was the man's bulk—his bigness. Big head, big brain, big physical force. Here was a man whom Nature had fashioned with a generous hand—a big man to do big things.

Mr. Seddon possesses the extraordinary energy and indefatigable industry that typifies what Emerson meant when he wrote, "Steam is almost an Englishman"—convertible terms, for the Premier is an Englishman who personifies steam—progress!

With little preamble he proceeded to tell me something of his interesting and most varied career.

"I date," said he, smiling with keen and kindly eyes, "the beginning of my Imperialistic career from the day when, as a little lad, I first beheld that beloved and gracious woman, Queen Victoria, in Knowsley Park, Lancashire. This was in the 'fifties, about the time of the Crimean war. Then and there was implanted my ardent love of Queen and country, and the proud consciousness that I was a British boy.

"As a young lad I was hard worked on my grandfather's farm in Lancashire; but the slow, unvarying manual labour was little to my liking. I was subsequently apprenticed

to engineering. A few years of this, and a restlessness to get away, to see new, broad, strange lands, seized me. My work was irksome. I felt cramped; turned my back on it all and took ship for the Colonies. Landing at Victoria, Australia, I made straight for the gold diggings, and experienced all the ups and downs of a miner's life. In and out of luck—mostly out—searching vainly for those golden nuggets with which the paths were said to be paved—so ran the tale told me when leaving England.

"Richer in nothing more tangible than experience, I wended my way to Melbourne and secured employment as an engineer under the Victorian Government.

"Then, in 1865, there was a rush to the goldfields on the West New Zealand Coast, and, catching the contagion of gold fever, I took ship for New Zealand, but left my heart behind in Victoria. For my wife's family did not look with favour on my suit.

"Yet after two years of varying mining and business ventures in New Zealand, which altered the position financially and otherwise (in this, as in most things, all ending happily), we were married, at Melbourne, in 1869."

Entering public life, Mr. Seddon was soon selected as head of road boards, school boards, committees, councils; and whenever and however men banded themselves together, he found himself elected their leader. *A propos* of this, a little incident occurred when he travelled across the States *en route* to England, in 1897. Stopping at Salt Lake City, Utah, to look up a friend of his youth, he found him a Mormon Bishop. Said the Bishop's brother, "Well, Seddon, it was lucky for William that you didn't locate here, too; if you had, it's *you* who would have been Bishop." When telling this story, the Premier laughingly remarked that his wife failed to see the humour of it.

"My three elder daughters, in the selection of their husbands, have provided most tactfully for me, their father. My sons-in-law are respectively merchant, clergyman, doctor. The clergyman prepares me for the next world; the doctor keeps me well in this; and the merchant looks after my finances.

"My eldest son has gone to South Africa as lieutenant in the Fourth Contingent; my two younger boys are at College. But here is their mother, who will tell you more about her bairns than I can."

Mrs. Seddon, a daughter of Captain Spottiswoode, of the 84th and 98th Regiments (after whom the town of Spottiswoode, Victoria, is named), and the granddaughter of

Miss Ruby Seddon,
in khaki.

Miss Mary Seddon.

Lieut. Seddon, 4th New
Zealand Contingent in
South Africa.



Photo by Hermann.]

[Wellington, N.Z.

MR. SEDDON'S SON AND DAUGHTERS.

Major-General Waddington, of the Honourable East India Company, is a delightfully unaffected woman, with a kind, motherly expression allied to a strong chin that denotes decision of character.

"This is a photograph of our eldest son, of whom you were speaking as I entered," she said, handing it me. "We did not want him to go to the front. My heart hangs on

my boy. But when, after begging and pleading, we still held out against it, he said, 'See here, father, you're sending other mothers' sons to South Africa, and not your own!' Well, after that, we gave our consent and prayed for God's blessing; and in our heart of hearts we are proud of his spirit. He has the true fighting blood in his veins—bless him!—taking it directly from my father and my father's father—Army men both."

Just then a bugle sounded shrill and clear—the military note is echoing ever in the air in these war-stirred days.

"That," remarked Mr. Seddon laughingly, "reminds me of an event of my boyhood. I have had, ever since, a great partiality for brass bands. I owe my life to one! As a boy, I once came very near drowning. A passing bandsman noticed my frantic struggles, and, reaching his long trombone over the shore's edge, pulled me, gasping and grateful, out of the water on to dry land. I have always encouraged village bands since then!"

Then this many-sided man turned from gay anecdote to grave national issues.

"My latest trouble," said he, "and one that has brought me keen disappointment, was the Colony's failure to respond to my call for New Zealand volunteers for China. My demand was dubbed 'far-fetched,' 'quixotic,' 'ultra-Imperialistic.' But the Press and my colleagues are wrong. This is no extreme, impulsive scheme of mine. I always try to look a long way ahead. Eventualities may arise in connection with the adjustment of affairs in China that will necessitate New Zealand's coming to the fore. We lie, geographically, in a direct sea-line from Chinese ports; three weeks' sailing will

bring any foreign warship to our shores. Were we to send New Zealand soldiers to help in the defence of British rights in China, we would make them feel our power. But, to my profound regret, my foresight is misinterpreted. An opportunist I may be, but an opportunist in the more sane sense of the term.

"It is not the mere raising of a handful of volunteers to take their share with the Allied Forces in China, as they are so valiantly doing in South Africa, but it is the Imperialistic value of this action; the keeping at high pressure of our sense of Imperial responsibility and the glorious lesson of Empire."



Photo by Wrigglesworth & Binns.

[Wellington, N.Z.]

MISS MARY SEDDON.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP- BOOK.

FATHER (severely) : I think you know who is the laziest individual in your class, Jack? The one that sits idly in his seat wasting precious time when all the others are working industriously at their lessons?

JACK : I know — Teacher.



EXCITED PASSENGER : Is this my train, porter?

PORTER (calmly) : Well, sir, I don't think it is. According to the lettering it belongs to the Great Western Railway Company.

EXCITED PASSENGER : That is not what I mean. Can I take this train to Bristol?

PORTER : You might ask the stationmaster to let you try, but the engine usually does it.

REALLY TOO BAD !

GATEKEEPER (at level crossing) : I wish you could make them alter the day for the races, Squire.

SQUIRE : Why, Betty, what difference can it make to you?

GATEKEEPER : Difference! How can I be opening and shutting these gates all day long on a Tuesday? *It's my washing-day.*

ONE of the greatest nuisances from which constant railway travellers suffer is the pertinacious person who cannot endure the burden of his own unsupported society, and insists upon inflicting his conversation upon any casual companion, willing or the reverse. It was a specimen of this sort who got into a second class carriage the other day, and planted himself opposite to a quiet, elderly man with a closed basket on his knee. The train had hardly started before the bore got under way.

"Fine, seasonable weather," he commenced, with a fatal cheerfulness.

"Y-y-yes, very f-fine," answered the elderly man, who appeared to be a stammerer.

"What have you got in that basket?"

"A h-hedgehog."

"Hedgehog? What for? Where yer taking him?"

"Taking him to a friend; f-friend got the h-h-horrors, and sees b-black b-beetles, you kn-n-now."

"Oh—ah—but, me good man, the beetles aren't real! They're not there!"

"N-no. That's all right. N-n-neither is the h-h-hedgehog."

THE CALLER.

ROBERT, the impeccable, was the primal cause of Mary being a member of the household of Mrs. Burton Hayne. He had come to his mistress with a petition in behalf of Mary, and, since he was a living handbook of deportment for coachmen, revised and carefully edited, Mrs. Burton-Hayne had given him a more ready ear than she would have given to any of her other servants. She had reasoned, after hearing him through, that inasmuch as Robert was without flaw, it naturally followed that Mary, his cousin, was also faultlessly trained. So, being in need of a parlourmaid, she gave permission for Mary to come.

Mrs. Burton-Hayne's reasoning was not right, and neither was Mary. Robert had neglected to state that she had just come over from Ireland, and it is fairly evident that a two-room cabin in the county of Limerick is not an ideal training-school for a servant. But on the first day, when Mary, after having been put into a black dress and a white apron, with a bow of white in her hair, was brought before Mrs. Burton-Hayne, the latter was well pleased; for Mary was shapely, had a clear skin, and a smile that could make agreeable for callers the coldest of "Not at homes."



THE OBVIOUS REASON.

DEACON JONES : Do you know your mother's looking everywhere for you, my young friend ?

THE IRREPRESSIBLE : You bet—that's just the reason I ain't where she can find me !

She was really proud of Mary, and this pride lasted through three days.

This third day—the snow fell heavily from dawn—was Mrs. Burton-Hayne's At Home day. Through two hours she talked to her callers and saw that they were served with tea. Then when the last had gone she went to her room, slipped into a dressing-gown, and laid down for a rest before dinner. She had barely made herself comfortable when Mary entered with, "Please, mum, there's a man downstairs, an' he says he'd be likin' to see you."

Mrs. Burton-Hayne sat upright and groaned. "What? Another caller? I just can't see

another! I'm tired!" She looked regretfully at her pillow, and at the snow-whitened street into which she had been sleepily gazing, then rose. "I suppose I'd better see him, though."

She hurried into the stiff and wearying gown she had just taken off; but no matter how a woman hurries, dressing takes time, and Mary was back again before her toilet was re-made.

"He wants to know how much longer he'll be havin' to wait?" Mary asked, without introduction.

Mrs. Burton-Hayne started at this bold statement of an impatient man's feelings. She had kept men waiting before, probably had exasperated them, but never previously had one been quite so frank.

"I'll be down as soon as I can get ready!" she returned sharply. "But you haven't brought me his card yet! Ask him his name, and serve him with tea while he waits!"

Two minutes later, before Mary had returned with her caller's name, Mrs. Burton-Hayne fastened a red rose in her back hair and took a parting glance at herself in the mirror. She was looking her best, she noted with a little thrill of satisfaction. Then she hastened downstairs. At the drawing-room door she stopped suddenly and stood gazing.

On one of her pale blue satin chairs sat a frowzy, hairy man in overalls and a brown-duck coat. On the floor, at his feet, was a fragile china cup. In his left hand was a dainty sandwich, and in his right hand was a saucer filled with tea to the brim, and this tea he was cooling by a gentle breeze from his puckered lips. She saw him halve the sandwich at a bite and raise the saucer to his lips and drain it. She could only stand and stare.

Mary, entering just then with a plate of sandwiches—evidently he had asked for more—caught sight of her mistress without the doorway, and up to her she slipped with a confident smile that showed her sense of having done her whole duty.



THE POWER OF THE PURSE.

"Isn't Mrs. Goldie's hair beautiful? I wonder if it is her own?"
"I should think so; they say her husband is enormously wealthy."

"I asked him his name," she whispered. "He says it's McGann—Terry McGann. An' he's called to know if you'll be wantin' the snow shovelled from the pavement."

Leroy M. Scott.

From the *Woman's Home Companion*, Ohio, U.S.A.



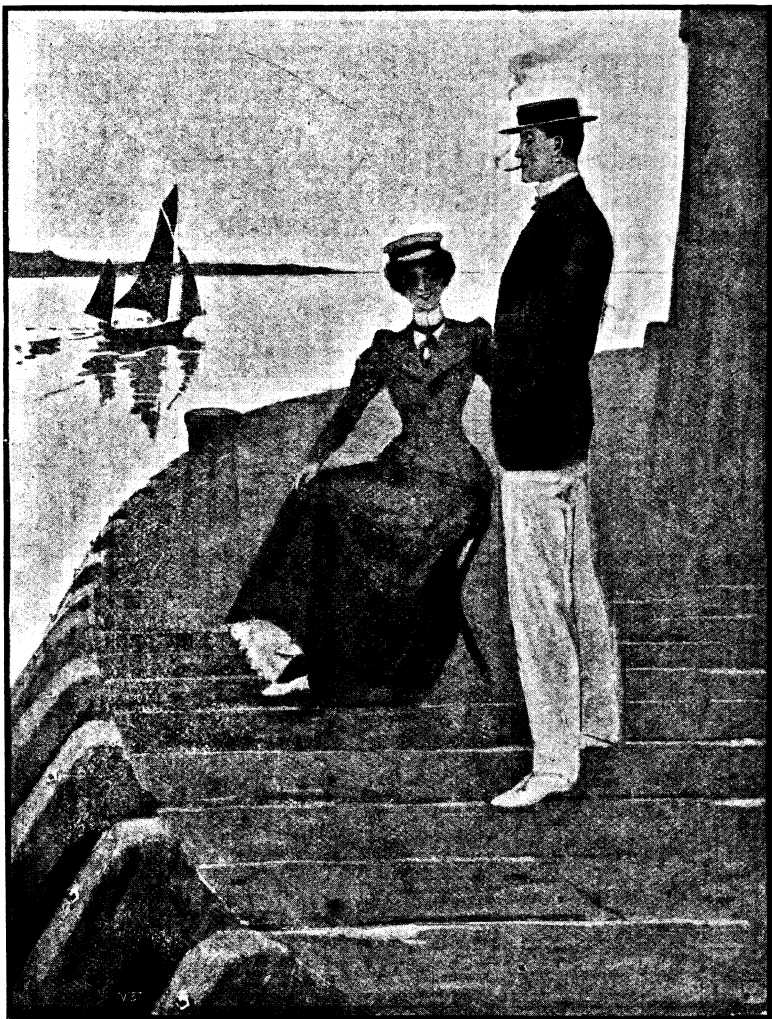
A country vicar was teaching his Band of Hope to sing "Little Drops of Water." The children, however, were dull and stolid, and at last the despairing vicar exclaimed, "Now, children, try again, 'Little Drops of Water,' and do, pray, put a little *spirit* in it."

"Don't waste your time in lopping the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your axe at the root of the tree." The youth, being a dutiful son, obeyed his father implicitly, and then went off fishing. Thus virtue was its own reward—until he saw his father again.



"WHY don't you economise?" asked the householder sternly.

"I have economised," whined the tramp. "I started out this morning with nothin' and I've held right on to it."



JUST TO MAKE SURE!

HE : I believe, after all, we shall have to elope. Do you think your father would ever forgive us afterwards?

SHE : Oh, yes, I'm quite sure he would—in the end.

HE : But how can you be so sure of it?

SHE : Well, er—you see, I didn't feel quite sure, so—er—I—I asked him!

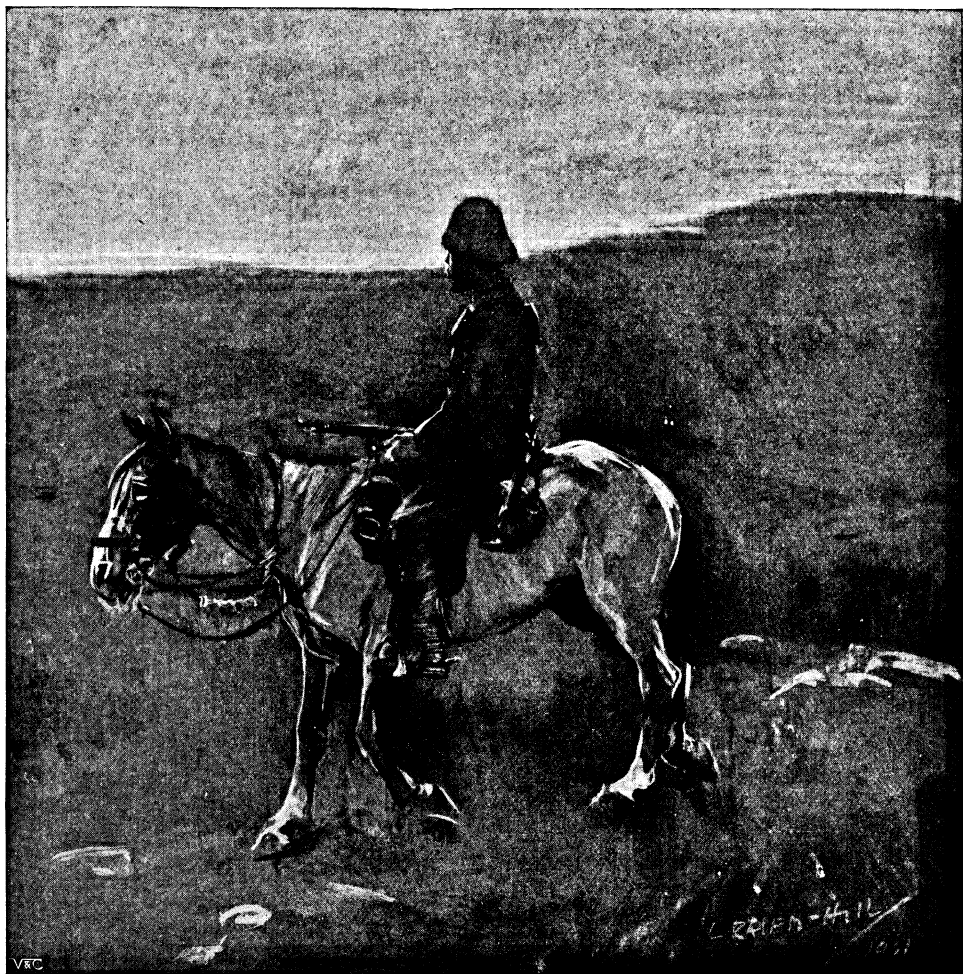




THE PIPING SHEPHERD.

BY ALFRED D. FRIPP.

From the original water colour in the Bethnal Green Collection. Reproduced from the print by the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Co.



M. I.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.*

I WISH my mother could see me now, with a fence-post under my arm,
And a knife and a spoon in my putties that I found on a Boer farm;
Atop of a sore-backed Argentine with a thirst that you couldn't buy—
I used to be in the Hampshires once,
(Glosters, Lincolns, and Rifles once),
Sussex, Scottish, and Yorkshires once! (*ad lib.*)

But now I am M. I.!

That is what we are known as—that is the name you must call
If you want officers' servants, pickets an' 'orse-guards an' all—
Details for buryin'-parties, company-cooks or supply—
Turn out the chronic Ikonas! Roll up the ——† M. I.

* Copyright, 1901, by Rudyard Kipling, in the United States of America. All rights reserved.

† Number from First to Sixth according to taste and service of audience.

My 'ands are spotty with veldt-
sores—my shirt is a button
an' frill—

An' the things I've used my bay'nit
for would make a tinker ill !

An' I don't know whose dam'
column I'm in, nor where
we're trekkin' nor why ;

I've trekked to the Vaal from
the Orange once—

From the Vaal to the greasy
Pongolo once—

(Or else it was called the Zam-
besi once)—

For now I am M. I. !

That is what we are known as—
that is the crowd you require

For outposts all night under
freezin', an' rear-guard all
day under fire.

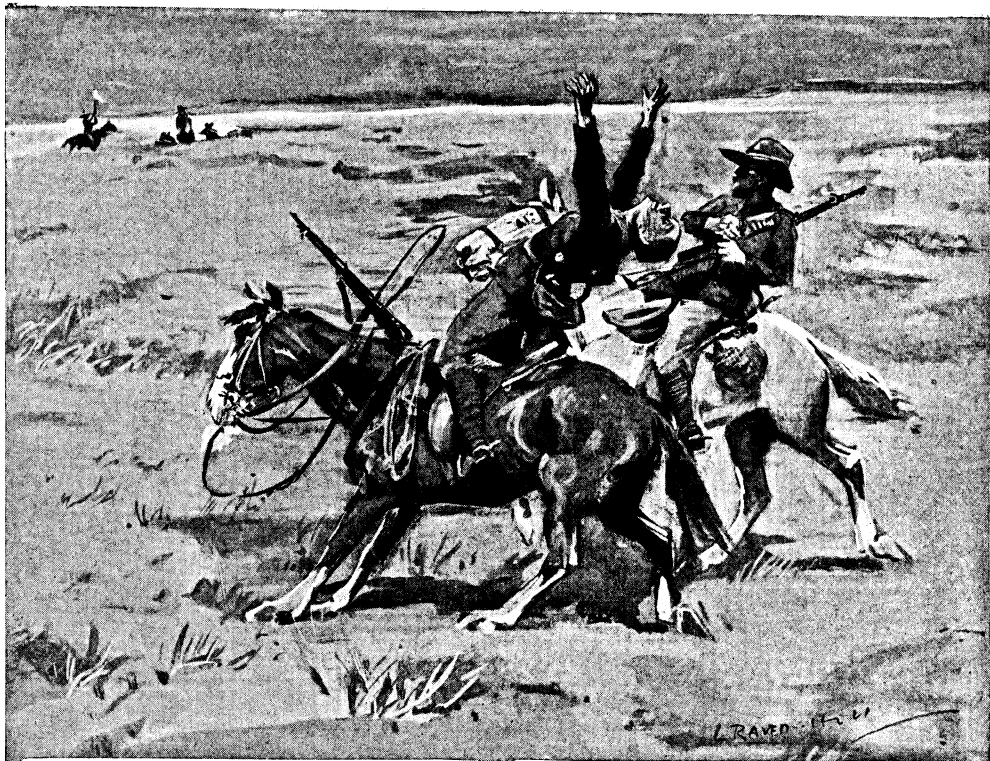
Anything 'ot or unwholesome ?

Anything dusty or dry ?

Borrow a bunch of Ikonas !

Trot out the — M. I.





Our Sergeant-major's a subaltern ;
our Captain's a Fusilier ;
Our Adjutant's "late of Somebody's
'Orse," and a Melbourne auc-
tioneer ;

But you couldn't spot us at 'arf a
mile from the crackest caval-ry—
They used to talk about Lancers
once,

Hussars, Dragoons, an' Lancers
once,

'Elmets, pistols, an' carbines once,

But now we are M. I. !

That is what we are known as—we
are the orphans they blame

For beggin' the loan of an 'ead-
stall an' fittin' a mount to the
same :

'Can't even look at their 'orse-lines
but someone starts bellerin' "Hi!

Hook it, you burglin' Ikona ! Foot-
sack, you —— M. I. !"

We're trekkin' our twenty mile a day,
an' bein' loved by the Dutch,
But we don't hold on by the mane
no more, nor lose our stirrups—
much.

An' we scout with a senior man in
charge, where the 'oly white flags
fly—

We used to think they were friendly
once,

Didn't take any precautions once
(Once, my ducky, an' only once !),

But now we are M. I. !

That is what we are known as—we
are the beggars that got

Three days "to learn equitation,"
an' six months o' bloomin' well
trot !

Cow-guns, an' cattle, an' convoys—
an' Mister de Wet on the fly—

We are the rollin' Ikonas, we are
the —— M. I. !

The new fat regiments come from
'ome—imaginin' vain V.C.'s
(The same as our talky-fighty
men which are always Num-
ber Threes *);

But our words o' command are
"Scatter" an' "Close" an'
"Let your wounded lie."

We used to rescue 'em noble once
Givin' the range as we raised
'em once,
Gettin' 'em killed as we saved
'em once,

But now we are M. I. !

That is what we are known as—
we are the lanterns you view
After a fight round the 'kopjes,
looking for men that we knew.
Whistlin' and callin' together—
'altin' to catch the reply
" 'Elp me ! O 'elp me !
Ikonas ! This way
the — M. I."



* Horse-holders when in action, and therefore generally out of range or under cover.



I wish my mother could see me now,
 a-gatherin' news on my own,
 When I ride like a General up to the
 scrub an' ride back like Tod Sloan—
 Remarkably small on my 'orse's neck to
 let the shots go by.

We used to fancy it risky once
 (Called it a reconnaissance once),
 Under the charge of an orf'cer once,

But now we are M. I. !

That is what we are known as—that is
 the word you must say

When you want men to be Mausered
 for one and a penny a day.

We are no dollar Colonials—we are the
 'ome-made supply ;

Write to the London Ikonas ! Ask for
 the — M. I.

L. RAVENHILL

I wish myself could talk to myself
as I left 'im a year ago.

I could tell 'im a lot that would
save 'im a lot on the things
that 'e ought to know !

When I think o' that ignorant
barrack-bird, it almost makes
me cry.

I used to belong in an Army
once

(Gawd ! what a rum little Army
once),

Red little, dead little Army
once !

But now I am M. I. !

That is what we are known as—we
are the men that have been
Over a year at the business—smelt
it an' felt it an' seen.

We 'ave got 'old of the needful—you will be
told by and by ;

Wait till you've 'eard the Ikonas—spoke to
the old M. I. !

Mount—march, Ikonas ! Stand to your 'orses
again !

Mop off the frost on the saddles—mop up
the miles on the plain.

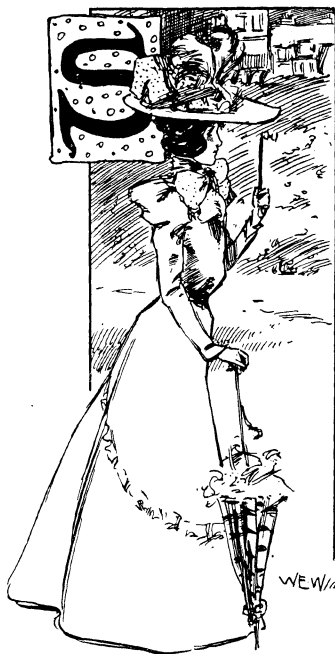
Out go the stars in the dawnin'—up goes
our dust to the sky,

Walk—trot, Ikonas ! * *Trek jou*, the old M. I. !

CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. XI.—THE FYLMIRE DIAMOND.



SIR GEORGE and Lady Fylmire were just finishing breakfast and a discussion in a small room on the ground floor at Fylmire Place.

"It's got to go," said Sir George doggedly. He was a tired man of about thirty-three.

"It shan't, then," said her Ladyship. "I can't think how we come to be in a hole like this. How is it?"

"D o n ' t know. Happens so. The farms don't let, or let for half nothing. We spend twice as much as the governor did, and we get half as much. Something of the kind. Why bother? We've got to make something to be going on with."

Lady Fylmire was young, beautiful, distinctly common, impatient, and impetuous. She tapped the table with her manicured nails. "What I want to know is, Whose fault is it?"

"Nobody's. No good worrying about faults. Of course, you throw it about a bit, and then I've been unlucky racin'. What's it matter? Two years ago it was the Romney. This year it's got to be the Fylmire diamond."

"No. You must sell another picture. And it's hateful of you to put it all on to me."

"Never put anything on anybody. It's

no good making a fuss, Agnes. I can't sell another picture. There was too much talk in the papers last time—these confounded people won't mind their own business. The stone was valued for probate at fifteen thousand. Then we can each take some, and we can get on; and nobody will know, and nobody will talk. You must be sensible."

Lady Fylmire stamped her foot. "Don't go on talking like that. I tell you I won't have the thing sold. I've worn it everywhere, and I won't wear an imitation."

Sir George rose and paced the room with his hands in his pockets. "Yes," he said, "it's true enough that you've worn it everywhere. We can't have twenty people to dinner but you must have that great yellow pebble flaring in your hair. It ought to be at the bank—that's where it was always kept in the governor's time. That little safe in your room wouldn't stop a burglar long. Besides, you might lose it. I don't trust that ingenious removable setting. You know how careless you are, Agnes."

"Perhaps not quite as careless as you think."

"You wouldn't know the difference between the real stone and the imitation. They do these things awfully cleverly nowadays. Why, an expert can't tell without taking them into his back shop and testing them with a lot of acids and so on." This, by the way, is not a strictly accurate description of the methods employed for identifying precious stones.

"Is that what they did when they valued it?"

"Well, no. I don't know that they did anything. I suppose they took my word for it. It wasn't in dispute at all. It was the real stone."

"Well, I don't care. I like the feeling that I am wearing fifteen thousand in my hair, and I won't have the stone sold. You know I always have my own way when I've really made up my mind to a thing."

"Yes, you do when you can. This time you can't. I'm sorry to have to point it out,

* Copyright, 1901, by Barry Pain, in the United States of America.

but the diamond does not happen to be yours."

Her Ladyship then observed that he was a brute and left the room. He yawned, lit a cigarette, and took up the *Morning Post*.

A month or two later Lady Fylmire showed herself more amenable to argument. She brought her husband a little account from her dressmaker (£453 17s. 9d.). She also kissed him on the brow and said he must do as he liked about the Fylmire diamond.

* * * *

Mr. John Duffen Reeves was a dealer and expert in precious stones. He spoke Dutch fluently, and had an enlarged thumb, from which you might have deduced correctly, as he would have admitted, that at one time he had worked as a diamond polisher in Amsterdam. He had lived with precious stones all his life, and had the knowledge of them that is not to be got from books, but only from incessant handling and observation. He was forty-five years of age and looked younger. He was a good-looking man of slightly foreign appearance, and had a quiet but authoritative manner. He was wealthy enough to have given up his business if it had not happened that his business interested him. In the practice of it his knowledge of human nature had increased and his belief in it had lessened. That was, perhaps, inevitable. He was reasonably honest, without any quixotic reluctance to make a good profit when he saw the chance. His discretion, as it had need to be, was remarkable and undoubted.

He had had dealings on several occasions both with Sir George and with his father, and a visit from the younger baronet came as no surprise to him. He received Sir George in his private office. After a little preliminary conversation Sir George said, "You know, it was on a business matter that I wanted to see you."

Mr. Reeves said that he was charmed. Was he to have the pleasure of selling Sir George another rope of pearls?

"Well, no," said Sir George. "What I mean to say is the boot's rather on the other leg. I don't want to buy—I want to sell. This is all in confidence, you know."

"Of course."

"Well, you know the Fylmire diamond?"

Mr. Reeves did. He had had the privilege of seeing it several times. It was historical—a very fine yellow diamond. Surely Sir George did not mean to sell that?

"Don't know exactly," said Sir George.

"You see, one reaches a point. One's got to have some money to—er—go on with, and landowning's no great catch. The question is, Could the stone be sold without giving the show away?"

"Without publicity? Certainly, Sir George. At any rate, for a time."

"And, coming down to figures, about how much would it—er—fetch?"

"It was valued some years ago at fifteen thousand, I think. That struck me at the time as being rather under the mark. Of course, it is difficult to value these fancy stones. They are worth what you can get for them, and that varies with the state of the market."

"What do you mean by fancy stones?"

"Something out of the run. Any coloured diamond would be a fancy stone. The Fylmire diamond is a honey yellow, so far as I remember, as remarkable for its quality as for its size. It is without flaw, bright and lively, and has been very well cut. Of course, if it had been a sapphire-blue or a true red it would have been worth more. But it is a good and important stone, and I should be very glad to make you an offer for it."

"It could be copied, I suppose?"

"Quite easily and quite exactly. Well enough to take in anybody but an expert—and to take in the expert, too, if he only saw it by artificial light and not very near."

"I've got it with me," said Sir George, drawing a worn morocco case from his coat pocket. "I wish you'd have a look at it and give me a rough idea of what you would give for it. The setting unfastens, you know, so that you can take the stone out."

Mr. Reeves opened the case and took out the stone. He turned it over in his hand and smiled. "Yes," he said, "that's very well made."

"Made? How? What do you mean?"

"This is not the Fylmire diamond. It is not a diamond at all. It is a copy in strass."

"You are joking, of course?"

"Certainly not, Sir George."

"And you are quite certain?"

Mr. Reeves took the stone to the window and looked at it through a glass. "There can be no doubt about it. You supposed this to be the Fylmire diamond, then?"

"Certainly. I did not know that there was a copy of it in existence. How on earth——?" He stopped short, and then suddenly blurted out, "That's Agnes!"

"I beg your pardon! But perhaps this

is a subject it would be inconvenient to speak of further?"

"It's a delicate matter, and a pretty serious one. But as I tried to sell you that fraud, an explanation is due to you."

"I could not consent to hear it on those grounds. You require no defence."

"Put it, then, on the grounds that I have a good deal of confidence in you and in your discretion; that I'm in a deuce of a hole and want your advice. My wife was very strongly opposed to the sale of the diamond. I pointed out to her that she could have the stone copied, and I'm afraid I rather exaggerated the way the imitation would take in an expert. It is possible, from something I said quite innocently, that she may have supposed that the stone would be bought on my assurance that it was the Fylmire diamond, without any very critical examination. She hates imitations, and likes to feel that she is wearing something really valuable. It is my conviction that she had the copy made and then tried to—well—er——"

"To play a little practical joke," suggested Mr. Reeves. "And do you suppose that she has sold the diamond, or perhaps borrowed money on it?"

"No. For one thing, I know she's got no money just now. Then she would not have parted with the diamond. That was her idea—she wanted the actual diamond. And when she has an idea, she is most remarkably——"

"Remarkably firm about it. I'm inclined to agree with you that the diamond has not been sold. I don't think that it would have changed hands without my hearing something about it. Well, your course is clear enough."

"Blest if I see it!"

"Say—treating the matter lightly, of course—that the practical joke has failed."

"That would be all right if I knew that she had done this for certain. But suppose she didn't? She was always careless about her jewels, and it is possible that the substitution of the sham for the real stone was made some time ago, not by her, and without her knowledge. In that case I should seem to be accusing her, and she would resent it—er—very considerably. If I were quite sure that the real stone was still in her possession, that would be a very different thing."

"It is quite simple. You will take this imitation back to her, and give any reason but the right one for not having sold it. Then wait for some occasion on which she would naturally wear the Fylmire diamond. If the real stone is still in her possession, she

will wear that and not the imitation. Of that I feel absolutely certain."

"So do I," said Sir George. "But you leave out one important point. I am not an expert. I should not know the difference between the sham and the real, even in the brightest light."

"True," said Mr. Reeves. "But I will show you how to tell the difference in the dark."

* * * * *

"Have you sold it?" asked Lady Fylmire eagerly, at the first opportunity.

"Well, no," said Sir George languidly. "I've had a pretty good week racin', and they tell me there will be a better chance later on. I've left it over for a bit."

"I'm so glad. That's a weight off my mind. Now I shall be able to sleep."

"Don't know that it should take you like that, now that you've made up your mind to it. After all, it's only putting off the evil day."

Lady Fylmire recovered herself. "Yes, I know. But, you see, I was so anxious to wear it at the Sarrabuts' dance next week."

"That's it. I see." He was by no means sure that that was it, and he did not see. But he handed back to her the worn morocco case with the clever copy of the Fylmire diamond in it.

She opened the case, looked affectionately at the model, and kissed it devoutly. "I don't know how I shall bear to part with you," she said, with a sigh.

Sir George was more mystified than ever. He was fond of making a bet, but he would have been sorry at the moment to have been asked to stake any money on the question whether his wife did or did not know that the real stone had been replaced by a sham.

He settled the point easily enough on the night of Lady Sarrabut's dance. His wife was wearing what purported to be the Fylmire diamond, and in the dark brougham it was quite easy for him, following the instructions of Mr. Reeves, to decide that it really was the diamond and not the imitation.

The instructions had been simple enough. Many diamonds, though not all, are phosphorescent. The quality is specially possessed by yellow diamonds; as a rule the smaller stones are the more luminous. For a considerable time after exposure to a bright light they continue to glow. Mr. Reeves had had opportunities of observing the Fylmire diamond, and he had noticed that it possessed this quality in an unusual degree.

Sir George had already noted the appearance of the imitation in darkness and semi-darkness. This was quite different; a yellow fire seemed to be floating over his wife's head. She sat upright in the brougham—her pretty hair had been exquisitely arranged—and he watched her intently. He said nothing—that was for the return journey. And he did not much like the idea of facing that return journey; he was quite certain there would be no end of a row. His partners must have found him very dull; he was never a brilliant man conversationally, and to-night he was very absent-minded. He was glad when his wife decided to return immediately after supper; he was anxious to go through with it and get it over.

She leant back in the carriage now, since she was tired, and the arrangement of her hair no longer mattered.

Sir George began in a husky, unnatural voice that he hardly recognised as his own. (He had used it once before, however, when he had been called upon unexpectedly to read the lessons in a village church.)

"Look here, Agnes," he said, "I hate rows, and we have too much of them, anyhow, but there's something that I've got to say."

"I wonder what your excuse for a quarrel is to-night?" said Lady Fylmire querulously.

"I wish it was nothing more than an excuse. Here are the facts. When you handed me the diamond to sell, it was not the diamond, and you knew it was only an imitation. You are wearing the real stone to-night. Don't dispute it—it's true. And it's pretty low down. I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen and known it for myself." Then he waited for the outburst. None came.

"That is all quite true," said Lady Fylmire. "How did you find it out?"

"The expert to whom I took it detected the imitation at once. Luckily, he has had dealings with me before—he had no doubt that I had offered it in the belief that it was the real stone. I knew you were wearing the real stone to-night, because the real stone declares itself in the dark. It is phosphorescent. Possibly you didn't know that."

He forebore to add that a week before he had not known it either.

"No," she said, "I didn't know it."

"And have you got anything to say?"

"Yes, I've a good deal to say. I've been a fool, George, but I haven't been quite as bad as you think."

Her voice shook a little, and her husband noticed with surprise that she was not showing fight.

"I don't say that I think badly of you, but I do think you—er—didn't exactly realise what you were doing."

"That's true. I didn't. Well, I'll tell you the story. You remember nagging me about being careless with the diamond?"

"Yes, I said something about it."

"Well, as it happened, Lady Sarra but had talked to me about the same thing some time before. She had told me that I had much better keep the diamond at the bank, and have a copy made which I could wear. The copy was already ordered when you told me you meant to sell the diamond. Now, I didn't want you to sell the diamond—I think I said so."

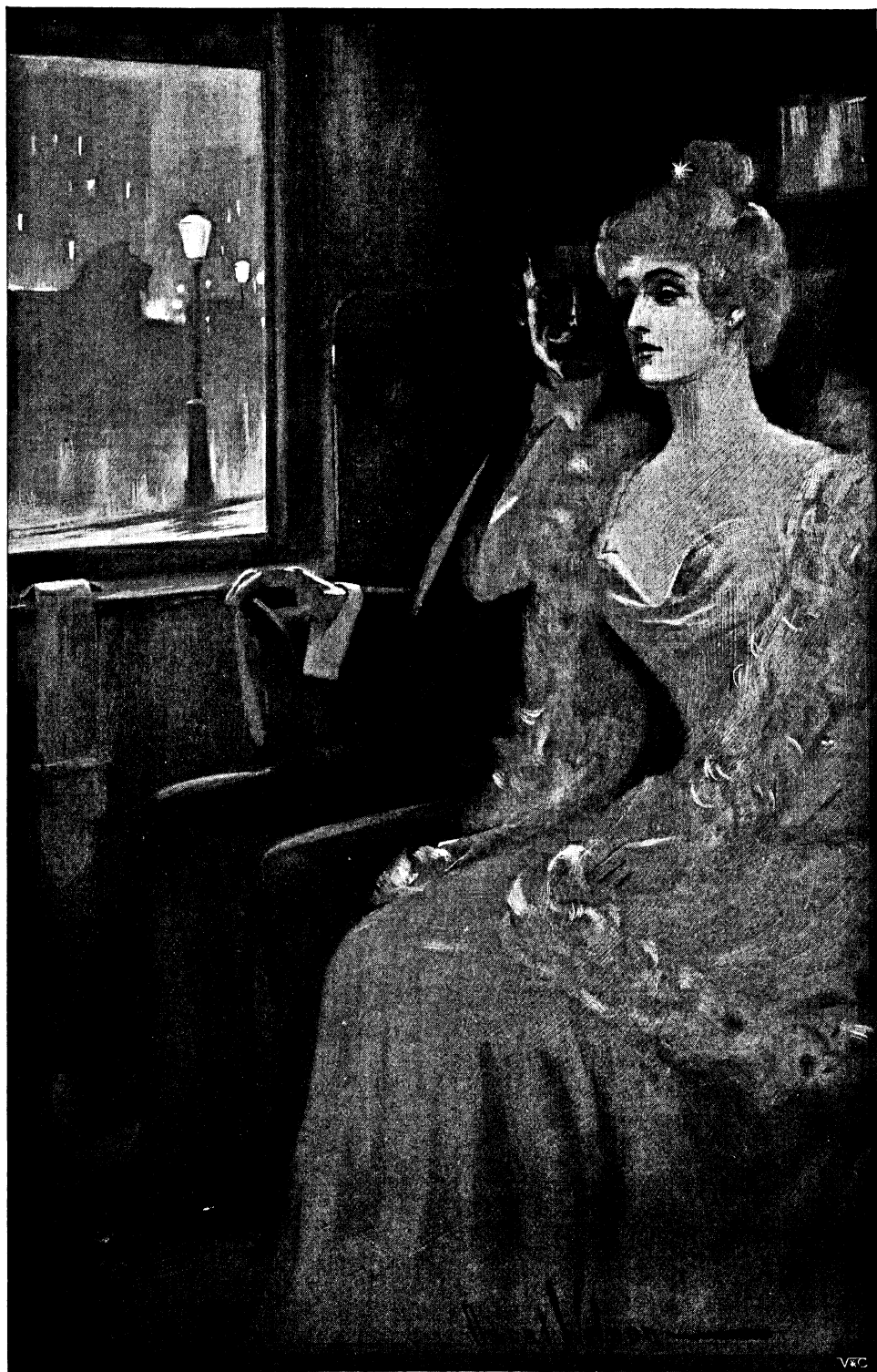
"You did," said Sir George drily.

"Then I got that bill from my dressmaker woman, and she wanted her money at once; so I changed my mind and decided to let you sell the diamond. I did mean then to give the real stone to you. It was just at the last moment that I was tempted. There were the two stones together, and it seemed almost impossible to tell which was which. You were just driving off to catch your train, and I had no time to think it over properly. It was all done in a second—the real stone taken out of the setting and the sham put in its place. Oh! what I've suffered! Your cart hadn't got down to the gates before I'd repented. I thought of sending a groom after you, but I wanted to wear the diamond at this dance, and I was so distracted I didn't know what to do. I went upstairs and cried—I don't suppose you care, not now."

The light of a street lamp flashed into the brougham and showed her Ladyship, very pretty in her distress.

"Look here, Agnes," said her husband awkwardly. "That's all right. I see how it was. You needn't go on telling me and—er—working yourself up this way. As it happens, no harm's done."

"But I *want* to tell you. It wouldn't be fair to myself not to tell you. I had an awful day. I went a walk in the village, and the policeman stared at me, and though I know him, of course, and know what a fool he is, I was rather frightened. I felt as if he might perhaps know about it. And at last I quite made up my mind. If you had come back and told me that you had sold the diamond, I should have confessed everything at once. Don't you remember how glad I was when you came back and said you'd put



"The light of a street lamp flashed into the brougham and showed her Ladyship, very pretty in her distress."

off selling the diamond for a bit? That was because I could undo my wicked action, and would be able to wear the Fylmire diamond at the Sarrabuts' with a clear conscience, and wouldn't have to confess. You do forgive me, George, dearest, don't you?"

"Yes, that's all right, now you've owned up."

"It might have been penal servitude?"

"Don't know, exactly. Sort of skating round the edge of it, I should think. I shouldn't get playing about like that any more, Agnes, if I were you."

Then Agnes completely broke down. She wept copiously, and between her sobs made sundry statements—as, for example, that she would never play about any more at all any way; that she wished the Fylmire diamond was at the bottom of the sea, and was prepared to throw it there herself; that perhaps if George had been kinder to her this would never have happened; and finally that she wished to give up the use of jewellery and other worldly trappings and, if possible, to enter a convent.

Her husband consoled her as best he could. Becoming gradually consoled, she said he would never know how deeply she loved him, and that she thought he had the finest and noblest character of any man in the world.

"Easy on, I say," said Sir George, modestly and—as I think—correctly.

* * * * *

A few days later Sir George again called on Mr. Reeves. He had the same leather case in his pocket, but its contents were different. He produced it with a hesitating—

"I've—er—brought that diamond I was speaking about the other day."

"Ah! yes," said Mr. Reeves, as he opened the case. "A fine stone—a beautiful thing!" But he said no more; he never even hinted a question. Sir George had imagined that it might be necessary to administer a slight snub to Mr. Reeves, but there was no opportunity. Mr. Reeves had given his advice;

he now held the Fylmire diamond in his hands. He was content with that.

But Sir George, imagining what ghastly suppositions Reeves's discreet reticence might cover, felt the necessity of telling a plausible story.

"By the way, Mr. Reeves, you were all wrong last time."

"When you brought the copy of the diamond? Surely not. I am convinced it was the copy and not the original stone."

"No, I don't mean that. I mean your suggestion that—er—Lady Fylmire was playing a practical joke on me."

"This is too bad," said Mr. Reeves. "That was your own idea, Sir George. I have decided opinions about diamonds, but I don't know enough of the ways of great ladies to have the right to criticise them."

"Well, somebody said something, and it was wrong. It was a mere mistake. Acting on my advice, Lady Fylmire had a copy of the diamond made. Not being an expert, she was unable to distinguish between the two. She gave me the copy, fully believing it to be the original."

"Quite so. Perfectly natural. I think I remember saying at the time that the copy was particularly well made. Now, with regard to this stone, Sir George—do you think you could be tempted to part with it?"

Sir George thought he could. When he left, a few minutes later, he left the diamond behind him, and had Mr. Reeves's cheque in his pocket. He was a little pleased with the tact with which he had managed everything.

And Mr. Reeves sat and smiled pleasantly. It was not entirely because he had bought the Fylmire diamond for £13,000 that morning, and would sell it to a wealthy American for £20,000 that afternoon—though that in itself was pleasant enough. His profession brought before him many curiosities of human nature—his memory was a museum of them. To this museum he had just added one more exhibit.



OVER LONDON IN A BALLOON.

BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

IT had long been my desire to emulate the achievements of Jules Verne's wonderful travellers, and to gaze upon this world of ours from above the clouds.

It was years since I had read that thrilling

entertainment at Sydenham, the preparations were being rapidly pushed forward for the inflation of the monster. The balloon was prosaically carted on to the ground by two porters, the silken bag, packed in an unpretentious covering, mounted on one truck, and the car on another. Before being despatched on its journey, however, the balloon is always carefully overhauled in the factory at Highbury, and if any defects are discovered, they are promptly repaired. On arrival at the grounds surrounding the North Tower, the balloon was unpacked and laid out, the net placed over it, and the valve



ARRIVAL OF THE
BALLOON AND CAR ON
THE GROUND.

romance, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," but it had left its impression on my mind, and I often watched enviously the preparations for an ascent. When at last the opportunity to make a voyage in the aerial vessel presented itself, I seized it with alacrity. Mr. Percival Spencer, whose noteworthy experiences in aerial navigation were narrated in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE several months ago, had arranged for me to accompany him in the car on the occasion of the Foresters' Fête at the Crystal Palace, where the balloon ascent was one of the principal attractions announced on the programme.

When I arrived at the popular place of



THE BALLOON IS LAID OUT, THE NET PLACED OVER IT, AND THE VALVE RENDERED GAS-TIGHT WITH LUTE.

adjusted. This latter is a hinged contrivance, fitted into the top of the bag, and its movements are controlled by a rope which passes down through the centre of the balloon into the car below. When this part of the work is completed, and the sandbags attached to the

network so as to steady the balloon during the inflation, the gas is turned on, and the silken fabric rapidly fills out as the gas rushes into it. The balloon which was employed on this particular trip was of thirty-six thousand cubic feet capacity, and was, in fact, the same vessel that had carried Mr. Spencer and Mr. Pollock across the Channel a few weeks previously, a full description of which was included in my former article. To my inexperienced mind the weather was not at all propitious for a satisfactory journey, since showers were the order of the day and the wind was inclined to be a little boisterous. Yet Mr. Spencer assured me that a pleasant trip was in store for us, a promise that was amply fulfilled.

There were three of us in the car. We were scheduled to leave the Crystal Palace

thing impatient to be off and chafing at the delay. At last all was ready, and Mr. Spencer cried, "Let go!" We bounded into the air as if propelled from a cannon. I have heard many curious remarks expounded by uninitiated spectators as to the peculiar and sometimes awful sensation caused by a balloon tearing upwards through the air at the rate of perhaps five hundred feet a minute. But such experiences are purely illusionary. In one sense a balloon ascent is a disappointment. You travel so easily, and with such an entire absence of oscillation, that it is scarcely possible to realise that you are moving at all. True, the ground appears to recede at a tremendous rate, but that has no physical effect upon one, notwithstanding the emphatic declarations of the preternaturally sage to the contrary. One does



READY TO RECEIVE THE GAS. THE SANDBAGS (OF WHICH SIXTY-FOUR ARE USED WITH THIS BALLOON) ARE TO STEADY THE VESSEL DURING ITS INFLATION.

at 3.30, but our departure was delayed by a heavy shower of rain. A quarter of an hour later, however, Old Sol once more emerged from behind the leaden clouds, and the aeronaut seized the opportunity to set off. There was yet one more important duty to be performed ere we left. The ubiquitous photographer, as if afraid that we might perhaps follow the example of Andrée, and not return to this mundane sphere, secured a parting snapshot, to preserve as a memento of the occasion.

All this time the unwieldy vessel was pulling and straining to be free, like a greyhound at the leash. It took the combined efforts of some half a dozen assistants to prevent the monster bounding into the air before its appointed time. It bounced, pulled, and jerked spasmodically, like a living

not even experience that peculiar sensation that often overcomes one when ascending in a lift; while to gaze over the side of the car, when suspended at a height of three thousand feet, has no more ill effects than surveying a scene from the top of an omnibus. There is not even that irresistible desire to jump overboard such as one often entertains when looking down from a lofty building.

As we shot into the air, the crowd who witnessed our departure gave us a rousing cheer and vociferously wished us a good voyage. It was an interesting sight to watch the concourse of spectators rapidly receding from us, and so diminishing in size that at three hundred feet the people bore a great resemblance to microscopical insects, while presently, as we rose higher



THE GAS TURNED ON, AND THE SANDBAGS ADJUSTED.

and higher, they became a confused, indistinguishable mass.

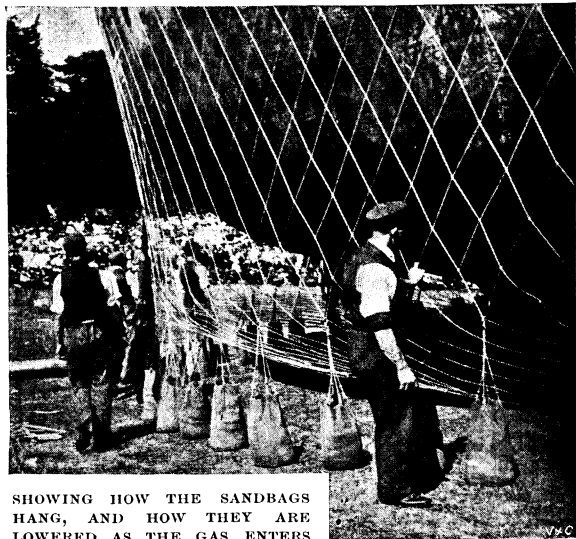
"One thousand feet!" exclaimed Mr. Spencer, as he consulted his aneroid barometer, "and rapidly ascending." The scene from this altitude was indeed impressive. One knows that the Metropolis, with its six million people, must necessarily occupy a tremendous mileage of ground, but it is not till one surveys it from a great height that one comprehends the vastness of London. There were buildings, buildings everywhere, almost as far as the eye could reach. In the City, where the buildings are so crowded together, the eye rested upon a homogeneous mass of bricks and mortar, gradually becoming detached by trees and welcome open spaces of vegetation as the encircling suburbs were reached.

The railways were laid out like the meshes of a huge net, while the trains sped slowly along like serpents, leaving a thin, white trail of smoke behind them. The Big Wheel, St. Paul's Cathedral, Tower Bridge, the Monument, each of which are considered such overtowering structures when surveyed from *terra firma*, appeared ridiculously small from our elevation. Through the centre of this vast hive of industry Father Thames pursued his meandering way, while over the whole scene there hung a filmy cloud of pale blue smoke.

A south-west wind was blowing, and the balloon therefore moved in a north-easterly direction, so that our course was directed over the most interesting and certainly the busiest sections of the Metropolis—the docks and the thickly populated districts of



THE SANDBAGS ARE REGULARLY LOWERED AS THE BALLOON FILLS.



SHOWING HOW THE SANDBAGS
HANG, AND HOW THEY ARE
LOWERED AS THE GAS ENTERS
THE BALLOON.

Wapping, Poplar, and Beckton. We were travelling at about twenty miles an hour, but it was not till I gazed over the side of the car and watched the balloon speeding over the suburbs below that I realised that we were moving at all. This is explained by the simple fact that the balloon is travelling at exactly the same pace and in the same direction as the air itself is moving. It floats along as stately and as smoothly as if it were suspended in an absolutely still atmosphere.

Our view now, from an altitude of 3,000 feet, was magnificent in the extreme. Looking south, the whole of the county of Kent lay in a panorama below us. In the distance were the Knockholt Beches, a prominent grove of trees, forming one of the most conspicuous landmarks to the aeronaut, inasmuch as it is visible for one hundred miles

around. Beyond, stretched in a long, horizontal line, the Surrey Hills; and in the dim distance the range of vision was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the undulations of the South Downs, through which a peep of the English Channel was visible. The course of the Thames was plainly followed, right from the Nore to many of the upper reaches, and there was a marked contrast between the quiet, almost unruffled solitude of the latter, and the busy estuary, which was dotted with every description of craft, from the cumbersome, listless barge, to the stately liner and the formidable battleship. We crossed the Thames at the point known as Long Reach. The dark Greenwich Hospital was seen below us like a huge quadrangle, the steamers in the East India Docks presented a curious appearance, inasmuch as only their decks were visible,

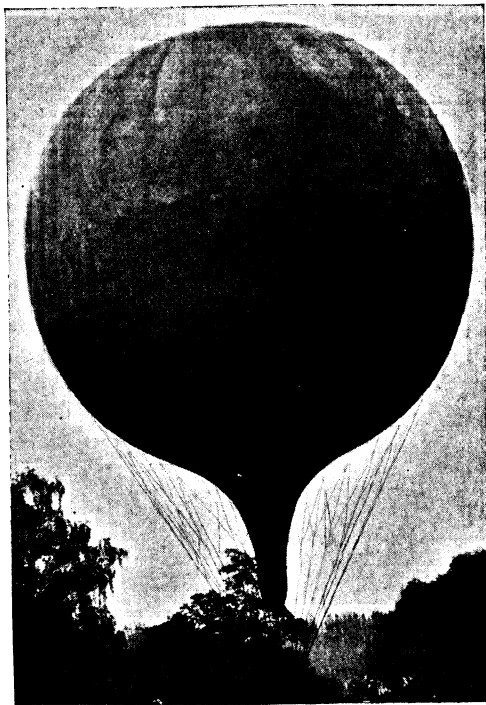
though occasionally their identity could be determined from the colour of their funnels or some other peculiar mark of distinction. One vessel, the Japanese battleship *Shikishima*, which was lying in dock at that time, was easily recognised, with her three funnels and brilliant white hull.



NEARLY FULL.

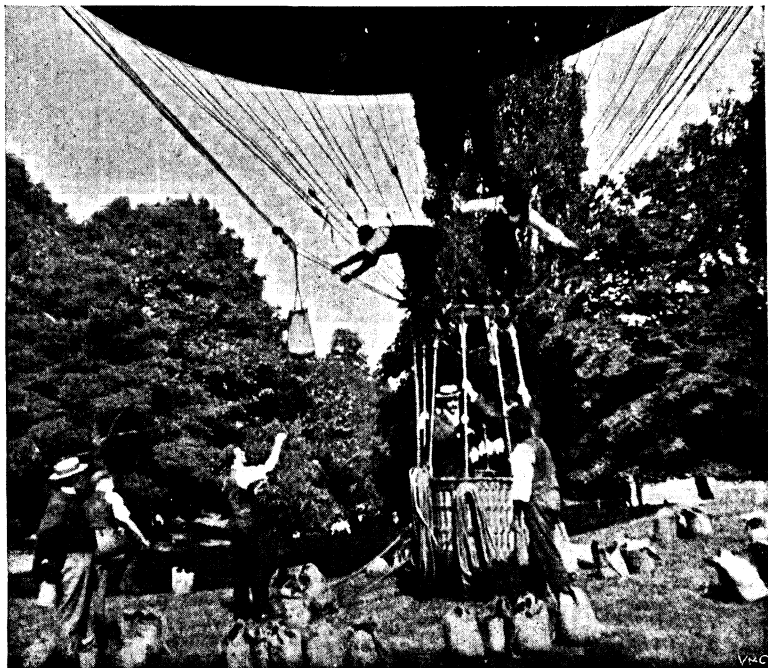
It being a stormy day, heavy clouds drifted across the sky below, occasionally blotting out our view. We then seemed to float in a boundless realm of silence. There was not a sound, and our own voices sounded extraordinarily strange. Overhead spread the pale blue sky like an immense canopy, while the sun shone upon us with uninterrupted brilliance, and at times, when we drifted near a cloud, the shadow of the balloon was cast upon it, in much the same manner as a shadowgrapher casts the grotesque manipulations of his fingers upon a white sheet by operating before a powerful illuminant.

Suddenly we heard a muffled, reverberating rumble. It sounded so faintly that it evidently originated from a distance, and we concluded that the sound proceeded from the artillery testing-grounds at the Woolwich Arsenal. Presently, however, we observed a bright flash of lightning leap across the sky, and it was therefore evident to us that a thunderstorm was raging below. Viewed from a balloon such a spectacle is impressive and weird. The black, impenetrable clouds floated in their course hundreds of feet beneath us. The lightning flashed and danced from cloud to cloud in the most fantastic manner, while the rolling of the thunder was almost incessant. At times the clouds would drift apart, and we could then



"LET GO!"

catch a glimpse of Mother Earth; but how black, sombre, and uninviting, in contrast with the brilliant warm sunshine in which we now moved! Far away to the rear could be seen the Crystal Palace, and for a few minutes the sun's rays were focused upon that huge structure of glass, and it scintillated and sparkled like a diamond. But the clouds obscured the sun's rays again and the earth was veiled from us once more. By this time we had left that mass of smoke-begrimed bricks and mortar, which constitutes the largest city in the world, behind us and were floating over agricultural England. To

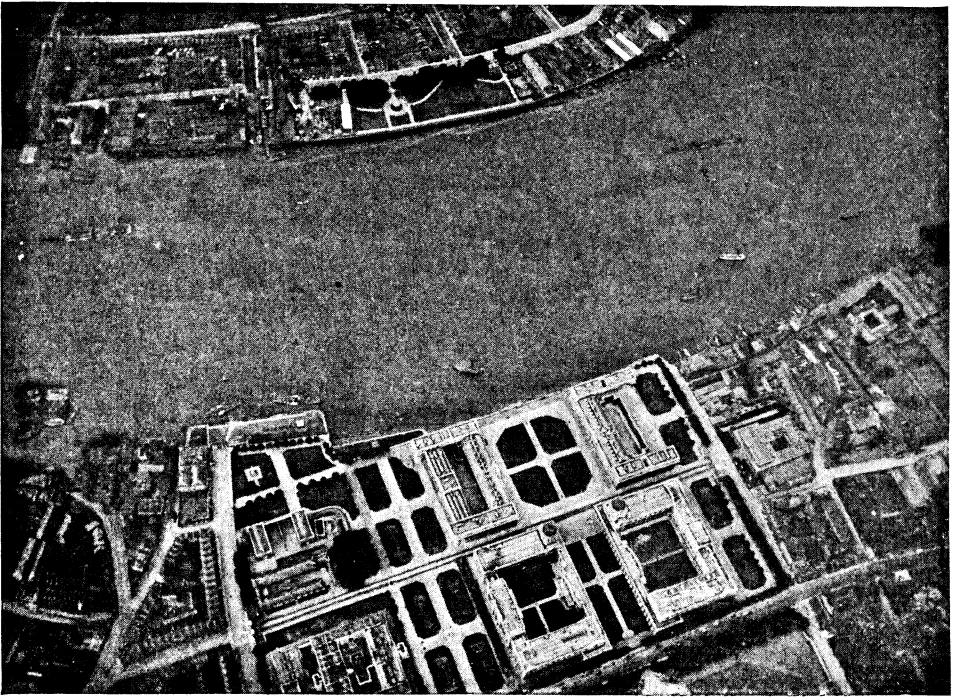


THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

us the Metropolis had presented but few charms. Those many buildings, about the architectural beauties of which the citizens are ever ready to expatiate, were of no further interest to us than the unpretentious Whitechapel domicile, and it was a relief when the serried ranks of houses which stretched for miles on each side gave place to green fields. The thunder-clouds had floated seawards in a south-easterly direction and the sun was now shining in all its golden glory. The rain had freshened up the verdure of the land, so that it shone with an indescribable brilliance. A large

the thin wreaths of blue smoke which curled upwards from its chimneys.

Our voyage had been a lonely one so far, since we had heard no sound beyond our own voices. Now we had a pleasant interlude. We heard a number of shouts, followed by the question, "Are you cold up there?" We peered over the side of the car to see who it was that expressed such a solicitation after our welfare. It was some minutes before we located the inquirers, since they were scarcely discernible among the grass. They were evidently peasants working in the fields, but to us they seemed no larger

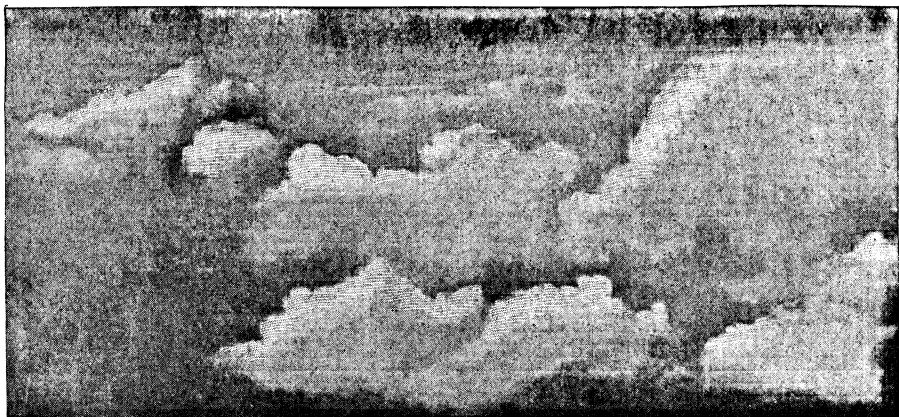


GREENWICH HOSPITAL, THE RIVER THAMES, AND THE SHORE OF THE ISLE OF DOGS, FROM 1,000 FEET.

expanse of open country, such as we surveyed from an altitude of 2,000 feet, presented a curious appearance. The fields, divided by unequal hedges into large tracts of land of varying sizes, resembled an immense chess-board. There was an entire absence of monotony, however. Here was a field where the making of the hay was in progress; in another stood a late harvest of corn, which waved to and fro in the sun; a third of a very dark green colour denoted a crop of vegetables; and so on, with infinite variety; while here and there stood a lonely farmhouse, so carefully concealed among the trees that its presence was only betrayed by

than ants. Further questions were asked, each of which we heard with remarkable distinctness. We endeavoured to reply to them, but although we strained our vocal powers to the utmost, we failed to establish communication. Mr. Spencer remarked that it was a unique circumstance for us to hear such sounds at that height, and he attributed the reason for our hearing so distinctly on this occasion to the presence of clouds, which acted as a sounding-board. Whatever the cause, the event added a little variety to our trip.

About two miles distant in front of us we observed a large, though scattered,

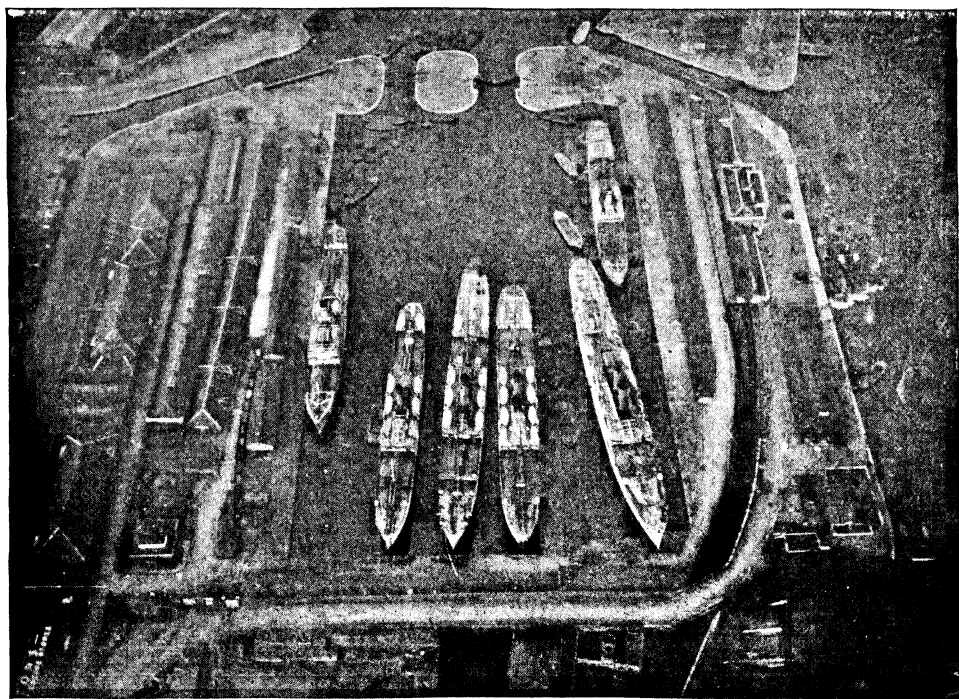


AN OCEAN OF CLOUDS.

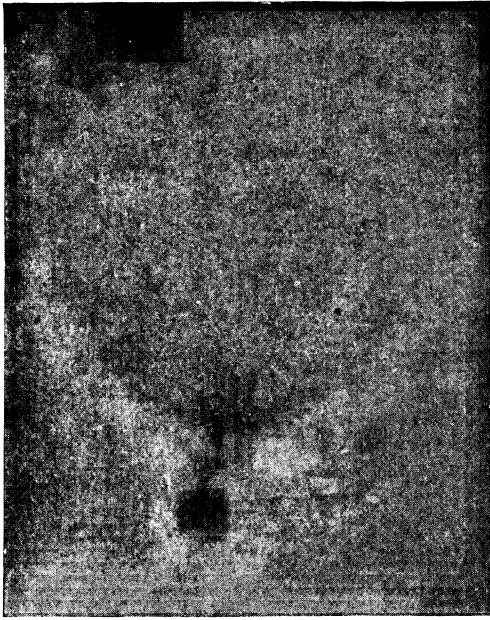
cluster of houses, evidently a village. Mr. Spencer consulted his chart to decide our bearings. "Ingatestone," was his reply, and since there promised to be no further interest in a longer journey he decided to descend into a large field near the station.

As is very often the case, the most exciting part of our journey was the finish. Having determined where to land, Mr. Spencer prepared to bring the vessel adroitly and smoothly to earth. As the balloon drifted

towards the desired landing-ground, it sank very rapidly. A large oak tree barred our way, but Mr. Spencer, by judiciously discharging his ballast, hoped to drop on the ground just on one side of the obstacle, and then in the rebound to clear the top of it and to descend safely on the other side. But alas ! the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley, and it was so in this case. As the balloon neared the earth it was caught in a rapid current of air which the



EAST INDIA EXPORT DOCK AND BLACKWALL STATION, FROM 1,000 FEET.

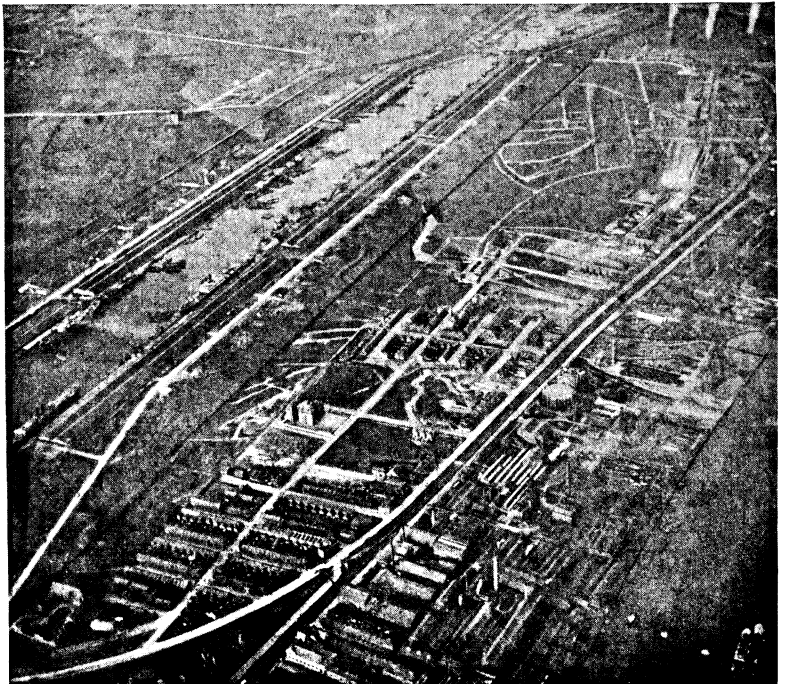


SHADOW OF THE BALLOON CAST UPON THE WHITE CLOUD.

aeronaut had not anticipated, and the car did not strike the ground and rebound, but made straight for the oak. "Hold on tightly!" shouted Mr. Spencer. We grasped the ropes, and the next moment we dashed into the tree with terrific force. The car remained perfectly still, but not so the balloon itself. It swayed to and fro and strained and tugged to get free. At last, with a more powerful lunge, it burst through the obstacle, ripping open its side in the attempt and carrying away one or two large branches. We came to the ground with a heavy, though not inconvenient, bump, and then rebounded about sixty feet into the air. The

grapnel was thrown out, the valve in the top of the balloon was opened, and in a few minutes the cumbersome vessel was lying on the ground, an inert, shapeless mass. When a balloon descends in windy weather, the car is oftentimes overturned on to its side, as shown in our photograph of an incident which befell Mr. Spencer when he made a descent on a breezy day some time ago. On the present trip, however, after our adventure through the tree-top, we landed perpendicularly, and a band of willing helpers (ever present on such an occasion) assisted us to deflate the vessel and to pack the silken bag once more in its covering. In a very short time balloon, car, and passengers were once more *en route* for town. It was a quarter to four when we ascended at the Crystal Palace, and we descended at Ingatestone at five minutes past five. The distance we had travelled represented about twenty-six miles, and we had accomplished it in eighty minutes.

We had been fortunate with regard to fine weather during our journey over the Metropolis. The frequent showers and thunderstorms had cleared the air to a considerable extent, so that the country beneath had been plainly distinguishable. Invariably a thin

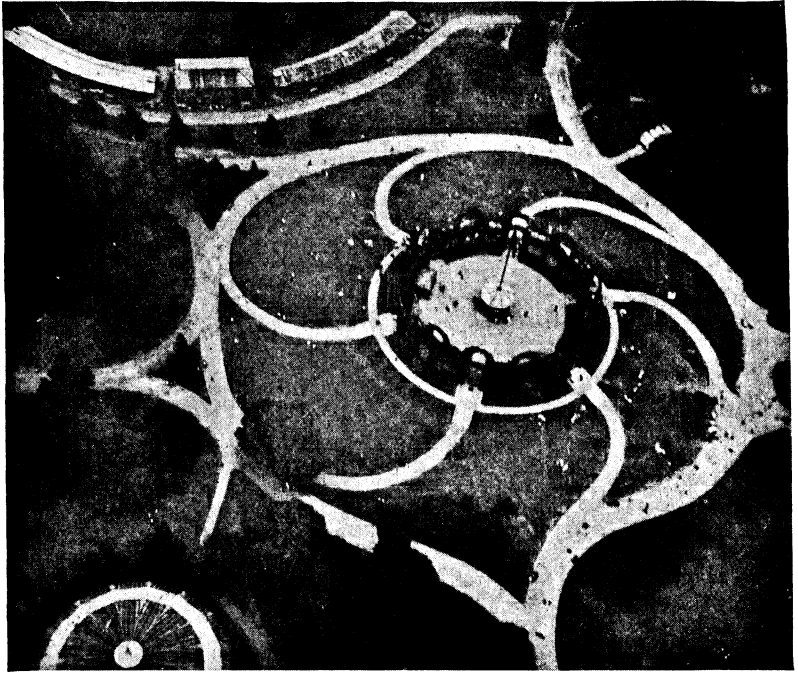


THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS, SILVERTOWN, AND THE RIVER THAMES, FROM 2,000 FEET HIGH.

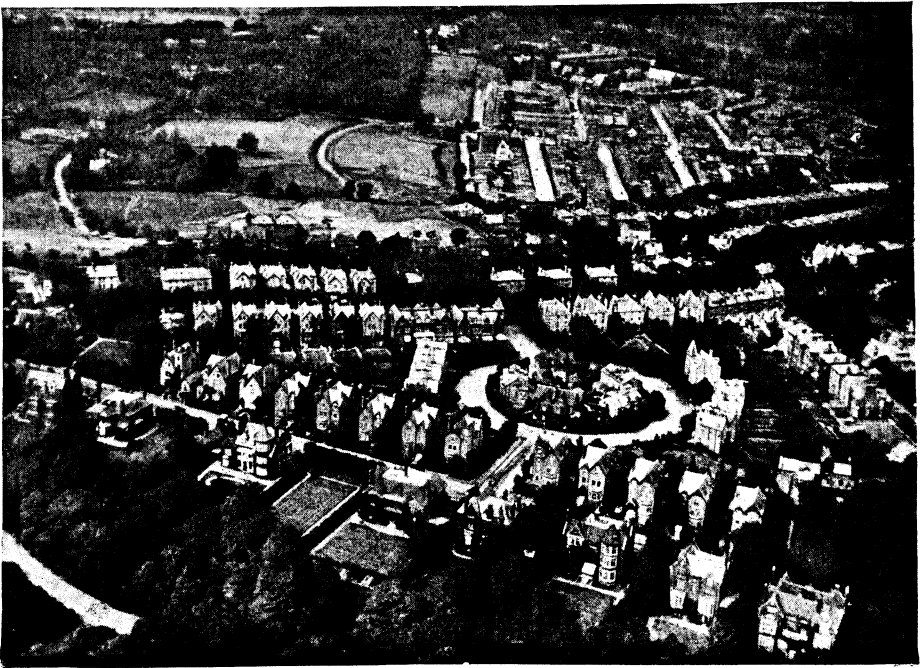
pall of smoke hangs lazily over the city at the height of a few hundred feet, partially obscuring the view.

It is only when poised at some distance in the air that one is enabled adequately to realise the tremendous magnitude of the largest city in the world. Under these circumstances a journey over London not only constitutes a pleasant excursion, but is also a highly instructive object-lesson. From one boundary to the other is a distance of approximately thirty miles, but one fails to comprehend this to its full extent

unless one has the privilege of regarding it from aloft.



A PART OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE GROUNDS, SHOWING THE ROSERY, THE PANORAMA, AND THE GRAND STANDS OF THE FOOTBALL GROUND.



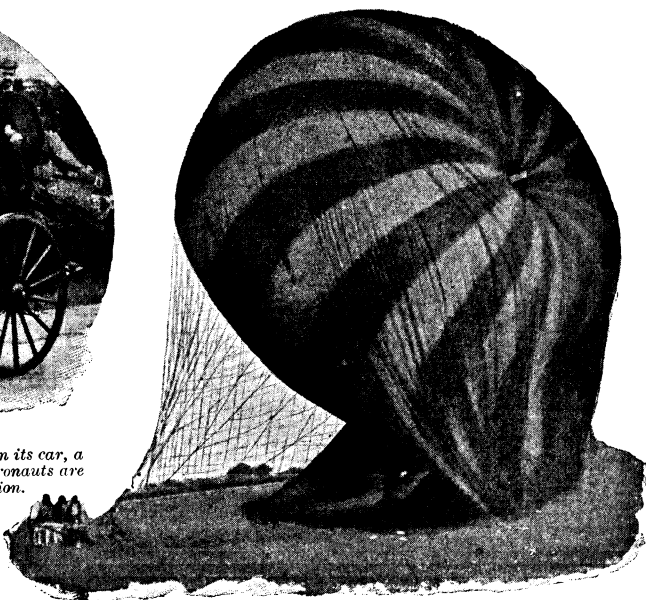
SYDENHAM, FROM A HEIGHT OF 300 FEET,



TO THE STATION.

After the descent, the balloon is packed in its car, a conveyance obtained, and balloon and aeronauts are driven to the nearest railway station.

Interesting though a survey of London proves during the day, the scene at night is far more impressive. True, one loses the details of the buildings, and the life in the streets, but in their stead is seen a huge sea of light, stretching on each side for miles. On a clear night, when the fogs, indigenous to our mother city, are not enveloping her, the spectacle is indescribably picturesque and magnificent. Radiating from the centre, like the meshes of a



HOW A BALLOON COLLAPSES DURING DESCENT.

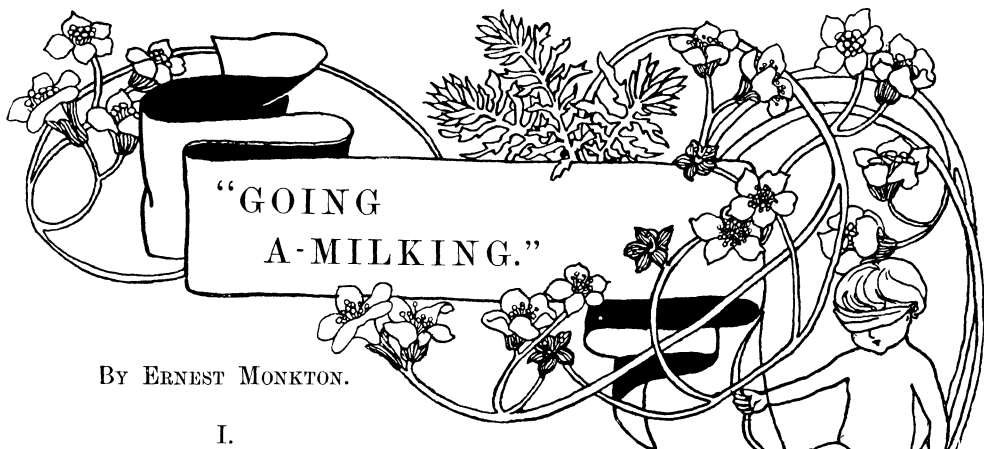
The valve from which the gas is escaping is seen at the top of the balloon.

spider's web, may be distinguished the thousands of regular lines of lamps, illuminating the streets and thoroughfares. Unfortunately, however, a clear night is of comparatively rare occurrence, so that the beauty of the scene is seldom to be viewed at its best.



THE LAST STAGE.

Balloon rapidly deflating, showing the valve torn open.



BY ERNEST MONKTON.

I.

"YES, I'm really going to leave town to-morrow for the pasture-country, and I shan't come back till I've mastered the art of scientific butter-making."

"But what good will it ever be to you? There are plenty of girls who can learn to make butter. It seems rather a waste of a wrangler's brains, Jean."

The other girl started up from the lounge-chair in which she was taking her ease.

"Waste of brains! The fact that I'm a wrangler eternally cast up at me! As if mathematics were an end instead of a means, a manner of making one's brain fit for anything. No one thinks it a 'waste of brains' to lead a purposeless society life, I find. I thought better of you, Nell. You wouldn't lead a life without work yourself."

"If I didn't work, you see, I soon shouldn't lead any life at all, for bread is a necessity, and most people like a little butter on it; but you, with your large fortune, can afford to follow the bent of your intellect and——"

"Steep that same intellect in an eternity of 'higher mathematics'? No; they are my ladder, not my goal."

"Granted. But always supposing your mathematical ladder leads to the attainment of perfect butter—though the connection between the two subjects isn't obvious—*cui bono?* What next?"

"Now, that's a sensible question; the 'what next?' makes discussion possible. '*Cui bono?*' I object to—it's cheap and would-be *blasé*."

And Jean lay back again in her long chair, the angry light in her dark eyes giving place to a softer look.

"Now tell me the whole plan," said Nell; "and you mustn't be very long, for if you go

to-morrow, as you say, there must be a heap of things to see to."

"You know, to begin with, that I own a lot of land in the West Country—nearly all pasture-land. The tenant farmers can't make it pay, can't get a market for their butter, simply because it isn't good enough. It's no use preaching perfection without showing the way to attain it."

"Once again the Gospel of the Perfect Butter!" interrupted Nell flippantly.

"Yes, that is just what I mean, though you are pleased to be sarcastic, and I will proclaim it. I mean to found a butter school and have my tenants taught; but first I must be a learner. If I go to a dairy school as myself I shall not learn half I want to; it will be thought a freak; so for the coming summer months I am Mary Smith, please, not Jean Arden."

"Where are you going?"

"To Hazelwood, a village in Somersetshire, near Yellerton. I want you to come with me."

"My good child! Impossible," said Nell, aghast.

"Not so at all. You can write as well in the country as in London—better; you'll get some new ideas. You don't look well, and the change will do you good. I shall be so glad to have you—the gain will be mine—so you must be my guest. You know I would be yours if matters were reversed."

Jean had risen and gone close to her friend, and was kneeling beside her, looking so charming that Nellie Roberts found it

hard to give utterance to the few objections which occurred to her.

Needless to say these were overruled as soon as uttered. She only remained firm in the matter of postponing the start, resolutely refusing to leave London the next day.

Jean had been entirely oblivious of any necessity for an outfit suitable to "Mary Smith," the daughter of a small farmer; indeed, the only thing she was quite clear about was that she meant to take her bicycle. So Nell undertook the necessary revision of both their wardrobes, and a week later saw "Mary Smith" and her friend at Waterloo in the Exeter express, bound for the green pastures of the West Country.

II.

IN a large, low room in Combe Farm, at Hazelwood, dimly lighted through narrow, deeply mullioned windows, the long table was spread with a substantial farmhouse tea, and round it were seated some dozen girls and half the number of young men, pupils at the dairy school.

The men were all at one end of the table, and the girls at the other, but this did not prevent the talk from being thrown to and fro between the sexes. Much giggling and more repartee of rather a clumsy type was going on, while the host, Mr. Green, and his comely wife applauded all sallies with impartial heartiness.

The girls, mostly the daughters of small farmers, were quite ready for a day's work, but fully determined when that was over to get an evening's amusement, if possible.

The men were of the same class, and quite as ready to be diverted as the girls—"all up for a bit of fun," to use their own idiom.

Mary Smith and her friend had been a week at the farm. Both rather prided themselves on a little mild socialism, and had adapted themselves kindly to their new surroundings, mixing freely with the other girls, who were very friendly and, while evidently recognising their superior culture and attainments, apparently felt no jealousy thereof.

Mary Smith's violin had been a source of much delight to all. Nell Roberts was a good pianist, and some of the girls had pretty voices; she had played their accompaniments and encouraged them to sing, and the music had been, as it ever is, a bond of union.

The men were different. They appeared unable to overcome their shyness of the two strangers sufficiently to talk to them, though

their presence did not check the flow of their talk with the girls of their own class.

But a new pupil was expected. Mr. Green had described him as "very high," leaving his hearers in doubt as to wherein his altitude consisted.

On this particular evening Jean found beside her a vacant place, which Mr. Green announced, with a large and jocund wink, was for "Mr. Right."

This was considered an excellent joke, and as such was greeted with guffaws from the young men and smothered giggles from the girls.

The point of the joke had not dawned on Jean when the new-comer entered. He looked like a gentleman, but was hardly likely to be one, she reflected. She listened, however, with some interest for the voice and utterance which are the shibboleth of the cultured classes.

"Better late than never," said Mr. Green heartily. "Sit ye down and make yourself at home. This lady, Miss Smith, 'ull help 'ee do ut, I'll warrant."

The stranger bowed gravely to Jean and took his place beside her without speaking. He was about to address himself to the farmer, when a loud burst of laughter from the other end of the table drowned his remark, so that Jean remained for the moment in doubt about him.

The laugh subsided, he was still speaking. The tones were those of a gentleman, beyond a doubt.

"I cycled from Yellerton," he was saying, "and left my portmanteau to come on to-morrow by the carrier."

"Ride a bicycle, do 'ee?" said Mr. Green. "Then you'll be able to keep company with Miss Smith. She'll show 'ee the way to leave the road behind."

Jean felt quite hot at being thus forced on the stranger, and answered coldly—

"Mr. Wright will probably ride much faster than I can, and will accomplish much longer distances."

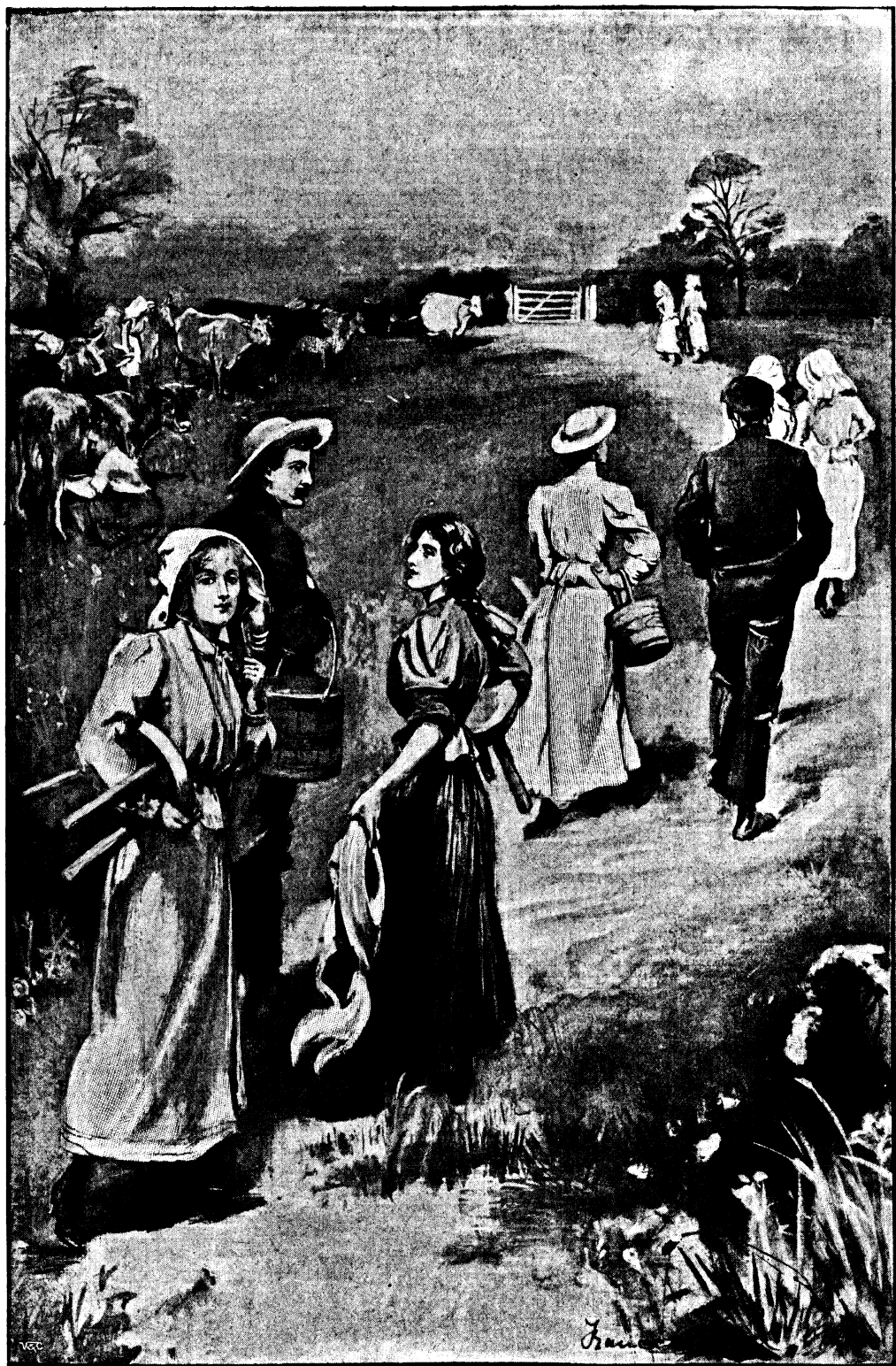
There was a moment's pause. Then someone murmured, "Mr. Right," and there was a louder and longer burst of laughter than there yet had been. The farmer doubled himself up and laughed till the tears rolled down his ruddy cheeks. The young men and girls were convulsed.

Jean and the new-comer were the only grave ones.

"What is the joke?" he asked her.

"I am sure I can't imagine," she replied.

"It seems to be a very subtle one. When



"The cows were milked at 5.30."

they are calmer we must ask for information."

"Fie! for shame!" gasped Mrs. Green at last. "John, you didn't ought to make such work. Of course, Miss Smith thought that was the gentleman's name."

"Mr. Green certainly used that name. I am sorry if I made a mistake, but I don't quite see why it is so amusing."

Jean was annoyed and showed it, and Mrs. Green, who had all the instincts of a lady about her, if not the finished details, hastened to throw oil on the troubled waters.

"No, my dear; of course not. It's John's fault. He's always up for a joke. I've known many others taken in by the same trick of speech, so to speak."

And without waiting to give further explanations the good lady rose from the table, and a general move ensued.

Jean, still mystified, went off with her friend, who had fathomed the joke—such as it was—and was able to explain it.

The two were strolling about the meadow near the farmyard when the new-comer joined them.

"May I be allowed to introduce myself by my own name, Miss Smith?" he said, with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes.

Jean bowed rather stiffly, feeling the hot colour rush to her face at the remembrance of Mr. Green's clumsy joke at her expense.

Nell, however, answered pleasantly enough, and the young man continued—

"I am Edmund Grey, at your service; and I hope you will allow me to join your cycle rides sometimes, as our host so kindly suggested."

"I don't cycle," said Nell; "but my friend does."

She looked at Jean, but the latter was intent on some moon daisies in the hedge, which she was picking, and she either did not or would not hear. Nell wisely changed the subject, and by the time the daisies were in Jean's belt and she had rejoined them, the two were talking of this year's Academy, the last new Opera, and other matters remote from green pastures.

Jean joined in with animation, for, however charming it may be to rusticate, one hails a voice from the larger world, and, however much one strives after socialism, one likes that voice to be a cultured one.

The evening was short, for at the dairy school all rose early; the cows were milked at 5.30, and all the pupils were in attendance; but, short as it was, the two girls and

Edmund Grey parted feeling that they were quite old friends.

Jean had forgiven Mr. Green his pleasantry, and wished him a cheery good-night as she passed through the wide porch where he was smoking his final pipe, with his wife beside him.

"Good-night to 'ee, miss," he responded; "pleasant dreams of——" But a very obvious nudge from Mrs. Green cut him short, and after this Jean was not troubled with any more allusions to "Mr. Right."

III.

MAY melted into June, and June into July, and still the two girls were at the farm. Quite an expert butter-maker was Jean now, for she had come with a purpose, and was not the girl to be lightly turned away from it, even though the little god with the gold-tipped arrows had been shooting in her direction.

Had his aim been true?

That was the purport of the question that Edmund Grey was asking himself as he hastened to the "home field," where the early morning milking was going forward, seeking eagerly amongst the many print-frocked girls for the trim, slight figure that he had learnt to distinguish from a long distance off.

He soon spied it, and with hasty steps, brushing the dew from the green grass as he went, wound in and out among the sweet-smelling herd, exchanging greetings with one and another as he passed, to where he saw a pink frock surmounted by a broad white hat, under the shadow of which he knew was the one face in the world for him.

"Good morning, Miss Mary." (He had long ago discarded, unchecked, the more formal "Miss Smith".)

Jean looked up from her milking pail with a bright smile.

"Good morning; but I hope you've come on business—it's too early in the day for pleasure, you know."

"One can combine both. I've come to enjoy watching you at work, and then 'to carry the milking-pail,' like the man in the song."

She did not send him away, and he stood for some time leaning one arm on the cow's back and looking with undisguised admiration at the pretty milkmaid.

Suddenly he said, "I didn't dare own up before, but I have come on a revolutionary errand."

"Why have you concealed it?"

"Because I was afraid you would send me away."
 "I dare say I shall."
 "Ah! but you've nearly done now."
 A pause.
 "Well?" from her.
 "How one begins to long for the sea in July!"
 "Yes, nothing makes up for it."

stretched-out hand the milking-pail would have gone over.
 When matters had righted themselves he began again. "Do take a holiday to-day. West Bay is only twelve miles off. We can cycle there and arrive before the great heat of the day, and come home in the cool of the evening."
 "Impossible."



"He stood for some time leaning one arm on the cow's back."

"You've never taken a day's holiday since you came."

"Of course not. I came to work. It is very important that I should learn all I can here. I must soon go home to my farm."

"You don't seem to have spent much time at your farm as yet."

"Girls must be educated," she said evasively, and rose briskly from her milking-stool—so briskly that but for his adroitly

"Not a bit. We are living in Arcadia. No Mrs. Grundy to consider. Think how nice the sea will be—and there will be shade under the cliffs soon after we get there; and if there is a breeze—there will be, I'm sure" (looking critically at the sky), "we can go for a sail. Yes, I see you're coming."

"I own it's tempting, but——"

"Ah! when a little girl says 'but,' it's all right. Make haste and get into cycling

gear, and I'll go and look to our tyres before breakfast. We'll get Mrs. Green to give us something at once, so as not to lose the cool of the morning."

Jean laughed. It was a happy laugh. She had been used to dominate other people, and to be dominated herself was a new and pleasant experience.

Edmund Grey gained his point.

Mrs. Green was delighted to further the expedition, and the only risk they ran was that of getting their handle-bars weighed down by the impossible amount of good cheer she wished them to take.

The two cyclists made their start from amidst an admiring group of men and maids at the farm gate.

Mr. Green was jocular and showed symptoms of relapse into his former vein of banter, but was judiciously restrained by his wife. In spite of this, Jean overheard him say, as they bowled away—

"'Twould seem nat'ral now to throw slippers."

She glanced at her companion, but fortunately he showed no signs of having heard. They glided smoothly along between the green hedgerows, sweet with trails of honey-suckle, stopping at times to rest, or dismounting to saunter up a steeper slope than usual.

Conversation was scrappy. It generally is nowadays. The *genus* "conversationalist" is almost extinct. A few specimens remain, but the cult of the art is dead.

"Do you know," said Jean suddenly, "how Mr. Green described you before you came?"

"I do, and I have often wished there were magic in a name."

This was too daring an allusion to the "Mr. Right" blunder, and Jean ignored it.

"He told us all you were 'very high,' and Nell and I have puzzled our brains over the interpretation. Can you give it?"

"I suppose I could make a fair shot at Mr. Green's meaning."

A wrestle with a steep bit of road took all Jean's energy, and she did not pursue the inquiry. Her companion renewed the subject, however, when the hill was accomplished.

"He meant, I suppose, that I have land of my own—am squire, and not tenant, as most of these young fellows are. I did not wish it mentioned, as I preferred to be considered on an equality with them—as, indeed, I am—for 'a man's a man for a' that.' Yet I know I've got on better with them all than if they had known I was the squire; for, you see,

even in Arcadia snobbishness isn't quite extinct, I fear?"

"But don't any of them know you by sight or by name?"

"Not by sight, because I've been abroad for some years; and by name—well, to be quite honest, I'm not using my own. I know the fact is safe with you."

Jean did not answer.

What a strange coincidence that they two should be practising the same pardonable deception!

He took her silence for disapproval.

"I'm afraid you think I'm wrong."

"No, indeed; and your pious fraud is quite safe with me. Tell me some of your plans. What are you going to do with the practical knowledge you gain here? The question interests me more than you can imagine."

When a pretty woman professes herself more interested than a man can imagine, in plans which are everything to him, what a flood of eloquence she lets loose! If conversation is extinct, monologue is not—at any rate, when cheered on by ejaculatory encouragement from pretty, eager lips.

All his plans were laid before her. He felt strongly the duties which property entails. He would live among his people—would work for their good—spend and be spent amongst them. There must be lectures, where the young men could learn the science of the work they did. There must be a dairy school, where the young women should learn all and more than she herself was now acquiring.

As he talked on, and Jean heard all her own cherished plans put into words by him, the gold-tipped arrow, which had so often grazed the outer ring, finally hit straight home, and the Blind God was victor at last. Jean laid her hitherto untouched heart on his altar, knowing, instinctively, that the words which would accomplish the sacrifice would not be long in coming.

At West Bay they wandered on the seashore together, laughing for sheer happiness like two children. They chartered a tiny sailing boat, and were danced about on the summer wavelets, taking the while a pleasure in the yarns of the old salt who was with them. It seemed as though they had known each other all their lives; it seemed impossible that those lives could ever have flown or again be going to flow in different channels.

But the happy day wore to an end. Only one hour remained before they must start on



"No damage was done."

shall want someone to help me carry out all my big plans, shan't I?"

"Yes, I suppose so," she said slowly.

"She ought to be a woman of the people, yet cultivated. She must understand them, yet help to raise them."

"But I think she ought to be able to help substantially," demurred Jean, wishing to test him. "All these schemes of yours will be very costly."

their homeward ride. Sitting side by side amongst the rocks, they two and Mother Nature alone, a silence fell upon them.

Lying at her feet, and looking up into her eyes, Edmund Grey read there the answer that would be his. "Mary," he said, "I

"No," he said hotly, "I could not marry a woman for her money."

"But she might have money and yet be all you want."

"You talk like my sister. There is a girl she wants me to marry. I have never seen her. She is immensely rich—owns a lot of property in Somersetshire,—her land touches mine; but she wouldn't suit me. A Girton girl—a wrangler, without a thought beyond mathematics. Besides, she is so much richer than I, that I should feel a cad to ask her, even if I wanted to."

"Tell me her name," said Jean breathlessly.

"Her name doesn't matter to us. I shall never marry her. I have seen the only woman who can give me the help I want, and her name is the simplest and sweetest in the world, although it may not savour of ancestral halls."

Jean laughed.

"If you are going to alter it, her name doesn't matter; but tell me yours. Your confidence was only a half confidence just now. Complete it, please."

They were much absorbed in each other, and sand is soft. They did not hear approaching footsteps, and were startled by a voice close to them.

"My dear Miss Arden, who would have thought of seeing you here? And you, too, Mr. Trafford! I didn't know you affected these out-of-the-way nooks."

The speaker was a certain Mrs. Cooke, a don's wife, whom Jean had known well at Cambridge.

"Trafford," she had called Edmund Grey. Why, that was the name of her chief college friend, Agnes Trafford, to whose wedding she had been invited the very week she came to Hazelwood. If the *soi-disant* Edmund Grey were a Trafford, then, indeed, his land adjoined hers.

This chain of thought rushed through her mind while she was exchanging polite greetings with Mrs. Cooke and her husband with as much *sang-froid* as if the situation were an everyday one.

Trafford was much less collected. A woman always outshines a man in any sudden emergency which involves the keeping up of appearances.

They soon made their escape, pleading the long ride before them. Neither spoke,

beyond the merest trivialities, until they were quite away from the little town.

As she rode along, one phrase of Edmund's kept beating itself into her memory.

"She is so much richer than I, that I should feel a cad to ask her."

And he had been going to ask Mary Smith—and she had fully meant to let him—and had fully decided on the answer. Oh! the pity of it! Now, what next?

They dismounted for a hill. He had not spoken yet. She must.

"I meant to tell you the truth about myself to-night," she said.

"I wish I had known it before," he replied gloomily.

She ignored his words and went on.

"I came to Hazelwood for the same reasons as you. I have the same hopes and plans. I kept my name a secret because it is known in this part of the world, and I knew I should learn more if I came on an equality with the others."

"I wish I had known before," he said sadly.

She could not ignore it this time.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I have learnt to love Mary Smith."

"And why not Jean Arden?"

He shook his head.

"Is it the mathematics that make it impossible?" she said, laughing nervously.

"No, it is my own pride."

"She could help you, and you her, in what you both wish to carry out."

"She has the means, and will find the helpers."

Jean took her courage in both hands. Clearly she must finish what was begun under the cliffs.

"And yet you say you have learnt to care for Mary Smith?"

"God knows I have!"

The summer night was very still, and though Jean spoke in a trembling whisper, these words reached him—

"And what if she has learnt to care for you?"

It might be five or ten minutes after this speech that they became alive to the fact that both bicycles were lying prone on the road. The little god, who had the pair in charge, must have spread his wings to break the fall, for no damage was done.



THE NAVAL BASES OF THE EMPIRE.

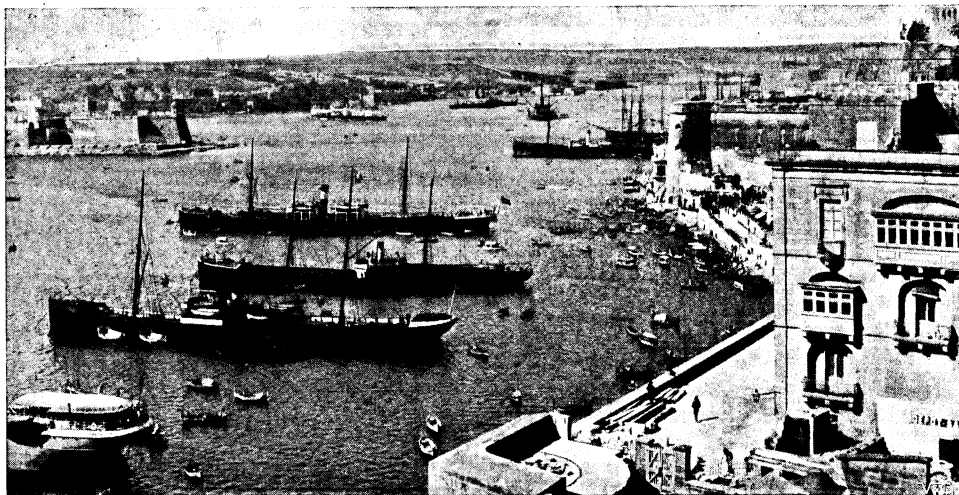
BY C. DE THIERRY.

No. II. — MALTA.

Photographs supplied by J. Critien, Malta.

MALTA is a mosaic brilliant with the varied hues of three thousand years, for on it nearly all the ruling races of the world have left their mark. Too small to be the seat of power, too distant from the mainland of Italy or Tripoli to be claimed by either, it has been held in turn by the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Arabs, Moors, French, and Spanish. Of these the presence

romance and actuality, appear together in its streets. Memories of the heroic era, which ended with Waterloo, linger beside memories of the splendid chivalry of the Middle Ages. Tradition points to Calypso's Grotto in Gozo, one of the small islands of the group, as evidence that the Hyperia of Homer was the ancient name of Malta, and to La Baia di San Paolo as the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck ; its records glow with the



THE GRAND HARBOUR.

of its Asiatic masters is most visible in the Malta of to-day. The people claim to be of Phœnician descent, though their manners and customs are more in harmony with the East as we know it now. The architecture is Moorish and Italian, and the language Arabic in the villages, mixed Arabic and corrupt Italian in the towns. These living links with the past, riveted as they are on the utilitarian civilisation of the Twentieth Century, make Malta one of the most interesting and picturesque spots in the world. The Orient and the Occident,

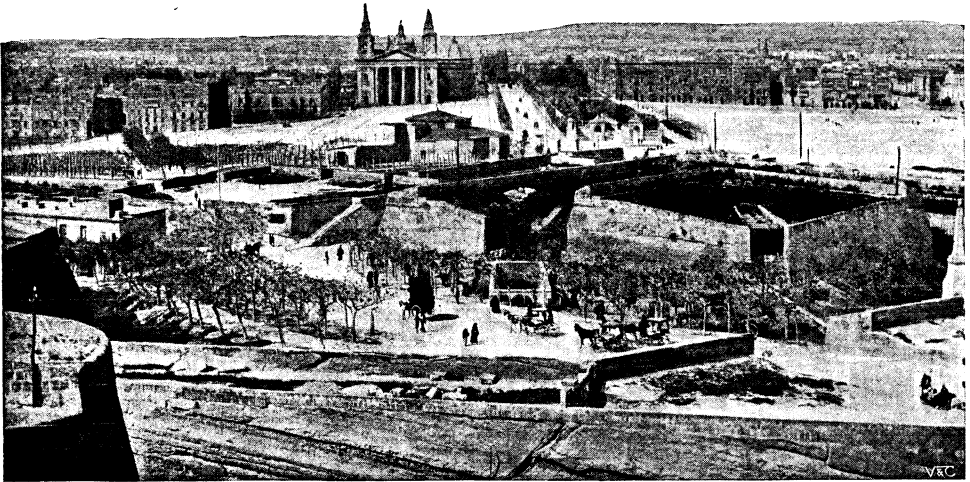
names of Nelson and Napoleon, Girolamo Cassan and Pietro Paolo Floriani, La Valette and L'Isle Adam, Solyman the Magnificent and Roger of Sicily. The massive fortifications of an earlier age frown on the newest inventions in the art of war. Gorgeous churches of Italian design and richly decorated palaces and houses in Moorish style, adapted to island conditions, stand side by side with magnificent buildings erected for military purposes, and the solid but unbeautiful structures which are the result of English rule. And at Città Vecchia, the old

The preceding article in this series dealt with Gibraltar, and appeared in the WINDSOR for July, 1901. Ensuing articles will include Bombay, Trincomalee, Hong-Kong, Auckland, etc.

capital, and elsewhere on the island, the traveller is shown Greek, Roman, and Carthaginian ruins and Phœnician tombs.

From the modern point of view Malta is chiefly interesting as the home of the Knights of St. John. This famous Order was founded at Jerusalem for the purpose of nursing sick pilgrims, but, under stress of circumstances, gradually developed into a military organisation of soldier-monks, whose history reads like a romance. So powerful did they become that they were a recognised factor in the European political situation as early as the Thirteenth Century, from which period up to the death of Solymán I. they were regarded as the bulwark of the West against the tide of Ottoman conquest. Unable to hold their own at Jerusalem, they removed

been built only that material was abundant on the spot, and Moslem slave labour a recognised institution. Even with modern inventions of science to supplement their strength, no fewer than twenty-five thousand men troops are required to man the defences of Valetta. Disraeli aptly described it as the "little military hothouse of Europe." The Knights did more. They made roads and built watchtowers all along the coast. They employed artists, engineers, and skilled workmen, brought from all parts of the Continent, and to these, as well as to members of the Order, who cared more for the arts of peace than for the art of war, Malta owes her literary and architectural interest. In truth, the Knights found a barren island with a decaying capital; they left it a treasure-house

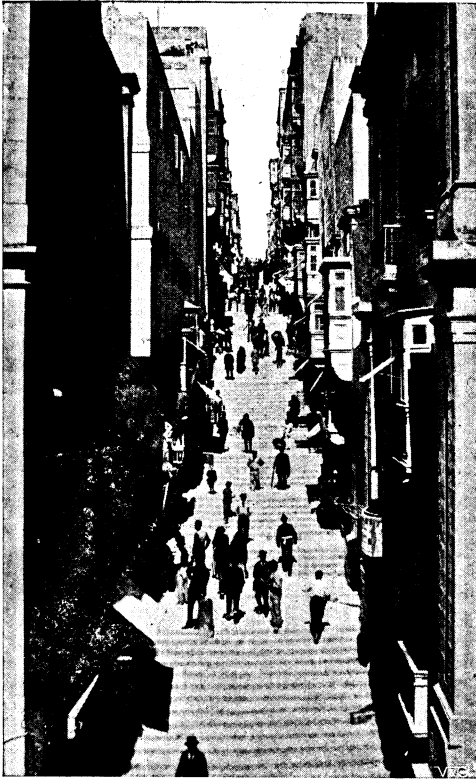


THE GRANARIES, FLORIANA.

to Acre, and from thence to Rhodes. On being driven from that fertile island by the Turks in 1530, the Order, sadly reduced in strength by the siege, was induced to settle in Malta, which was given them by the Emperor Charles V. The islands were valueless to the Spanish dominions, and required a large garrison for their defence. The Knights found a home and a magnificent strategical position, which they turned into a fortified outpost of Christendom. With their advent Malta entered on its golden age. Its bare surface was made to blossom like the rose. Every point on its shores capable of defence was fortified, until it was rendered practically impregnable. A system of fortifications so complete is, perhaps, unrivalled in the world. Such vast masses of heavy stonework would never have

of art and romance, and Valetta a citadel and city combined such as the greatest empire in the world might have envied.

But Malta is more than a mosaic wrought by the genius of mediæval chivalry and the Orient. The siege of the island in 1565 is one of the landmarks in European history. In their ceaseless warfare against the Infidel, in the interests of Christendom as well as in their own, the Knights naturally incurred the fierce hatred of the Porte. Twice they had been attacked in their island fortress by the Turks, and twice they had defeated the enemy with great slaughter. But their depredations on land and sea were so constant that the commerce of Egypt and Syria was in danger of being swept from the seas, and the Order of St. John, not the Ottoman Power, virtual master of the Eastern Mediter-



THE STRADA SANTA LUCIA.

anean. Hence Solyman was driven to take the offensive for the sake of prestige as well as of interest. The Knights, he vowed, should be destroyed, if it cost him the lives of half his subjects. Eight years he spent in making preparations, so that when the Turks appeared off the Maltese coast, their leader, Mustapha Pasha, commanded a fleet of one hundred and thirty vessels, carrying no fewer than forty thousand men, besides an Algerian flotilla, gathered together by the famous corsair Dragut. The Knights on their side had not been idle. Under the direction of the Grand Master, La Valette, the island was put in an effective state of defence, and a body of infantry raised in Sicily and among the Maltese. In all the Christian force numbered about nine thousand men, or as one to four of the enemy. The siege, even more famous than the siege of Rhodes, lasted four months. How sanguinary it was may be judged from the fact that the Turks were reduced to a quarter of their number, and the defenders to six hundred. Valour and a reckless disregard of life were equal on both sides; but the fanaticism of the Moslem, ill-directed and badly armed, was no match for

the iron endurance of the Knights of St. John, lead by the *beau ideal* of a soldier-monk in the person of the Grand Master, and aided by every device of military science known to the age. The fiercest fighting raged round St. Elmo, at the point of Mount Scceberras, on which Valette and its beautiful suburb Floriana now stand. Every day it was able to hold out was a day gained to the defenders of the island as a whole; hence there was no thought of surrender even when it was completely isolated and the walls were honeycombed with the enemy's shot. "Hold the fort or die fighting!" was La Valette's command, and the Knights obeyed it to the letter. Every attack of the frenzied Moslems left them weaker, until there came a night which they knew to be their last. Assembling in the little chapel, they confessed to one another and received the sacrament. Then, worn out with want of rest and ceaseless effort, each man went back to his post and waited. At sunrise the Turks rushed to the attack in overwhelming numbers, and the Knights, dealing terrible



THE ARMOURY IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

destruction to the last, were all killed. But St. Elmo, before which the flower of the Ottoman army had gone down, was dearly purchased. As Mustapha stood among its ruins and looked across the harbour at the massive battlements of St. Angelo and St. Michael, still to be taken, he is said to have exclaimed, "What will the parent cost us, when the child has been gained at so fearful a price?" In truth the siege was practically at an end; for though it dragged on day after day, and week after week, the heart of the Turks was taken out of them by the heroic defence of St. Elmo. On hearing that reinforcements were expected by the Knights, Mustapha abandoned the enterprise as hopeless, and with the wreck of the

swarmed with Algerine and Barbary pirates; by yet another it had so completely outlived the purpose of its existence as to fall a prey to the French without a struggle in 1798. In admiration of the strength of the place, and contempt of the treason and cowardice which had surrendered it, one of Napoleon's officers exclaimed, "It was well that someone was within to open the gates for us. We should have found considerable difficulty in entering the town had it been entirely empty!"

For three months only did the French hold their prize. Then, disgusted with the tyranny and licentiousness of their new masters, and outraged by their plunder of churches and public buildings, especially the old cathedral at Città Vecchia, the Maltese

rose, and having driven the whole of the French force into Valetta, proceeded to invest it, on shore with the aid of Neapolitan troops, on sea with the aid of British men-of-war, under Captain Ball. Nelson, on his way home after the battle of the Nile, made arrangements for prosecuting the siege vigorously. Nevertheless, the brave and soldierly General Vaubois held out for two years, when, despairing of reinforcements from France, and literally



THE MARINA, WITH A VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS.

mightiest fleet and army ever sent by the Ottoman Empire across the seas, he set sail for Constantinople.

All Europe rejoiced. Not only were the maritime nations of the West freed from the depredations of Algerine pirates on their commerce, but the boundary of the Turkish dominions was fixed. Not so long before the Moslem had advanced as far as Vienna, and threatened to overrun Austria. From such a fate she, and all Western Europe with her, was saved by the defence of Malta. It was the last great military achievement of the Knights, as it marked the beginning of Turkish decline. By another century, so corrupt and luxurious had the Order become, that the Mediterranean

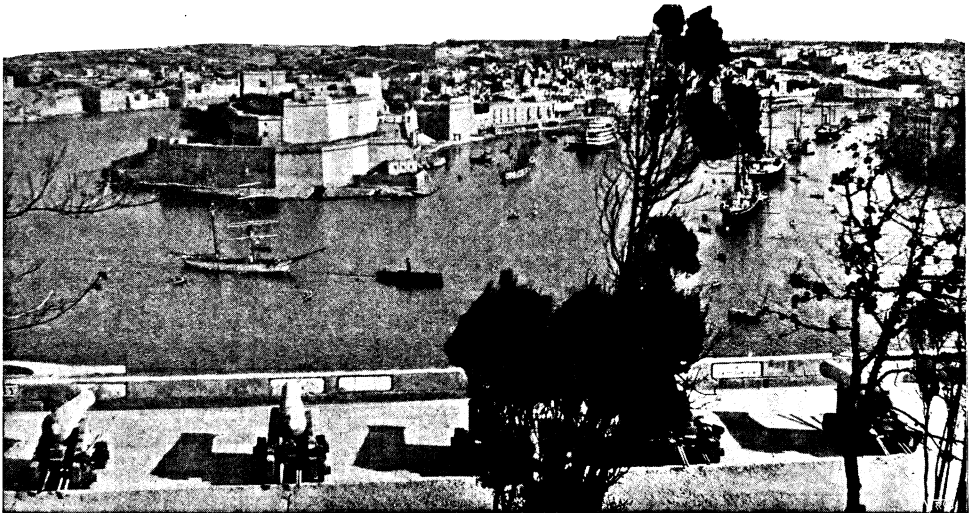
starving, he was forced to surrender. On September 5, 1800, the English entered Valetta for the first time, and the red cross of St. George, instead of the white cross of St. John, floated above the historic battlements of St. Angelo. The Peace of Amiens, however, stipulated that the island was to be restored to the Order of St. John. At this the Maltese lodged such an emphatic protest with the English Governor that he delayed giving effect to the Treaty, which Napoleon made a pretext for renewing the war. Malta remained in British hands until 1814, when, with the consent of the Powers, and in obedience to the wishes of the people, its possession was confirmed to England by the Treaty of Paris.



VALETTA FROM SHEINA.

In all the three thousand years of its history no other of its many Imperial masters used Malta to such effective purpose as England does to-day. Only one hundred and seventeen square miles in area, it is one of the smallest jewels in the King's Imperial Crown, yet withal it shines with a brilliancy excelled by none. To understand the reason one has merely to glance at its position on the map. It dominates all the maritime States of Southern Europe, and stands midway between Marseilles and Constantinople. The commerce of Western Europe with the East is borne past its shores. It is sixty-eight miles from Sicily, and not more than

two hundred from the coast of Tripoli. Hence it is the window from which England surveys the Mediterranean, as St. Petersburg is the window from which Russia surveys Europe. Valetta has, however, the advantage of Cronstadt from a strategical point of view, and is quite as strongly fortified. Until the discovery of America and the Cape route to India, Malta was regarded as the key of the Mediterranean, and its possessor supreme on the seas. With the rise of the Atlantic as a highway of commerce, Gibraltar has taken its place; but Malta has gained rather than lost by the change. She has become warden of the Mediterranean, and, with the opening



THE CITY OF VALETTA AND THE TWIN HARBOURS.

of the Suez Canal, the strongest link in the chain which connects Great Britain with India and the East. She is, in truth, a queen commanding the largest and greatest sea in the world, as well as the coasts of three continents.

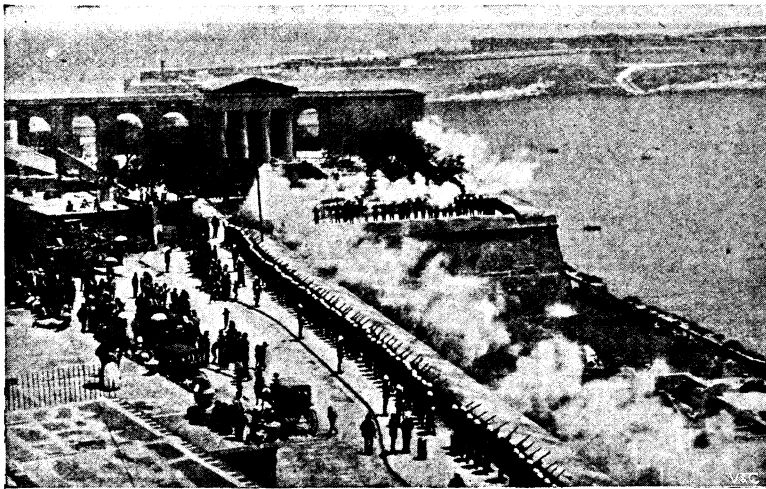
Unlike the Rock, Malta is not a Colony. It is purely a naval and military station. With the steady growth of modern fleets, and their dependence on ports of call, the invention of destructive engines of war, whose effectiveness has yet to be proved, and the lack of practical experience in naval warfare under modern conditions, the importance of this tiny little sentinel, 2,500 miles distant from England, can hardly be overestimated. As a base of operations and sanatorium for the sick and wounded in the

course, is to extend her North African Empire to the Atlantic on the one side and to Egypt on the other. With Tangiers in her hands she would then be able to menace Gibraltar; with Tripoli in her hands she would be able to menace Malta. Her efforts would, however, have been in vain, only that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury played into her hands by giving her a free hand in Tunis and Algeria; but the day of England's graceful concessions is past, and so Morocco and Tripoli are taking front rank among the international questions of the future. In the hands of France either territory would threaten our line of communications to the Suez Canal and to the East. This country can never permit an unfriendly Power to occupy the mainland exactly opposite Malta, or, in other words, to place itself so as to look into our Mediterranean window.

Nor does Malta's importance end with its strategical possibilities. It is a valuable sanatorium for troops employed in the Orient, and as a coaling-station for vessels bound eastward from Western Europe it is without a rival. Nowhere else along the route—not even at Port Said—can ships be coaled so well, so

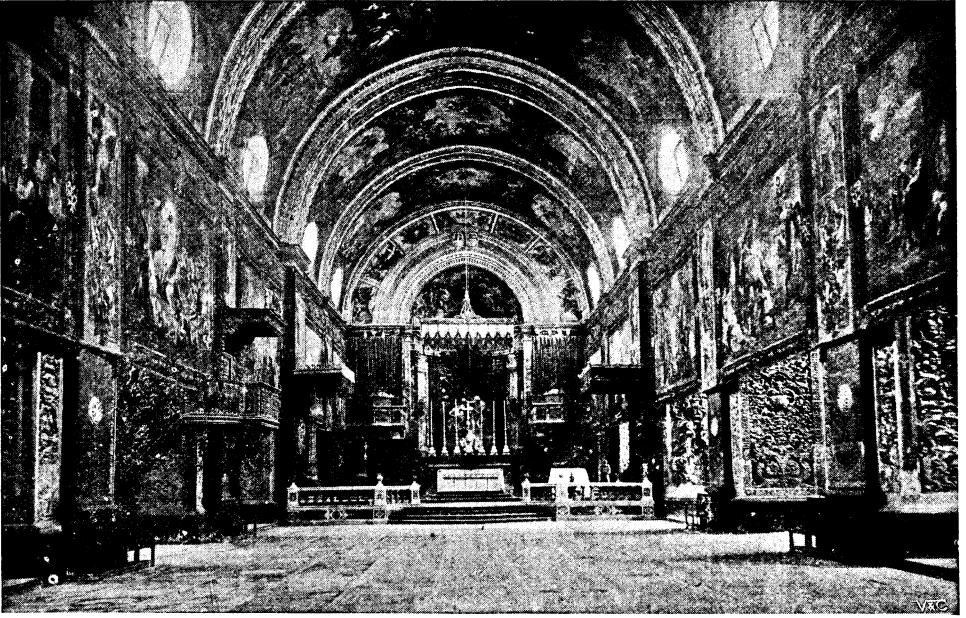
quickly, or so cheaply. Since the unification of Italy other ports have entered the running, but so far Malta, thanks to her ever-safe harbours and active water-front labourers, has been more than able to hold her own. That it is one of the few great ports of call in the world is proved by statistics. Over six hundred thousand tons of coal are annually imported for use and re-exportation. In 1898 nearly eight thousand vessels entered Grand Harbour, representing a tonnage of six millions, figures which, since 1876, have increased threefold. In war time not the least among Malta's many advantages, from the naval point of view, will be her facilities for coaling and victualling warships rapidly.

Valetta was founded by and named after La Valette, the heroic defender of the island in 1565. It covers the ridge placed in



A REVIEW DAY.

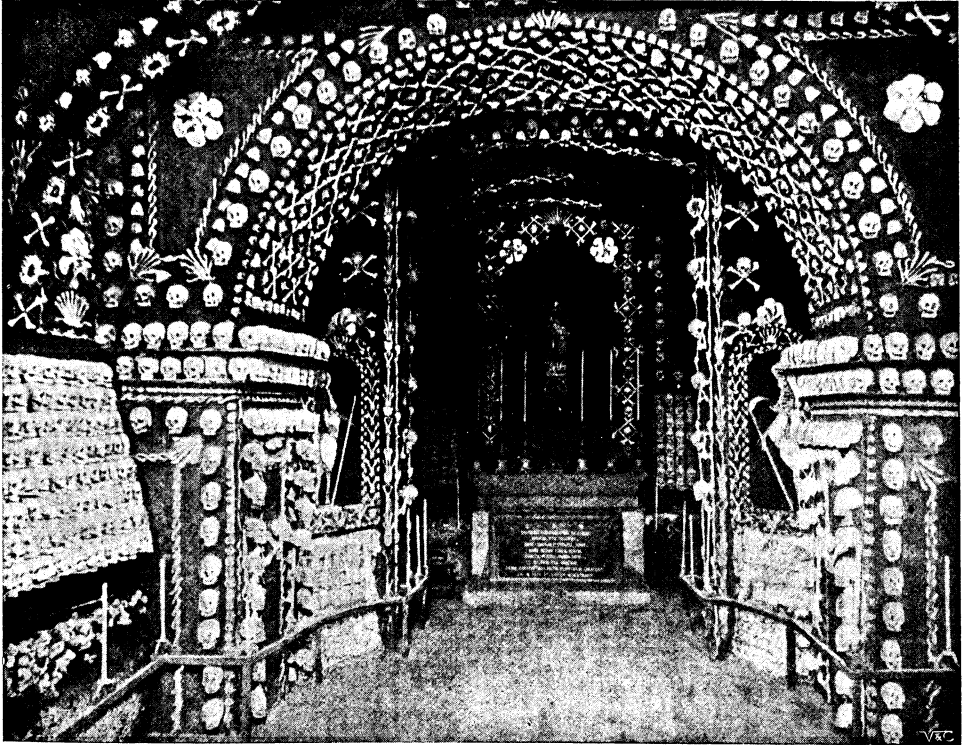
Crimean war, it was invaluable; and should the Empire to-day be attacked either from the East or the West, it would play the same significant part. Moreover, it is the centre of vast interests. All the nations of Europe, with the exception of Germany and the Northern Peninsulas, look out on the Mediterranean or on the seas which are part of it. In the East is a "Sick Man" in Turkey. In the West is another in Morocco. More than one nation is in decay in the North. Vast changes are about to take place in Asia Minor, owing to the proposed construction of the Euphrates Valley railway. Napoleon once boasted he would turn the Mediterranean into a French lake, and France, at the present moment, is in possession of Algeria and Tunis, besides her own Mediterranean territory. Her aim, of



THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

possession of the Turks by the destruction of Fort St. Elmo, a position which enabled them to attack Fort St. Angelo with advan-

tage. Originally it was intended to level the sloping sides to a platform of rock; but hearing that Solyman was preparing fresh



THE CHAPEL OF BONES, LOOKING EASTWARD.

armaments, the Knights abandoned the task before it was half finished, in order to build the city and fortifications on the weakest point of their previous line of defence. To this circumstance is due one of the new capital's most curious features. While the streets running from east to west are level, those that lead to the water front on either side are stairways, and only passable on foot. Hence, to reach the Marina of Grand Harbour, or the landing-places of Quarantine Harbour, a horseman or vehicle must make a detour of over a mile.

From any point of view Valetta is picturesque; but from the Baracca, a court, open to the sky and surrounded by noble arches, on the highest ramparts, it is unique. No other city has such a fascinating individuality; no other city is at one and the same time mediæval and aggressively modern. It stands on a tongue of land, dividing twin harbours, and is about two hundred feet above the sea where its foundations are highest. The point is crowned by the white battlements of St. Elmo, which is so strongly fortified as to require in war time two regiments of artillery and one of infantry to man it. Opposite, on one side is Fort Ricasoli, and on the other Fort Tigné, so that these three forts are all in a line at the sea front. Within Grand Harbour lie Vittoriosa and Senglea, with which are associated most of the historical memories of the city. Here, also, are the docks and victualling-yards, arsenal, naval hospital and custom-house. Beyond the narrow entrance sparkle the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Floriana, named after the engineer who designed its fortifications, is separated from the city by a ditch cut out of the solid rock and spanned by a drawbridge. Originally intended to protect Valetta from the land side, it extends from Quarantine to Grand Harbour, and is nearly a thousand yards long, sixty feet deep, and thirty wide. Out of the solid rock, too, are cut granaries for the purpose of preserving wheat and other stores in case of siege. Floriana might have been named for its beautiful gardens, its flowers, and its mazes of verdure.

In recognition of the fact that Malta is the most advanced European outpost on England's road to India, there is always a certain number of troops quartered there called the "Indian contingent," which, in the event of trouble, are already halfway to the scene of action. The strength of the entire garrison is about eight thousand men.

An unappreciative critic once described Malta as "an inhabited quarry." The inhabitants call it "Fior de Mondo," "the flower of the world." Truth lies midway between these extremes. The island is formed of yellow limestone, whose only relief is the blue Mediterranean, which runs up into the land in bays and harbours. Trees and verdure exposed to the sea air wither away, so that all the gardens and orchards are sheltered by high walls which enclose the smallest possible space. Nevertheless, the soil, brought from Sicily in boats, is extremely fertile. No other people, not even the Chinese, excel the Maltese as gardeners. They grow excellent oranges, figs, and olives, besides early potatoes for the English market, grain, and cotton. As a people they are thrifty, sober, patient, and capable of great endurance—qualities which they inherit with their Arab blood. To the same source may be traced their almost fanatical religious faith, which makes them the most devoted children of the Church to be found in Europe. They are very poor, owing to the steady increase of the population on an island whose area is extremely limited—so poor are they, indeed, that the English penny is divided into twelfths, called grain, for their benefit. As sailors they are admirable, and the Maltese Regiment, raised for the defence of the island, is regarded as highly as the infantry raised by the Knights of St. John in 1565.

From May to November the climate of Malta is detestable. A burning sun beats down on the yellow limestone of the country and the yellow buildings of the towns. Hot winds from Africa, laden with dust, search every corner with enervating effect, and everyone who can do it leaves Valetta, so that during the summer months the Strada Reale is a desert. From November to May the climate is delightful; hence the growing popularity of Malta as a health resort for invalids unable to stand the severity of an English winter. Moreover, as a place of interest the island is well worth a visit. The old capital, Città Vecchia, with its evidences of Roman occupation, the Grand Palace of the Knights, now the residence of the Governor, the Cathedral of St. John, with its wonderful mosaic pavement, pictures and tapestries, tombs and catacombs, a fine library and armoury, besides a thousand other relics of the past, lend Malta a charm second only to the famous cities of Italy. As a European city under an African sky it is unrivalled.

THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.*

No. V.—BLACK THURSDAY.



BRITISH business barometer had been steadily falling for some time, but when it reached Stormy, it went down with stumbles and bounds. In Bradford, where men work largely on overdraft, there were

signals on every hill which pointed to a general collapse. Prices of wool, and yarn, and stock generally, shrank like ice in sunshine. Men who on their balance-sheets of a month before counted themselves as moderately affluent, now saw Ruin gibbering at them. A pestilence of bankruptcy swept the town. Hardly any of the small men escaped. Even the biggest were badly shaken. It was grimly said on 'Change that the Official Receiver's was the only concern in the town running full time.

Hophni Asquith, of the dashing, pushing, thriving firm of Thompson and Asquith, found himself left alone in sole charge, and very soon lost his head. He saw things go from bad to worse, and watched firm after firm in which they were heavily implicated come toppling down like autumn leaves in a breeze; and in the stress of arranging for salvage of the wreck, he lost his health. An epidemic of measles had been running through the mill-hands; then the Asquith children got it; and finally Hophni himself, who was a man of no stamina, and who was just then more run down than usual, got bowled over with the ridiculous, childish complaint.

In less of a commercial crisis, or with his partner at home, Hophni Asquith would have taken the wise course and submitted to the stereotyped treatment. But he was a man

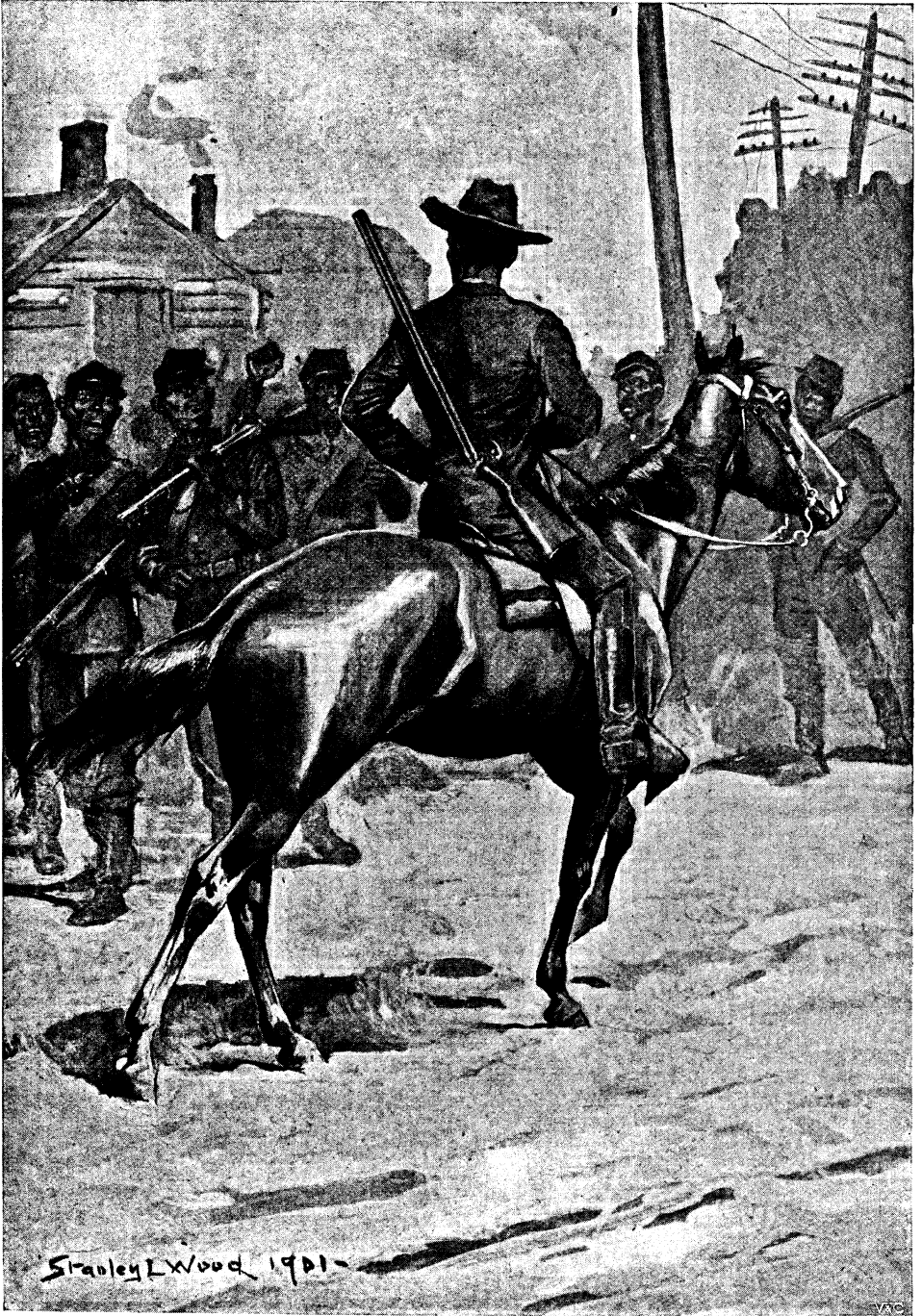
who knew only how to win; he could not take losses without dropping his nerve; and he felt also that he had been left in charge of affairs by his partner, and had no one in the office who could in the least take his place. As a consequence he tried to put the measles on one side, and, as a natural result of this cavalier treatment, the measles in their revenge very nearly killed him.

T. Thompson, the brain of the firm, was in America, and so, with Hophni incapacitated, Fortune, who happened to be in one of her most impish moods just then, simply played ducks and drakes with credits and assets.

In blissful unconsciousness of all this domestic turmoil, Mr. Thomas Thompson toured the United States, arranging agencies, and making local merchants acquainted with the New York house which Messrs. Thompson and Asquith, merchants, had established to sell the goods of Messrs. Thompson and Asquith, manufacturers. The war between North and South was just over; the country was licking its wounds and getting into its stride again; and the Morrill tariff, which had practically prohibited all textile trade with Great Britain, was struck off the statute list. The Democratic party was, for the time being, coquetting with Free Trade. America just then was not far-seeing enough to grasp what high protection could do for her manufactures.

Tom did not compete with the other Yorkshire firms who already imported fine stuffs, and catered for the clothing of the few. He decided that the many—who still remained unprovided for—were quite good enough for him. They wanted cheaper material, but the percentage of profit which it would stand was quite as great, and the demand was about one thousand times as big. There were fewer rich people in the States then than in this era of the Trusts, and Thompson and Asquith were quite open to making their quiet seventy-five per cent. on showy cheap fabrics, which anyone with the least amount of good taste would turn up the nose at. Allowance had to be made,

* Copyright, 1901, by Cutcliffe Hyne, in the United States of America.



"They pelted him with impertinences."

of course, for bad debts, as American commercial morality in those days was at a low ebb; but the seventy-five per cent. was especially devised to counteract these re-

ductions, and so the honest paid for their more knavish neighbours.

Be it said, however, that Tom had not crossed the Western Ocean entirely in pur-

suit of the nimble dollar. The acquisition of money and power were certainly great objects in his life, but just at that period the winning of the hand of Miss Mary Norreys in marriage appeared to him an even greater necessity. He had first come across Miss Norreys by accident ; he intended that her further cultivation should be a matter of design. But here caste stepped in and set up an enormous barrier. The girl was the descendant of a long line of country gentlefolk ; Tom was a mere collier's whelp. In Mr. Norreys' eyes he was certainly *nouveau*, and only problematically rich. Mr. Norreys saw no dignity whatever in labour, and considered that Consols and Land were the only securities worth recognising. None of his people had ever been mixed up with trade, and he would be not-exactly-blessed if he let any of them begin in his time. Tom might take himself and his aspirations to the Devil ; and as for Miss Mary Norreys, she preserved a face of unruffled composure, as though the subject were entirely beneath her concern ; and Tom loved her for it.

This was no sentence delivered in so many words. Tom had far too much tact to let matters come to an open *fracas*. The Norreys shootings and fishing had been let, and Tom had rented them ; he had taken a house in the neighbourhood and furnished it lavishly ; he had set up horses, carriages, kennels, cooks, a refrigerating plant, and a highly experienced butler. He asked Norreys father and Norreys son to shoot with him, and dine, and they did both. He repeated the dose three times before the invitation was returned. And in this proportion they entertained one another during the shooting season.

All Tom's instincts went towards a quick settlement. He wanted Mary Norreys badly ; he wished her to want him as soon as possible ; so that then they might get married and push on with the business of advancing the power and fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. T. Thompson. But he recognised that there was no bargain to be pushed through by sheer power of will ; his tongue was quick, and that of Mr. Norreys was slow ; but Mr. Norreys' drawl somehow carried a power with it that Tom could not fail to recognise, though it was beyond his art to reproduce it.

It annoyed him to wait ; it annoyed him when he was given very plainly to understand that the lady's hand was probably for another, and certainly not for him ; but these things did not in the least disturb his

desire to marry her, or upset his cool faith that one day or another he would bring this thing to pass. He had never been thwarted yet in any really important matter, financial or otherwise, that he had firmly set his mind on ; it had grown to be a creed with him that anything within sight could be got, if only you tried hard enough for it ; and he did not intend that his theories should be upset by a matter which lay so entirely near to his heart as this marrying of Miss Mary Norreys.

It is probable that in the end Mr. Norreys got a trifle frightened at the continued sight of Tom's big, dogged jaw, and the prevalent rumours of his hard persistency, and his unbroken success. He was a man who took a heavy pride in keeping his family within its caste, even in the female branches, and, moreover, he was a man who took no superfluous risks. So one day, in reply to an invitation to dine and shoot, Tom was informed that Mr. Norreys and his second daughter Mary had gone abroad for an indefinite period.

Inquiry showed that the destination was America, but nothing further disclosed itself. Mr. Norreys had taken particular care that his route should not be advertised, by the simple expedient of not deciding upon one before he sailed.

However, America in those days was a far smaller place than it is now, and Tom wired to Liverpool for a berth in the next boat and sailed for New York next day. It occurred to him that now was the exact moment to push the American branch of his firm's business into active life. Hophni Asquith quite saw the point of this, and as he had to be left in charge in the meanwhile, Tom sat with him in the office during the remaining twenty hours he had in England, and together they talked through and decided on the policy of Thompson and Asquith for the next six weeks, with what seemed to them a microscopic thoroughness.

Through New York, if they had reached that port, the Norreys had passed without trace, but Tom put on a couple of reliable men to find out for him their movements, and in the meanwhile took up the affairs of his business, with the result above recorded.

In due time a report of their progress reached him. They had landed in Philadelphia, and after a week in Pennsylvania, had gone straight down South to visit friends who had a plantation in North Carolina. Tom got the news in Baltimore, and took the cars that night for Ashville.

As he sat a day later on the piazza of the Battery Hotel, smoking an after-dinner cigar, and looking thoughtfully at the blinking fireflies, a man swung round the corner with a "Fancy seeing you here!"

"Why, Emmott!"

"Oh, it's all right about me. I live out Arden way when I'm at home, though that's been seldom this last fifteen years."

"Are your people the Emmotts of Bowden's Bluff, by any chance?"

"Certainly."

"Never talk to me of coincidence again. Who'd have thought of connecting John Emmott, yarn merchant, of Berlin, with these people here! Why, man, I didn't even know you were a Yank."

"I'm not, thank God! I'm a Southerner."

"Beg your pardon. Being a mere Englishman, I don't quite understand your distinctions in this country yet. But you didn't take much interest in the war, did you?"

John Emmott flushed. "You've got on to a rather delicate subject, but as you're down here, perhaps I'd better explain. I didn't agree with local theories on slave-holding when I was a youngster, and so they took me down from Harvard, and, in fact, I more or less got the dirty kick-out. That's the way I drifted to Germany. When the war came, I just wanted to get back to my country more bad than you can think. But I couldn't fight for the South, as I still didn't like what was the essence of their theories, and I wasn't going to be a renegade and fight against them. So I stayed on in Berlin and bought Bradford yarns. But," he added with a sigh, "the mischief isn't over yet, and I've come to see if I can't help straighten things out a bit. The old people have seen a heap of trouble, and, well, they're old, and I'm the only son they've left. They haven't invited me, mind you. I guess if they've lost everything else, they've their pride left still. But I've a notion if I came back as the prodigal son, they'd be pleased enough to provide the veal."

"Pretty those fireflies are, snapping away under the trees. I'd like to meet your people. May I drive over when you're settled in?"

"Now, why the deuce do you say that? You take no sentimental interest in the South. Your sympathies are with the Northerners, if you take any interest in the country at all. And besides, from what I know of you myself, and from what I've heard of you in Bradford, it's a sure thing you don't do anything unless T. Thompson

is to make some dollars over it. Now, what do you want out of my poor old people in their trouble? What's your little game?"

"Don't get angry, and I'll make a small confession. It is not your people I want to meet at all. But they have some guests just now who interest me very much indeed."

John Emmott leaned forward in his rocker and tapped Tom on the knee. "Say, I don't know whether you are talking quite innocently, or whether you are tackling a very dangerous job. But if you'll take the cinch from me, you'll go back North and get on with your ordinary business. You won't find it healthy out at Arden if you're going there for empty amusement; and if you've taken on some job for your friends the Yankees, you'll find this neighbourhood very sickly indeed. Just remember that the white men round here are all ruined, and they're feeling pretty desperate just now; and I, well, I'm not John Emmott of Berlin just now. I'm a Southerner."

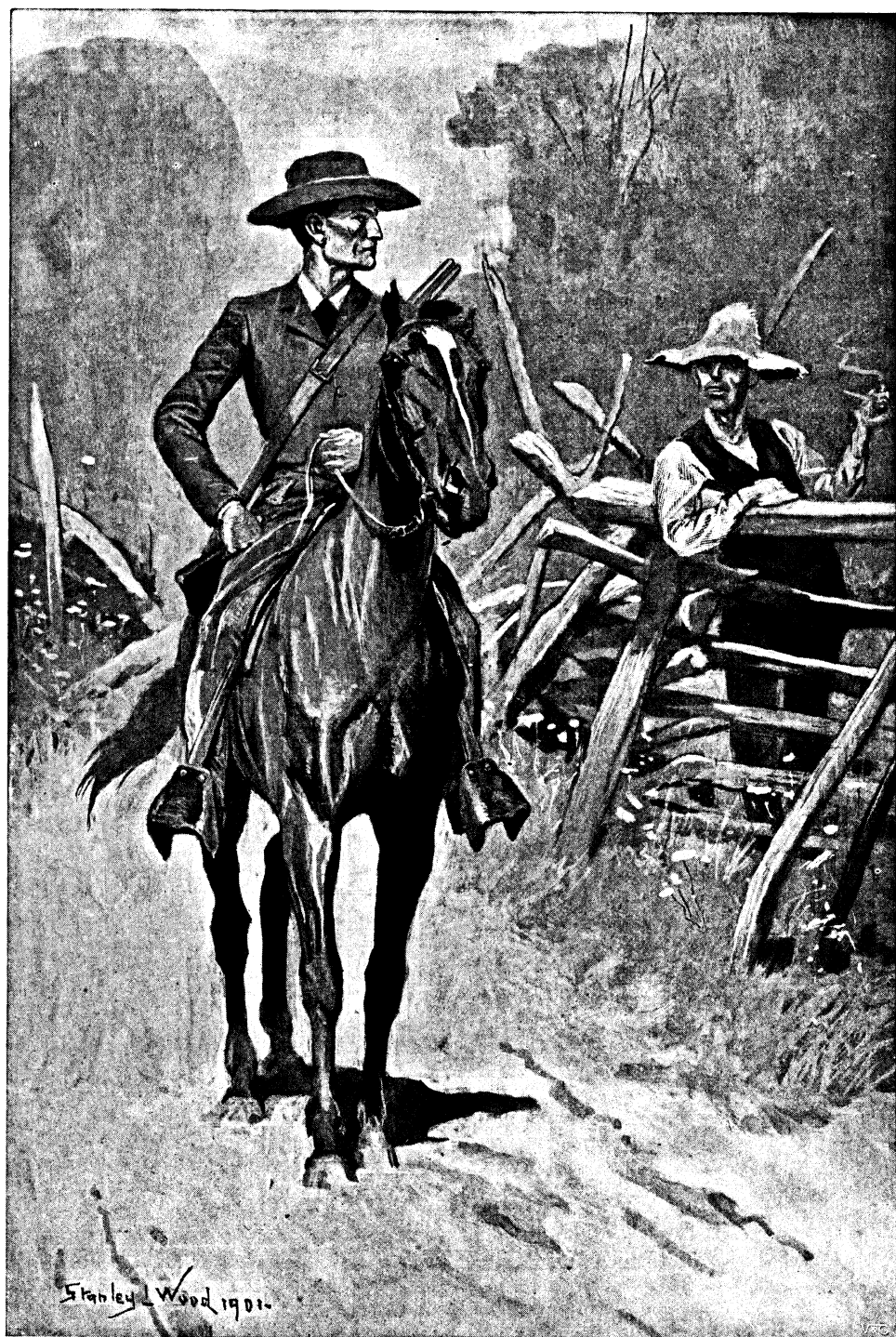
Tom listened unmoved. "It's Mr. and Miss Norreys I want to see."

"How did you know they were staying at Bowden's Bluff? It's news to me. You seem to know a good deal."

"Well," said Tom, with a grim smile, "as you appear to think I'm trying to force my way into your house for some suspicious motive which I haven't arrived at yet, perhaps it's only due for me to tell you that my one object is to marry Miss Norreys. I can't afford to let any time slip by. I hear she is practically engaged to another man whom her father arranged for her to meet on the steamer coming out, and I'm going to knock him out of the running, if I have to upset half America to do it."

John Emmott shrugged his shoulders. "If you will go, you will, and there's an end of it. I know you're a lot too pig-headed to change your mind through any argument of mine, if you have made up your mind on the matter. But if trouble comes, and you find yourself in the middle of it, don't say I haven't warned you. And," he added, in a harder voice, "if the trouble does come, and we find ourselves on opposite sides, don't think that because I have known you in Europe, I shall refrain from shooting you here."

"I can tell you in a moment which side I shall be on, and that is the side favoured by Miss Norreys. I don't know which that is, and I do not remarkably care. As for your suggestion of shooting, I'll take the hint and provide myself with a weapon to-morrow.



“You pull raound, sonny, and get away back!”

And now, suppose we change the subject. Tell me, will you, what sport there is in the neighbourhood? You've wild turkeys here, haven't you? I'd like much to bag a couple or so, if it could be managed."

On the afternoon of next day, Mr. Thomas Thompson, spruce in person, and neatly booted, rode out on a hired horse with a hard mouth and a bullet-clipped ear. He had a shot-gun on a sling over his shoulder, and two hundred 12-bore cartridges in a neat roll over the pommel of his saddle. When he was alone, and riding down a track between high woods, he pulled a miniature from his pocket and nodded to it cheerily. "I'm going to have you, you know," he said, "so you might as well give in without further trouble. Eh! lassie, but you are a beauty! You are worth the fighting for. And yet, so far, the only things tangible I've got to remind me of you are a picture and a stuffed trout. Well, I guess they're enough, and I could do without even those at a pinch. I'm not likely to forget you this side of eternity."

When he came out into Arden village beside the railroad track, he met a party of negro militia shuffling along through the dust, and they, after the custom of that unhappy period, pelted him with imper tinences. Tom had never troubled himself about colour questions before, but somehow, at the sight of some of their brute-like faces, his gorge rose within him. The atmosphere of the South was beginning to sink in. But one thing puzzled him. Why should they hail him as "mo' Ku Klux trash"? What was this Ku Klux? He had heard of it several times within the last day or two, but whenever he asked for explanation, he could only get a stare and an evasion. From John Emmott in particular his question drew forth something very like rudeness. "If you don't know what the Ku Klux is, you'll do quite well without being told. If you do know, you've come to the wrong man here if you're trying to pump me for further pointers."

It was seldom he could let his hard-mouthed old troop-horse go beyond a walk. The roads over which he travelled had been cut up with the passage of guns and the heavy transport of an army, and no one thought of repairing them. This annoyed him, because, in the first instance, he was always a man who liked quick movement; and, in the second, he was vaguely conscious of some disturbing influence in the air. He was nervous about the safety of

Miss Norreys. He wanted to be at hand ready to look after her. He had never known what it was to be nervous about anybody before.

The attitude, too, of the various people he asked his way from was not reassuring. When he inquired for Arden, they just pointed listlessly enough; when he mentioned Bowden's Bluff, they stared at him inquiringly; when he added the name of Colonel Emmott, the blacks cursed him, and the whites usually threw in a word of warning. "I suppose you know what you're about?" was their usual question. But one lean tar-heeler was more open. "'Say, you're liable to'n attack of chills-an'-fever daown at the Kernel's to-day. You pull raound, sonny, and get away back!" Tom stuck out his jaw and rode on.

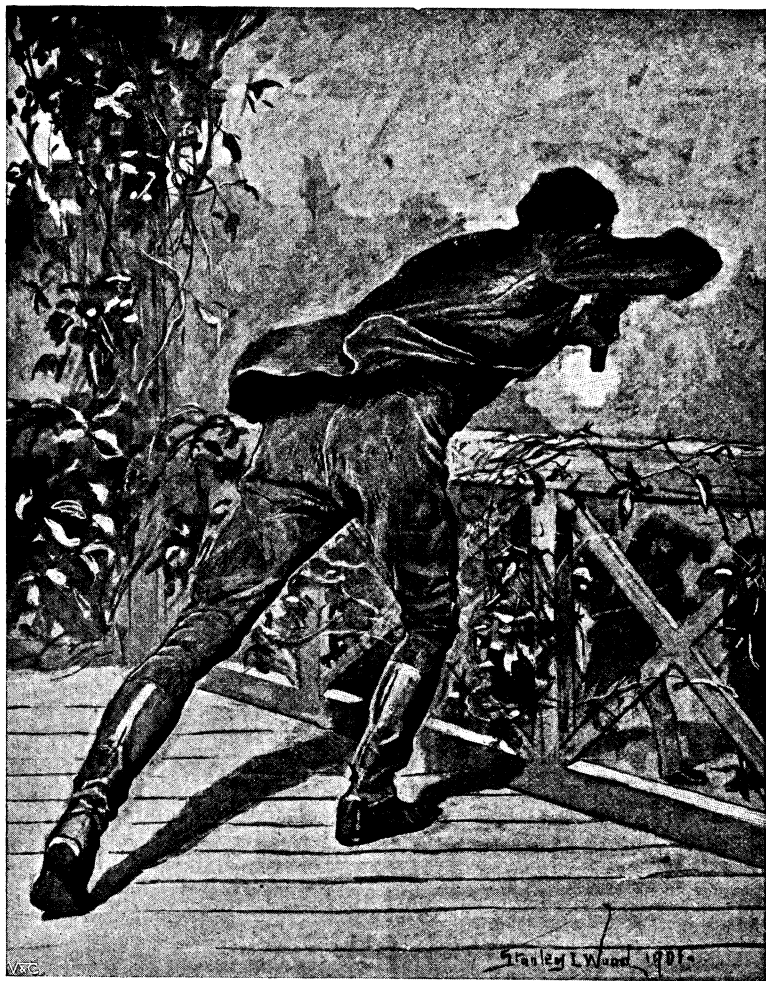
When he came to it, the once prosperous plantation was a sufficiently dismal sight. Here and there sorghum, corn, or tobacco grew with uncultivated rankness; but the zigzag snake-fences were derailed or spread level with the ground; and in many places secondary-growth forest sprouted shoulder high. The house itself—a fine building of stone, raised a man's height above the ground on stone piers—had escaped fire and shot; but neglect and the climate had marked it with terrible fingers. Its piazzas were mere jungles of trumpet and catorba vines; the shutters of the windows limped on single hinges; the gaps in the cockled grey shingles were an invitation to the jays and the squirrels.

There was the faint smell of wood-smoke somewhere in the air, but no reek came from the chimneys, and from the front of the house no trace of recent human occupation betrayed itself. Tom moved up to the entrance-steps on his uneasy-gaited horse, and looked sharply about him. Hornets were building their clay-pencil nests in the angles of the front door's panels. A lithe black snake flickered away under the foundation-pillars of the house, like the lash of a vanishing whip.

Tom made no attempt at this unpromising door. He wheeled his horse with intention to circle the house and try if the back offered more hospitality. But round the first angle he stopped, chuckled, and swung off his hat. Miss Mary Norreys was displayed in a string hammock between two of the posts of the piazza.

She coloured a little and nodded to him.

"You expected me, of course?" he asked.



"Tom sent them, in return, two charges of number six."

She answered this rather Jesuitically—"Papa didn't."

"Emmott did say I was coming, then?"

"He brought the news this morning. Papa went away yesterday, over to Tennessee. If he had known of your arrival, I'm sure he would have stayed to receive you."

Tom chuckled. "I suppose I should take his sudden exit from England as some kind of compliment?"

"What is the connection? He came out to see Colonel Emmott, who is an old friend of his. I didn't know you even knew the Emmotts—" Miss Norreys had a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh, John Emmott is an old acquaintance of mine. Didn't he tell you? Perhaps not, though; he seems in a queer mood just now. By the way—sudden thought—did John

Emmott come out in the same boat with you?"

"No; why?"

"Because," said Tom coolly, "I'm told there was a man in that boat who seems to be in my way, and if there is anyone I have got to put my heel on—or, if necessary, shoot—I should prefer that it was not an old friend."

Mary Norreys pulled herself out of the hammock and stood facing him, with the piazza rail and its straggle of trumpet vine between them. "Mr. Thompson, I don't pretend to misunderstand you, but please remember that I resent this. I do not know what rumours you may have heard, but I may tell you that the person you talk about is no more to me than—than you are."

"That's all right, then," said Tom

bluntly. "But they told me you were engaged."

She bit her lip and flushed. "Your information seems surprisingly accurate. We were engaged. We are not now. When Mr.—when he heard we were coming to Colonel Emmott's, he objected. There was something in Colonel Emmott's political opinions he did not like. So my father broke it off. The engagement was my father's wish from the beginning."

Tom rubbed a fly from his horse's bullet-clipped ear with a switch. "Now, I find Colonel Emmott's political opinions charming. I don't in the least know what they are, but they seem to have your approval, and I for one will defend them utterly. It appears to me that Mr.—that the other fellow was small-hearted."

1007 10

"He was a gentleman."

"And I was born a collier's son, and am a *parvenu*. Do you still prefer gentility?"

Mary Norreys laughed and plucked a red blossom from the trumpet vine. "That's a very bold question and a very broad one."

"But still you could answer it."

"I could, I suppose. If you want an answer now, I don't think you would like it."

"But later? I can wait. I could wait eternally almost. In a week's time, say——"

John Emmott came sharply round the corner of the piazza. "Miss Norreys, you must go away from Bowden's Bluff at once, please. I've made arrangements. There are

troops coming, and there will be wild work here presently. 'Morning, Thompson. You'd better put heels into that old creak of yours and clear out as fast as you can go. They've spotted you down in the village, I'm told, and you'll get shot on sight if you're found here. I warned you," he snapped out irritably, "not to come, you fool!"

"What has happened?" asked the girl. "Why are the troops coming? Why should we go? Surely United States troops would do nothing to us?"

"They're nigger militia," said Emmott; "and if you've not been long enough in the South to appreciate the coloured man under these circumstances, you must take my word for them. I'm sure Thompson will back me."

"All the way. Miss Norreys, you must go."

"But," she persisted, "what is the trouble? The war's over and forgotten. Why should troops trouble you?"

"Ku Klux," said Emmott shortly. "There's no time to explain. We've only just got the news, and every second wasted now means more danger. Colonel Emmott and my mother will be your escort. You will cross the French Broad River, cut the ferry adrift, and get on to a friend's house on the other

side. They will give you horses, and you will have to go into the mountains and hide till things have blown over a bit. I am sorry, but you should never have come here. Your father was warned that the Colonel was mixed up with this miserable Ku Klux Klan, and if he'd been anything short of a fool he would have stayed away."

"Then you are not implicated with it? You will ride away back to Ashville with Mr. Thompson?"

"I," said John Emmott, with a grim laugh, "shall stay on here in the house, and keep those martial coloured men amused till you are safely out of the way."



"With a yellow sheet of flame flickering over his head."

"I'm reckoned rather good myself at entertaining people," said Tom. "I'll stay with you."

"More fool you! Now, Miss Norreys, you must go. Please remember it isn't only yourself that you are risking. Colonel Emmott and my mother have their fine old Southern pride, bless 'em! and they won't take care of their own skins till they've seen to the comfort of their guests."

The girl moved reluctantly. "But I don't like leaving you—and Mr. Thompson. Why can't you come, too, and leave the house?"

"Because when they found the place clear, they'd run on and nip us before we

got to the creek, or shoot us down on the ferry. As it is, they'll stay here till you're over, and once the boat's adrift, then you're all right. The French Broad's in flood, and it's no nigger's job to swim it."

"Then you'll be in no danger? You'll come on afterwards?" She looked at Tom. "Both of you?"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Emmott. "Take Thompson with you, if you want him. I can do alone."

Mary Norreys crimsoned, and went, which was what John Emmott wanted, and when he and Tom had seen the three of them well off down the river track, they turned again to the house.

"Now look here," said Emmott, "there's your horse tied to that tree branch. Just you mount and quit. There's nothing commercial about this job. There's nothing to be made out of it."

"It will be quite a pleasant change."

"I tell you plainly we haven't a cat-in-even chance."

"As I have seen the troops for myself, and counted cocoanuts, I guessed it will be a tight job keeping them off. What's the plan? We can't hold the whole of the house against them. It's too big. Besides, it's all windows and doorways."

"There's a store-room inside, with stone walls and one door. We can finish up there. Listen!"

A chorus of voices, not unmusical, singing "John Brown's Body" made itself heard in gradual *crescendo*.

"By Heaven! the brutes are here already. Well, we'll go to the front door to receive them."

"Wait a minute," said Tom. "I've a few necessities on my saddle." He went round the piazza, unstrapped the roll of cartridges from his saddle, and turned the old troop-horse loose with a thump on the quarters to make the best of its chances. Then he loaded his gun and snapped up the breech. "Now," he said, "I'm quite ready to help you with your entertainment."

"John Brown's Body" came nearer, to the accompaniment of a good flat-footed tramp, and Tom, who had a fine ear for a tune, perched himself on a piazza rail and joined in.

John Emmott opened the front door and stepped inside. "Better come in here under cover," he advised. "They'll shoot you like a partridge when they come round the corner of the trees there."

"I don't think it," said Tom, and stuck to his seat.

The black soldiers swung out into sight, saw him, and bubbled into quick excitement. Their song snapped off in the middle of a bar; Tom's kept on bravely. He knew that time was of value if the retreating party were to get across the French Broad undisturbed, and took his chances accordingly. The soldiers halted thirty yards away from him, and an officer harangued him. The officer said that if he would throw down his gun, and come out and surrender, he should be taken away and given fair trial. Otherwise he would be shot. The same offer applied to Colonel Emmott and all the other people in the house.

"But, great Brown!" said Tom, "what on earth do you want to arrest me for? I'm a blameless Englishman, and I haven't been in North Carolina a couple of days."

"You know, sar. You know what you've done."

"I'm bothered if I do."

"You're one of the Ku Klux trash."

"Never heard of the gentlemen till a couple of days ago. I remember you mentioned their names when I had the pleasure of meeting you just now in Arden village. Will you kindly define?"

The negro officer would not. But he talked enormously, and repeated his threats and invitation to surrender.

"Nothing of the kind," said Tom. "I'm a blooming Englishman; and if you shoot me, there'll be Old Mischief to pay."

They occupied twenty minutes over this edifying wrangle before the officer finally lost his temper and gave an order. Four bullets flew. Tom sent them, in return, two charges of number six shot, which, at thirty yards, spread finely, and were acknowledged by an uproar of squeals and yells. Then he retired through the front door and slammed it behind him.

"Well, you're a cool hand," said Emmott, "seeing it's the first time you've been shot at."

"Oh, it isn't that. I received my baptism of fire years ago."

"Where, you curious person? I thought you were a worsted manufacturer."

"Also poacher. It was a keeper who couldn't run as fast as he would have liked, and loosed off out of disappointment. Now, where's your fortress? Those jokers will have the door down in a minute, and be through half a dozen windows, and I've no especial fancy for being shot down like a rat in this passage."

"Along here," said Emmott, and led the way. "Whilst you were speechifying, I've been collecting bedding and stuff for a breast-work. You kept them off and made time splendidly. By Jove! though, you must be awfully fond of that girl to stay here with me. You know, it means being wiped out."

"I'm going to marry her when she sees the necessity of it as much as I do; and therefore we must use our wits so as not to be killed just now. You've picked a grand place to hold here. We shall be quite in the dark, and so they can't see where to shoot; whereas out in the hall there they'll be in the light, and we can pick them off like pheasants. They're firmly persuaded that they've got your father and a whole crew of folks boxed up here."

"They don't seem in any hurry to get at us."

"So much the better. They are letting off temper a bit by smashing and bashing furniture and window-shutters, by the sound of them. By the way, what is the trouble all about? Not that it matters, of course; but I should like to know what I'm fighting for, just out of curiosity."

"Oh, Ku Klux."

"That's just unmeaning gibberish to me. Can't you explain further?"

"It is a sort of secret society which the broken Southern gentlemen are using now to get back a reasonable amount of the power of the State into their hands. I agree with that object well enough. The present corrupt nigger government forced upon us by the Northerners is intolerable. But the Ku Klux methods I detest."

"What are they?"

"Oh, murder, murder, murder—that's what it amounts to. And the grimmest part of it is that my father is the president of the Klan. But he is my father, and so I'm here covering the retreat."

Tom laughed. "We seem a queer pair of champions for the cause. There's humour in it, if only you look at it the right way."

"You've an odd notion of what's funny. Do you notice that smell? We're not going to have our shooting over this barricade, after all."

"Fire!" said Tom. "They've set the house ablaze. Sensible of them, but ugly for us. How far is it to the French Broad River?"

"Our people ought to have it in sight by now. Another ten minutes, and I should say they'll be safe. We can then take our

choice of staying here to suffocate or fry, or else making a dash for the outside and getting a bullet. You bet they'll have all the guns well placed."

"Wait a bit," said Tom thoughtfully. "I haven't time for a funeral just now. I want that girl, and I want a lot of other things first. How many doors are there to this house?"

"Three."

"And how many windows?"

"Oh, any number."

"That's awkward. I was hoping there might be one side where they wouldn't have any guns posted."

"There are no windows or doors on the side that backs on to the woods, of course."

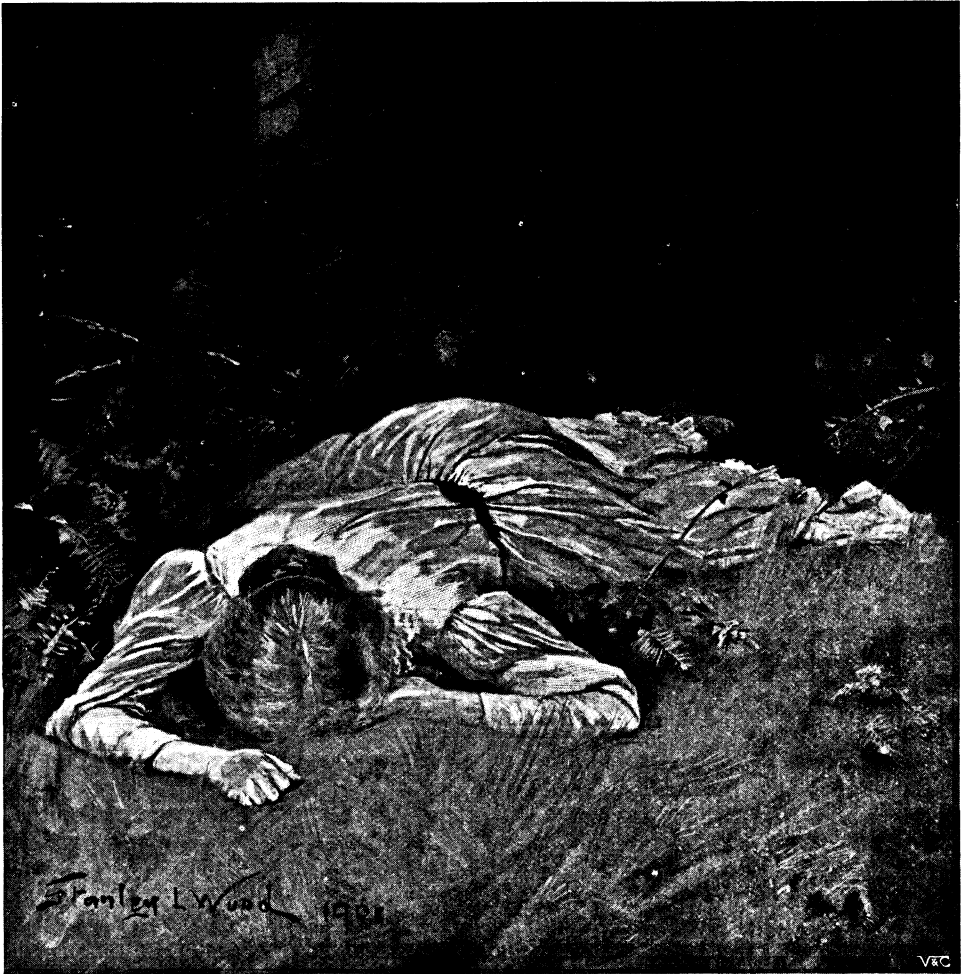
"Good. Then that's the side on which we leave."

"But how, man, how? We can't pick a hole in that solid masonry in the time that's left us."

"Through the floor. Here, give me that big, ugly knife of yours. I'm the stronger, and I'm the better carpenter of the two, and we must hurry. This smoke's getting bad. The house is built on stone piles, isn't it? And underneath there, it will be full of smoke by this. We must cut a hole down to it. Once we're through this floor, we shall have a clear run of it to cover. It's all America to a tintack they haven't wasted men by putting anybody to guard the solid side of the house."

Tom, with the knife in a lusty fist, hacked and sliced and splintered at the boarding of the floor, coughing the smoke from his lungs, and bedewing his work with perspiration. Over and above them the dry wood-work of the house crackled and roared. Outside were the negro militiamen with itching trigger-fingers. Round all was the ruined plantation and primeval North Carolina woods.

Slowly the tough boarding gave under the knife-slashes, nearer and noisier grew the fire. The stone walls of the store-room splintered under the heat. The doorway was like the throat of a chimney. Only near the floor could they breath at all, and even there the stinging smoke was like to have choked them. But at last a small hole was cut through, and Tom got his powerful hands into the gap and wrenched away a board. He tried the boards on either side; they hove at them together; but none would budge. They had to be painfully cut through with the knife before they would yield.



"Threw herself down amongst the ferns."

Flames began to dart in at them through the doorway in hungry yellow tongues. Tom hacked, and slashed, and wrenched, and strove; two boards gone now, and a third yielding. The heat was intolerable, and the clothes on their backs were singeing in spite of the drench of perspiration. For a moment Tom thought he was going to lose Mary Norreys, after all.

One more gigantic effort, and another board yielded, and the gap was made sufficiently large. There was no standing on precedence now. Tom crammed Emmott through into the unseen below, and followed, with a yellow sheet of flame flickering over his head. He beat and kicked Emmott into consciousness, and together they tottered through the reek, with the walls and floors of the house thundering to blazing ruin

above them. The smoke drove in a solid wall down to the edge of the trees, and gave them cover, and presently they found themselves lying, breathless and scorched, in a cool green fern-patch, beyond probable reach of harm.

It was five days later than this, and after considerable wandering and adventure, that the pair of them came up to Colonel Emmott's retreat in the mountains. The Ku Klux organisation had proved useful, in so far that it had picked up its chief and his wife and guest after their passage of the French Broad, and had handed them along from house to cabin, and from cabin to camp, along the rough mountain trails of the western North Carolina woods. They brought up finally in the domicile of one Colonel Swanlee, a mutinous Southern gen-

tleman, who, for the maintenance of his revenue, ran a moonlight whisky-still, and it was here that the rearguard joined them.

They had recaptured the hard-mouthed horse with the bullet-clipped ear, and had ridden this veteran turn and tie on the trail of their friends, and it happened that John Emmott was the first to come up with their hiding-place, and so got in the first word. He was not sparing with the colour. It had occurred to him many times within that last five days that but for Tom's strategy, and Tom's pluck, and Tom's strength, he, John Emmott, at any rate, would not have been able to enjoy the hospitality of Colonel Swanlee's whisky-mill, and he was not ashamed of being openly grateful. Being, moreover, a man without the smallest jealousy, he was not in the least ashamed of lauding Tom up to the skies for the benefit of all and sundry who listened, and for the special behoof of Miss Mary Norreys. So that when that hero himself arrived, very hot, and very dusty, and very tired, he found the lady looking upon him with a certain something in her eyes which sent him very nearly light-headed with happiness.

They sat down to a supper of bacon and heavy corn bread and imitation coffee, which seemed to Tom just then an epicurean feast. And afterwards, when Colonel Swanlee brought out a demijohn of corn whisky, potent enough to bite the bark off a tree, and with the guarantee that it had never paid the North a nickel, poor Tom had to forego the luxury of a tot, as he felt quite drunk on Mary's looks already.

But he made then what the girl described afterwards as the one most miserable mistake of his life. There was an interval after the meal, in which the men adjourned to smoke their cob pipes on the stumps of the tiny clearing, and the women-folk stayed behind (after the mountain custom) to give attention to the domestic offices. Afterwards, if eyes as true as hers could be read, Tom felt that Mary would come alone with him down one of the trails, and give the answer he so longed for to the question he so dearly wished to put.

In the meanwhile, however, the courtly Colonel Swanlee, like some evil old sprite, must needs show the perfection of the abominable Ku Klux organisation. "My friends, sir, in Ashville, knowing that you were in some trouble with the dirty Northerners, took the liberty of applying for your mail. We have our interests in the

post-office, as elsewhere. I trust, sir, you will find your correspondence all intact, and its contents to your taste."

Tom was in no mood for letter-reading just then, and glanced them over with but slender interest. But seeing one address in Hophni Asquith's handwriting, shaky in outline, and marked "Immediate," he tore the envelope, and presently was conscious of a feeling of deathly sickness.

"Firms going down right and left . . . tried all I knew . . . then health went . . . still struggled on from sick-bed . . . unconscious or delirious for whole week . . . Louisa pulled me through; God bless her! . . . doctors say very near thing . . . shattered now . . . we went down on that Black Thursday; but could have done nothing even if I had been there. Too ill to make even a guess at our assets . . . of course, everything will have to be sold up, yours and mine. Terrible for Louisa and the children. Oh, thank God! Tom, thank God, old lad, you never married!"

The words danced and swam in a sickly scum before poor Tom's eyes, and his head rang with the shock of it. So near to what his heart wanted, and then that this unthought-of blow should come! It was the most fiendish of cruelty. The money? Bah! that was nothing. He could soon make some more. The position and the credit? A few years would soon restore those. But he had nothing to offer now—and he was an honourable man. He could ask no woman for her hand till the stigma of this bankruptcy was taken away.

He got up from the stump and wearily staggered away down one of the trails through the woods. A few minutes ago he was treading on air; his soul was bursting his ribs with its bigness. Now he blundered along, weary-footed and with shoulders bent. Night had fallen, full of mystery and odour, and the moon rode high. The crickets and the tree-frogs and the katydids clattered amongst the branches. The dew stood in diamonds on the ferns, and the purple shadows danced languorously. But he neither saw nor heard any of it. Where he was going he did not know, neither did he care. All the brightness was gone out of his world, and the primitive man in him came out and he instinctively drifted towards the deep woods to find a hiding-place.

Footsteps came after him, light footsteps which crunched the dead leaves daintily, as though anxious to draw attention to them-

selves. He heard nothing. Presently Mary Norreys came up from behind and laid gentle fingers upon his arm.

He looked down at her heavily. "Ah!" he said; "you?"

"You did not wait for me?"

"No."

"They told me you had a letter which seemed to carry bad news?"

"Yes."

"I had a letter from Bradford. I can guess what has happened."

"Yes."

"It seems to have been very bad for everyone in Bradford. They call it Black Thursday."

"Yes," he said dully. "Black Thursday; good name, isn't it? It's Thursday to-day, too. I should like to call this Black Thursday also. It's late, isn't it? I think you had better go back. Good-bye."

She moistened her lips. "Have you nothing more to say to me?"

"No, nothing that I know of."

"I thought you had—earlier—just when you came back—before you read that letter."

"No," he said painfully; "it was a mis-

take. I was pleased to see you again, that's all."

"I'm not greedy after money, if that's what you think."

"No. I know you wouldn't be. But I can't say anything more, that's all. I must go now, please. I must go back to business. I must go and begin again, I mean."

"I understand. I wish you would have said more, but you won't. I know why, and I honour you for it, Tom. You must let me know how you succeed, and I hope you will find success quite soon again."

"Yes—I will let you know—when I have made success again—if you are still——"

"I shall be still Mary Norreys, if that will help you."

"Dear," said Tom, "I will take no promise from you, not even that."

He krelt for a moment and put his lips to her dress, and a drowsing squirrel in a live oak above opened her eyes and watched him. Then he rose to his feet and ran violently away down the trail, as though some heavy temptation hung behind his heels.

As for Mary Norreys, she threw herself down amongst the ferns and wept as though her world had ended.



A PASTORAL.

From a photographic study by Charles Reid, Wishaw.

PING-PONG OR TABLE TENNIS.

By WALTER HARRISON,

HON. SEC. CAVENDISH TABLE TENNIS CLUB.

Photographs by C. Pilkington.

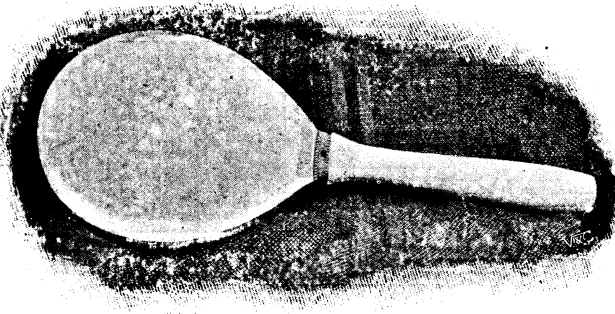
OF all modern games, Table Tennis—or Ping-Pong, as it is at present more generally called—holds a unique record as regards the rapidity with which it has passed from the regions of the unknown to its present place as a fashionable pastime. Whilst the game was undoubtedly introduced in a crude form several years ago, it was not played to any extent till July or August of last year, yet by Christmas it had caused a perfect *furor*, and no upper or middle class social function was considered complete without its Ping-Pong table. Yet, wonderful though this rapid development is, its cause is not far to seek; the game unquestionably fills a long-felt want which the various indoor pastimes previously introduced had failed to do. Demanding, as it does, quickness of eye and hand; furnishing splendid exercise, keen interest, and real enjoyment; being inexpensive and easy to arrange for—it appeals alike to the middle-aged and the young of both sexes, and is equally popular in the enthusiastic clubroom or the more *dilettante* atmosphere of the drawing-room. The features of the game that have contributed so materially to its popularity would also seem to furnish a reasonable ground for the belief that, far from being a mere passing craze, Table Tennis has “come to stay,” and may be said to have already taken its place as the indoor branch of Lawn Tennis. A word with regard to the actual name of the game. Whilst it has undoubtedly attained its present popularity under the onomatopoeitic title of

Ping-Pong, its more enthusiastic and serious devotees object to the somewhat frivolous suggestion which this name conveys, preferring to style the game Table Tennis, and there seems little doubt that under this latter title it will live in the long run.

In describing and treating of the game of Table Tennis, it is almost essential to presuppose on the part of the reader some general knowledge, at least, of the companion game of Lawn Tennis, and the writer has followed this course in not attempting a

detailed explanation of the technical terms common to both games. Table Tennis is played on almost exactly the same lines as the “Singles” game of Lawn Tennis, except that, as no courts are marked out,

the full expanse of each half of the table is available alike for the service and the return. Whilst the game can be enjoyably and skilfully played on any ordinary dining or drawing room table of six feet or more in length, the size of the regulation match table has been fixed for the present by general consensus of opinion at nine feet long by five feet wide. The height of the net should be in the proportion of about three-quarters of an inch to each foot length of the table—*i.e.*, the height of a match net is six and three-quarter inches. Whilst there are a number of different styles of net supports on the market, each claiming special advantages, the undoubted *sine quâ non* is that they should extend six inches or more beyond the sides of the table, thus leaving its

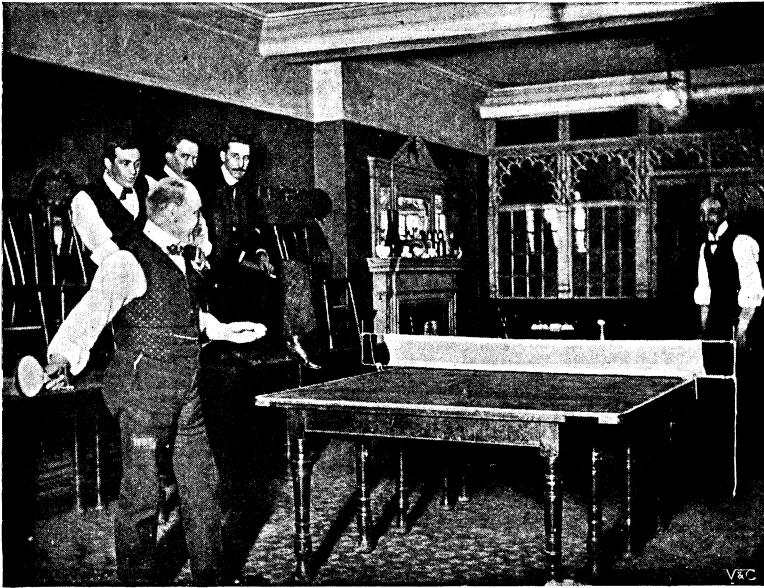


THE NEW RACKET.

full width available for unobstructed play. Two types of racket are at present in vogue, the one being covered with vellum and the other strung with gut, the former, with a playing surface of about six inches by five inches, being much more

allowed, and that volleying is entirely prohibited. Owing to the fact that the game is at present quite in its initial stage, and that no central controlling association yet exists with the requisite authority for framing definite laws and regulations, the foregoing

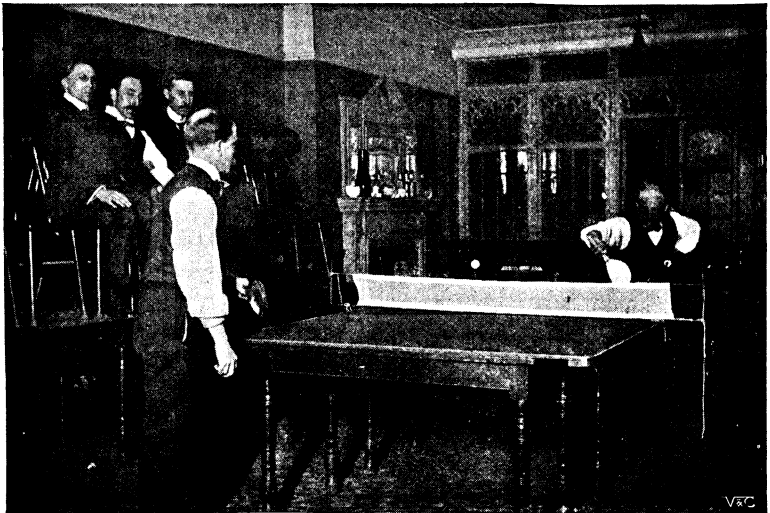
general rules have received somewhat varied interpretations by different sets of players up and down the country. This particularly applies to the "service" rule, as the expression "underhand" allows of considerable latitude. Difference of opinion also exists as to the reading of the "no volleying" rule—as, for instance, in a case where the return would have been clearly out of court if the ball had not been vol-



THE SERVICE.

generally favoured. Originally the ordinary battle-dore with a long handle was used, but this has evolved into a specially designed racket such as that shown in our opening illustration. The balls used are of celluloid, about one and a quarter inches in diameter, combining strength with extreme lightness, the latter quality being specially advantageous for drawing-room play, as entire immunity from damage to even fragile ornaments is ensured.

The general rules of Table Tennis are very simple, being practically the same as those which govern Lawn Tennis, with the exception that the service must be strictly underhand, that in serving no "fault" is



THE RETURN.

leyed. The "Cavendish Table Tennis Club," which, in its capacity as the pioneer combination of players, has assumed temporary legislative powers, has adopted the following definite rulings in regard to these two points: "That the service must be delivered from below the *waist*," thereby disqualifying an

almost unplayable service delivered from about the height of the shoulder; and "That all volleying, irrespective of the position of the ball at the time of the volley, shall count against the volleyer." The foregoing instances will serve to show the urgent need that exists for a similar body to the All England Lawn Tennis Association to undertake the management of Table Tennis, and the most likely move in this direction appears to be the amalgamation of such clubs as at present exist, with the gradual inclusion of others as they may be formed. Meanwhile the experience which is being gained by those who are playing the new game under varying conditions is certain to

points being the winner—is usually adopted. In inter-club contests the matches are decided on *games*, except in the case of a tie, when the *points* are taken into account.

As has been already stated, Table Tennis is a most fascinating and enjoyable drawing-room pastime, and to this fact must be attributed the signal and rapid success it has scored. A reasonable proficiency of play is comparatively easy of attainment, especially by those who are Lawn Tennis players; and in consequence the game appeals to a very large section of the community. It is also a most interesting game to the spectators, can be played in almost any reception-room, causes no damage to the furniture or orna-

ments, and for these reasons is invaluable to the hostess who has to provide entertainment for guests of miscellaneous tastes and capabilities. Had Table Tennis, therefore, no other claim on our consideration, it would still form a most welcome addition to the somewhat limited catalogue of winter amusements; but it makes a higher bid for lasting popularity than this. Notwithstanding the good-natured banter of some renowned proficient in various other branches of



CLOSE PLAY AT THE NET.

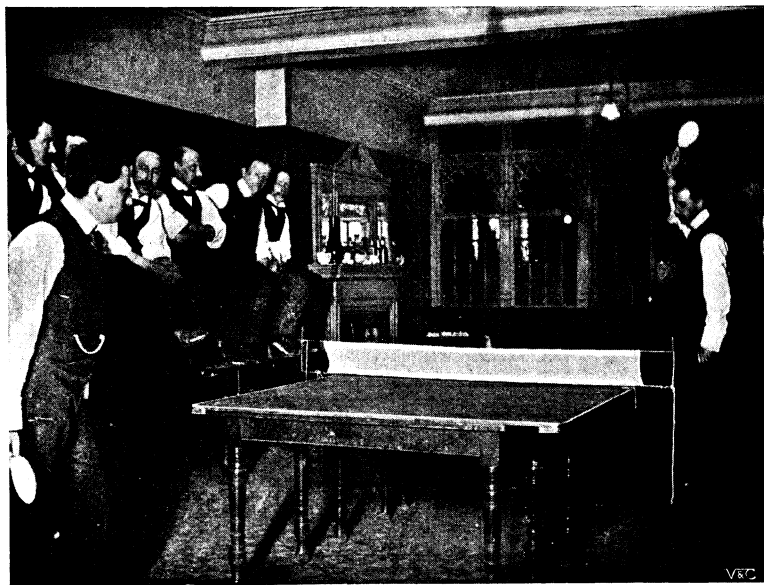
be of great value when the time comes, in the near future, for codifying definite regulations that shall receive general recognition and acceptance. The scoring is either by games and sets, as in Lawn Tennis, or by games of a given number of points, the latter form being more usually adopted, as a simpler and certainly more reasonable method, besides lending itself more easily to handicapping. Experience has shown that a game of twenty points up is very suitable as regards length, and most of last winter's matches were decided on such games. For ordinary club or drawing-room tournaments the American system—in which all the competitors play each other in turn, the scorer of the highest aggregate number of

sport, who profess to class Ping - Pong with marbles, peg-top, and other juvenile amusements, there is a large and rapidly increasing number of those who have discerned the enormous possibilities of the game, taken seriously; and this brings us to a brief consideration of Table Tennis as a club pastime ranking with Lawn Tennis, Rackets, Fives, etc., as a recognised section of athletics.

Though the game itself can only be really regarded as less than a year old, a number of clubs had already been formed in the early part of this year, and were energetically and systematically playing Table Tennis, both at regular practice and also in inter-club matches. The first of these formed to exploit the game seriously was the "Cavendish



PING-PONG IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIES, R.I.



THE SMASH.

Table Tennis Club," inaugurated in October of last year; and our series of illustrations are taken from flashlight photographs of this club practising at its headquarters, 40, Moorgate Street, London, E.C. The general lines on which the game of Table Tennis is played have already been indicated, and whilst the various strokes used closely resemble those of Lawn Tennis, as the play is so much faster in the former game, their style is modified accordingly. A few remarks, therefore, on the leading Table Tennis strokes may not be without interest.

The Service.—The style adopted by various players differs, according as the service is relied upon to win the point or simply to start the rally. With the former object in view, the writer has found a very hard, low delivery from several feet behind the end of the table most effective, as the striker, even if able to return the service, usually sends back the ball so high as to render a winning shot comparatively easy to the server. It need hardly be said that, as no "fault" is allowed, anything like certainty with such a service requires constant and careful practice. Some players attempt a "screw" service, but this is not very effective, owing to the smoothness of the vellum racket and the celluloid ball.

The Return.—The respective merit of the forehand and the backhand return forms a constant subject for discussion amongst Table Tennis clubmen. There is a great deal to

be said in favour of each stroke, and probably the most effective play is that in which either style can be easily adopted at will. There are, however, first class players who stick religiously to forehand play from every part of the table, as, for instance, Mr. G. H. Burrow, a valuable member of the Cavendish Club match team, who never plays a backhand stroke under any circumstances. On the contrary, Mr. A. Harrison, who is one of the most difficult players to beat, much prefers to take everything backhand, though, when pressed, he uses an effective forehand Tennis stroke. Undoubtedly, however, the backhand stroke is used to a much greater extent in Table Tennis than in Lawn Tennis, and it is one which the would-be expert should cultivate thoroughly. The two *desiderata* in the return stroke are hard hitting and good placing, the tendency being rather to neglect the latter in favour of the greater brilliancy of the former. This is, however, a great mistake, and the case of Mr. C. P. Dixon, the well known Lawn Tennis player, may be cited, who, by his superb placing, ran quickly into the front rank of Table Tennis exponents very shortly after taking up the game.

The Half Volley.—This is, perhaps, the favourite stroke with Table Tennis players, owing to the very fast nature of the play. Many of them rely upon it almost entirely, and a sharp rally of low, half-volley strokes between two such players as Mr. G. H. Mennell, of the Cavendish Club, and Mr. C. G. Eames, of Kentish Lawn Tennis fame, is a very pretty sight. On the other hand, there are those who much prefer the long, swinging stroke, resulting in base-line play, notably Mr. Dixon, who uses the half-volley stroke comparatively rarely. That this stroke is absolutely essential at times all players will allow, and it is therefore one which, whilst not at all difficult to learn, is well worth carefully developing.

The position of the players, when engaged in a rally of half-volley strokes, is shown in one of our illustrations.

The Smash.—This, whilst unquestionably the most effective, is certainly the most difficult of all Table Tennis strokes, requiring, as it does, unerring judgment, lightning quickness, and absolute accuracy. Against a player of medium calibre this stroke is almost certain to score, and its constant repetition has a most demoralising effect on an opponent. Mr. Llewellyn Hutchinson, one of the earliest players of the game, and to whom it owes, perhaps, more than to any other enthusiast, is the best “smasher” the writer has yet seen, and, as may be gathered from another illustration, when in form for his favourite stroke, is practically unplayable. The only way to discount the advantage possessed by the skilful “smasher” is to avoid “lobbing,” and to adopt a hard, low style of play.

There are, of course, other strokes incidental to all-round play, but these have not sufficiently distinctive features to warrant their being specially referred to here. None the less are every style of play and all methods of attack and defence worth careful thought and practice, as only by these means can a high standard of proficiency be attained.

The main requisites for high-class Table Tennis play are such as are common to all similar games, though, in some instances, intensified. Quickness of eye, flexibility of wrist, rapid judgment, coolness, agility, and last, though by no means least, perfect

G. H. Mennell. L. Hutchinson.



CLOSE PLAY AT THE NET.

control of temper, are all essentials. These, if not naturally possessed, can in most cases be easily cultivated, and it is one of the most pleasing features of the game that the range of age in which skill can be attained is so large, and this as regards both sexes. The adage that “Practice makes perfect” is peculiarly true as applied to Table Tennis,

and at the same time the possibilities of the game are so great as to form incentive to constant effort, for the idea that the limits of skilful play have as yet even been approached would be scouted by the leading enthusiasts of to-day.

As to the future of Table Tennis, it would be unwise to attempt to dogmatise, but we think that from the foregoing it may fairly be deduced that the game has in it all the requisite elements of a high-class indoor pastime. That it is at the present time ridiculed by many, objected to by some, and cordially detested by a few, is entirely discounted by the fact that it has provided untold enjoyment and



A. Harrison. W. Harrison. G. H. Burrow.

THE CAVENDISH CLUB MATCH TEAM, 1900-1901.

healthy exercise to thousands during the last year, and will do so increasingly in the near future. It may be remembered that Lawn Tennis had to go through a period, shortly after its introduction, when it was contemptuously relegated by athletes to the realm of girls' schools and garden-parties. It successfully survived the ordeal, and it augurs well for the future of Table Tennis that its keenest players are drawn from the ranks of Lawn Tennis and Cricket. Probably the coming winter will be the crucial time for the new game, and will determine its continuance or otherwise ; but if it be taken up again with

renewed energy by those who almost regretfully abandoned it at the advent of the hot weather, its future would seem to be assured. That there is a large section of those who have played Table Tennis in its after-dinner social variety, which has not yet recognised the game as a really serious branch of British sport, goes without saying ; but the formation of suburban and provincial clubs, which commenced last winter, and which is likely to largely increase during the forthcoming season, will, we believe, tend to accord its true value and legitimate position to this best of all indoor pastimes.



AMALIETTA.

From the picture by L. Passini. Reproduced by permission of the Graphic Art Publishing Co., Berlin.

HEROES OF THE HEARTH.

By MRS. COMYNS CARR.*



WIDOW MARSTON'S cottage stood at the cross-roads. A sign-post at the meeting-place pointed up the hill to the woods of the Squire's domain, and

down the hill to the water-meadows and the sea. The church and village street lay beyond the cottage to the left, and a very little way along it, on the opposite side, was another solitary cottage, trimmer and tidier than the widow's, with a tiny brick-paved path beside which hardy chrysanthemums bloomed gaily, and a porch upon whose eaves remnants of passion-flower and Virginian creeper hung streamers stripped of their leaves.

Widow Marston's cottage was very different to this. To tell the honest truth, it wore an air that was very nearly disreputable. To be sure, it was a very old building, and had a thatched roof; but a handful of straw would have mended the roof, and a few pence would have put the pane in at the window, while there was evidently no need to have broken bottles and rusted pails standing among the rotting cabbages in the front garden. Proper folk blamed the widow for her slatternly ways, though some, again, made excuses for her, seeing she had no one to work for her and no one to work for. Her two sons were all the kith and kin that she had, and they were both at the war.

And indeed everyone had pitied her when George went, and had pitied her more when William's regiment was ordered out afterwards; but the mother herself had never complained.

She had, in fact, been heard often to say that if she had twelve sons, she would give

them all to their country. She had a right to hold her head high in these days—she, whose husband had been a Victoria Cross man, and had given his life for his Queen when the lads were but babes. And the neighbours admired her pluck, and marvelled to see how she had cheered her sons on their way at the parting. Nevertheless, it was judged to be a mistake that a mother should go about boasting that her boys would bring home the coveted prize as their father had done.

One could allow much for a mother's vanity, but swagger wouldn't win the Cross—no, nor even the stripes. If it would have done, Bill would have got his by now, and George would have been something more than a lance-corporal, and him thirty years of age and more! Of course, they were dashing chaps, but there were plenty such nowadays. And the most cruel whispered that if the boasted boys had been a bit steadier, and had spared their widowed mother a regular slice off their pay, the cottage at the cross-roads would not have been a disgrace to the village. But then Widow Marston had always been a thriftless body. She had let herself be married "off the strength," to begin with, and when her man was killed she had thought that the sight of his V.C. would be meat and drink and schooling and everything else to the lads: she deserved to have them turn out none too well. And—rather than go crowing about the place over them, it would have been more seemly to say her prayers, said the women. But the men smiled as they heard them chatter, and some bade their own be silent.

Little did the widow care. *She* did not suppose her sons to have turned out ill. And she went her way gaily, and when folk advised her to see that she had a comfortable home ready for her heroes' return, she would only grin and say, "Time enough for that!"

Certainly the cottage at the cross-roads was anything but comfortable. And when the widow was turned off her work at the "big house" at last, for having been the worse for drink one night, it was not to be

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wondered at that folk prophesied she would end her days in the workhouse.

For a day she was crestfallen, but only for a day.

"The country'll keep me," she would say confidently to Mrs. Welsh opposite, who had a husband at the front. "You thought you done jolly well for yerself, gettin' married on the strength, I dessay. Folks blames ye for not waitin' for that, I know. But you see if I don't git mor'n you do afore we's done! The country's proud of our men, my dear, and you see if they don't pay up!"

And so the country did.

The parson applied to a Charity War Fund for the widow, and got her an allowance which was more than Mrs. Welsh had for herself and two children off her own man's pay. For Mrs. Marston was the widow of a V.C. man, and had all her sons at the front. Yet the cottage at the cross-roads assumed no better appearance; only its mistress was gay again, going about with an excited air that was sad, somehow, to see, and always offering good-naturedly to mind Mrs. Welsh's brats whenever that young woman got a day of her former work to do up at the "house."

The only thing that Mrs. Marston had no patience with was "snivelling," and she was always rating Mrs. Welsh for lack of spunk and spirit.

"You and me 'ave got to show the civilians what pluck be," she would say gallantly. "Why, ye did ought to be proud to 'ave a 'usbin' i' the regiment, i'stid o' moonin' around wi' a scared face, and moilin' and toilin' as tho' ye wasn't niver goin' for to get no 'elp and 'ad got ten to keep i'stid o' only two. Why don't ye go out and listen to the news a bit, and keep yer 'eart up a-hearing o' the fun?"

But Mrs. Welsh only shuddered.

"Why, there's nothin' but work keeps me from thinkin'," she would answer. "And I finds it 'ard enough to pay the rent and keep the child'en clean, I can tell ye!"

"Ah! ye did ought to ha' married off the strength," laughed the widow. "But ye'll get a bit. You and me didn't ought to 'ave to work at all, that's what I says!"

"I don't mind the work," repeated the wife. "But I'd like to 'ave 'ad a bit i' the savin's bank for a spree agin Ted comes 'ome! And I'm afeard sometimes I shall 'ave trouble enough to keep things goin'."

"Well, ye'll 'ave plenty o' time," laughed the elder woman. "There be a deal for 'im to do afore 'e comes 'ome! But you'll get a bit from my place afore the game's out.

They do say as the rich folk be goin' for to keep us s'long as the war lasts. Proper they should, too! If sayin's be true, it be for the rich folk as the lads is fightin'."

"Why, I thought it was for the Queen," said Mrs. Welsh, opening her eyes.

"Aye, sodgers o' the Queen, God bless her!" cried the mother of soldiers, with her most martial air. "But Mr. Pearkes, at the 'George,' 'e did 'ear tell for sartin sure as the rich folk was to get more good nor the poor, some way. So 'tis but fair they should pay."

"I'd sooner Ted was fightin' for the Queen," murmured Mrs. Welsh, in a puzzled way. And she added, simply, "Ted allers said them bars was rare places for 'earin' a lot of stuff talked. So I dessay it's only 'cos we doesn't understand."

"Mr. Pearkes 'e knows a thing or two," insisted Mrs. Marston doggedly. "And 'tis plain as the rich folk knows they did ought to 'elp us, or they wouldn't ha' come down so 'andsome. So where's the call to work? says I. Let's be merry s'long as we can, for these be glorious days!"

But Mrs. Welsh only opened her eyes wider, as she turned indoors.

"Well, I worked when Ted were t'ome," she said, "so I can just as well do it now. I don't seem to want to be countin' on charity."

"She's used to soldiering," she explained later to another neighbour, "and she likes the ways o't all round. Not but what very like she don't allers take it so jolly as she'd boast."

But that night Widow Marston took it jollier than ever. There was news at the "George"—a battle, a victory, and then a list of the killed, wounded, and missing, though to the rank and file no names were as yet attached.

But the regiment had been in the thickest of the action—had distinguished itself, and Widow Marston had not the smallest doubt that her son had helped to win the distinction. So she drank deep to the "Soldiers of the Queen," and did not get home till daybreak. There was a light burning in Mrs. Welsh's cottage when she got there, and she tapped at the window.

"Whatever for do ye want to go waitin' up all night for bad news?" said she indistinctly.

"Who says it's bad news?" faltered the young woman.

"Oh, I don't say so! But it'll come fast enough, whichever 'tis," said she.

And it did.



"Aye, sodgers o' the Queen, God bless her!" cried the mother of soldiers."

The next day the names and numbers were out, and Private Welsh was among the missing.

Then Widow Marston was sympathetic.

"If 'e 'ad ha' bin killed, there'd ha' bin glory and a bit o' pension for ye," she said. "And if 'e 'ad ha' bin so much as wounded, there'd ha' bin some credit. But there ain't no money nor yet no credit i' missin'. Missin' ain't got no satisfaction to it. For ye can't tell the meanin' of't."

"Oh! go away and don't talk so awful," moaned the poor woman. "I can tell the meanin' of't. I sees my pore Ted a-lyin' there o' the cold ground, i' the pōurin' rain, without so much as a drop to drink, I do! They say men goes off their 'eads that way—raving mad, I've 'eard tell! Oh, dear!"

And her tears rained down and she forgot to wipe them away, and the children cried and she forgot to comfort them.

"Go along," said the other sarcastically. "Why, it's so 'ot out there, them as wears

bare shins 'as got 'em all blistered. 'Tain't the cold ground as 'e's blamin'. And as like as not 'e be cribbin' a drop this very minute to drink to the grand day—if so be 'e can get it. Lawk-a-mussy! ye 'ave got a pore 'eart! What did ye go and mate wi' a sodger for, if ye didn't want 'im to fight?"

"I dunno," whimpered Mrs. Welsh. "But I think war's all wicked—I do! Folk a-cuttin' o' one another hup as though they was butcher's meat!"

"Well, I never!" cried the widow of a hero, holding up her hands in dismay. "Why, 'twere a glorious day for us! I grant you 'tis nicer to 'ave yer own i' the best place for the fightin'; but we can't just choose as we please, and ye must look to the victory all round. War's wicked? Why,

what'd the Queen want 'er sodgers for, if there wasn't never to be no wars, and where'd we be then? 'Ow's a man to get his V.C. if 'e don't fight?"

Mrs. Welsh didn't know and didn't care just then. She took up the wailing babe and put him to her breast, rocking him and herself to and fro miserably.

"Come now, there's a jolly lot o' the henemy killed," comforted the other, and little reckoned that her comfort would fall flat.

"Aye, I know there's 'eaps of pore souls feelin' as bad as I be," said the poor-spirited one. "But I don't seem as though I could think o' that just now." And her sobs broke out afresh.

Mrs. Marston sat down and positively groaned.

"What! ye *don't* mean to say as ye be for pityin' the *henemy*?" gasped she. "Why, ye be a disgrace to the Harny."

"I ain't thinkin' o' henemies nor no,"

gulped the young wife half pettishly. "I ain't thinkin' o' nothin' only my Ted. But I'm sorry for ivery pore soul that's as bad as me. So there!"

"Well, ye deserve to 'ave yer man missin' i'stead o' wounded honourably," retorted the disciplinarian severely.

"I'm sure I dunno what yer be drivin' at," moaned Mrs. Welsh. "Ain't it wuss for me not to know whether my man be killed or no? 'Tain't no shame to be missin'. 'E done 'is duty."

"Maybe," said Mrs. Marston darkly; "but there's some as be prisoners, and who'd want their man to be sich-like?"

The young woman leapt up, thrusting the toddling child from her knee, so that she cried out terrified, and hugging her infant to her till he whined.

"Prisoners!" cried she. "Why, then, Ted mightn't be dead; no, nor yet wounded!"

Scorn curled the old woman's lip.

"'Tis plain to see you don't come o' fightin' folk," said she, with withering sarcasm, and turned on her heel.

But that same night when she was sitting beside her comfortless hearth, hugging herself over the feeble heat of a feeble fire, and half-minded to brave a soaking rain rather than be deprived of the news and other consolations which the "George" could afford, a tapping at the door was followed by the quick entrance of Mrs. Welsh, with an excited face.

Her eyes were dry and shining, and her cheeks were flushed.

"See 'ere," she said, fumbling nervously in her pocket, and finally finding a dirty piece of paper, which she held out with a trembling hand. "*That* ain't my Ted's number! I dunno 'owiver I could ha' bin sich a gaby as not to notice it afore. There's a mistake!"

The other took the paper and, holding it a long way off, studied it for a minute.

But the light from the puny, evil-smelling petroleum lamp was murky, and she studied it in vain.

"I sometimes think my eyes ain't what they was," said she vaguely.

"9052," said the young woman impatiently, "and Ted's number's 9051."

The old woman's cheeks had flushed, and she rose slowly, dropping the paper into the fender.

"'Ow dare you come 'ere tellin' me sich tales!" spluttered she. "9052 be my Jarge's number, and 'ow could 'e be tuk prisoner, 'e what done and tuk two prisoners 'isself

only last time as 'e wrote 'ome? Why, 'e'd die sooner!"

"I didn't know—I'm sure I'm very sorry," faltered Mrs. Welsh. "But surely it'll be a mistake again; don't ye take on."

"Take on!" echoed the elder angrily, seizing an old knitted shawl off the door-peg and hastily wrapping it about her shoulders. "Me take on? Why, I *know* it's a mistake, bless ye! Me take on? I ain't none o' yer snivellers!" And she rushed out into the rain.

Mrs. Welsh stood a moment, stunned; then she heaved a great sigh—for, after all, she was not even sure yet that it *was* a mistake. And putting out the lamp in her neighbour's cottage, she hurried back to her sleeping babes.

"One'd really think she'd sooner he was wounded," she murmured. "Well, if it be my Ted, pray God 'e be a prisoner and not 'urt, and I'll bear all the rest."

But the old woman, as she raced through the rain as fast as her trembling limbs and faster than her scanty breath could carry her, ground her teeth and muttered, "O' course it's a mistake. It's Teddy Welsh safe enough. He were allers an on'andy sort of a chap, and safe to git in the wrong 'ole!"

But it was not a mistake this time.

That night both women got notifications from the War Office. There had been an error in the first number. The proper number belonged to George Marston, and not to Teddy Welsh, and "missing" was now found to mean a "prisoner."

But though in the midst of her thankfulness the wrong man's wife would gladly have wept a tear for the man who was so truly the wrong man now, and would warmly have shown her sympathy with the neighbour on to whose shoulders she had so innocently shifted her burden, Mrs. Marston remained true to her colours, and would brook no "snivelling."

The kind curate, who called with a judiciously blended dose of congratulation and condolence, listened in surprise and then turned away disconcerted.

"You can at least bless God that your son's life is spared to you," said he, "when so many poor mothers are mourning over distant graves."

"Much you know about it, young man," the widow had retorted—and the parson was reported to have whispered later on into the ear of a friend that the poor creature had certainly imbibed a drop to drown her grief

—“much you know about it, as niver 'ad a sodger in yer family, I've 'eared tell! I don't bless God for naught as I ain't proud on. I *ain't* proud as my Jarge be a prisoner i' the henemies' 'ands and can't fight no more for his country. You can't tell 'ow a mother feels, what 'ave bred up 'er boys to the flag 'cos she swore it to 'er 'usbin' afore 'e went away to be shot down for 'is Queen in the Rooshan snows! No; 'ow should you? Then you take my advice and don't talk 'bout what ye don't hunderstand. Come to church? Aye, so I will one day. But not for comfort—comfort ain't my game. I'm none of the soft sawder sort. Not much! A brave 'eart and a merry 'un, says I. I'll come to church and praise the Lord when my Bill gets 'is V.C. For *he's* got to get it now. I thought as it'd be Jarge, 'e were allers the spryest lad. I thought as Bill might be a bit too narvous for the job, maybe. And I could ha' wished it had ha' bin Bill as had ha' bin nabbed, if it'd got to be. But Bill'll 'ave to buck up and git it,

that's all—aye, *he'll* 'ave to do it—or reckon wi' his mother—and 'is father in 'is grave, too, maybe.”

She had run on wildly, in a high, indistinct tone, and at the last words she had sunk her voice, regardless of the “young man” who listened, astounded, half frightened, and wholly inadequate.

“There's only 'im left to work it this time,” she murmured, fidgeting with her apron-string; and then, suddenly aware of the parson's presence again, added defiantly, “and I'm none so sure as I'll thank God till he 'ave done and worked it!”

Everyone was shocked at the way Mrs. Marston took her misfortune, everyone declared that she only cared for those boys in so far as they won glory, and that she never wanted to see them alive again if they didn't; so everyone said, “Providence had best choose 'em out for the job, and leave other women their men what they love.”

Only Mrs. Welsh held her peace, and if she spoke on the subject at all merely repeated her former words, “'Appen she don't feel so jolly as she'd boast!”

And when other mothers further up the street wondered she should trust her children to that “ondependable old soul” when she went to her work, she would only say, with a tender gaze at her baby boy, “If so be as the speechless babe can comfort her where you and I can't, I'm glad. For I might ha' bin in 'er shoes, or 'im fatherless, as 'er lads 'as bin. And 'appen I mightn't ha' done so well.”

So these two women became friends as they never would have become under any other circumstances, and the village continued to open its eyes. For although the “rich folk” had so well considered Mrs. Marston's case, and had so far overlooked her really equally needy neighbour, the widow was none the more respectable as an acquaintance than she used to be. In the topsy-turvy muddle of incongruities that was her character, shiftlessness and self-



“Oh! go away and don't talk so awful,” moaned the poor woman.”

indulgence were just as strong, though she bore the heart of all the heroes in her old bosom, and would rather have died than not have bid a soldier's price for glory. But that Mrs. Welsh, the tidiest of the tidy and the thriftiest of the thrifty, should overlook vices that must have been so hateful to her, for the sake of hearing a yarn or two, was the marvel of quondam friends and, in fact, the talk of the parish.

Hour after hour of a Sunday afternoon, or of a late evening, when work was done, would the young mother welcome the unkempt old creature to her own dainty hearth or sit beside her cheerless grate, the children at her knee or on her bosom, listening to her neighbour's tales. Sometimes they were rhetorical, highly coloured, told as if inspired; sometimes they were but the wanderings of a dream, full of odd scraps of memories that none could have supposed would be interesting to a hearer.

But they were always tales of wars—of wars past, of hardships endured, of dangers braved, of simple sacrifice and careless heroism, of the intrepid deeds of excitement and the secret moments of fear, and always at the last of glories won. They were tales told at this very fireside to another young wife, with a baby boy at her breast, told by one long ago cold in his distant soldier's grave, and they were never long and never dull to Mrs. Welsh.

"Ah! my dear, them was good times," the widow would say, with the burning light of a great pride in her old eyes. "There was plenty doin' then, there was, and a man done and got 'is stripes faster then, if 'e 'ad a mind to."

"Ain't there enough doin' now?" the young woman would retaliate, amazed.

But the old one would never allow more than, "Aye, maybe; but we hain't seen the last of it yet," and would go back to her memories.

"Well I minds the day my Ben brought 'ome 'is Cross. It were springtime—the apples was abloom, and we had a rare crop, too. 'E come along from the town wi' a lot on 'em—we 'adn't no station 'ere then. Lord! 'ow they was all laughin'! My Ben was allers a merry 'un, ye know, and he'd upped and spoke to the Queen when she pinned the Cross on to 'im. 'Mind ye don't prick yer fingers, yer Majesty,' says he. And 'I'll be careful, my man,' says she, and laughs at him. My word! the lads was pleased at that. Aye, and they cheered when I come up and he kissed me afore 'em all.

For there weren't none got the Cross only my Ben."

"There'll be another one o' these days, please God," murmured the young mother softly, fired to an enthusiasm new to her yet, her own eyes kindling with a new-born hope.

But the other's comfortable selfishness saw but one meaning in the timid hint.

"Aye, aye, there'll be another," echoed she, nodding her head confidently, "but it won't be Jarge. And I'd made sure as it'd be Jarge. 'E were allers a bright, brave lad. But 'e done and got 'isself took i'stid. And I'm thinkin' there's suthin' wrong wi' a war where it's us as is made prisoners!"

She spoke in an argumentative, irritated voice, and Mrs. Welsh found nothing to answer.

She would never have presumed to offer an opinion before this superior wisdom, but what surprised her herself was that she should take any interest in anything but Ted's safety and how to get on without him—what almost alarmed her was that she felt an ambition dawning within her to match the enthusiasm of which she had so persistent an example. Yesterday she would not have dared to confess that her nightly prayer was that Ted might be laid up, well out of mischief, in hospital, with some harmless wound in his foot! To-day she would not have wished to make the prayer.

"Jarge 'e knows as I'd sooner ha' knowed 'im wounded respectable; 'e *must* be frettin'," snarled the widow feverishly, after a minute.

"But prisoners is bound to ha' been in the front, mum, ain't they?" suggested Mrs. Welsh timidly. "Your lad done 'is duty, I know."

She never liked the noisy, rollicking George, but she felt an inner conviction that the son of this mother had not lacked pluck in the presence of the enemy.

"Oh! aye, 'e done 'is duty right enough," assented the mother carelessly. "There's none'd 'ave the face not to. My word, their pals'd let 'em 'ave what for"—and she grinned a grin that was not beautiful to see. "But some on 'em goes one better, and them's the lads for me!"

The grin was still on her face when her eyes began to grow fierce as a new thought came uppermost.

"My Jarge done 'is duty right enough," she repeated doggedly, "though he *were* so darned onlucky! It's them above 'im was to blame, and I'd like to know the rights o't."

Mrs. Welsh sighed.

"Ted said sodgers ain't got to know," she said timidly: "they's only got to do as they's bid. Though it'd be 'ard if there was a mistake and them *die* for it," she added, with a catch in her breath.

There was silence for a minute. Then the widow rose suddenly, almost majestic in her ragged ugliness; the old byword had recalled her to herself.

"Aye, your man be 'bout right," said she. "Discipline first, and pluck second, Ben used to 'ave it; but it's much of a muchness which 'oss yer put to that cart, I say. And that's 'ow the glory's won. There ain't *nothin'* 'ard, my dear, for the trade be so plaguey fine that it'd be none but a coward as wouldn't be proud to die for it. No, no, don't ye make no mistake. 'Appen what might, don't ye be for blaming the trade. You must put the little 'un to it. Don't ye be scared out o' that. 'Tis what I did. I says to myself, 'Their feyther died for Hengland, and I durstn't be sich a pore thing as 'old 'em back.' And then she added beneath her breath, "But I'd rayther Jarge 'ad lia' bin wounded fair!"

Mrs. Welsh's eyes were filling foolishly again, and she pressed her boy convulsively to her bosom, as who should say, "Thank God not yet awhile!"

But when she looked at the bleared old face, which the light of one pure enthusiasm lifted for the moment above any ordinary level of excellence, her heart warmed and she felt the shooting germ of a very frenzy of self-denial.

And as the year waned, the villagers had more and more cause to sniff at the friendship between the cottages at the end of the street.

"A tidy man like Welsh'll none be so pleased, when 'e do get back, to find 'is nice 'ome run over by a tipsy old beggar like that," they sneered.

And they said it all the more because they knew that the cottage on the hill was really just as tidy as it ever was, and that, if it hadn't been for the "old beggar," the poor young mother would scarcely have been able to go out to work as she did, and her straits for the rent would have been even harder. For she still held back from asking help of the War Funds. "Let them beg as don't get none off their man," she would say, and others did not report her case for her, as they had done for the widow.

So the old woman's charity of help was a real charity, however carelessly given, and they were backbiters who belittled it and

said it was easy enough to moon around and mind other women's brats when you didn't care if you left your own place clean or not, and got more out of charity than if your men were a stay-at-home, working lot.

And of the many who had always looked askance at Widow Marston, many looked askance at Mrs. Welsh, too, now, and that for no better reason than because she kept company with the old ne'er-do-well.

And so, of course, these two outlying cottages became firmer knit than ever, and carried their proud hopes and aching fears to none but to one another.

News—they scarcely dared to long for it! For to the illiterate, above all, no news is so much oftenest good news—and, to one at least of them, the proverb was a true prophet.

One day the postman brought two letters—not the dreaded official envelopes, but two letters with foreign post-marks.

Mrs. Welsh read them both aloud—her own first with flushed face and sparkling eyes. For Ted was well and happy, glorying in his work, and putting his own excitement into his wife as he told of the gallant charge in which he had taken part.

"They says as I might be named for the V.C.," he wrote, "but I can scarce credit that, for I done nothin' as any on 'em wouldn't ha' done fast enough if they'd 'ad the chance! That's what I said to the colonel when 'e sent for me. 'Twas my luck as dropped the captain at my feet, I says. And I couldn't make out who they was a-cheerin' when I carried 'im out o' range."

In her exultation Mrs. Welsh scarcely looked at her old friend's face.

"Oh! Bessie, 'tis fine work and no mistake," she read on. "When ye kissed me good-bye ye said, 'We won't never make the little lad a sodger.' But ye'll change yer mind now, won't ye, dear?"

And the proud wife dried her eyes, but they were joyful tears that she wiped away.

"I never thought as I should feel this way," she said, laughing and crying at once. "But ye was right, Mrs. Marston, ye was."

And she never noticed that the widow had not spoken—never noticed that she sat glum, with her lips tucked tight over her sunken gums. Only after a bit did she turn and look, and then, seeing that her friend's letter lay unopened in her lap, she said kindly—

"Shall I read your letter for ye? That there thin paper be dreadful faint to make out the ink upon. That'll be good news, too," she added gaily, as the woman let her

take it. "No nasty Orfice stuff—'tis bound to be good when they writes theirselves."

Then the mother spoke.

"I dunno as they'd give Jarge a chance to write, 'im bein' a prisoner," she said stupidly. "And it don't look like 'is writin', neither—no, nor yet Bill's."

And it was not.

The reader's cheeks went white insympathy, for the letter was from a nurse—a foreign nurse, fulfilling, out of pure humanity, a patient's last request; and it told how George Marston had died of fever—a prisoner in the enemies' hands.

"Tell my mother it warn't my fault," said the letter, "though I reckon she'll feel I sort o' disgraced 'er pride."

Mrs. Marston's face had grown slowly pinched and small as she listened, but she shed no tear; she only lifted a trembling and wrinkled hand and wiped her mouth with it.

"Died in gaol!" she muttered at last bitterly.

"No, no, mum!" cried the younger woman, horrified. "Ye didn't ought to take it so. A prisoner o' war ain't a gaolbird. 'E were onlucky, but I'd swear 'e done and stood up brave afore 'e were tuk, pore chap!"

And Mrs. Welsh wept for the man whose mother could not mourn him.

"Well, there's Bill left," was all that mother said, and she rose and tottered out of the cottage. But from that night there was a coolness between the neighbours which even the younger woman's persistent efforts could not quite overcome.

Folks said it was just as well, for, when pay-day from the Fund came round, the old woman—no longer so eager now to hear all the "fun" at the "George," would send a child round on the sly for her liquor, and would just sit sullen by her dreary hearth and drink herself stupid.

It was dreadful, but it would have been more dreadful still to see a respectable young woman following after such a creature. But Mrs. Welsh did not look at the matter in that light, and did not think "it was just as well" that her "comrade-in-arms" should hold aloof from her in her sorrow.

And it was not because it was no easy task to find another neighbour to mind her baby, since all had chosen to take her close acquaintance with the disreputable character of the village as a personal insult, and it was not because, as the backbiters hinted, she envied the old woman that help from the Fund which she was too proud to ask, yet must oftentimes secretly have desired; it was

simply because her heart was sorry for that sullen suffering, and she was casting about in her mind to think how she could relieve it. The day came presently when she found the way.

One evening, when the frost was thick upon the window-panes, and the snow white upon the ground, and the mist from the water-meadows white upon the snow, the little girl who was wont to earn a penny "off" Mrs. Marston by fetching her liquor from the "public," ran scared out of the cottage again and met Mrs. Welsh in the road.

"She be lyin' abed upon her face," she said, "and she ain't spoke to me!"

Then Mrs. Welsh went in without so much as knocking at the door.

It was the terrible old story—want, dirt, drink; the doctor said it was malignant pneumonia, and the neighbours said it was plain wickedness when she had had charity enough to keep a whole family from starvation.

But Mrs. Welsh thought she knew better, and at all events did not stop to think, as some would have had her do, that the widow's allowance would have made it easy for her to pay the rent, which was in arrears this week.

She was only glad that her old friend's half-unconscious condition had wiped out the blur that an unconfessed grudge had breathed upon the glass of their understanding, and that she was free to help her as best she could. And help her she did, spending every spare moment at that dreary bedside, and struggling with an energy that could not have been surpassed if the sick woman had been her own mother, to stem that cruel, crawling tide which there is no holding back.

One morning, when the sun had risen lurid and coppery upon a land barren of leaf overhead, barren and brown and dank underfoot, Mrs. Welsh, crossing the road, saw the postman swinging down the street with his bag.

She stopped, as she always did, feverishly to watch him.

He came, stopping here and there at a cottage, and then crossed the road to the Rectory.

He had never come further since that day, a month and more ago, when he had brought those two discordant letters. But to-day he did not turn back when he ran down the Rectory steps. He came on, past the church, past the schools, yes, surely bound for those two solitary cottages.



"Read!" she said eagerly. And she thrust the old paper into her neighbour's hand."

The poor soul's heart stood still, and she dared not look at him.

"It's for yonder," said the man kindly, and she felt herself flush and was ashamed.

She scarcely dared speak, but she held out her hand, and was vexed that it trembled.

He took out a letter, and her heart went sick with true pity, for she saw the dreaded official cover.

"I'll take it in. The widow's sick abed," she said.

And he gave it and went his way.

For a long while she waited there in the dank, cold air, wondering what she should do. The doctor had said, "Beware of a shock," and how was she to beware?

She went in and put the letter on the chimney-piece, trying to forget it, while she

busied herself making the poor old soul as comfortable as might be.

"After all," she kept saying to herself, "it might be good news, and do her good."

And then she fell to wondering what news from that "'orrid Orifice" could do a mother good.

And so the hours went by, and all day long the old woman lay in a stupor, and there was no need to decide anything.

"Pray God she'll die fust, and me never 'ave to open it!" murmured Mrs. Welsh.

Yet towards evening she revived and began to talk, rambling wildly of a gallant attack, of fierce fighting, and of a glorious victory, but jumbling up past and present so hopelessly that there was still no question but that she was past understanding.

But just before midnight, the ominous change, that foretells the last awful change, fell upon her, and she asked, calmly and sensibly, to be propped up and have a drink.

When she had been thus revived, she took her neighbour's hand and, looking steadfastly at her, said, "Ye can read the letter. I'll allow I owed ye a grudge 'cos o' your man gettin' 'is luck fust. But I don't owe ye no grudge now. I ain't got no need. Ye can read the letter."

Chilled by this awful and unexpected command, trembling at the terrible duty which it might be about to lay upon her, the woman stole to the chimney-piece and took up the dreaded envelope. One glance at its contents was enough. Her worst fears were realised. Bill Marston was among the killed.

Crushing her old friend's death-warrant in her hand—for well she knew it would so prove to be—she tottered, sick at heart, back to the bed.

Lo! to her amazement, Bill's mother lay quiet, with averted face, and had apparently not noticed that her request was being fulfilled.

But as Mrs. Welsh stood watching her with a beating heart, and fully believing the end to have come, the old woman turned suddenly and drew from under her pillow a torn and time-worn sheet of foreign paper, upon which the ink lay white with age.

Her sunken eyes were blazing, and her lips, blue with the approach of death, were parted in a radiant smile.

"Read!" she said eagerly. And she thrust the old paper into her neighbour's hand.

And once more and for the last time Mrs. Welsh read.

"We done and stormed the position," wrote the writer. "The cap'en 'e led us round to the back and we done and turned the henemy out afore the rest o' the boys so much as guessed it, what were rare and lucky for us! That were 'ow it were as the colonel didn't know we was in, and 'adn't called the 'Cease firing.' So I just runned along to 'em through the fire to tell 'em to stop. I just done it all in a minute, without orders, 'cos I knowed we'd be all dead men else, and I were allers a fast runner. I might ha' got blamed, but as luck would 'ave it, the colonel 'e sends for me arterwards and 'e sez, 'That were a brave thing to do, my lad, and I'll recommend you for a V.C.' sez 'e."

"Didn't I tell ye my Bill'd do it?" gasped the old woman, her breath rattling, but the proud smile still on her blue lips. "I thought as it'd be Jarge, but Bill done it! What d'ye look like that for? Ain't my Bill got 'is Cross?"

Mrs. Welsh fell on her knees at the bedside—the tears were raining from her ready eyes.

"Aye!" cried she boldly, "sartin sure 'e 'ave got 'is Cross now."

And she did not even add beneath her breath, "May God forgive me!"

The gaunt figure fell back—the eyes glazed, but the proud smile was still on the blue lips.

The next day relief came to Mrs. Welsh from the War Fund. Someone, unknown to her, had reported her case to the committee, and it had been approved.

Folk said it was the old woman's dole that had been passed on to her, and until the parson assured her that this could not be the case, she would not touch it.

"I'd ha' felt as if I'd ha' took *heverythin'* from the pore old soul," she said, drying her eyes. "But, there, she 'ave got what she wanted now!"

And she hugged her babe to her breast.



THE MAKER OF NATIONAL POWER

By ROBERT W. DUNHAM.

“SHOW us something new.” Such was the cry of men at the time of the Prophet; and as few people take the trouble to think for themselves, but, on the contrary, are very glad to find others who will think for them, so will the desire for “something new” continue until all prophecies are accomplished, all revelations confirmed.

Now, the object I have to bring to the notice of the readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE has been a life study; but it has the

Enough! The reader must not be kept in suspense as to what is the “Maker of National Power”; nevertheless, the writer craves forbearance when such a common thing as wheat is named, since, notwithstanding that for centuries the product in question has been grown on a large scale to feed the Caucasian race, the wonderful growth, the manner of its *inmost* life, the beautiful way in which the fruit of the plant is built up, and how the life in the seed is



1.—A WHEATFIELD WITH SEED PATCH: AGRICULTURAL OPERATOR SELECTING WHEAT EARS FOR CROSS-BREEDING.

advantage of presenting something new for study, notwithstanding that it can be safely asserted that it formed the earliest problem to human intelligence in the civilised world, and its national power was recognised by nations prior to the Greek and Roman Empires, who made it the object of the closest study, and passed laws to retain it in their country. But the most recent example is that of the United States, where we find that the “symbol of national power” has converted a country, not very long ago a wilderness, into one gigantic farm, with thousands of fields that give employment to hundreds of men apiece.

protected and developed, has only been recently even partially understood.

Everyone knows that wheat—the wealth of a nation—is produced by the flower of a plant of the *genus* *triticum*, and obviously grows till it has attained maturity—that is, till it is ripe. Who, however, can state why the seed does not continue to grow after a certain period of development? Why should it stop growing when ripe? Why is there what may be called a resting-stage? These are scientific questions, and yet, although closely examined through countless ages, are only now being explained for the benefit of mankind. This is a startling fact when we remember

that wheat cultivation is spoken of in the Chinese records as being carried on in the Flowery Kingdom 2,700 years B.C. ! It is, however, due to England and her sons that the fruit of one of the most wonderful plants in the world is now so well known, in spite of the fact that for nearly one hundred years its development has been left to private enterprise in this country, while in



II.—AGRICULTURAL OPERATOR CROSSING WHEATS BY POURING POLLEN FROM ONE KIND ON TO THE STIGMA OF ANOTHER WHEAT.

Russia, the United States, and some of our Colonies, "the powers that be" have expended the public treasure to carry out certain agricultural experiments, instruct farmers in their agricultural pursuits, and increase the productive power of the land, in order to obtain greater power as a nation. Private enterprise, however, in England, has kept to the front even of the Government

establishments abroad as regards the results of agricultural research, and with a certain amount of pleasure we can record the fact that the Canadian and the several advanced experimental stations in the United States have *followed* closely the advice they procured from English agricultural scientists in their research, *even* to the "cross-breeding" of wheats that some of their compatriots assert to be their own method of "doubling the world's harvest."

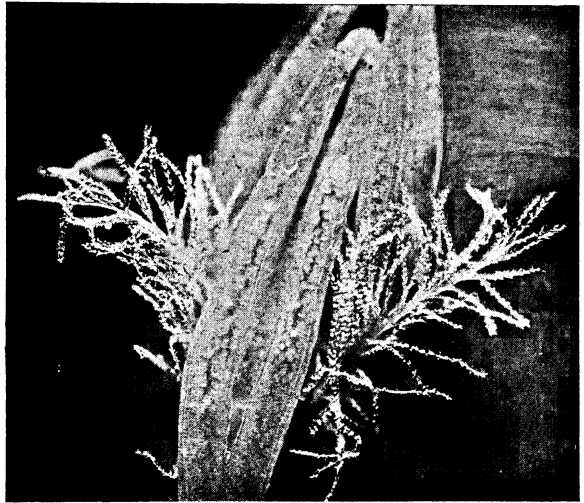
But in order that the reader may understand the importance of wheat as a source of food to the United Kingdom, it may be as well to mention that we depend on the goodwill of other countries for 22,500,000 quarters of wheat or wheat flour, as we have only been able to produce recently some 6,500,000 quarters of wheat in our own land. This is a deplorable state of affairs, especially as the population of the United Kingdom now numbers about 41,500,000 ; but, from an agricultural point of view, the worst has passed ; for the "nation of shopkeepers," as Napoleon called us, has such rivals in the world's trade, that the severe competition in industrial circles has produced a healthy reaction in home matters and improvements. Adversity has always been a blessing in disguise so far as commerce is concerned, and we shall see a better understanding between agricultural circles and industrial enterprises in the near future than was ever thought possible for the past fifty years.

In industries like agriculture, horticulture, or stock breeding, the essential end is the reproduction of life, and the choice of the particular varieties of animals or plants to be cultivated is by no means to be lightly thought of, if good economic results are to be obtained. And it is universally understood that some kinds of animals or plants will not flourish well under certain conditions of soil or climate, and although the same products, such as meat, milk, sugar, oil, wine and cereals, are, indeed, obtained nearly everywhere, but in greater or less abundance according to the conditions under which they are raised, the exact adaptation to the soil or climate is generally the last thing that troubles the English farmer when considering the wheat problem. In fact, in seed and plants few farmers in this country are at the pains to bestow much thought on the suitability of the soil in which they intend to raise them ; but when the composition of the British farmers' flocks or herds is in question, every

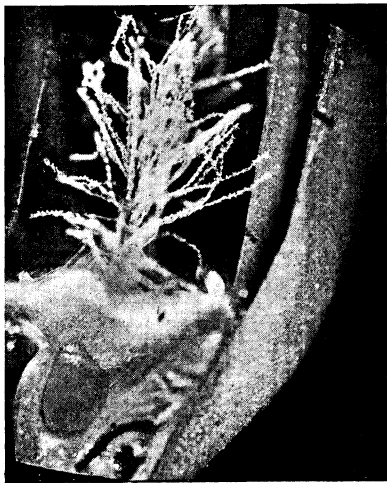
attention to detail is given, and for this reason our country still maintains her position as the nursery for the whole world for sheep, cattle, and pigs, as well as for horses.

Because England has lost her position in regard to wheat production for feeding her large population, there is no reason why scientists in this country should be ignored in what they have accomplished, and the credit given to the experimental stations on the American continent; I will therefore detail some of the experiments that were made on wheat in our country before the New World had devoted such time and money to an investigation of the all-important cereal question.

Strange to say, the first illustration I have to deal with is that of an experiment made in a field not far



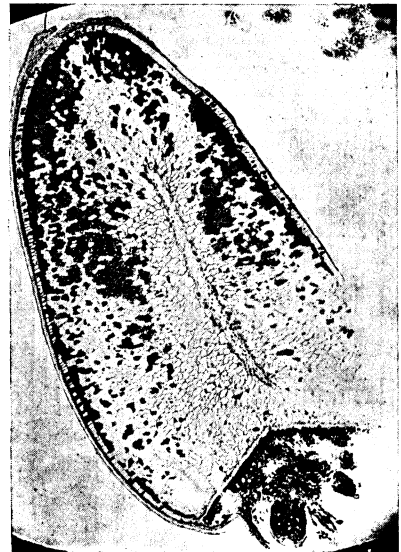
III.—THE WHEAT FLOWER BEFORE FERTILISATION.



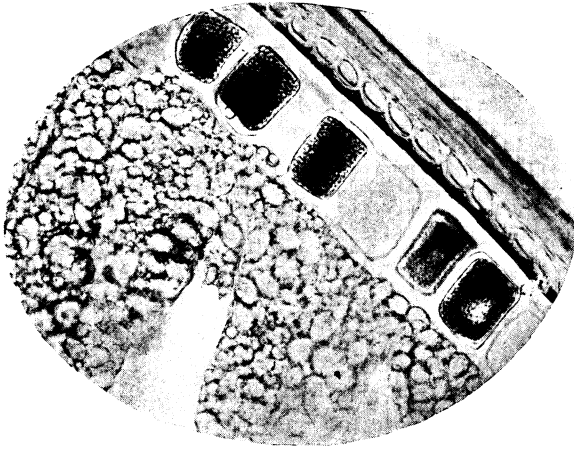
IV.—THE STIGMA OF THE WHEAT FLOWER AFTER FERTILISATION.

contact with the pollen of any other flower or kind of wheat. Further, the object of crossing two different wheats is to produce a variety of grain that shall have the good qualities of both parents, and yield well. The flower being so well protected against outside influence, the only way in which a cross can be obtained is to open the case protecting the flower, and make a purely artificial crossing. In this delicate operation considerable perseverance, patience, and skill are necessary, and there must be exercised a fine judgment to catch the ears of wheat just at the right time in relation to temperature. The anthers are removed from a number of wheat flowers while still in a green state, but near maturity, the pollen of another kind, which it

from the mill in which I served my apprenticeship, but it will be noted that the farmer, as in days of old, kept a patch of his crop separate from his field of corn for seed purposes. Would that the English farmer, in these days of severe competition, would pay as much attention to the development of his seed wheat! The agricultural operator in our illustration, Fig. I., is examining the healthy florets of the spikelets forming the ears of wheat, and selecting those that he decides to operate on in the cross-breeding process. But before dealing with the delicate operation of cross-breeding wheat, it should be mentioned that this cereal is self-fertilising, the pistillate and staminate portion of the flower being close together (see illustration, Fig. III.), and contained in a case, by which they are entirely protected from



V.—A SECTION OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT NEAR THE CREASE.



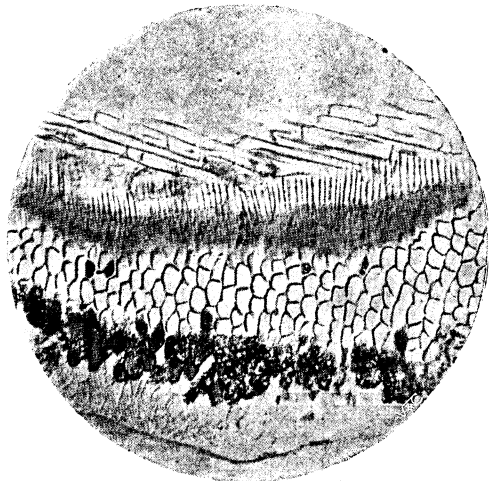
VI.—SECTION OF WHEAT, SHOWING FORMATION OF BRAN.

is intended to use as the male parent, is on the following day poured gently on the feathery stigma, and the flowers next to those fertilised are removed, so that no possible accident can happen at the time of maturity.

The illustration, Fig. II., shows the watchful agricultural operator at work letting fall on to the stigma of one of the florets the pollen from the male parent, and some idea of the effect of this operation, and of the wonderful manner in which Nature carries out its own problem, can be obtained from the illustration, Fig. IV., which is the pistil of the flower after fertilisation. Under the microscope this little flower is arrayed with such glory that words are inadequate to describe its beauty and perfect detail; but the reader who would like to see one of Nature's most wonderful operations carried out, should furnish himself with a small magnifying glass and a penknife, so that he can with ease follow the phenomena of fertilisation in the wheat plant. The period of the year is early in the month of June, and on a nice warm day, after securing an ear of wheat, a floret should be selected from the spikelet at the base of the ear, and an incision made in the outer glume, from the top to the bottom, so as to lay the flower bare. Should the organs of the flower be perfectly mature, a ray of sunlight or the heat of the breath will instantly suffice to bring about fertilisation, which is effected by the anthers opening at the sides, and being at the same time seized with an undulating movement, releasing the pollen that falls on to the stigma. The stigma, by means of suction ducts, absorbs the fovilla out of the pollen, and so a new grain is produced,

To give some idea of the exceedingly difficult and slow nature of the work involved in obtaining a new type of wheat, it may be as well to mention that some twelve years ago the writer was asked his opinion of some ten new wheats. Each kind, which took five years to become fixed, had developed remarkable vigour and productiveness as compared with the parent plants, but only two, on being tested, were found of a quality to produce high-class flour. The experimenter had omitted to take into account the *great* importance of the *milling quality*, although he had succeeded in obtaining a plant which bore sixty distinct very long and well-filled ears, averaging about fifty grains per ear, or a total of about 3,000 grains grown from one seed.

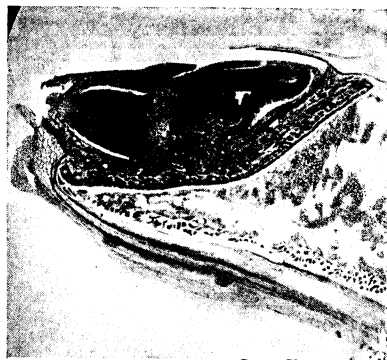
Since the address delivered by Sir W. Crookes to the British Association, we have heard a good deal of the "starvation limit," and statistics have been compiled without end to prove that in the near future we shall not grow sufficient grain to supply the wheat consumers of the world. To increase, therefore, the yield of wheat per acre not only renders a man a benefactor to his country, but ensures to him that reward which every individual looks for as the result of his labour. But this question is not only of interest to the practical farmer. The wealthy proprietor who *owns*, and the humble peasant who *tills* the soil, the busy manufacturer with his forethought and capital, and the sturdy operator with his skilled labour, are



VII.—HIGHLY MAGNIFIED SECTION OF BRAN, CUT OBLIQUELY, SHOWING ITS THREE DISTINCT STRUCTURES.

also deeply concerned in the question. All the industrial interests of the nation are involved in it, because the reward of labour depends in a great measure on the price of the necessities of life, of which the first is bread, and the ability to compete with other nations for industrial supremacy is necessarily regulated by the price of labour.

Let us look further, then, into the development of this most wonderful plant, and we shall find that the laws that govern the animal kingdom also govern that of wheat in the vegetable world, being quite as marked in their influence on vigour, productiveness, ability to resist disease, and quality. In our first illustration it will be noticed that the farmer has set aside a corner of the wheatfield for the "seed patch," which is allowed to get dead ripe, as then it is better able as seed to fulfil the order of Nature; but the other grain must be harvested about ten days before that period, as it then contains the least moisture and the most *gluten* of the best quality. The gluten—a viscid, elastic substance, of a greyish colour—is the most important part of the floury portion of the wheat berry, from the millers' and bakers' point of view, as on its strength depends the quantity and lightness of the bread obtained from a given amount of flour. As the bakers' profit depends on the quality of the gluten in the flour, so the



VIII.—SECTION OF WHEAT GERM, SHOWING THE ROOT AND PLUMULE.

millers has to choose wheats to grind that will give his customers a means of making *big* loaves and plenty of them. It must be borne in mind that the amount of bread the bakers in this country have to produce to feed the inhabitants of the United Kingdom is 3,105,000,000 quartern loaves. Gluten is justly considered the most nutritive part of wheaten flour, its chemical composition closely agreeing with that of animal albumen, as the following comparative analysis will show:—

				Albumen.	Gluten.
Carbon	55·01	54·60
Hydrogen	7·23	7·30
Nitrogen	15·92	15·81
Oxygen, sulphur and phosphorus	21·84	22·29



IX.—WHEAT ON THE EDGE OF A LANDSLIP, SHOWING DEPTH THAT THE ROOTS' FIBRES PENETRATE THE GROUND.

A grain of wheat is said to contain in the mean 84 per cent. of flour, 14·5 per cent. husk, and 1·5 per cent. of germ, but even by the improved mechanical means the miller is only able to obtain about 72 per cent. of pure flour.

But, strange to say, only about 5 per cent. of the total wheat crop is derived from the soil itself, the remainder coming indirectly or directly from the atmosphere; and as the amount of matter accumulated from either

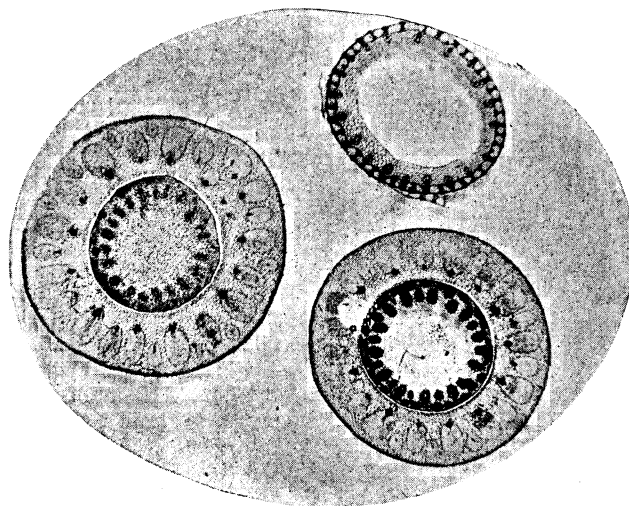
source depends mainly upon the quantity and the relation to one another of heat and moisture, it stands to reason that the quality of wheats varies very considerably. As regards the gluten, it is unfortunate that the English farmers have neglected this point, and so the millers have been unable to give as much money for the British-grown article as that supplied by the American and Russian farmers, who make it a point to grow wheats that supply the millers' requirements.

The illustration, Fig. V., gives a view of the structure of a grain of wheat obtained by cutting a slice from the centre of the wheat and magnifying it twelve diameters by photomicrography. This slice was so thin that a portion at the bottom right-hand corner broke away, and when it was being mounted

made up of two structures of the same character laid crosswise, while the inner skin consists of a coating of cerealine cells, which contain the agents capable of dissolving the plastic nutriment or floury portion of the wheat berry during the germination and growth of the young plant, until the infant can supply itself with food from the earth and air. As there has been a good deal of controversy as to there being only three skins that make up the bran of the wheat berry, the illustration, Fig. VII., was cut by the writer, which shows by photomicrography that the section, Fig. VI., contains the whole of the bran, for the illustration, Fig. VII., is that of the bran cut at an angle of 45° , showing only three distinct structures or skins.

From these remarks it will be observed that every precaution has been taken to prevent the moisture in the soil penetrating through the skins, for if it were possible for water to pass through the bran of the wheat berry, the seed sown in the ground would rot before the germ started into active life. When this awakening into life commences, the grain begins to swell, and in a few days the embryo shows a great change, in that both the radical and the plumule become enlarged, till they burst through the protecting skin, as shown in the illustration, Fig. VIII. The embryo is connected with the endosperm or floury portion of the wheat by means of the placenta, which enables it to feed on the parent or seed, until

the rootlets are sufficiently developed to supply the young plant with the necessary nourishment from the earth. The wheat plant has no true root in the botanical sense of the term, no structure comparable with the well-developed taproot of the carrot, parsnip, radish, turnip, or swede, because very early in the life of the plant the root ceases to grow, but from it are developed a large number of delicate fibres, admirably suited to find their way through the soil. These rootlets are the sole means the plant has of obtaining mineral food from the soil. Their free-growing ends consist of delicate cellular tissue, which is continually dividing and forming new cells, and which is protected from rude contact with the coarse earth by a delicate cap of cells—the pileorhiza—with which the growing plant provides itself.

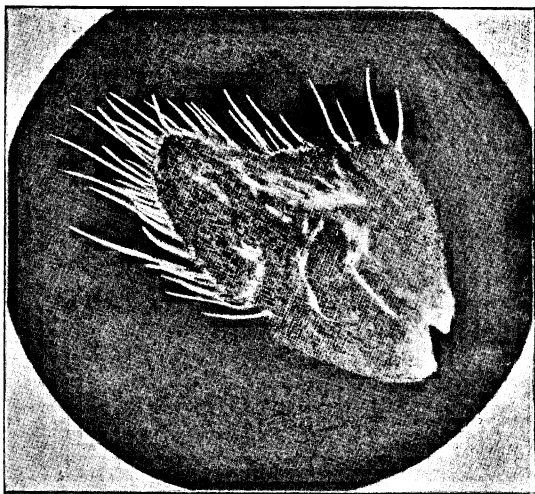


X.—SECTIONS OF THE WHEAT STRAW.

for the microscope, a certain portion of the starch fell out, a fortunate accident, for it exposed more clearly to view the gluten webbing. Now, in order to ascertain more distinctly the formation of the bran that protects the wheat when sown in the ground, until sufficient warmth has been developed to start life inside the seed, the photomicrograph, Fig. VI., was taken, which shows the different skins that together on the average are about $\frac{1}{400}$ of an inch thick. A grain of wheat is generally supposed to have five skins, named in botany epidermis, epicarp, endocarp, episperm, and embryous membrane, but the photomicrograph only shows three distinct structures. Of these the outer skin consists of two layers of cells, which overlap and differ in thickness at different points, the middle skin is of a compound nature

Through these cells pass the water solutions of mineral matters obtained from the soil, on which the growth of the plant and berries utterly depends. The illustration, Fig. IX., shows a crop of wheat at the edge of a cliff on the coast of Norfolk, and by reason of a small landslip the writer was able to ascertain the depth to which these root fibres went. On examination it was found that they had penetrated as deep into the ground as the straw had grown high above the ground.

Before leaving this part of the subject it may be as well to examine the wheat straw itself through the microscope and see the wonderful provision of Nature to break down the mineral matter, filtering it, as it were, until it is in the condition to form the grain which, when ripe, becomes the food of man. The straw does not form one single tube from the wheat ear to the root, but consists of four tubes separated one from the other by four knots situated at the point where two tubes are joined together. In the photo-micrograph, Fig. X., there are three views; one is a section of the straw, while each of the other two shows a section through the knot itself. Our last illustration gives an



XI.—ONE OF THE VALVES THAT GROW OVER THE PLACONTA CHANNEL ON THE WHEAT WHEN FULLY RIPE AND LEAVING THE STRAW STEM.

idea of how careful a wheat expert has to be in examining and testing wheat and flour. Not only is the microscope necessary, but special instruments are required to ascertain the value of the grain. In our illustration there is a small instrument called an aleurometer on the table, that registers the strength



XII.—EXAMINING AND TESTING WHEATS TO ASCERTAIN THEIR STRENGTH AND FOOD VALUE.

of the gluten in the wheat, and gives the number of four-pound loaves that a sack of flour of 280 lb. will produce. The late Dr. Hassell was able with the microscope to dissect a sample of flour, and state, by the shape and size of the starch, what different wheats had been used to make the flour; while to-day, by registering the colour of the flour—that is, the amount of sun that has been required to ripen it—we are able to state in what country the wheat was grown. Only recently a provision of Nature not hitherto noticed by scientists was discovered, in the form of two hairy valves

that close the nutritive entrance of the wheat berry after it becomes ripe, at the point where the berry is attached to the straw; and in any scheme that may be brought forward to store wheat for any length of time, for the purpose of providing food when war may make bread-stuffs scarce in this country, this peculiar growth in wheat will have to be considered, as rough handling of the grain is detrimental to its keeping properties. Truly, wheat that will not grow wild, yet develops this highly complex organisation under culture, is one of the wonders of the world!



"WE TWO."

A photographic study by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



THE WATER-MILL AT ST. CROSS.

A HAMPSHIRE STREAM:

ITS MEMORIES OF IZAAK WALTON AND CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BY VINCENT THORNE.

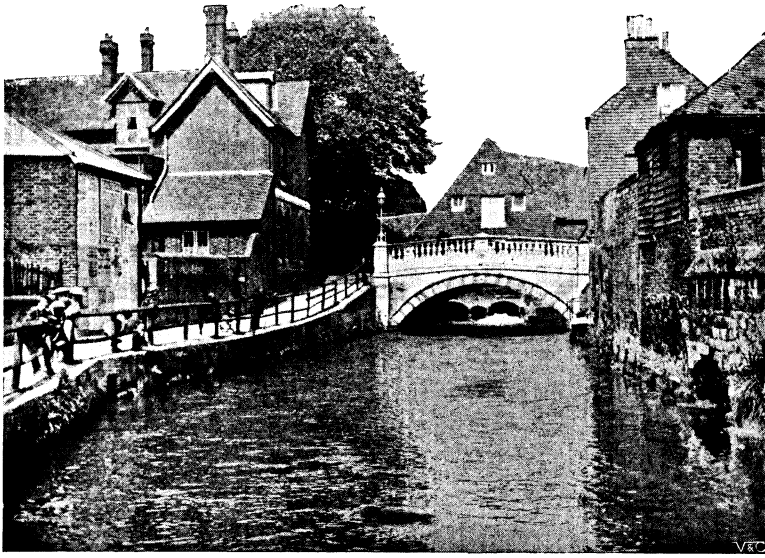
Photographs by W. T. Green, Winchester.

“HAMPSHIRE, I think, exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks.” So said Izaak Walton, writing in 1600. “Oh! the loveliness of this vale and river!” said Charles Kingsley, two hundred years later, of the Itchen, one of these same “pleasant Hampshire brooks.” And to all who appreciate the mingled charm arising from the physical beauty of Nature and historic association combined, the Vale of Itchen will appeal, as it did to Charles Kingsley and to Izaak Walton before him.

Izaak Walton, the author of the “Compleat Angler: the Contemplative Man’s Recreation”—surely was never title more appropriate!—was somewhat closely associated with the Itchen, and more closely still with Winchester, through which, in numerous channels, the Itchen flows. Born in Staffordshire in 1593, he migrated to London, where he followed the occupation of sempster, or, as we should now say, milliner. For a London merchant of the period he must have journeyed about a good deal, and, apart from his business, angling and literary pursuits engrossed much of his attention. Inclination and family relationship alike conspired to make him a frequent

visitor to Winchester, as his wife was a sister of Ken, Canon of Winchester, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, author of “Glory to Thee, My God, this Night,” and other hymns which have passed into the current coin of our religion, and famous as one of the Seven Bishops. Walton appears to have been thoroughly intimate and welcome in the clerical circle of the city and neighbourhood, and he enjoyed the friendship, among others, of Bishop Morley, of Winchester, and of the poet Herbert, who lived no great distance away, near Salisbury. It was in the River Lea, as being near London, that Walton most often exercised his art, but sufficient reference is made in the “Compleat Angler” to show the place the Hampshire waters held in his estimation. Nor was it beauty of scenery only that the Itchen boasted—for from very early times indeed the Itchen has held a high reputation as a fishing stream.

In the early Saxon Chronicles mention is made of the “sweet and fishful rivulets” flowing through the City of Winchester, and in Walton’s time there were fish and fish in plenty. Thus Walton says, speaking of the abundance of fish: “There are in divers rivers, especially that relate to or be near the sea, as at Winchester, or the Thames about

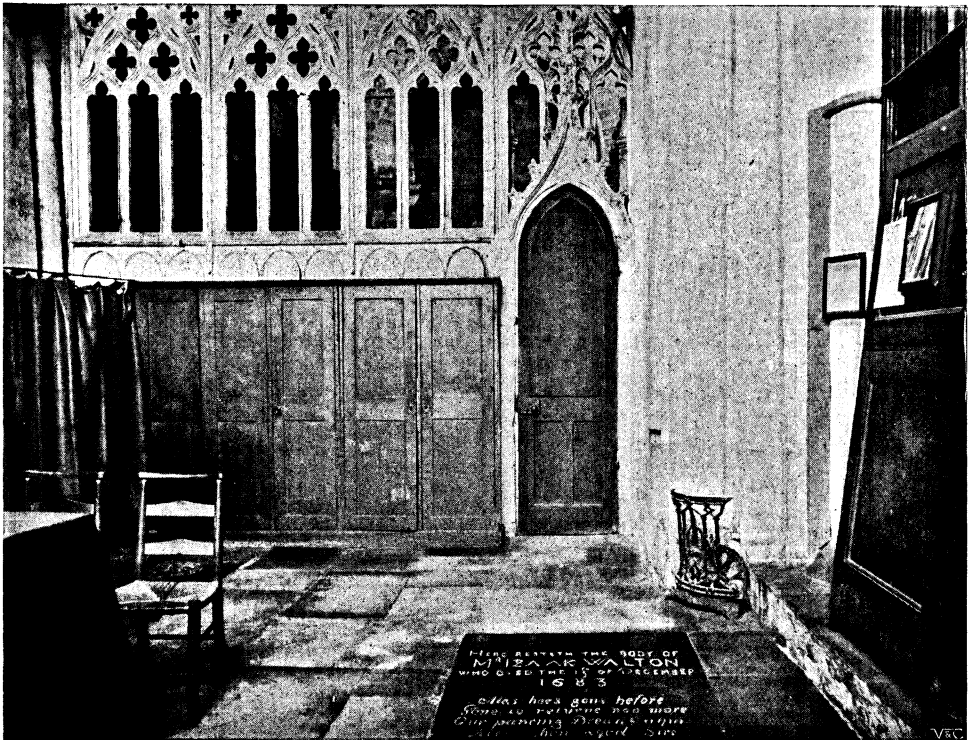


THE WEIRS AT WINCHESTER.

Windsor, a little trout called a samlet or skegger trout, in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing, that will bite as freely and as fast as minnows.

sant brooks and store of trouts, they use to catch trouts in the night by the light of a torch or straw, which, when they have discovered, they strike with a trout spear or

These be by some taken to be young salmons, but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a her-ring." But though Walton loved fishing dearly, it was in the spirit of the true artist that he loved to pursue it, and the unsportsmanlike methods apparently then in vogue did not commend themselves to him. Thus he says again: "And you are to know that in Hampshire, which I think exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleas-



IZAAK WALTON'S TOMB, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



AVINGTON HOUSE, LAKE AND PARK.

other ways. This kind of way they catch very many, but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witness of it, nor do I like it now I have seen it." These extracts show us the reputation that the Itchen deserved then as a trout stream, and Walton's partiality for Hampshire evokes a protest from his friend Cotton, the author of the second part of the "Compleat Angler," who says, in defence of Derbyshire, that "for clear, beautiful streams, Hantshire itself, by Mr. Izaak Walton's good leave, can show none such." Many an

hour did the contemplative man spend in the "retired leisure" of old age, in congenial society in the Hampshire city, and many an interesting scene must he have witnessed. Winchester was a lively city then, where the Merry Monarch and his court were often to be seen, ruffling in the Cathedral precincts in gay attire, or discoursing with Wren, the architect, on the progress of the big palace, the King's house, then in course of erection. Ken's house, where Walton most frequently stayed,



NEAR COMPTON LOCK.

stood in the present Deanery garden, by the side of the little clear stream which still flows through it, and it was here that Ken braved the Royal displeasure by refusing to place his house at Nell Gwynn's disposal—a piece of manliness that did not lose him the favour of the King, who later on inquired for and promoted to a bishopric “the little man who refused his lodging to poor Nelly.” For Walton retired comparatively early from business, and much of his time was spent with his friends out of London. Nor was the “Compleat Angler”

supposed to have been written by Ken, and is as follows :—

Here resteth the body of

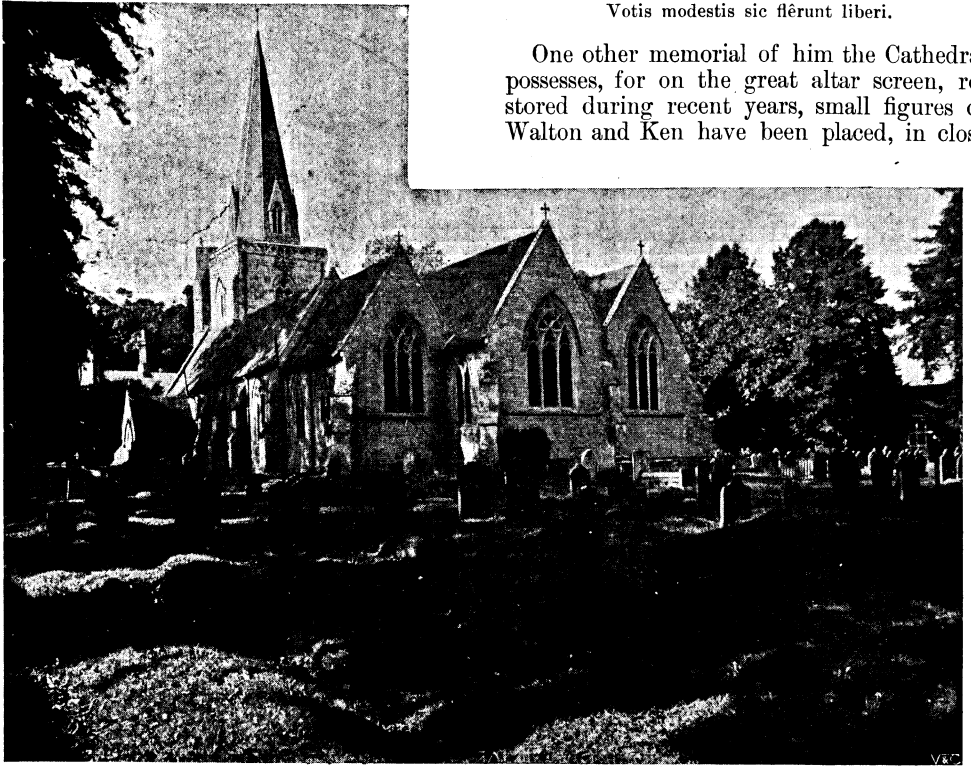
MR. IZAAK WALTON,

Who died the 15th of December,
1683.

Alas! Hee's gone before,
Gone to return noe more,
Our panting Breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past.
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done,
Crown'd with eternal Blisse,
We wish our Souls with his.

Votis modestis sic flêrunt liberi.

One other memorial of him the Cathedral possesses, for on the great altar screen, restored during recent years, small figures of Walton and Ken have been placed, in close



HURSFLEY CHURCH.

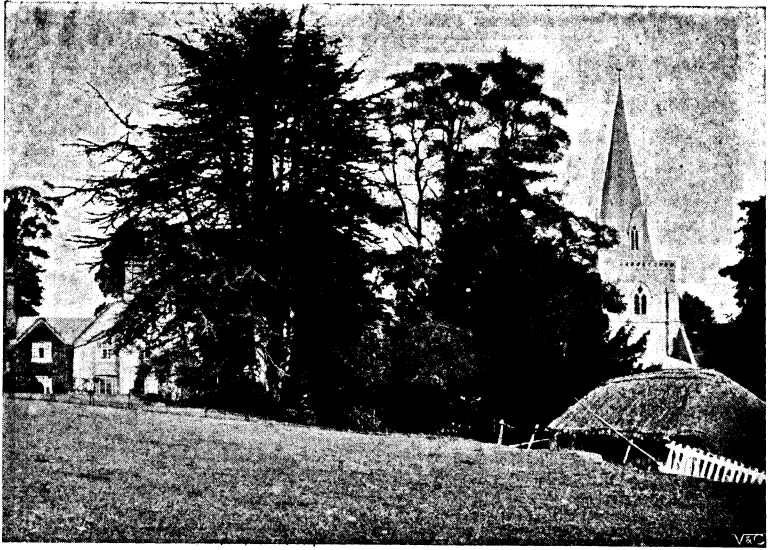
his only literary work. A biographer of some diligence, he was the author of the lives of Donne, of Hooker, of Wotton, and the poet Herbert, and not long before his death he published a poetical work, “*Thealma and Clearchus*.” It was while he was living at Winchester, in the house of Prebendary Hawkins, in the winter of 1683—the year of the great frost—that Walton's death occurred, at the advanced age of ninety years. He was buried in the Cathedral, in Prior Silkstede's Chapel, and here his grave may still be seen. The inscription over the flat tombstone is

proximity to one another, and a movement has recently been set on foot for placing a memorial window in the chapel where he is buried. Little could Walton have imagined that two hundred years after his death his memory would be so honoured and mingled with that of the Christian kings and heroes with whom he is thus associated.

Charles Kingsley's connection with Hampshire was almost, we may say, a life-long one, and his attachment to it was second only to his love for his native Devonshire. Wherever we follow him in his ardent and fruitful

career, we find him ever turning to natural history, and, above all, to angling for recreation and for inspiration. We find him fishing in all the Hampshire waters—at Whitechurch, in the Test; in the Avon at Christchurch, where the great salmon delight him, and at Bemerton, in Wiltshire, where he rejoices in the thought that he is fishing in the same waters that Donne, Herbert, and Izaak Walton fished in before him; while

to the Itchen we owe a debt of gratitude, as it served largely as the inspiration under which his delightful fairy tale, "The Water Babies," was written. It was characteristic of Kingsley that he converted the scenes and episodes of his life to golden use in the writings—more than one Hampshire scene served him thus as a text. The great chalk down, St. Catherine's Hill, which, with its



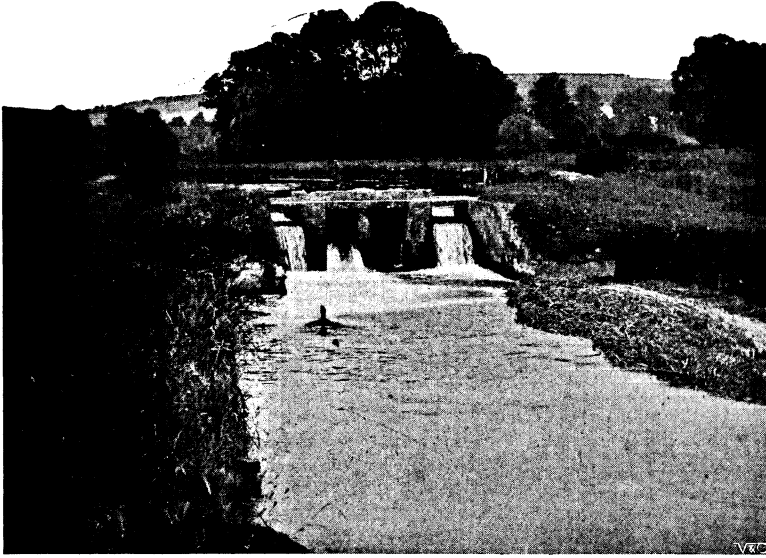
HURSLEY VICARAGE AND CHURCH.

ancient camp of pre-Roman days broadly outlined on its slope, commands the city and the river—the hill where Winchester College boys were wont to spend their hours of recreation, where Frank Buckland, when a boy, used to catch field-mice and roast them for his schoolmates' delectation, serves Kingsley as a theme for an instructive moral in "Madam How and Lady Why," and much

of "The Water Babies" was written while he was spending a fishing holiday on the Itchen. This book was written for his youngest son, then a little boy—his three elder children having each of them had their special book before—and was, it may almost be said, written in the open air. For Kingsley never put pen to paper till everything, even the language, was thoroughly matured in his mind. It was in the open air, with the sun and the freshness of the dew upon the leaves, that his best work



A FISHING-HUT ON THE ITCHEN, AT ITCHEN ABBAS.

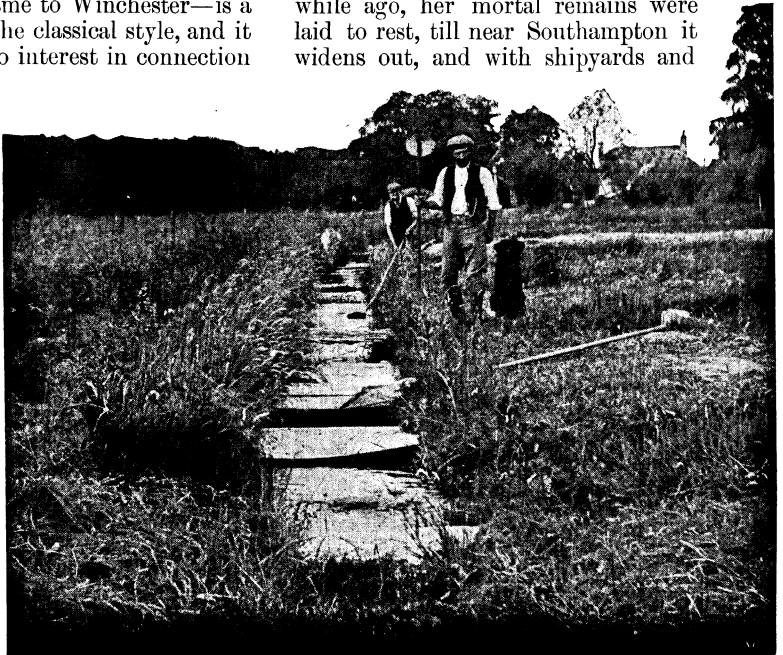


COMPTON LOCK.

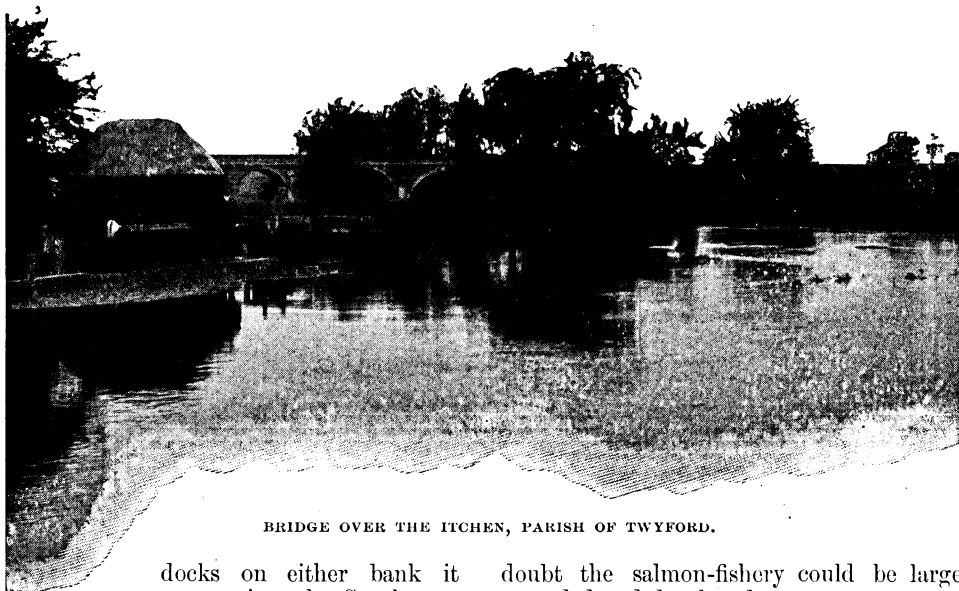
was composed, and the river scenes in "The Water Babies" are filled with the spirit of the Itchen. During part of this holiday he stayed at the "Plough Inn," at Itchen Abbas, close to Avington Park, now the seat of Sir Charles Shelley. Avington House—a house in itself historically interesting, for it was here that Charles II. held his court more than once when he came to Winchester—is a graceful building of the classical style, and it has a special claim to interest in connection with "The Water Babies," as tradition has always regarded it as the house in which Tom, the poor little chimney-sweep, surprised little Ellie. The remarkable series of architectural styles, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Elizabethan, Boeotian, etc., mentioned in the book are not, indeed, present; but the grand lime avenues and other features surrounding it are there, and may well have been in Kingsley's mind when the early scenes in the book

were penned. In one of his letters, written at this very time, he says: "Oh! the loveliness of this vale and river, and the comfort of all the cottages and tenants!" This was written in 1862, and is dated from "the Plough, at Itchen." And a happy land it is, this Vale of Itchen, with the stream winding its rapid but devious course adown it, from the headwaters near Tichborne—the seat of contention in the famous lawsuit—through the

quaint old-world villages of Itchen Abbas and Easton, through Winchester, by the Cathedral, and Wykeham's College, and venerable St. Cross, past Twyford, where the poet Pope spent part of his schooldays, and Otterbourne, notable as having been both the scene of Keble's ministrations and the home of Miss Charlotte Yonge, and where, but a short while ago, her mortal remains were laid to rest, till near Southampton it widens out, and with shipyards and



FEEDING TROUT.



BRIDGE OVER THE ITCHEN, PARISH OF TWYFORD.

docks on either bank it merges into the Southampton Water. As a fishing stream—above all, as a trout stream—it has always held high rank. As a salmon stream, its importance is almost a thing of the past, and no such abundance of salmon is to be found now as was formerly the case. The rights of salmon-fishing in it have recently been the subject of litigation, and but for the vexed question of ownership there is no

doubt the salmon-fishery could be largely extended and developed.

What lover of Nature, even though he be no fisherman, will not sympathise with the following remarks of Kingsley's, quoted from "The Water Babies"? "Was it such a salmon stream as I trust you will see among the Hampshire water meadows before your hairs are grey, under the wise new fishing laws? When Winchester apprentices shall covenant, as they did 300 years ago, not to be



THE LATE MISS C. M. YONGE IN FRONT OF HER HOUSE, ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE.

made to eat salmon more than three days a week . . . in the good time coming, when folks shall see that, of all Heaven's gifts of food, the one to be protected most carefully is that worthy gentleman salmon, who is generous enough to go down to the sea weighing five ounces, and to come back next year weighing five pounds, without having cost the soil or the State one farthing?" Such days were once, but

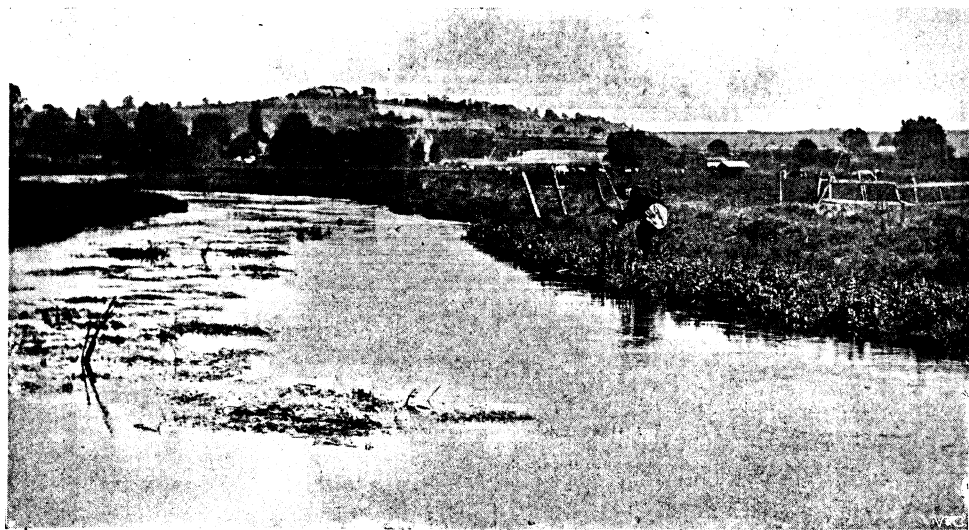
so far as Itchen is concerned they have not as yet returned. Although salmon are not plentiful, the Itchen does its duty by the trout, of which a recent writer has said that "of all the trout that do swim in English waters, those of Itchen are the most difficult to catch and among the fairest when caught." Neither trout-fishing nor trout-rearing are neglected now, and the extensive trout-hatcheries, just below Avington, owned by Mr. Corrie, send out thousands of young trout every year to other waters.

Other things besides fish lend interest to the natural history of the Itchen valley—the

plant and bird life are varied and interesting. There the kingfisher may be seen in his glorious plumage, the otter is still regularly hunted, and historic association everywhere throws its charm over all. Pleasant is it to wander by the stream in the open meads below Winchester, or to re-people its banks with those who formerly trod them, to hear again the voice of Izaak Walton, gravely discoursing on "trouts," or seriously discussing whether the otter be fish or beast, or to hear Kingsley's cheery shout of triumph as another "whopper," quivering and gleaming, is brought to bank in the landing-net.



TROUT-FISHING AT ST. CROSS, WINCHESTER.



LANDING THE TROUT: VIEW OF ST. GILES' HILL, WINCHESTER.



"LARGESS."

A STUDY BY R. ANNING BELL.



BABY BRANNIGAN.

By K. DOUGLAS KING.*



I MET her in a little fishing village in Devonshire. The village had a winding street, and down one side of it ran a tiny brook in which the fishermen used to wash their fish, and the children sail boats. Besides the brook there were some whitewashed, thatched cottages, a small, pebbly beach, trawlers, fishing-nets, crab-pots, a few rowing-boats, sea-gulls, rocks, and tall white and green cliffs with narrow paths winding round their rugged sides.

Baby Brannigan was the youngest of a large family. Her father was a fisherman; her mother was dead, and a decrepit old woman, an aunt of Brannigan's, came in occasionally to look after the house. So far as I could see, no one looked after Baby Brannigan.

She was about four years old, and when I first saw her she had entangled herself in her father's fishing-net, spread out to dry on the beach, and had entangled herself with such ingenuity that it took seven men three hours and forty minutes to extricate her from its meshes!

It was a hot August day, and the profanity of the fishermen, whilst disentangling Baby Brannigan from the net, was such that an interested group of lady artists had to retire out of earshot. Brannigan was one of the loudest. He was a big, burly, red-bearded man of about forty, with a slight Irish accent, and he seemed to have turned quite haggard through disgust at his daughter's perversity. Her solemnity, as she was picked, bit by bit, out of the meshes, was intense; from the expression of mingled complacency and rapture on her face one saw she was in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

Finally she was released, and, after a sharp paternal chastisement, was sternly sent off the beach and forbidden ever to approach again within fifty yards of the nets.

Room was made for her to pass between the groups of excited children who had gathered round. Then it was that I saw her clearly for the first time, and asked her name. A pert-faced girl of about eight gave the information with shrill volubility—

"Lor'! Why, 'er's Baby Brannigan, 'er is, an' my mother says Willie an' me's not to play wif 'er, never, we's not, 'cause 'er'll lead we into wrong, 'er's that wicked as ever was!"

I followed Baby Brannigan up the path from the beach to the village street. It was a steep path, and she seemed to have difficulty in climbing it. I took her hand; she said nothing, nor did she look up, but marched stolidly on by my side.

At first what chiefly impressed me about her was her exceeding griminess and a tangled look which not even her recent experiences in the net would wholly account for. She appeared to have very little on besides a frayed-out petticoat and a brown frock with no sleeves, cut very low in the neck and open at the back. Her arms and legs were bare, and a small pair of ploughman's boots, without any laces, completed her attire.

She wore no hat, and her head was a mass of very tangled brown-gold curls which framed her cheeks and hung over her forehead in baby rings. In the sunlight they glistened as

though dusted with powdered gold. She had a round, babyish face, burnt to a very pale brown. Her cheeks, also pale brown, were rather full and round, and looked as soft as satin. Her small nose was freckled, and her mouth tiny, full, and resolute. She had long, dark brown, curling lashes, and when she raised her eyes to mine I saw they were large and grave and of a heavenly deep blue.

Her fat baby neck was also a pale brown, except where the low-cut bodice flapped open—there it was white as milk. Her bare arms and wrists were sunburnt and full of fascinating dimples and creases.

She did not look abashed by her ignominious dismissal from the beach, though I thought I saw a tiny tear lurking in the corner of each eye. She had not spoken a word throughout the whole of the proceedings. She had an air of great self-possession, partly meditative, partly gravely watchful; and, often as I saw her afterwards, she never seemed otherwise than solemn, self-possessed, and deeply observant. Her silence was portentous.

I asked her sixteen times, in sixteen different forms, why she had entangled herself up in the net, and not a single word in reply did I get. It was only when I also had relapsed into silence, and had given up all hope of ever extracting a syllable from her, that I heard a soft murmur—

“I wanted to feel like a fis’.”

When I said “Good-bye” to Baby Brannigan she again said nothing, but only looked at me out of her solemn, blue eyes, with her long, earnest gaze. The sunlight made a sunbeam of her golden head, and, despite the old brown frock and ploughman’s boots, she looked as a baby angel might look who, knowing Paradise, stands gazing on the little world of men.

When I was some distance away down the village street, I heard a small voice calling behind me—

“Man, man !”

I was the only person in all that part of the street. I turned hastily and retraced my steps.

Baby Brannigan was contemplating the little river that ran down the street. A stick, caught by some rubbish, and swinging to and fro in the current, seemed to be interesting her deeply. I waited for a remark, but none came; and finally, affecting indifference, I turned away again.

“Anover day, man, quite soon, I s’all get into a net again, I s’all.”

I shook my head sternly at her and left her, still wholly absorbed in the fate of the stick in the river.

My rooms were in a little inn called the “Anchor,” overlooking the end of the village street where it sloped down to the beach. This spot was a favourite playground for the children. Later in the afternoon of the same day I heard terrific screams outside my window, and thought I recognised the voice.

When I came out I found about a dozen children surrounding a small, sobbing, brown heap. The face was hidden, but the gold-brown curls and the ploughman’s boots were unmistakable. The pert-faced child, who was Baby Brannigan’s cousin, was ordering about every other child, and carried herself like a general of manoeuvres. She told me that Baby Brannigan had been pretending to be a tramp to frighten the other children, and, racing after them, had fallen down on a tin pot and cut her knees.

As Baby Brannigan continued to weep loudly, I produced a penny, and the result was surprising. The brown heap rose from the ground with such alacrity that it nearly fell over backwards. Gasping for breath and tightly clutching the penny, Baby Brannigan staggered up the road. There was a sweet-shop only a few dozen yards away; she paused before it, poised on one dilapidated boot, but the next moment abruptly turned away, tottered on, and finally half fell, half flung herself into the baker’s shop higher up the street.

I was anxious to see what special dainty she had in her mind to purchase. Despite her staggering gait, I was only just in time to hear her breathless order, hurled imperiously at the head baker of the village, standing behind his counter—

“A BUN !—ye biggest in ye s’op ! An’ none o’ your dried dead flies stickin’ to it, never !”

The pert-faced child, who wore an outrageously befeathered hat and a beaded dress, hovered affectionately round Baby Brannigan when she came out of the shop. Quite a small tail of children followed Baby Brannigan as she stumped down the street, clasping to her bosom a large, sticky bun. Every now and then she stopped, raised the bun, looked at it all round, and slowly, slowly took a tiny bite out of it. At such moments a thrill of envy shook the tail. Baby Brannigan appeared totally unconscious of their existence.

The next day I was on the beach, when I suddenly became aware of a small brown object bearing down upon me from afar off.

When it came nearer I saw that it was Baby Brannigan, and that she was holding an old broken tin saucepan. She had an abstracted air and pretended not to see me.

When she was within a few feet of me she put the saucepan down on the beach, humming a little tune with a preoccupied air. Then she retired a step or two, ran forward suddenly, fell over the saucepan—and burst into tears!

Minute inspection on my part failed to detect the smallest fresh scratch or scar, but she continued to sob on with unabated vigour. It was not easy to stand over the crushed-looking little heap, sobbing, with its face hidden in the pebbles, and sternly harangue it on the iniquity of deceit and premeditated fraud. Baby Brannigan's ceaselessly flowing tears proved too much for me, and a half-penny, fished out of my pocket, passed into her hot, dirty little hand.

In less than a minute there was no sign of her. She had betaken herself and her boots up the beach with a rapidity that was remarkable. The pert-faced child, when I next met her, was sucking a large piece of rose-coloured sweetmeat, and there was a slightly conscious look in the bright, bold eyes which, with a sudden affectation of bashfulness, she turned hastily away. A little further up the street I espied Baby Brannigan sucking at a similar confection, but she did not see me; or, if she did, she pretended to be blind to my presence, for she made no sign of recognition.

The next day I was walking down to the beach, when I heard hasty footsteps, and, turning, saw Baby Brannigan scrambling down the slope, with one hand behind her, and the handle of a tin pot or saucepan sticking out behind that. Gently but firmly I took possession of her partially concealed burden, and found it to be the first original pot over which she had fallen and cut her knees in the street.

I took it in one hand, and Baby Brannigan in the other, and threw the former far out into the sea. Baby Brannigan preserved a stolid silence and did not seem either abashed or disappointed; her demeanour was perfectly placid and always serious. But when I next met her she deliberately climbed on to a tiny wall, about two feet high, and making sure, out of the corners of her angelic eyes, that I was looking, flung herself headlong down to the hard road beneath!

I pretended not to notice this manœuvre, and walked on. Shortly afterwards a very mild-looking donkey came strolling towards

us. With an hysterical stagger, Baby Brannigan darted past, turned upon me her eyes, wistful and pathetic as a child saint's, and threw herself down in the middle of the dusty road.

The donkey merely sniffed at Baby Brannigan and indolently turned aside. There was a slightly careworn look in her big, blue eyes when I rejoined her, and after this she left off trying to excite my compassion by violent attempts upon her life and limbs.

She did not care to play games with the other children. Artists often came to the village to sketch. Baby Brannigan would saunter up to them, and, with her affected preoccupation of manner, would stand in front of their easels, sometimes for an hour at a time. I did not guess the reason of this, till one day a travelling photographer came through the village and settled his apparatus to take an elaborate photograph of the village street.

With a sort of electric rapidity Baby Brannigan emerged from some deep recess and staggered into the middle of the road, just when the cap was being removed from the camera. Her small brown figure, with the golden head and smeared baby face at the top, and those remarkable boots at the bottom, filled up nearly the whole of the foreground of the photograph. The photographer's disgust was loud and deep; but Baby Brannigan's joy in the success of her manœuvre was so great as to cause her to relax into a smile, the first I had ever seen on her baby lips.

When visitors to the village were sitting on the cliff-paths, or on the beach, Baby Brannigan would climb stealthily to the cliff above and drop down on their heads showers of tiny stones. She would stand at the doors of bathing sheds and tents, and stolidly watch the lady bathers undress and dress for bathing; sometimes she would slip into the tents, when they were in the sea, and mix up their clothes.

Whether I were out early or late, sooner or later Baby Brannigan's familiar form would heave in sight. Once, after an early bathe, which she had watched from the beach with grave interest, she asked me, with a dismal yawn, whether I had had supper. It was almost the first remark she had ever volunteered! I was so astonished at her unwonted conversational turn, I could only say "No," but that I was going in to breakfast. Again she yawned. I asked her whether she had had her breakfast, and she shook her head.



"Clasping to her bosom a large, sticky bun."

In the morning sunlight she looked almost pale ; there were lines of dust and dirt on her face, her hair seemed hopelessly tangled, and, as usual, she was without a hat ; her frock was now held together by half a button, and some tiny toes were poking through the tip of one boot. I thought of the motherless home and the wild Brannigan boys and girls. Baby Brannigan was only four ! She looked unutterably forlorn. I asked her if she was hungry. She nodded, and I saw a tiny tear lying far in the depths of each baby eye.

As she appeared to have no thought of going in to breakfast on her own account, I suggested she should come with me and share my bachelor breakfast. She accepted with a sort of weary alacrity and held out her hand. I asked her if she had ever eaten an egg. Again she mournfully shook her head, but a sudden light gleamed in her eyes.

My landlady was scandalised at the frock and boots, but that we could not help ; and when her hands and face had been washed we sat down together to a little round table. The egg, in its egg-cup, with a spoon by its side, took her aback at first. But her dismay was only momentarily, and I saw she was desperately resolved not to betray her inexperience or her ignorance as to the manner in which an egg should be served up and eaten.

With clenched teeth she grasped her spoon and with it beat in the top of the egg with one vigorous blow. Being only lightly boiled, there was a decided sort of smash. Dropping the spoon and breathing very fast, Baby Brannigan turned the egg and egg-cup upside down and poured its contents bodily on to her bread-and-butter. Then for the first

time she looked across at me. There was a defiant look in her eyes, although there shone in them the satisfied triumph of one who has achieved success.

Baby Brannigan ate her bread-and-butter thus eggily spread with a slow, solid enjoy-



"Baby Brannigan's joy in the success of her manoeuvre."

ment I have rarely seen equalled and never surpassed. Later on she supped up strawberry jam with a large knife in a perfectly terrifying way. As the coffee was hot, she promptly poured it out of her cup into the saucer, and sipped it thus with an air that would have done credit to a professional nurse.

When I went out again that day it was getting late. Baby Brannigan was sitting on the capstan, and her pert-faced cousin, with some older Brannigans, was dancing up and down some planks. The former ran to meet me, and, with a conscious giggle, told me Baby Brannigan had been sitting on the capstan, waiting for me, ever since ten in the morning—it was now nearly six—and that she, her cousin, had had to bring out her dinner because she had refused to come indoors for it.

Her shrill voice was audible over half the beach. I glanced towards Baby Brannigan, but she had studiously averted her head. When I came up to her she was holding in her hands an extremely dirty and sticky-looking piece of newspaper. She never moved a finger or muscle, till suddenly I saw a tiny quiver on her baby lips.

So I picked her up and sat down on the capstan, holding her on my knee. Never had she looked more forlorn, tangled, or uncared for.

"I bwought a pwesent for you—you oughted to have come," she began presently in a suppressed voice; there was in it a note of heartrending misery, and her eyes were tragic. "I bwought it wif my own moneys; it cost two farvings."

Two large tears rolled down her cheeks and landed upon my hand. I tried to comfort her.

"I waited for you hours an' hours—free 'undred hours, an' you never comed not once, an' I waited for you."

Two more tears dropped down, and Baby Brannigan, with trembling hands, began to smooth out the sticky piece of newspaper.

"Ye pwesent was for you—two shudar mouses, all pink all over, wif tails an' eyes. I bwought 'em all myself wif my own moneys—yey was for you."

The newspaper was spread out flat, and to its moist surface were sticking a few pink crumbs of sugar; otherwise it was empty.

"An' now I'se yeaten 'em all up," resumed Baby Brannigan, with a strangled sob. "I waited all day, an' you'd not never comed."

Tear after tear rolled down her blank, dreary face. For a long time she refused to

be comforted. Finally she sobbed herself to sleep in my arms.

The next morning I was out early, and she came towards me holding a sunflower as big as her own head. There was an unwonted gleam in her serious eyes, and her mouth was pursed up complacently. The sunflower was a present from Baby Brannigan to me, and was duly presented, admired and accepted; and Baby Brannigan, swelling visibly with satisfaction and pride, insisted upon coming up to my room and with her own hands putting it in a glass vase.

"It is vewy beautiful," she remarked in tones of hushed rapture, and gazing at it with the intense appreciation which only a connoisseur knows. "I fink it will make you vewy happy to have it—it is so beautiful! An' I gave it to you."

Later in the day I met the village schoolmaster, who complained that Baby Brannigan had, so he said, "boned" his finest sunflower for some obscure purposes of her own.

At this point Baby Brannigan, who, as usual, was hanging on to my hand, began to hum a little tune.

I asked the schoolmaster whether he had appealed to me in order that I should cross-examine Baby Brannigan. He said, "No," but he wanted me to read Baby Brannigan a lecture on the iniquity of theft, so that for the future his plants should be left alone.

I replied that lectures were more in his line than mine, but said I would be responsible for Baby Brannigan's conduct in the future, so far as his garden was concerned. Then we went away. I looked down at Baby Brannigan and she looked up at me. Then she winked.

Every day Baby Brannigan appeared to look more ragged and uncared for. Finally I appealed to the pert-faced child and asked her whether she could do nothing for her little cousin. For once she seemed so taken aback that her voluble self-possession deserted her and she could only gasp; presently she recovered sufficiently to giggle, and edged away, casting upon me glances of exaggerated archness and humour.

A few hours later I met Baby Brannigan and her cousin hand in hand. Baby Brannigan's face was actually clean, and there were two and a half buttons on the frock, dingier than ever by the side of her satin skin. I congratulated the elder child, called "Meely," on the success of her handiwork, and she asked me mincingly whether I thought of prolonging my stay in "their neighbourhood."

In the same conversational strain I replied that to my regret I was going to leave that very week. Noticing a sudden change of expression on Baby Brannigan's face, I hastened to add that I meant to return after a few days' absence, but that I was afraid I should have to leave finally the following week.

Baby Brannigan raised her head, slowly and deliberately she spoke—

"I s'all go wif you when you goes."

"But that wouldn't be proper!" exclaimed the pert-faced child with such alacrity she must have been waiting for the chance of the retort.

"I s'all go wif you," repeated Baby Brannigan firmly. "When you goes, I s'all go wif you, everywheres you go."

"You couldn't do that! Only the gentleman's wife could do that," giggled the pert-faced child, who knew I was not married.

When I said good-night to Baby Brannigan that evening she spoke again.

"I s'all go wif you," she said softly.

The pert-faced child opened her mouth eagerly.

"An' I s'all be your wife," resumed Baby Brannigan, in the same soft way and with a long, determined look.

The pert-faced child tittered behind her hand.

It was getting late in the season, and the equinoctial gales were coming in, with rain and south-west winds. On my last day I went to the capstan and found Baby Brannigan holding on with both hands lest she should be blown away. She appeared excessively wet and muddy, and said she had fallen into the river.

The wind "pushed her in wif all its hands," she said, and sighed deeply.

A sudden impulse seized me whilst I looked at her, at her dimpled neck, her satin cheeks, her tangled, gold-brown hair, and those deep, heavenly eyes.

"Would you like a white frock to wear, Baby Brannigan?" I said hastily—"with lace sleeves and frills and—and tucks?"

Baby Brannigan said nothing, but a sudden gleam leapt to her eyes, and she slowly spread her hands up and down the ragged brown frock.

"And white socks," I continued eagerly—"white socks, Baby Brannigan, and little white shoes?"

She still said nothing, but slowly put out first one foot and then another, and contemplated her ploughman's boots. A large smile began to overspread her face.

"And a big blue sash, Baby Brannigan, to tie round the frock? Shall I bring you these from London, Baby Brannigan? white frock and sash and socks and white shoes—little white shoes with straps and pearl buttons?"

Baby Brannigan nodded vigorously. The smile had reached her eyes, they shone excitedly.

I wanted to hear her speak.

"What shall you say when you get them, Baby Brannigan?" I asked.

She looked demure, but still said nothing.

Baby Brannigan did not mind being teased. I teased her to tell me what she would say when I gave her the frock and sash. Presently she climbed on to my knee, and, to my astonishment, for she was extremely chary of her caresses, put her arms round my neck and gave me a soft sort of baby kiss.

"I s'all say 'Fank you, de-ar,'" she whispered in my ear.

And that night, when I bade her good-bye, she looked up with big, dauntless eyes, and said, "I loves you ever so! I s'all go away wif you everywheres when you comes again."

So I came again. It was late when I returned, and there were lights in the cottage windows. I had been gone about a week. A terrific wind was blowing from the south-west, and I could hear the roar of the sea as it broke on the beach, and then the dreadful grinding noise of the pebbles when they were swept back into the swirl with the outgoing rush of the waves.

I carried a brown paper parcel, and, before turning into the inn, went down to the capstan. But it was deserted. All the boats had been pulled up under the cliffs, and though the capstan was a long way up the beach, I felt the spray on my face, as one wave after another, with a roar like thunder, swelled and broke up the pebbly slopes.

But I was not inclined to go in quietly and wait. With the brown paper parcel under my arm, I repassed my lodging and turned down the lane towards the heap of hovels, in one of which lived Brannigan and his large family. I had an insane and restless fancy to see Baby Brannigan's big blue eyes shining at sight of me and my parcel, and the fancy urged me on through the inclement night.

A light here and a light there through the little windows, and the cottage doors shut! But the street was still full of noisy children, laughing, playing, and being blown about the road. There was a light in Brannigan's window and his door was also shut. I



"The sunflower was a present from Baby Brannigan."

knocked, and there was no answer. I listened, and heard no sound from within.

The wind was blowing furiously down the lane, and the roaring of the sea sounded close at hand. Again I knocked and listened, but could hear nothing but that terrific wind and those waves dragging down the pebble beach. So, with my restless fancy still upon me, I opened the door and went in. The wind shut it behind me with a bang. At the first glance I saw the room—apparently the house—was empty. A little lamp stood upon the table, where there were remains of tea-things, mostly broken mugs. There was an opposite door ajar, and another light was shining through the chink. Impelled by what I knew not I pushed it open and went in.

It was a little room almost empty, with a bleak, unshuttered window, black with the

dark night behind, and on a low wooden shelf stood a lighted candle. The wind came through the chinks of the window, for the candle was flickering a great deal.

In the middle of the room stood a strange thing, a rough-looking bedstead, and something lying on it, covered with a long sheet! And there was nothing else in the room except a cracked mug of marigolds and nasturtiums on the wooden shelf.

I stepped forward suddenly and raised the sheet, drawing the end of it back; and I saw Baby Brannigan lying there, dressed in a little white night-dress. Her baby

hands were folded, her eyes were shut, and she was so still and white, I saw—I saw it all!

Something touched my hand and I heard crying. Meely was by my side. She was crying very bitterly and was smoothing down Baby Brannigan's smooth nightdress.

"They've all gone out!" she gasped. "Aunt Christy says to me, 'Meely, I must be 'ome for a bit, and them boys an' gels is still playin' up an' down the street! An' Brannigan, 'e ain't 'ome from the 'Anchor'! You go an' watch wif the Baby.' An' I says, 'Yes, I'll come,' an' I'm come. Didn't you know afore just now? Why, it 'appened yesterday, an' she's to be buried to-morrer, an' I've got a new black frock."

This was the story Meely told me:—The gales had set in the day after I had left

the village, and yesterday Baby Brannigan and some other children were playing on the beach. The tide was coming in, and they were throwing sticks into the sea, as the waves broke, to see how quickly they got sucked down by the returning waves. One of the children slipped down the slope, and was wet through and half-dead with fright before he was pulled back into safety.

Then another boy imitated his mishap, and, from wantonly slipping, slipped in earnest down the dangerous slope. Terrified, most of the children fell to screaming; but one or two took hands and made a line to reach him. Baby Brannigan headed this line. She scrambled down and seized his hand, and, with the others, hauled him out of the pebbles into which he had sunk to his knees.

It happened so quickly—both his fall and his spirited rescue—that both were accomplished in the breath of time between the rushing back of one wave and the breaking over of another. Baby Brannigan, still clutching at the boy, stumbled in her boots amongst the pebbles, let go, slipped herself, and was caught by the next great wave as it rushed in a mighty volume of water up the slope. That wave carried back with it a bank of pebbles, and Baby Brannigan was there! She was carried down, too!

"You knows 'ow them waves washes the beach down—that strong men can't stand in it?" sobbed Meely.

I knew, for I had seen it in other storms. I knew the dreadful sound as the very beach was sucked down into a seething mass of waves against which no man could stand up!—those pitiless waves that swept away a baby's tender body and beat it to death against the stones.

"We hollered," sobbed Meely, "an' the men was come then, an' when the next wave swept up Baby Brannigan again, one man rushed in and clutched 'er, an' 'e nearly got carried orf, too, on'y they was holdin' him in a line, one after t'other. But—but 'twern't no use! She were dead. . . ."

"An' that were only yesterday, an' she's to be buried to-morrer. That parcel? Why, is them 'er things you spoke of? Not really! Why! we said you was kiddin' 'er, when she torked of 'er white frock an' shoes an' the sash; but she said you was goin' to bring 'em her, an' pulled one gel's hair orful for sayin' it was a lie."

Meely took the parcel from me, and as in a dream I saw her untie it and spread out its contents upon the bed where the little white-robed figure lay so still. It was so strange to see that baby form so still—so very still!

But it seemed yet more strange when Meely touched my arm, and in a whisper, husky yet triumphant, bade me come back again and look.

She had dressed Baby Brannigan in the clothes I had brought her: a little white frock and a blue sash; and on her feet she had put the white socks and tiny strapped shoes.

Her curls, like softest silk, were lying round her soft, still face; her mouth was sad; her long lashes swept her pale, piteous cheeks. She looked as though she had wept much, and, weeping, had fallen asleep.

Meely folded back the little white frock. There were cruel marks under the dimpled knees, and the same on her arms and baby neck; and when I took off the shoes and socks I saw them again on her bare white feet.

Those white baby feet! For four years they had stumbled along their rough, neglected way. I held them long in my hand—they were so little and soft and cold!

When I went out into the night I could hear nothing but the wind and the sea. The Brannigan boys and girls were still playing up the street, and, passing the "Anchor," I saw Brannigan in the bar, smoking with the other fishermen. The night was full of noise and tumult, of laughter, and the voices of the playing children; and above everything was the sound of the south-west gale blowing in from over the bay, and the great waves breaking upon the beach.

But Baby Brannigan heard nothing of it. She was asleep—sleeping on the Heart of God.

* * * * *

In the spring I came again to the village, and Meely showed me a little grave. It was green and covered with daisies; and close to it, here and there amidst the grass, were growing little blue squills of the colour of heaven—and Baby Brannigan's eyes.

At the head of the grave stood a cross, and upon it was written—

"BARBARA MARY."

And underneath, in smaller letters—

"BABY BRANNIGAN."

A LADY MINER AT KLONDYKE.

BY C. LANG NIEL.

IN these progressive days it is hard to find a sphere in life into which women have not penetrated. No business or profession is too arduous to be undertaken, and no place on earth too remote for a daughter of Eve to visit. And yet, had one been asked to assign an impossible task to a gentlewoman, one who had been born and bred in luxury, perhaps nothing more difficult could have been suggested than a journey to Klondyke goldfields in the early days of their discovery—a personal encounter with the hardships and dangers and discomforts of a life along the very skirmish line of civilisation, dangers and discomforts that have daunted many a strong man.

Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock, widow of the late Commander Hitchcock, of the U.S. Navy, has both attempted such a performance and accomplished it successfully, in company with her friend, Miss Van Buren, which is in itself not only a tribute to their own perseverance and determination, but also says much for the intelligence and fearlessness of Anglo-Saxon women, who, amongst all sorts



FILLING HIS HAT WITH NUGGETS.

and conditions of men, never fail to secure respect.

The two ladies set out from San Francisco by steamer to St. Michael's, their adventures commencing the very first day on the *St. Paul*.

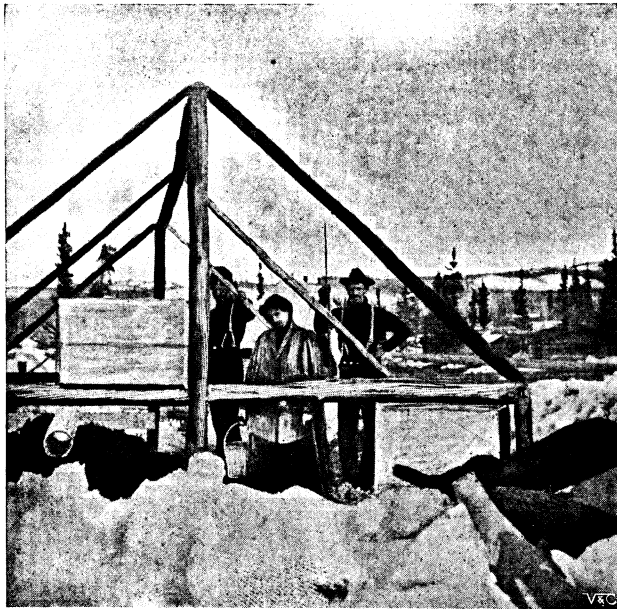
It happened that Mrs. Hitchcock was playing a zither in her cabin in the afternoon, and had been practising some time, when she was surprised by hearing a voice exclaim, "I say, missus, do you mind letting us open your cabin door, for we ain't heard no such moosic as that air, not nevvah?" and forthwith a number of the passengers, all *en route* for Dawson City, filed into the cabin and sat down.

The lady fully realised the advisability of doing in Rome as Rome does, therefore she played on in her best style to the intruders, and this was but the prelude to many musical evenings on board.

The first annoyance encountered by the venturesome travellers was at the Custom-house at St. Michael's, when it became necessary for them to have their sealskin wraps stamped before going into British territory—otherwise, on returning into Uncle Sam's dominions, duty might be levied on them, despite the fact that they could prove having been the lawful possessors of the garments prior to leaving the United States. Truly it may be said that never did woman yet undergo a Customs examination calmly, and as each pretty item of dress and millinery is remorselessly shaken out and pitched into a heap, after having been handled and sorted unmercifully, so does indignation give place to rage, and ultimately rage to tears. And



QUENCHING HIS THIRST: A BARGE ON THE YUKON.



FRAMEWORK OF A SQUATTER'S FIRST HOME.

despite the fact that Mrs. Hitchcock could brave the dangers of a journey to the Yukon—she was but a woman at heart; and, after passing through the ruthless hands of the Custom-house officials, she mentally registered a vow that if ever women do have their rights, and should she enjoy a little brief authority, her first movement would be to provide an army of feminine “packers” on the wharf, who would smooth out the wrinkles and repair the “damages” done by the unsympathetic male sorter.

Of the journey from St. Michael's to the Yukon and up to Dawson much might be written, from the time the boat agents told them that only *their* boats could possibly be the first to reach the Golden City, till the race up the Yukon was finished; how everyone recommended everyone else to “Take my advice and turn back, ere it will be too late,” and nobody took any notice of what anybody else said; how the passengers on the *St. Paul* watched a crowd of returned miners, with bags on their backs that needed no X rays to tell of

the gold within and consequently made everyone more eager than before to reach the Promised Land.

The indignation was great when on the various stages of the journey the boat on which Mrs. Hitchcock travelled was tied up to the bank on several occasions for no apparent reason, thus allowing rival steamboat companies' vessels to pass them. Needless to say, when this took place, much “chipping” went on between the passengers on the boat forging ahead and the one tied up. “Shall we take on any messages for you to Dawson?” “We'll see your diggin's aired for you,” and much waving of hats and hurraing besides.

At Circle City Mrs. Hitchcock and her companion peeped into a dance-hall and got their first insight into the rough-and-ready rules of a mining camp. To quote the words of the M.C.: “The gels just darnse with every feller wot arks 'em. We don't arsk nothing ter let yer go in, but you just 'ave tew order a drink fer each gel yer darnse with, and—every drink costs a dollar!”

The day the two ladies arrived in Dawson a new hotel was to be opened in Main Street,

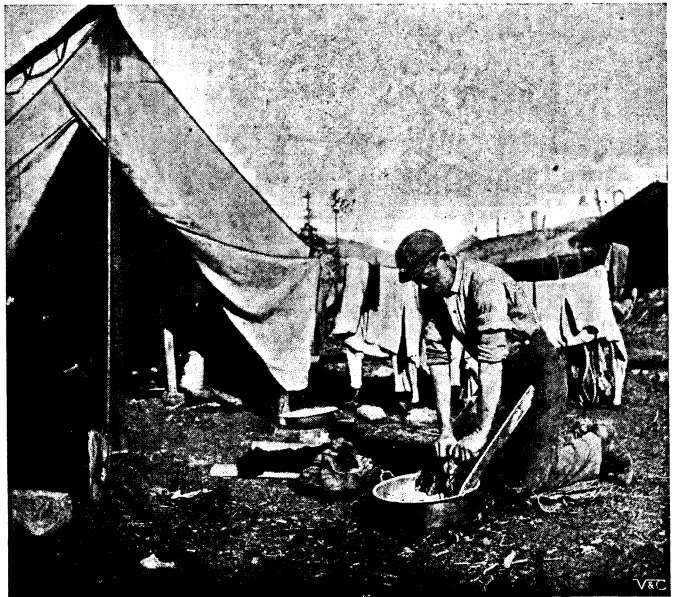


Photo by]

WASHING-DAY.

[Hegg, Dawson.

in the evening, and a big dinner given. Being new arrivals, they were invited, and duly attended.

The hotel was three storeys high and built of logs, and was quite the largest structure in the place, towering high above the tents and cabins of its neighbours. There was only one entrance, and that through the bar-room. Mrs. Hitchcock and her companion had one or

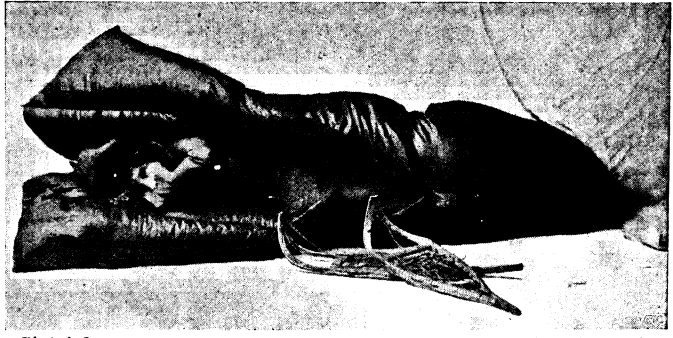


Photo by]

A SLEEPING-BAG.

[Curtis, Seattle.



MINERS SELLING THEIR OUTFITS, DAWSON.



THE LADIES' BIG TENT.

two rude shocks that evening. For one thing, they were told that "the meanest bar-room in the place realises never less than five hundred dollars in a night, and very often as much as a thousand." Another item that caused astonishment was the fact that "oyster cocktails" headed the *menu*, and at the dance

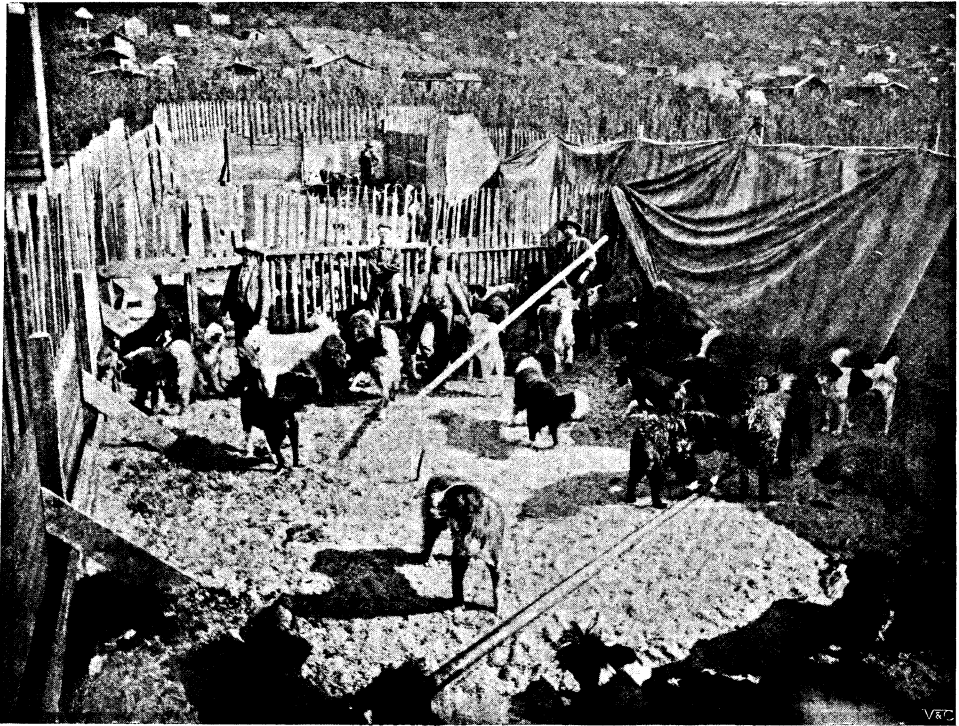
that followed there were more revelations.

"The girls" present, who might have been anything between twenty-five and thirty years of age, danced exclusively with the Dawson "society" men. The leader of these individuals, one known to his fellows as "Nigger Jim," was a very handsome man, and as he danced with a sombrero hat stuck at the back of his head, and a big cigar in his mouth, he put on the most debonair air imaginable.

The *Klondyke Nugget* thus recorded the arrival of Mrs. Hitchcock: "Miss V——

a nail into one of the wooden uprights in the tent and hang up a mirror.

The two lady gold-seekers soon became popular in their self-sought township, and the first Sunday after their arrival consented to hold a service for the miners—the first church service ever held in the Klondyke. A deputation from the miners was asked to select the music from a pile the ladies had brought with them. The music committee, after due deliberation, thought that "The Lost Chord," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the "Portuguese Hymn," and Strauss's "Blue Danube" fitting for the occasion.



[Photo by]

DOG POUND, DAWSON.

[Hegg, Dawson.

and Mrs. Admiral H—— are the latest additions to Dawson society. The ladies travel for pleasure, and are simply 'doing' the Klondyke as they have done Europe and Asia. They came in by way of St. Michael's and will go out again before the 'freeze-up' by way of the Chilkoot Pass."

As they had determined to become squatters in real earnest, a huge tent was erected for the ladies, on a well-built frame, the canvas alone weighing nearly five hundred pounds, and, true to the traditions of their sex, the very first thing they did was to drive

The service itself was announced by the loud ringing of a cow-bell and a stentorian voice crying out: "Church—church—no collection and no dress up! Look slick and bring your own seats!" And they did; some sat on empty boxes, some on steamer chairs, others on the bare ground, and even biscuit-tins and a portable stove were requisitioned. The service was a great success, despite the fact that the Criterion orchestral cylinder went wrong and could not be persuaded to play anything but "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

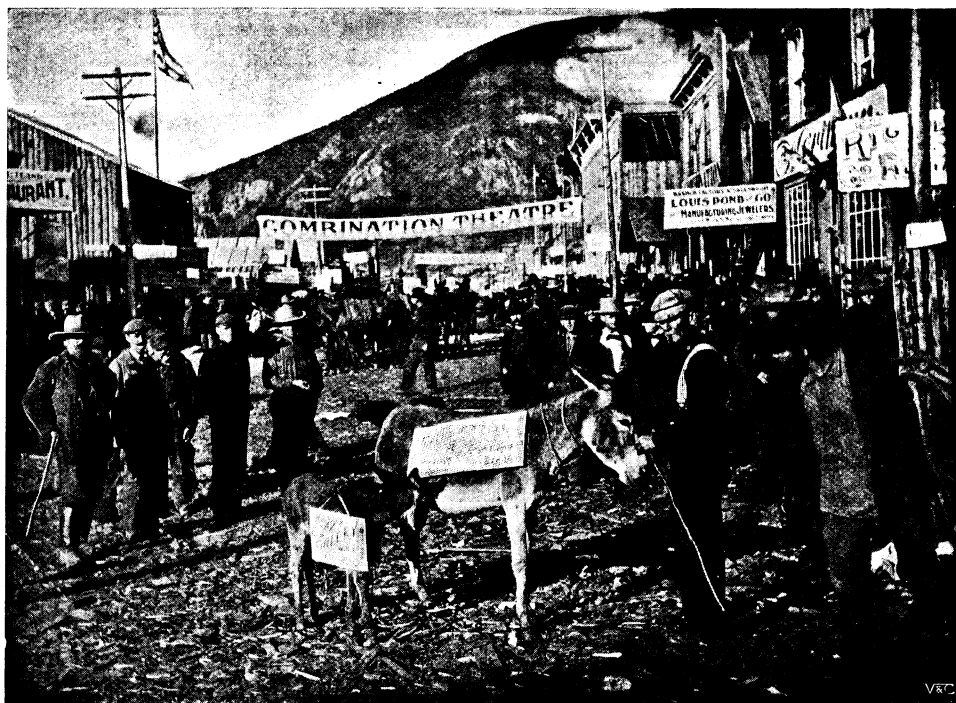


Photo by]

FRONT STREET, DAWSON.

[Hegg, Dawson.



Photo by]

MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH, DAWSON.

[Hegg, Dawson.

Mrs. Hitchcock's story of a Klondyke lynching is most thrilling. For some time Sheep Camp had been up in arms about mysterious thefts that had been committed, and a young Swede, of about twenty years of age, was caught red-handed drawing away a sledge which was someone else's property. Thereupon Sheep Camp rose in a body to avenge the outrage. Other things were missing from the same place, so three men went on the trail that was all too apparent on the soft snow, and in a short time came up with the suspects, whom they promptly made prisoners and marched back to camp.

The mob crowded round the doomed

one life had been taken that night, it was decided that the other two culprits should be let off with fifty strokes of the lash.

Immediately a score of willing hands lashed the two men to poles, while others made a thong to carry out the sentence. Everyone seemed eager. There was a horrible fascination about it, but after seeing the first blow, which drew blood from the clear white skin, the spectators were obliged to turn away from the sickening sight. A doctor interfered after ten strokes had been administered, and when the men had been given a huge meal, a sign was placarded on each culprit, bearing the legend, "Pass me along, I am a thief," and thus they were turned out of the camp



[Phot. by]

ON JOHNSON GLACIER, NEAR SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

[H. C. Farley.

wretches, and a kind of rough court of justice was improvised in the tent saloon. Everyone having ordered drinks, the judge took his seat on the top of the counter, above the crowd, surrounded by bottles and unwashed glasses. The prisoners were then asked a few questions, when one of them, suddenly catching sight of a man in a corner holding a noosed rope in his hand, without the slightest warning whipped out a pistol, fired at his gaolers, and broke through the crowd and fled down the "trail." In an instant fifty revolvers "opened up" on the flying figure, and the poor wretch fell riddled.

At the intercession of the clergyman, as

—perhaps to die. In this way is justice administered by miners in the Klondyke.

The ladies' experiences with the cooks they engaged were far from pleasant, for as absolute equality exists in a mining camp, and the turn of a shovel may make a man a millionaire, the idiosyncrasies of a cook must be endured, since they cannot be cured, and he cannot be replaced easily.

Thus the first cook Mrs. Hitchcock engaged was a splendid fellow to work, but objected to being considered a menial, and thought it only right, after his duties were done, that he should take a seat beside his employer and relate *bons mots* of the

camp to her. Furthermore, he objected to taking orders. "Horders hirritates me!" he said, and sooner than take them he left.

His successor was another curiosity, and patronised his employer, calling her "Little One" from the day of his arrival.

But Mrs. Hitchcock's real troubles commenced when she took out her miner's certificate, which read as follows:—

No. 23,109.
DOMINION OF CANADA.

FREE MINER'S CERTIFICATE
(NON-TRANSFERABLE).

Place of Issue,
DAWSON.

Valid for One Year Only.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that Mary E. Hitchcock, of Dawson, has paid me this day the sum of ten dollars, and is entitled to all the rights and privileges of a Free Miner under any mining regulations of the Government of Canada for one year from the date of this certificate, which grants to the holder thereof the privilege of fishing and shooting, and also the privilege of cutting timber for building houses, boats, and for general mining operations. Reservations, etc.

(Countersigned) THOMAS FAWCETT.
JAS. A. SMART,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.



ON THE SKAGWAY PASS TRAIL.

This document having been obtained, and likewise the agent's permission to build a log cabin where they liked, the ladies thought that a suitable spot was to be found on the water front, and commenced operations

forthwith, only to discover to their dismay that a local bigwig contemplated at no distant date running a street past the spot, and that gentleman had threatened to use a shot-gun on anyone who put a house up there. So they respected his wishes and avoided his shot-gun.

At last the fair miners found a friend in a Klondyke "king"—the same individual who, having secured claims estimated to be worth something like



Photo by]

A SHIPMENT OF GOLD.

[Hegg, Dawson.

twenty-seven millions of dollars, took a holiday, came to London, and married a Brixton policeman's daughter.

The same worthy, with characteristic generosity, showed them how to stake their claim, how to wash and "clean up" the gold, and "pan out" generally. In the words of Mrs. Hitchcock herself: "Gold fell out wherever I poked my umbrella, and at the last moment Jones knocked out a stone, and right behind it shone a nugget which weighed eight ounces."

On the way home Mrs. Hitchcock and her companion came *viâ* White Horse Rapids, Lake Bennett, and the White Pass, and

met with many amusing experiences. For instance, from Dawson to White Horse Rapids, which was accomplished by steamer, the passengers, where the current was very strong, had to "get out and walk" along the banks; and at one place the stream was so strong that a rope had to be fixed to the prow of the boat and run round a tree some distance off, by which means the passengers hauled the steamer round a stiff corner.

At yet another juncture fuel ran short, so the poor passengers were told off with axes to go on shore and fell trees for fuel. Truly travelling in the Klondyke is a joy indeed.



"THE SCARE-CROW."

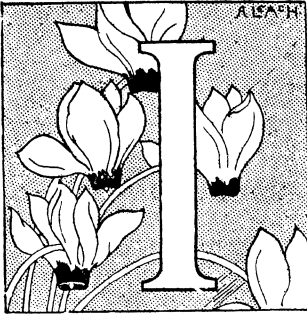
· SWEET · IS · THE · ROSE · BUT · GROWES · UPON · A · BRERE ·
· SO · EVERY · SWEET · WITH · SOWRE · IS · TEMPRED · STILL ·
· SPENSER ·



THE HEART OF A MYSTERY.

By L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE.*

No. V.—A GALLOP WITH THE STORM.



IT was a couple of months since the events took place which I mentioned in my last story. Evelyn Noel had recovered her spirits. As I looked at her bright face and slim,

upright figure, and listened once again to her merry laugh, I could scarcely believe she was the same girl who had stood in Sir James's study and told her terrible story. How very nearly her whole young life had been wrecked! but, also, how quickly she had recovered! I wondered if all girls were made alike; if a girl's nature was such that she could be reduced to the last gasp of despair one moment, and the next could sing about the house and be radiant and happy, its sunbeam and source of rejoicing once more.

Sir James and Lady Noel begged of me never to mention the hated name of Reginald Monck in the girl's presence, and when his trial came on, which it did about that time, it was my duty to keep the newspapers as much as possible from her sight.

I was collecting them one morning to take into Sir James's study, when she came into the hall and stopped me with a smile.

"What are you doing, Mr. Phenays?" she asked.

"Sir James wants the papers," I said. "He likes to look over them when he returns in the evening."

"My father is not at home; he will not be home until five o'clock."

"That is true," I answered, "but I may as well attend to his wishes now."

"I know why you do it," she said suddenly. "Mr. Phenays, I want to tell you something.

I have read all the particulars with regard to Mr. Monck's trial already this morning. I am not fretting," she added. "I am too thankful. But you may tell my father and mother that it is useless to keep things from my knowledge. I am no longer a child, and cannot be treated as such."

Tears filled her eyes.

"What should I have done but for you and Senhor Pinheiro?" she continued. "I can never, never be sufficiently thankful that you, Mr. Phenays, returned to England when you did, and also that you brought your Portuguese friend with you."

She stretched out her hand and took mine as she spoke—the tears overflowed her lovely eyes. But the next moment she had flown across the hall and was singing in the garden.

As I listened to her voice, and remembered the look on her face a moment before, I could not help saying to myself—

"What a wonderful creature is woman!"

The next day was Sunday. I have good cause to remember that day. It was the 10th of June, 1899. For the past week the weather had been sultry in the extreme. Day after day the forecasts prophesied storms and thunder; but the storms did not come, and the sky, as far as rain was concerned, was like brass.

The great heat made us all languid, and on this special afternoon Sir James and I were taking shelter under a wide-spreading cedar tree just at one end of the smoothly kept lawn. The tea-table was standing near. Evelyn had poured out tea for us both and had then gone into the house.

"I am going to sit with mother and read to her," she said, turning her bright face towards Sir James. "She has a headache. She says there is so much electricity in the air."

"There is little doubt of that," was my comment, and I raised my eyes to look at the sky.

It was blue, with the intense blue of perfect summer; but towards the horizon were suspicious-looking banks of clouds, piled one

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above the other. I wondered if the storm which had so long tarried would be on us that night.

Sir James uttered lazy, disconnected sentences at intervals. The heat, and considerable fatigue owing to a long week of hard work, had rendered him sleepy. Presently he remarked—

"I wonder when Pinheiro will pay us another visit?"

"Senhor Pinheiro will not come until he brings us news," was my answer, and I could not help sighing as I spoke.

"What is the matter, Phenays?" said my employer, turning and gazing at me. "It is impossible that you can feel apprehension now. You have lived, it is true,

on the brink of a catastrophe; but even that dreadful woman, Mademoiselle Delacourt, must have played and lost her last trick when Reginald Monck failed in his mission."

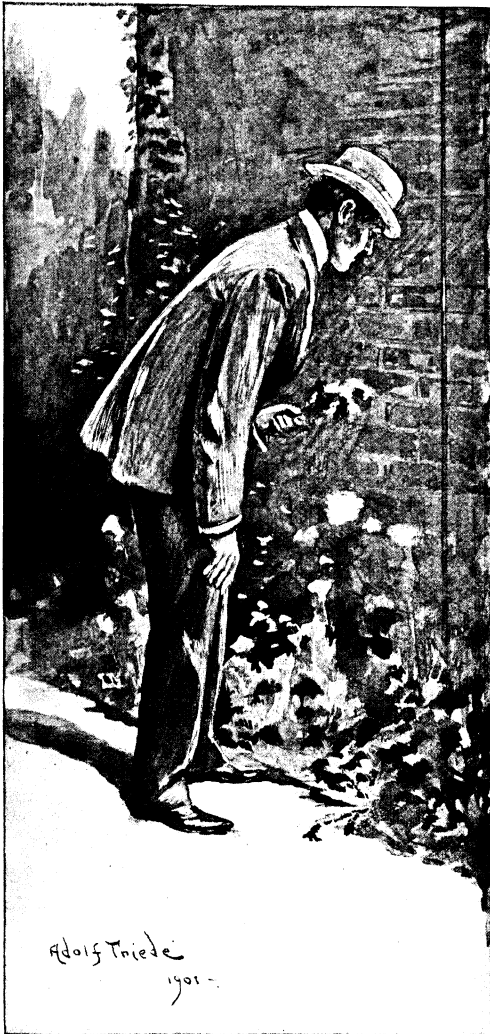
"I do not believe so for a moment," was my answer. "You must remember, Sir James, that three times before the affair with your late secretary, Mademoiselle attempted my life. What she has done three times she will do again. She is a terrible woman. Although I ought to be a happy man, with such genial employment, and so kind and considerate a friend as yourself, yet I live always on the brink of a precipice. At any moment, night or day, my life may be required of me, and my great foe spring to fresh existence."

Sir James suddenly lost his sleepy manner. He started forward and spoke with emphasis. "I do not want to trouble you," he said. "As a matter of fact, I left you here during the whole of last week solely with the view of sparing you anxiety. But we are all very anxious at headquarters, and there is the feeling with more than one that the spy element has not been eliminated. This war—and I see no possible solution of the Transvaal question without it—must be unlike any previous one. Science—our friend in the construction of weapons, in tactics, in balloons, in wireless telegraphy—is equally our enemy when we approach the field of Secret Service. Our spies now have a competent knowledge of our preparations and movements, by methods altogether unknown in the days of the Peninsular and Crimean wars. A thousand eyes are watching us, and a thousand ears listen for our faintest footfalls. If these eyes and ears are invisible, that makes the danger all the greater. As Macbeth said, 'Even the ground prates of our wherabouts.' There is danger everywhere. You know it."

"Alas!" I cried, "I know it far too well; and the woman whom I so greatly fear is beyond doubt in the pay of the enemy. She is a fiend in human shape. So far as we are concerned, she is the great centre; she is the spider that sits in the web to which all lines lead. There is only one man in Europe who can lay her by the heels. You have seen something of his methods in the case of your late secretary."

"I certainly have. Pinheiro is one in a thousand."

"If anyone will succeed in capturing Mademoiselle, he is the man," I said. "I have absolute faith in him."



"Part of it looked as if it had been freshly dug."

As I spoke, the boughs of the cedar tree just behind rustled, and before Sir James could say another word, the gaunt figure of Pinheiro presented itself.

He stepped silently into our little circle, bowed to Sir James, nodded to me, then took the nearest chair.

"You look like a ghost, Pinheiro," said Sir James. "Did you come by the drive? I did not see you."

"I came through the shrubbery at the back of the house, Sir James," he answered.

I eyed him narrowly as he accepted a cup of tea which I poured out for him. He took it from my hand and leant back in his seat.

"You got my wire this morning, Sir James?" he asked, after a moment. "I would not trouble you on Sunday but for very special business—business that concerns us three personally, and Her Majesty's Government in particular."

As he spoke he gave a curious, automatic glance behind him, into the shadow of some laurel shrubs.

"I have come with news indeed," he continued; "and I will give it at once. Mademoiselle Delacourt is in England."

"What?" I cried.

"It is a fact, Phenays, and I must confess that I am, on the whole, glad. I think it is possible to weave a web round her now from which, with all her subtlety, she will not be able to escape. We do not know her whereabouts yet; neither is it known why she has been so mad as to set foot on the shores of the land where her greatest enemies are. I need not say that since I heard the news I have been busy, and I have now come here to tell you that, owing to certain inquiries, I have come to a fairly definite conclusion."

"What is that?" asked Sir James.

"In spite of all Mademoiselle's cleverness, she has been unable to keep from her employers, the Transvaal Secret Service agents, some of the recent performances of which you and I, Phenays, were the victims. And the affair with Monck has anything but redounded to her credit. Monck has given away one or two secrets which have further put Mademoiselle into hot water with her employers. Her object now in visiting England is to restore herself to their good favour, and she hopes to do this by a double *coup*."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"She wants to secure a considerable sum of money, and she has another and more dangerous object."

"Our lives!" I said gloomily.

"Not only our lives, but the lives of others," was Pinheiro's terrible answer.

Sir James watched him narrowly.

"Can you give us your reasons for coming to these conclusions?" he asked after a pause.

"I can give you a very definite reason with regard to the money point."

Here he drew his chair closer to ours and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"When you were in Lisbon with me, Phenays, did you ever happen to hear of the revered crucifix of the Hermits of St. Augustine?"

"Never," I answered, wondering what on earth crucifixes had to do with Mademoiselle.

"It is a queer story in itself," continued Pinheiro, "and the fact of its in any way coming into our province is still queerer. First, let me give you the original history of the crucifix. The Church of Santo André, in Lisbon, belonged originally to the Hermits of St. Augustine. It was their own convent, and was founded in 1271. The convent was injured by an earthquake, and restored by the reformer of the Order, Friar Luiz de Montoya. The great earthquake of 1755 also injured it; but it was again rebuilt, and is now one of the largest temples in Lisbon. The Brotherhood of St. Augustine possess much gold plate, and jewels of great value; but their most treasured possession is—or, rather, was—a gold and silver crucifix, which was believed to have been given by the angels to Father Montoya. This crucifix was carried through the streets in procession every second Thursday in Lent, until, in a Jesuitical riot, seven years ago, it was stolen by some one unknown, and has never since been seen. An enormous reward, representing in English money about £16,000, was offered for its recovery by the Brotherhood of St. Augustine, who are very rich. But, great as the sum was, the crucifix was never restored. I was employed in the matter as detective. I did everything in my power, but failed utterly. My suspicion was that it had found its way to England. The real intrinsic value of the crucifix is small—not, perhaps, more than £40. Now, here is the extraordinary point where our threads join. I have just heard that the Brotherhood have received a letter asking if the reward for the crucifix is still open. This letter emanates from Mademoiselle Delacourt, and it is evident from its contents that her visit to England is for the purpose of securing the crucifix and obtaining the money. No doubt



"Give it to me and you shall have fifty pounds."

she will try to get the treasure by fraudulent means. Where it is hidden I do not yet know; but it is through this link that, I believe, our next great move will be played. By it I trust we shall run her down, and by doing so obtain information as to the gang, and possibly capture the papers relating to this great European conspiracy, and to her various plots in the Secret Service. The capture will, I know, be attended with difficulty and danger, and I want you, Phenays, to hold yourself in readiness to come to me, at a moment's notice, anywhere, if I wire to you. I am fully aware, Sir James," he added, "that this seems like taking a great liberty with you; but you will agree that in your own and the War Office's interests no pains must be spared to arrest this woman."

"I quite agree with you," replied the baronet with eagerness. "Do exactly as you think best, Pinheiro. If you succeed, you will deserve great recognition from the country. Though I have never seen the woman, her presence seems to haunt me."

"I know nothing, of course," continued Pinheiro, "but I feel that I ought to say you have every reason to fear her. I cannot impress upon you sufficiently the extreme necessity for caution. Blind malice and

revenge are parts of her nature. She may strike another blow. I hate to think I am alarming you unnecessarily; but I frankly tell you that we three are in danger, in personal danger, and there may be others—officials in power, I mean—in a similar plight."

There was no mistaking the Senhor's serious tone. As he spoke he took out his watch, looked at the hour, and sprang to his feet.

"I must be off again," he said. "Time is everything just now. You will be ready, Phenays?"

"Yes," was my answer.

He disappeared again through the thick shrubbery as quickly and silently as he had come.

"We live in queer times," said Sir James.

"I wish we were all well out of the coming week," was my answer.

"It behoves us to be watchful," said Sir James. "I can't say what a sense of relief I have in knowing that our affairs are in the hands of a man like Pinheiro."

The rest of the day passed quietly. The heat seemed to increase, towards evening the wind dropped utterly, but the banks of clouds had vanished from the horizon, and had

faded away into mist. The sky was cloudless. Sir James retired into his study, and I walked up and down with Evelyn.

"So Senhor Pinheiro was here to-day," she said suddenly.

"Yes," I answered. "But how did you know?"

"I saw him talking to you and father on the lawn. Has he brought any fresh news?" I hesitated.

"Has he?" she continued, stamping her foot impatiently.

"What he told us was in confidence," was my answer.

"Yes," she said in a gentle tone, "but that confidence may surely be shared by me? Tell me at once what he came about. If you don't, I shall go and ask father."

"Mademoiselle is in England," I said then in a gloomy voice. "Pinheiro thinks we are in danger—it behoves us to be careful."

"Mr. Phenays, does that danger extend to my father?"

"Alas!"

"Oh, you have answered me. You need not say anything further." Her face turned very white. "There is no one I love as I do my father," she said then. "Personally I have no fear. Do you think that I could be afraid of a mere woman?"

"No," I interrupted; "but this woman is scarcely human. She is a fiend, not a woman. She would stop short at nothing. She uses as her weapon the most deadly scientific knowledge. It requires genius to follow her methods."

Evelyn was silent for a minute or two. Then she said—

"You know, I suppose, that to-morrow night nearly half the officials of the War Office are coming to dine here, and some half-dozen will spend the night at Warleigh Court? We are to have a dance after dinner—an impromptu affair, at which several of my friends are to be present."

"And what has that to say to Mademoiselle Delacourt?" I interrupted.

"I don't know. I feel very depressed about it. I wish we might postpone our guests."

"Oh, surely you are over nervous," I was

about to say. But then I remembered the ball—the famous masked ball at Lisbon—and was silent.

That night I slept badly, and towards morning was awakened by Tocsin, Sir James's big mastiff. The dog was barking furiously. I lay and listened, wondering whether I should get up and make investigations. As the animal ceased, however, before long, I dropped off into a doze.

In the morning I arose early. There were some lovely pinks in a bed at one side of the house. Now, pinks are my favourite flowers, and I went to pick a buttonhole. This special bed lay just along the south side of the house.



"He was bending over an open tin box."

I was somewhat startled, when I went up to the bed, to see that part of it looked as if it had been freshly dug, and one or two plants plucked by their roots were lying in a half-withered condition on the ground. I concluded that the gardener had been hoeing up weeds in the bed; but how carelessly he had done his work! I thought no more of the matter, but went to breakfast. There I was greeted with the information that Tocsin, the watch-dog, had been found dead just outside his kennel.

"Poisoned, of course," said Sir James in a very gloomy tone.

I looked at him—our eyes met. His conveyed a warning not to say anything to alarm Lady Noel. I remembered how the dog had barked the night before, and wished heartily that I had got up to look into the cause. Next moment the letter that lay on my plate absorbed all my attention. It was from Pinheiro, and ran as follows :—

“MY DEAR PHENAYS,

“Come up by the 10.30. I wish to see you at Baker Street. Important.

“Yours, P.”

I passed the letter over to Sir James. He made no comment at the time, but after breakfast he drew me into his study.

“That sounds good,” he said, “and of course you must go. The affair of the dog is a little suspicious, Phenays—you might mention it to Pinheiro when you see him. I do heartily hope that that dreadful woman will soon be arrested. We shall have no peace of mind while she is at large. It is a pity that you will be absent to-night, on account of the dinner and the dance afterwards ; but it cannot be helped.”

I felt very sorry myself at having to miss the big dinner, to which I had been looking forward for some time. Round Sir James's table that night would meet some of the keenest intellects in Europe. But Pinheiro's letter admitted of no postponement. I bade Sir James a hasty good-bye, little guessing under what strange circumstances I was destined to return to Warleigh Court.

The day which had just begun promised to be even hotter than the previous one. A dull sultriness hung in the air, and the papers prophesied a storm. When I reached Baker Street I saw Senhor Pinheiro waiting for me on the platform.

“Well !” I cried eagerly, “what is the news ?”

“I will tell you as we go along,” was his answer. “We are in for a big thing, and I want, if not your help, Phenays, at least your company. You may be required by and by as a witness—there is no saying. Whew ! this heat is dreadful ! We want a good storm to clear the air. And I expect we are in for one.” Here he smiled grimly.

When we got outside the station, Pinheiro hailed a hansom and told the man to drive to Westminster Abbey.

“We are going sight-seeing, Phenays,” he said, “but not to the Abbey. All the same, the Abbey is near enough so far as our cabman is concerned. We will dismiss him there and walk the rest of the way. Now

listen. I have come at the truth in regard to the whereabouts of the crucifix.”

“Impossible !” I could not help exclaiming.

“It is true,” he said, nodding his head ; “and when I tell you that I have no less than sixteen agents at work, day and night, in this cause, you must suppose that if success was possible, it was to be obtained. Success was possible, and we have won, so far as that discovery is concerned. Listen. The crucifix, for which such a great reward is offered, reposes now in a small curiosity shop full of rubbish, in a street near Victoria Station. It is still there, and is being watched night and day. It is in that shop we shall pick up the real secret of Mademoiselle's whereabouts, but how soon I cannot say.”

“Then you have not found out where she is hiding ?”

“No—but whenever that crucifix leaves the shop, it will be followed, and at the end of that line we shall find her. I greatly hope also that we shall be able to lay our hands on the papers which will give away her conspiracy and her gang. My great object in having you here is because there is a possibility that in the chase we may be separated. I must have another person to identify her, should anything happen to me.”

“What do you mean ?” I asked.

He shrugged his lean shoulders.

“My life will be cheap if I gain my end,” he answered.

He did not say any more until our cab set us down close to the Royal Aquarium. We walked quickly westwards. Presently we turned into a small, badly smelling alley, and I noticed, leaning against a lamp-post, a dissipated-looking waif, half in rags.

Pinheiro nodded to him.

“One of my men,” he whispered.

The next moment we had entered the tiny shop, in the windows of which was displayed a miscellaneous collection of cracked china, lustres, and old prints. Behind the counter stood a girl of about eighteen years of age, dressed in rusty black, and looking ill and nervous.

“What can I do for you, sir ?” she asked, as Pinheiro leaned against the counter.

“We have come to have a look at your things,” he replied in a kindly tone.

As he spoke he turned over some dowdy-looking paste buckles, and then began to examine massive chains in a cracked china dish. Finally he purchased some hideous white enamel buttons. While he was so engaged I observed that his keen eyes were

wandering over everything in the little shop. Up and down they looked, and from side to side. Suddenly he made a quick movement, stepped across the floor, and stretched out his hand. My heart beat fast, for I saw that he laid the tips of his thin white fingers upon a small gold and silver crucifix, dulled and tarnished with time.

"Ah! sir," cried the girl, "that is not for sale."

"Indeed!" he replied, taking it from the shelf and holding it in the palm of his hand.

He turned to me as he spoke, and held out the crucifix for me to examine.

My first sensation was one of surprise at its smallness. It was barely eight inches long, and the cross-piece but four inches. Was it possible that this tiny symbol of the Eternal Tragedy had such a strange history, and perhaps foreshadowed a stranger one?

"I have a fancy for this," said Pinheiro. "Why is it not for sale? I should like to buy it."

"It is already sold, sir."

"Indeed! I am sorry. I would give a good price for it."

The girl's eyes brightened and then grew dull again.

"And I want money very badly," she said after a pause; "but the lady is giving me a good price, too. She told me to put it away, and I put it on that back shelf. I didn't think anyone would notice it. She means to call for it this afternoon."

I could see the hand that held the crucifix tremble, in spite of its owner's *sang-froid*.

"How much are you going to get for it?" asked Pinheiro suddenly.

"Thirty pounds, sir; you will scarcely believe it."

"Give it to me and you shall have fifty pounds."

"Oh! sir, I must not go back on my bargain. I wish you had seen it yesterday; but the lady was very anxious, and she is kind. I would not do anything shabby about it, sir, on any account."

Pinheiro gave her back the crucifix.

"Take it, my dear," he said. "You are a good girl, and I won't tempt you."

"I am very poor, and alone in the world," said the girl slowly. "My father had this crucifix for some time. He got it in a strange way. Some men slept here six or seven years ago. They were Portuguese, and my mother was a Portuguese, so my father was good to them. In the morning one of these men gave father the crucifix to keep. 'Keep it safely,' he said, 'and I will

call again for it. Don't show it to anyone. It is of great value, greater than you have the least idea of.' But what do you think, sir? Father waited day after day and week after week for the man to return to claim the crucifix; but he never came back, and, at last, one day we saw an account of his death in one of the papers. He had been killed in a street row. So from that day father considered that the crucifix was his; but he never seemed inclined to sell it. He said the man might have left relations who would claim it. They did not, and on his deathbed father told me that I might consider it mine. 'It is of value,' he said. 'Don't sell it unless you can help it.'"

"And you have sold it at last," said Pinheiro. "Why is that?"

"Because I'm dreadfully poor. Things have been going from bad to worse in my little shop, and my landlord means to sell me up for the rent, which has been owing now for two quarters."

A gleam of pure pleasure came into Pinheiro's eyes; his whole face seemed to alter and become soft and human. I had never seen him look the least like this before.

"You will hear from me again," he said, emphasis in his voice. "But before we go now, may I ask you one more question? You speak of a kind lady who has bought this crucifix. Why did she not take it away with her?"

"Because she hadn't got enough money. She wanted me to trust her, and I would have, for she looked so very kind; but father made me promise that I would never on any account do that sort of thing. She said she would bring the money to-day. May I put it back now in its place, please, sir?"

"Do," said Pinheiro. "When did you say the lady would call?"

"Some time late this afternoon."

Pinheiro picked up his little parcel of buttons, then he suddenly held out his hand.

"You have Portuguese blood," he said to the girl, "and, therefore, I claim you as—a sister in a strange land. Perhaps I will come again, and perhaps when I do I shall bring you more luck than you think."

When we got into the street he turned to me.

"Fortune is favouring us," he said. "The fact of Mademoiselle wanting money is certainly on our side. Had she had the money about her last night, our quest would have been in vain. But it has been a near

thing. What a surprise is in store for the pretty little girl in the shop! It is really quite a romance. Sixteen thousand pounds will set her up for life. If I can secure the crucifix, I shall take good care that *La Petite* gets her reward."

"Then you really mean to let Mademoiselle take the crucifix?"

"It is the only means of tracing her to

her den, so it is necessary. You will see some tracking worth looking at to-night, Phenays. She shan't escape me this time. Jove! the heat gets worse and worse. Let's come into this restaurant and have some lunch."

I was far too excited to eat anything, and while Pinheiro refreshed himself I paced up and down outside. We had strolled as far

as Westminster, and we went for a time into the Abbey, where it was both still and cool.

As the evening approached we went back to continue our watch. Dusk arrived and the heat grew yet greater. Not a breath of wind stirred. There was not a sign of Mademoiselle.

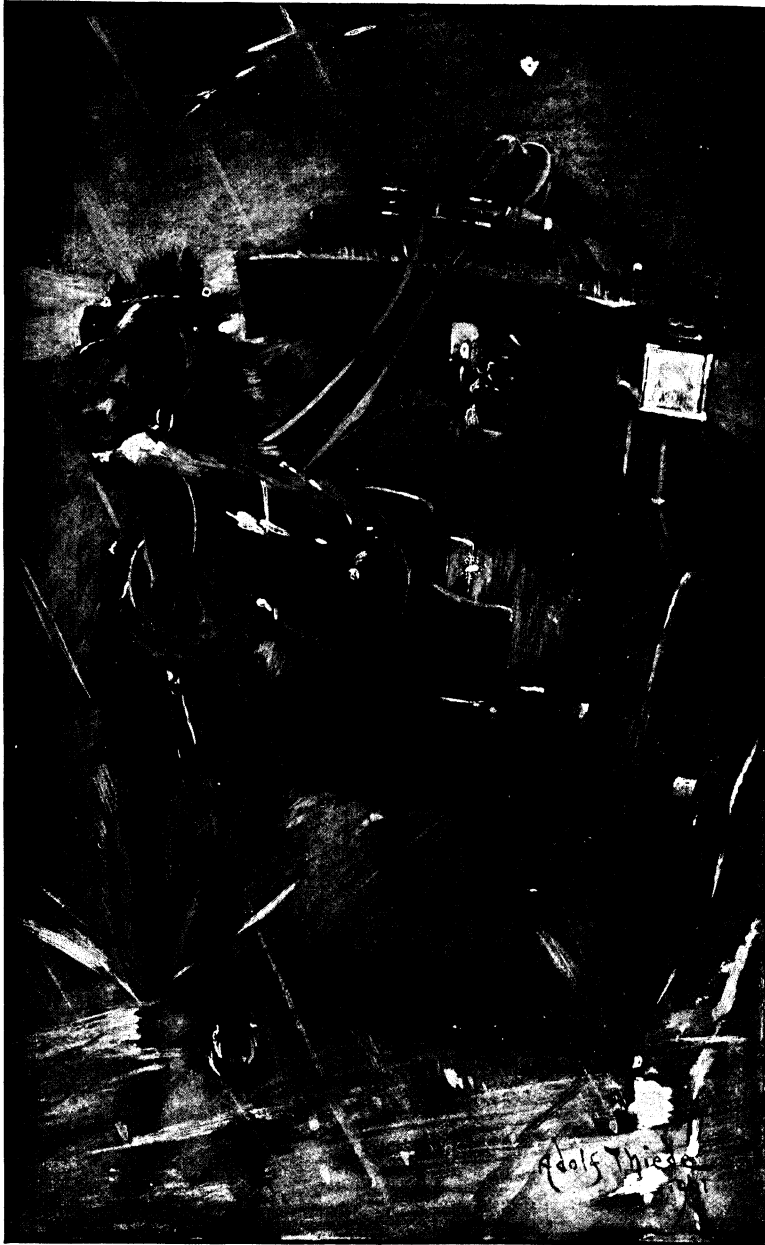
"She is certain to come soon," Pinheiro once or twice remarked to me.

"But won't she see us if we stand here?" I asked.

"Not before I know that she is coming. This street is all eyes, although you can't see them. I have been talking for the last half hour with my men. Dear, dear! Don't you know the walking-stick language of detectives? We use it in all big capitals, and here——"

He stopped short, seized my arm, and we withdrew into the shadow of an open door.

"She is coming!" he whispered.



"Presently he shouted down the trap in staccato accents."

The entrance to the little shop was quite hidden from us, but he was reading off the signs from a man standing about fifty yards away.

"Now," he said, as a private hansom, with silent tyres and no bells, shot up, "in with you!"

Darkness had fallen, and all the lamps were lit as we sped down Victoria Street. It was past nine o'clock.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"I don't know. Don't talk to me, please," he said curtly.

It was a weird drive. Away and away we went through endless streets; northwards, ever northwards did our cab take us. I had no idea what part of London we were going to. I only knew it was as strange a quest as I had ever been on. The heat increased, and a low growl of thunder showed us that the storm was approaching. Even the elements seemed uneasy.

We must have been going for more than an hour, when I suddenly perceived that we had approached the borders of a great common. There were no houses or lights visible; but we were driving rapidly beneath a belt of dark trees which edged the common.

All of a sudden the cab drew up at a little gate that barred the entrance to a narrow walk. The darkness was now so intense that I could not see three feet before my face.

A voice spoke in quick tones beside us. From where did it spring? Pinheiro answered in a whisper. The gate was opened—there was a sudden rush in the darkness, followed by a shout. Pinheiro had vanished.

I leapt from the cab and rushed after Pinheiro through the gate. The next instant I was hurled back by someone unseen. A voice exclaimed in a foreign tongue. There were two sharp reports of a pistol somewhere at a little distance in the darkness, then all was still.

A moment later Pinheiro himself caught my arm and led me up the path into a small house. The door of the house was open, and there was a light in the room to the left.

In this room sat a man whom I immediately recognised as Inspector Scott. He was holding a candle in his hand and was bending over an open tin box.

Perspiration streamed from Pinheiro's face. He began to swear softly in Portuguese.

"A big haul, and smartly done, sir," said the inspector. "The papers are here, but the rats are gone. It was a near thing."

"They won't get far," said Pinheiro, "and

it is worth losing the gang to secure the papers, and also this—look, Phenays." As he spoke he held a little gold and silver crucifix between himself and the light. The next instant he took off his hat and handed it to me. There was a hole clean through the crown.

I shuddered.

"For Heaven's sake! explain these things," I said. "Where are we, and what has happened? How can you talk of having managed things neatly, when Mademoiselle has escaped?"

"We have made a success, and a great one, although, had we secured Mademoiselle, it would have been perfect," said Pinheiro. "Our success in this instance is altogether due to our cabdriver, Inspector Scott, who has the eyes of a cat. You don't seem to realise that we are now in possession of the headquarters of the enemy. We have recovered the crucifix, and here lie papers of the most profound importance to the British Government. This house is on the outskirts of Hampstead Heath. We will just go cursorily through the papers, Scott, before we remove them for closer examination."

The inspector renewed his search in the tin box.

"How did you get the crucifix?" I asked Pinheiro.

"She had it in her hand when she bolted. I snatched it in the dark, and she returned the compliment by perforating my hat."

"But why didn't you follow her?"

"Her time is close at hand. These papers are much more important. If we had continued to chase her and her followers in the dark, all over Hampstead Heath, one of them would have returned to destroy everything. Better let her go for the time. Here lie our proofs. She cannot do much more mischief now."

"Well," I answered, "the temptation to follow her would have been beyond my power to resist."

"Exactly, and it would have been just what she would have wished us to do. I am glad I secured the crucifix, though, for the sake of our little friend in the curiosity shop."

Inspector Scott now began to make a systematic search of the room, and Pinheiro seated himself by a deal table to examine the papers. A glance showed me that the house was a very small one, and the room in which we found ourselves was badly furnished.

"So this is what the woman has come to, who consorted with princes and was known



"He swung the axe round."

to most of the crowned heads of Europe," I said to myself. "Pinheiro is right. One of her objects in coming to England is to make money."

"Are these papers of value?" I asked Pinheiro presently, for a constant succession of exclamations of astonishment were bursting from his lips as he turned them over.

"Yes," he answered. "We have matter enough here to destroy one of the cleverest combinations in Europe. Mademoiselle's own capture will only be a matter of days."

He continued to read, opening letter after letter, turning page after page. I stood idly by. The room was only lit by a couple of candles, but outside the lightning played continually. The thunder rattled louder and nearer—the storm was coming up quickly. The scene in the small room was, to all appearances, peaceful; but in a moment everything was changed.

Pinheiro had taken out his tobacco-pouch and was rolling a cigarette. His eyes were still fixed on the papers which he was reading. Suddenly I saw a line deepen round his eyes, and the white fingers ceased to roll the cigarette paper. The next instant, with a bound, he leapt to his feet and was pushing me from the room.

Never had I seen fear written so terribly on man's face before. Gaunt and forbidding always, it was now that of a satyr.

As we both left the room he shouted back over his shoulder—

"Read that letter, Scott! Secure all the papers. In with you, Phenays!"

He pushed me into the cab and sprang himself on to the box. We were off at a gallop into the night. Presently he shouted down the trap in staccato accents:

"We're going to Warleigh Court to cut the lightning conductor. There's half a hundredweight of explosive at the end of it. The storm

is on us. What fools you must have been to notice nothing! I warned you. Was there ever such a scheme? It is a hundred to one that we're too late. It is a race with the storm. Who is stopping there to-night?"

"Half the War Office officials are dining there, and many of them stopping, and they are to have a dance after dinner," I shouted back. "Do you know your way?"

"Yes," he answered. "We shall be there before any wire could reach them. Sit tight."

Amidst the clatter of the horse's hoofs my memory came back to me. The bark of the mastiff last night, the disarranging of the bed of pinks, the death of the dog. Yes, I recalled everything, and the pinks were disturbed just where the lightning conductor entered the ground. I could have screamed aloud. Just then a brighter flash cleft the darkness, and the thunder crashed immediately after it. Rain began to fall in torrents.

At last the cab swerved through the gates, and a moment later we were there.

Once more Pinheiro shouted to me.

"Get an axe—you know the way better than I do."

I sprang out. A girl was standing under the deep porch. She saw me and flew down the steps. It was Evelyn.

"What is wrong?" she said.

"Help me to get an axe. Don't lose a moment," I panted.

She seemed to understand. Not another word passed her lips. She flew in the direction of the gardener's shed, right across the lawn. I went after her. The rain was like a water-spout, and the darkness black as pitch.

"This way," I said. I led her to the side of the house, where the lightning conductor went into the ground.

Pinheiro was already there.

"Here is the conductor," I said—"feel."

The wall of the house was close by. I gave him the axe.

"Stand out of the way, Miss Noel," he said.

He swung the axe round, it crashed against the wall, and I then saw him tearing with his hands like a maniac, as a blinding flash lit the sky.

"In time!" he cried, and he seized Evelyn

by both her hands. "Phenays, take the cab to the stable. Take me to your father, Miss Evelyn. What a wet night!"

The sound of music filled the house. Through a half-opened door we could see the gay dancers as they waltzed round and round. Evelyn took us to the library. There Sir James, Pinheiro, Evelyn, and I met. The clock pointed to 11.15.

"Miss Evelyn, you have pluck enough to listen," said Pinheiro. "I have met you under difficult circumstances before now. This, Sir James, is the new development."

He then rapidly recounted the details of our day's adventure.

"If you will allow me, I should like to examine the flower-bed at once," said Pinheiro, when his story had come to an end; "but we shall want a lantern and a spade."

A very short investigation resulted in our finding a metal box of nitro-glycerine buried barely a foot below the bed. To this case was connected the lower end of the conductor.

Having made our examination, which we did silently, we returned to the house.

"It was a matter of seconds, Sir James," remarked Pinheiro, as he drained off a long brandy-and-soda. "The fact is, I expected to find Warleigh Court in the next county when I arrived. There was enough nitro-glycerine to do it, too."

How any man could jest at such a time seemed incredible, but Pinheiro was not human. Just at that moment, however, a wonderfully soft expression came into his eyes. He turned to me and said in a whisper—

"How happy our little friend in the curiosity shop will be to-morrow!"



W. Edward Walford / 19.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

FARMER: I understand there's a fine fat pig for sale here; can I see it?

BOY (calling out): Father, someone wants to see you.



LADY (engaging charwoman): We are all vegetarians; I hope you won't object?

CHARWOMAN: Well, mum, it all depends. Is beer a vegetable?



CROCHETY OLD GENTLEMAN: I think it's quite time the passage walls were re-papered.

HIS LANDLADY: Parding me, sir, but I am awaiting to see 'ow yer 'ealth goes on. Coffins is such things to knock the paper off coming down-stairs.



"Now, cook, I am going to give a supper and a dance. Now, you will have to show what you can do, so as to keep up the credit of my establishment."

"With pleasure, ma'am; but I can only dance the waltz and the polka. I'm no good at quadrilles."



It was on a long railway run in North-West America. The thermometer was 120° in the shade. For some two hours the only sound that broke the rhythmic throbbing of the train was—

"Waiter. Ice!"

"Yessir. Coming, sir."

For about that period the supply of ice was apparently sufficient for the demand, but at length, in response to a particularly irate traveller's demand for further coolers, came the laconic reply—

"Really, gentlemen, I don't think I dare bring you any more ice. If I do, the corpse won't keep till the end of the journey."

TEACHER: Can any boy tell me what a zebra is?

TOMMY: Please sir, it's a donkey with a football suit on.



JONES: Your wife seemed out of temper to-day.

SMITH: Impossible! She has an inexhaustible supply.



JUDGE (sternly): The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the court!

PRISONER (enthusiastically): Bravo! I've done it! Now let me go!



NOTHING IF NOT LITERAL.

SMALL DAUGHTER: Don't you often say, father, that people must always speak the truth?

FATHER: Certainly, my dear. Why?

SMALL DAUGHTER: 'Cos when you gave that poor man sixpence, you said, "Here's a cup o' coffee for you," but 'twasn't!

FIRST STRANGER: I say, that's my umbrella you have there!

SECOND STRANGER: Very possibly; I bought it at a pawnbroker's.



ENTERING a music shop the other day, a Welsh miner, who had lately come into a considerable sum of money, bought a £50 piano. A fortnight later he returned for a music stool, and the shopman asked him if the instrument gave satisfaction.

"Man," he said, "but you wouldn't know it now. It looks just splendid! My wife has painted it yellor to match the chest of drawers."



YOUNG PHYSICIAN: When you have a case which baffles you, whom do you call in?

OLD DOCTOR: The undertaker.



MISTRESS: I cannot allow you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week.

COOK: Well, mum, perhaps if you tried to be a little more agreeable, you'd have as many friends as I have.



BY PROXY.

VICAR: How's that, Jackson? You say you are glad when Sunday comes round, and yet you never go to church?

JACKSON: No; but my old 'ooman does, sir!

"You remember that very handsome watch I lost five or six years ago?"

"Yes, I recall the occurrence."

"You remember how I looked high and low for it, and could not find it anywhere?"

"I remember your diligent and exhaustive search."

"Well, yesterday I put on an old waistcoat that I hadn't worn for years, and what do you think I found in the pocket?"

"Your watch; let me congratulate you."

"No; I found the hole that I must have lost it through."



MISTRESS: You were a long time coming up; didn't you hear me calling?

JANE: No, ma'am, not till you called the third time.



QUITE SIMPLE.

ARTIST: Now, my dear, try and look natural—more like ME, for instance.



A SIMPLE EXPLANATION.

KITTY: Have you worn spectacles long, Mr. Borem?

MR. BOREM: Yes, I've been shortsighted for a long time, Kitty; in fact, I was born blind!

KITTY: Oh! Then that's why Sis calls you a puppy!

MRS. PARVENUE (patronisingly): Were any of your ancestors men of note?

MR. FLIPPANT: Yes, madam, I should say so. One of them was the most famous admiral of his day, and commanded the allied forces of the world.

MRS. PARVENUE (with altered tone of deep respect): Is it possible, Mr. Flippant? And what was his name?

MR. FLIPPANT: Noah, madam.

BARBER: Your hair is getting very thin, sir.

VICTIM: Yes; I've been treating it with anti-fat. I never liked stout hair.

BARBER: You really should put something on it.

VICTIM: So I do—every morning.

BARBER: May I ask what?

VICTIM: My hat.

The rest was silence.

CANNIBAL (to captured lecturer): Have you anything to say before you are served up?

LECTURER: I should like to deliver one more lecture on the advantages of a vegetarian diet.



YOUNG BRIDE: I didn't accept Jack the first time he proposed.

MISS RIVAL: I know you didn't.

YOUNG BRIDE: How do you know?

MISS RIVAL: You weren't there.

TRAMP: It's needless to waste words, madam. You know what I want.

MRS. BANGER: Yes, I know what you want badly, but I've only got one bar of soap in the house. Come again some other time.



HEIRESS: Sir John has asked me to marry him.

HER FRIEND: Really! Is he so much in need of money as all that?

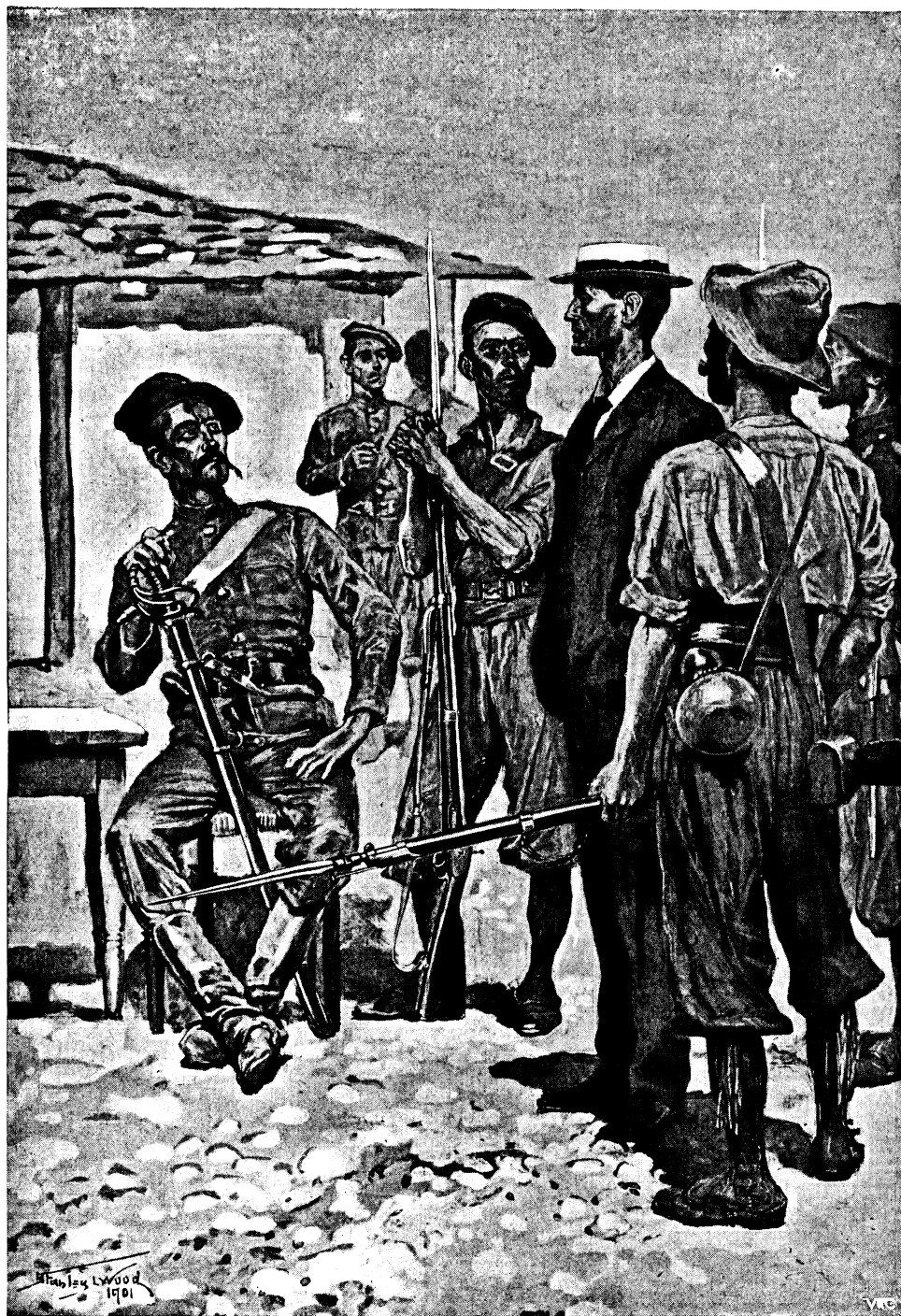


A READY RECKONING.

SHE: What is man's chief vanity?

HE (loftily): Man has no vanity.

SHE: Oh! that's it, is it?



“‘YOU SHALL BE SHOT AT SUNSET.’”

See “Thompson's Progress,” by Cutcliffe Hyne, page 656.

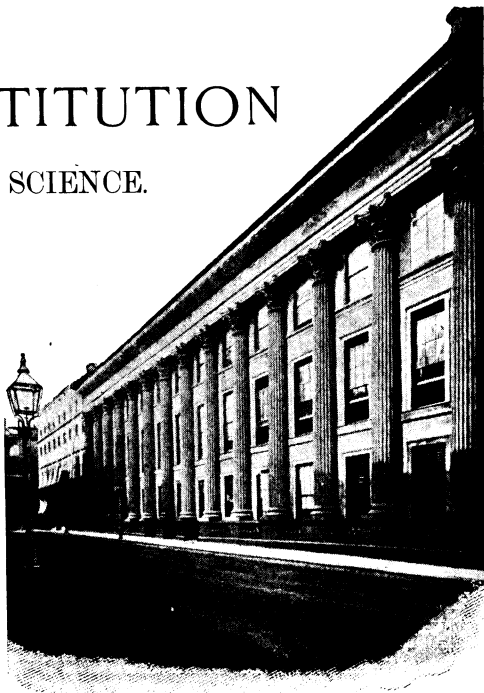
THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

AND ITS CENTURY OF SCIENCE.

BY GEORGE FALCONER.

IN Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, stands an imposing-looking edifice, and an inscription running along the top of the building informs the passer-by that it is "The Royal Institution of Great Britain." It may best be described as a scientific club. It has a membership of over a thousand, including both sexes, and for these there are provided lectures, reading-rooms, and libraries. It supports three professorial chairs—one of Chemistry, one of Natural Philosophy, and one of Physiology—and for the use of the occupants of the first and second chairs there are laboratories where research work can be carried out.

The Royal Institution was founded by Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, who in the early part of the year 1799 issued a pamphlet from his residence in Brompton Row, London, entitled, "Proposals for forming by subscription in the metropolis of the British Empire a Public Institution for diffusing the knowledge and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical



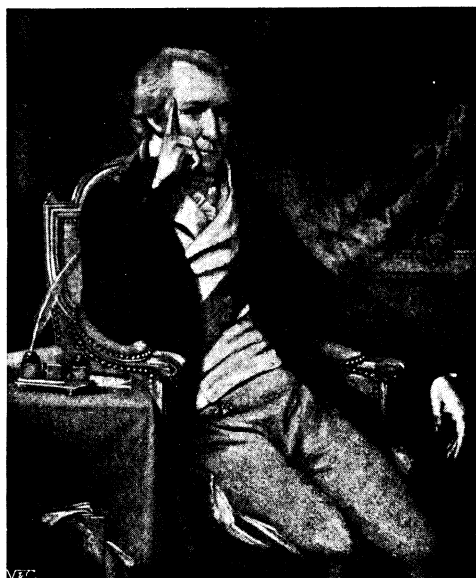
THE ROYAL INSTITUTION: ALBEMARLE STREET FRONTAGE.

inventions and improvements, and for teaching, by courses of philosophical lectures and experiments, the application of science to the common purposes of life."

Rumford's Institution was to bring science and art into closer contact, to open up intercourse between philosophers and those engaged in the arts and manufactures, and to direct their united efforts to the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and to the increase of domestic comfort. It was to be, in fine, an institute of technology and engineering, and a great metropolitan school of science. While it is evident that one single Institution, unsupported by the State, could never accomplish all that Rumford proposed, the founder of the Royal Institution deserves great credit for recognising the want of such an establishment.

In the "Proposals" it is stated that the two great objects of the Institution are "the speedy and general diffusion of the knowledge of all new and useful improvements, and teaching the application of scientific discoveries to the improvement of arts and manufactures in this country, and to the increase of domestic comfort and convenience."

This would be carried out by the public exhibition in the Institution of "all such new and mechanical inventions and im-



COUNT RUMFORD.

Founder of the Royal Institution.

provements as shall be thought worthy of the public notice." There were to be models of fireplaces, kitchen utensils, laundry appliances, stoves, brewers' boilers, distillers' coppers, hothouses, limekilns, cottages, spinning-wheels, agricultural implements, bridges, etc.

In order to carry into effect the second object of the Institution—namely, "teaching the application of science to the useful purposes of life"—there would be a lecture-



STATUE OF FARADAY IN THE HALL.

room and a well furnished laboratory where experiments could be made. Among the subjects suggested for these lectures are the management of fire, the methods of procuring and preserving ice in summer, the means of cooling liquors, leather tanning, etc. Count Rumford's ideas were eminently practical and utilitarian. The remainder of the pamphlet deals with the funds, proprietors, managers, visitors, and members of the Institution.

The first meeting of the "proprietors"

(i.e., subscribers of fifty guineas) was held on the 7th of March, 1799, in Soho Square, with Sir Joseph Banks in the chair, when fifty-eight persons, comprising men of distinction in science, members of Parliament and of the nobility, including one bishop, were found to have qualified as subscribers. The first meeting of the managers of the Institution was held in Soho Square on the 9th of March, 1799. It was agreed that a contribution of ten guineas should constitute a life subscriber, and one of two guineas an annual subscriber.

The house of Mr. Mellish, in Albemarle Street, was purchased by the managers, and the first meeting of the members in the present home of the Institution was held on the 5th of June, 1799. At later periods other houses adjoining were taken and added to the original building. The present architectural front, consisting of fourteen fluted half-columns of the Corinthian order, was added in 1839, from the designs of Mr. L. Vulliamy. For some months Rumford resided in the Institution.

The first lecture-room occupied the site now taken up by the "upper library." In October, 1799, Dr. Thomas Garnett was appointed to the first Professorship (of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry) in the Institution. He took up his residence in the building, and delivered his first lecture on the 4th of March, 1800, in the old lecture-room; afterwards he lectured in the present theatre, which was completed towards the latter part of the year 1801, from the designs of Thomas Webster. By reason of its acoustical properties it is considered one of the best of its kind.

On January 13, 1800, the permanent existence of the Institution was secured by the authority of a Royal Charter, and His Majesty became its patron.

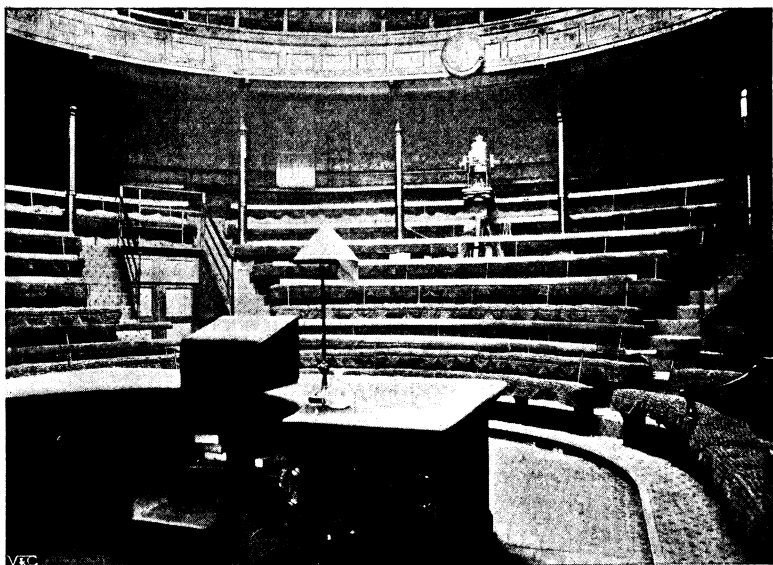
A minute of the meeting of the managers on February 23, 1801, runs as follows: "Resolved that Mr. Humphrey (*sic*) Davy be engaged in the service of the Royal Institution in the capacities of Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, Director of the Chemical Laboratory, and Assistant Editor of the Journal of the Institution, and that he be allowed to occupy a Room in the House and be furnished with Coals and Candles, and that he be paid a Salary of 100 guineas per annum."

Davy arrived at the Institution on March 11, 1801, and was lodged in the building. Six weeks after his arrival (on April 25) he gave his first public lecture. So pleased

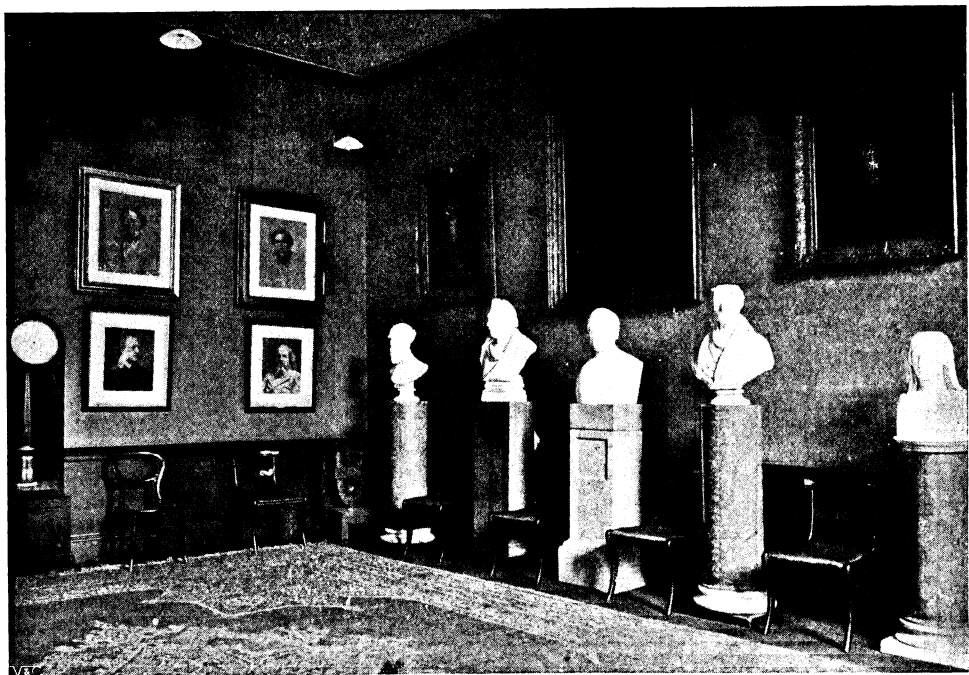
were the managers with Davy's lecturing qualities that on June 1, 1801, they appointed him Lecturer in Chemistry at the Royal Institution, instead of Assistant Lecturer.

On January 21, 1802, Davy delivered the introductory discourse of the session, and this was a red-letter day in the history both of the Institution and of the man. The affairs of the Royal Institution had reached a critical point, the enthusiasm of the aristocracy was fast waning, and Rumford's ideas as to the scope of its work had absorbed a large part of the funds. The subscriptions, which in 1800 had reached £11,047, had fallen in 1802 to £2,999; the expenses were annually increasing, and it seemed as if the establishment, which was

going to accomplish so much, must come to an end. This was averted by the genius of Davy; his theme was the worth of science as an agent in the improvement of society, and it may be described as an apology for the Institution's existence. It caught the attention of the most intelligent people of



THE LECTURE-THEATRE.



THE ANTEROOM TO THE LECTURE-THEATRE.



DR. THOMAS GARNETT.

London, and achieved the object which had always been uppermost in Rumford's mind, but which hitherto he had been unable to attain. Davy's lectures now attracted the attention of many famous people, and he succeeded where Rumford, Garnett, and Young failed.

The meeting of the managers on April 26, 1802, was the last that Rumford ever attended. On May 3 he signed at Brompton Row a report of his own to the managers, and on May 7 he left London, never to return to it again.

From the date of the rupture of Rumford's connection with the Institution which he founded may be dated the decline of the "industrial element" which figured so largely in the scheme of the Count, who would have proposed for its motto, "The usefulness of science to poor and rich." Some echo of this idea still rings in the Institution's motto, "*Illustrans commoda vite*." In the early part of 1803 it was proposed to sell the Institution, but Mr. Bernard and Sir John Hipposley, loyally aided by Davy, succeeded in setting it on a firm basis. The result was the creation of a new Institution, the objects of which were not to be the bettering the condition of the poor, the training of young men in the arts and sciences, the exhibition of models, the encouragement of mechanical inventions, or the fostering of new industries, but rather the carrying out

of experimental and theoretical researches in pure science, which, as Dr. Tyndall has remarked, "instead of dealing with things already achieved, carried the mind into unexplored regions of Nature, forgetful, if not neglectful, whether the discoveries made in that region had or had not a bearing on the arts, comforts, or necessities of material life."

The Royal Institution became, in fact, very much what it is at the present day. The professors carried out their researches in the laboratories and lectured on their work in the theatre; other lectures by eminent men on science, literature, and the arts were provided, and for the use of the members there were the reading-rooms and libraries.

Dr. John Davy, the brother and biographer of Sir Humphry Davy, has stated that one of the principal motives which induced his brother to quit Bristol was the ampler scope he expected to have in the laboratory of the new Institution for indulging his passion for research.

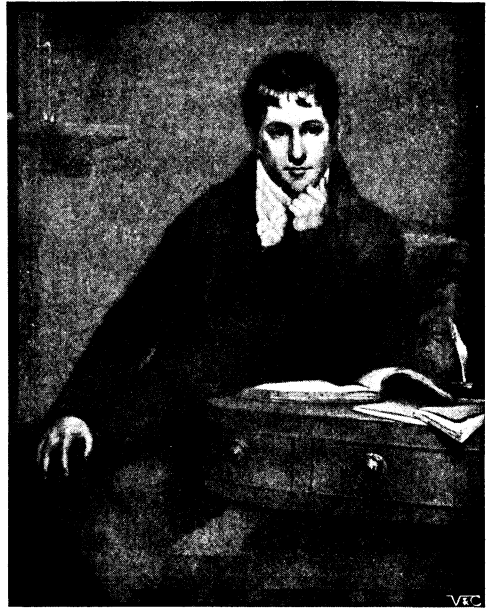
"The chemical laboratory of the Royal Institution," says Dr. Thorpe, "as the scene of Davy's greatest discoveries—discoveries which mark epochs in the development of natural knowledge—will for ever be hallowed ground to the philosopher. The votaries of Hermes have raised far more stately temples; to-day they follow their pursuits in edifices which in architectural elegance and in equipment are palaces compared with the subterranean structure which lies behind the Corinthian façade in Albemarle Street. But to the chemist this spot is what the Ka'ba at Mecca is to the follower of Mohammed, or what Iona was to Dr. Johnson; and, if we may venture to adopt the language of the English moralist, that student is little to be envied whose enthusiasm would not grow warmer or whose devotion would not gain force within the place made sacred by the genius and labours of Davy and Faraday."

Davy's general custom at the Institution was to enter the laboratory about ten or eleven in the morning, where he would often remain till three or four. Dr. Paris's account of his eccentric habits are well known—how he would start work after returning from a dinner-party and remain engaged in investigation till three or four in the morning; how he would in haste put on fresh linen without removing that which was underneath, and would appear in company wearing no less than five shirts and as many pairs of stockings at the same time, surprising his friends at the rapid manner in which he alternately increased and declined in size.

If Dr. Young, with his severe and formal manner, could never keep an audience together in spite of the profundity of his learning, Davy, by the brilliancy of his experiments and the magic of his style—a style full of imagery, made up of rolling periods, inspired by lofty sentiments, throbbing with energy and enthusiasm—drew hundreds to the theatre in Albemarle Street. True, they belonged to the class of the gay and idle, who could only be tempted to admit instruction by the prospect of receiving pleasure; still, the Royal Institution was dependent on the support of these if it was to continue its work.

No better proof can be afforded of the value of Davy to the Institution than the fact that his inability to lecture in 1808, owing to a serious illness which overtook him after the delivery of his famous Bakerian lecture (in which he proved for the first time the existence of the metals potassium and sodium), caused the receipts to fall from £4,141 to £1,560. Fortunately for the welfare of the place, Davy recovered and resumed his experimental work and his lectures.

In the year 1812 two important events in the history of the Royal Institution occurred. On April 9, Sir Humphry Davy (he had been knighted by the Prince Regent the day before) delivered his farewell lecture as



SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

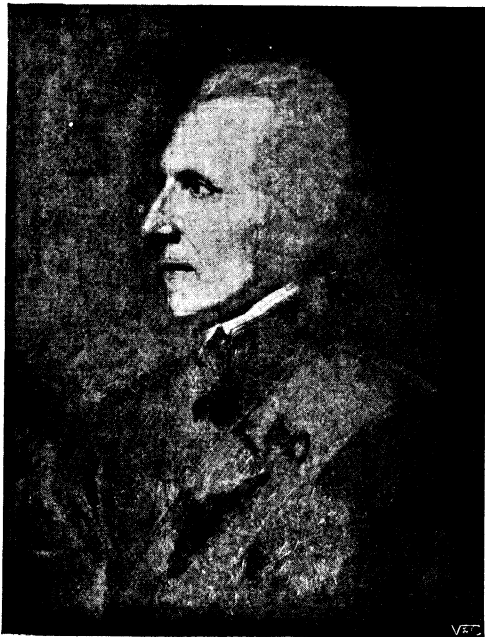
Professor of Chemistry. The reason for his retiring was his forthcoming marriage with Mrs. Apreece. The managers appointed him "Honorary Professor and Director of the Laboratory and Mineralogical Collections," with the understanding that he did not pledge himself to lecture. That the Institution suffered by Davy's temporary absence is evident from the fact that the balance in its favour at the end of 1812 was £3 9s. 11d.

The other event is connected with the life of Michael Faraday, who in this year, through the kindness of Mr. Dance, a member of the Royal Institution and a customer at the shop where Faraday was serving his time as bookseller's apprentice, heard four of the last lectures of Davy, on February 29, March 14, April 8, and April 10.

"Of these lectures," writes Faraday, "I made notes and then wrote them out in a fuller form, interspersing them with such drawings as I could make. The desire to be engaged in scientific occupation, even though of the lowest kind, induced me whilst an apprentice to write, in my ignorance of the world and simplicity of my mind, to Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society. Naturally enough, 'No answer' was the reply left with the porter."

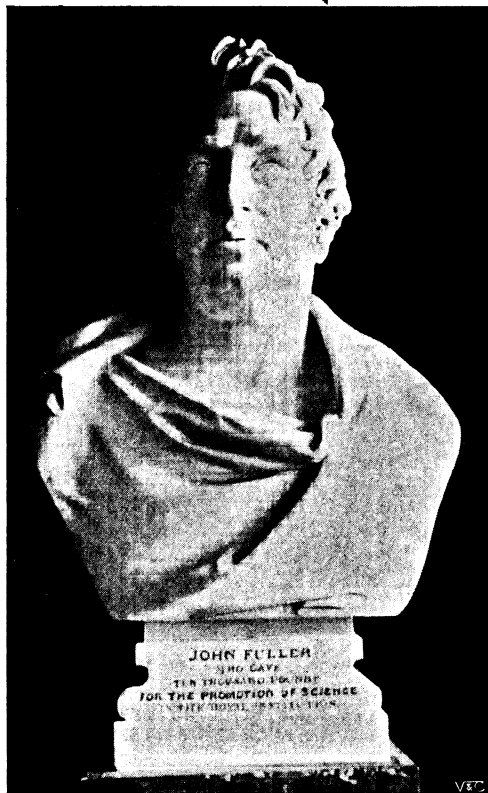
These notes are preserved in the Royal Institution in the shape of a small bound quarto volume of some 386 manuscript pages.

Encouraged by Mr. Dance, he sent his



COUNT RUMFORD.

notes to another man of science, this time to Sir Humphry himself. The latter sent the youth a courteous reply, and the result was that Davy and Faraday met for the first time early in the year 1813; this historic interview took place in the Royal Institution, in the anteroom to the lecture-theatre, by the window nearest to the corridor. Very soon afterwards the situation of assistant in the laboratory happened to be vacant, and Davy offered the young bookseller the post.



JOHN FULLER

From 1815 to 1821 Faraday held the post, and in 1816 his salary was raised to £100 per annum. It was his duty to assist both Brande and Davy and any of the other lecturers in whatever way might be desired. During these years he gave lectures in chemistry to the City Philosophical Society and thus prepared himself for his future position.

On June 12, 1821, Faraday married Sarah, daughter of a Mr. Barnard, a working silversmith, having previously obtained leave of the managers to bring his wife to live in his

rooms at the Institution. His salary, however, remained £100 a year.

His scientific fame was all the while gradually increasing, and in 1824 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

One of the managers' minutes for February 7, 1825, is as follows:—

"Sir H. Davy having stated that he considered the talents and services of Mr. Faraday, assistant in the laboratory, entitled to some mark of approbation from the managers, and these sentiments having met the cordial concurrence of the board, *Resolved* that Mr. Faraday be appointed Director of the Laboratory under the superintendence of the Professor of Chemistry" (Professor Brande).

His first act after this appointment gives evidence of his determination to do all he could to promote the interest of the Institution it was his privilege to serve. He invited the members to come to evening meetings in the laboratory (where seats for onlookers were provided). Evening lectures in themselves were not an innovation, for in Vol. I. of the Journal of the Royal Institution for 1802, it is stated that "the morning lectures begin precisely at 2 o'clock p.m., and the evening lectures at 8 o'clock p.m." Faraday, however, intended these gatherings to be less formal than the ordinary lectures; they were open to the members and their friends only, and consisted at first of experiments and explanation.

There were three or four meetings in 1825, and at one of these Faraday gave the members an account of the electro-magnetic motions which he had discovered four years previously.

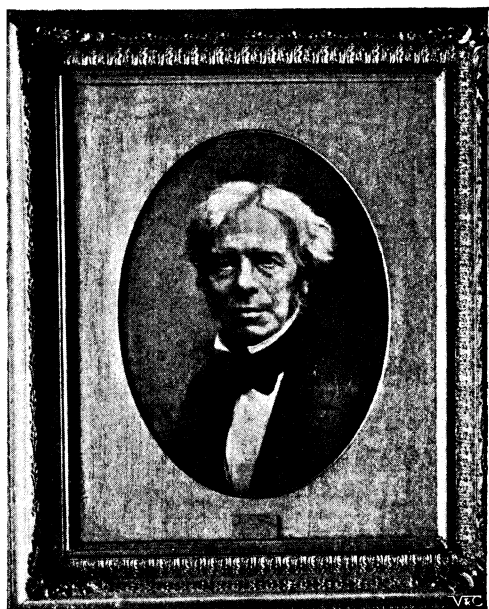
From these evenings in the laboratory the present Friday evening discourses in the theatre of the Institution had their origin. Next year seventeen meetings were held, at six of which Faraday lectured, and in 1827 there were nineteen, of which he delivered three. By this time the gatherings were held in the present theatre. In 1828, Faraday delivered five of the Friday evening discourses, and in 1829 six; this was in addition to his regular afternoon courses, consisting of from six to eight lectures.

In April, 1827, he delivered his first course of lectures in the theatre of the Institution; his subject was "Chemical Philosophy." In 1825 he originated the Christmas course of lectures to young people, which have been, and still continue to be, a prominent feature of the Institution. The first course was on "Astronomy."

Faraday's first Christmas course was given in 1827-28, on "Chemistry"; his last, on the "Chemical History of a Candle," in 1860-61. Altogether he lectured at the Institution at Christmas nineteen times.

As Davy saved the Institution from dissolution at an earlier period, so Faraday, by devoting himself almost exclusively to its interests, succeeded in preserving its reputation and in attracting subscribers. In 1830 he made £1,000 out of professional occupation; but next year he withdrew from expert practice, in order to devote himself the more exclusively to original researches. This passion for research, and this scrupulous devotion to the Institution, did not, however, prevent him from acting for some thirty years as scientific adviser to the Trinity House, at a salary of £200 a year. It was imperative that he should add to his income from some outside source, for in 1832 there is the following entry in the Minutes of Managers:—

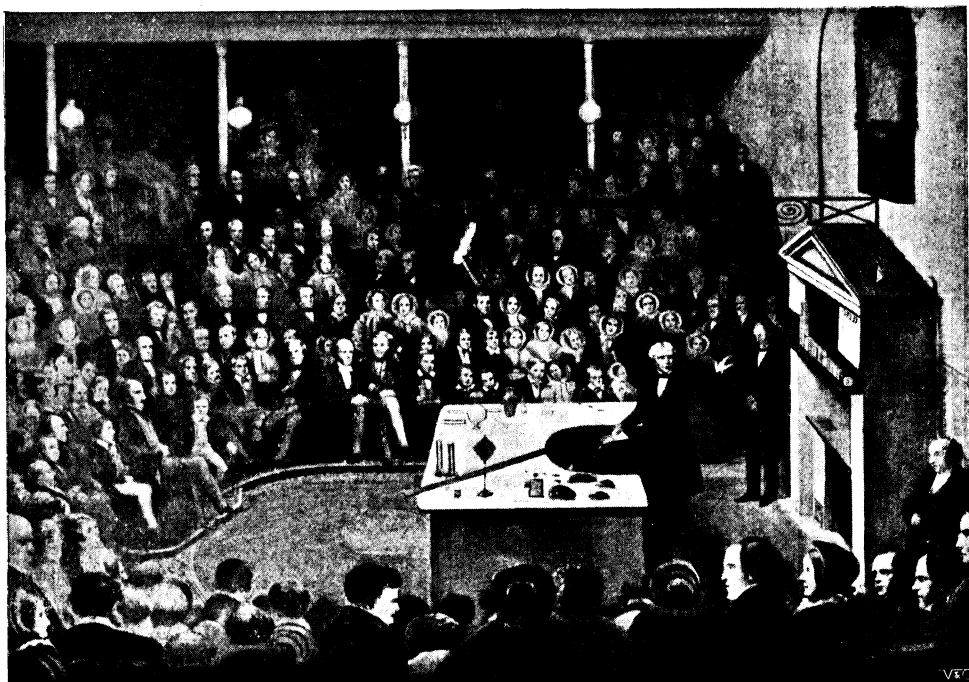
"The Committee are certainly of opinion that no reduction can be made in Mr. Faraday's salary—£100 per annum, house, coals, and candles—and beg to express their regret that the circumstances of the Institution are not such as to justify their proposing such an increase of it as the variety of



MICHAEL FARADAY.

duties which Mr. Faraday has to perform, and the zeal and ability with which he performs them, appear to merit."

The salary was, indeed, an absurd stipend



FARADAY LECTURING BEFORE THE PRINCE CONSORT IN THE THEATRE.

for such a man, but the Royal Institution could at this time afford no more. As Faraday himself remarked to the managers at this time, "We are living on the parings of our own skin."

In December, 1835, Faraday was awarded a Civil List pension of £300 per annum.

How long the Institution could have succeeded in inducing philosophers of the stamp of Davy and Faraday to give the best years of their life to research and to lecturing, with the prospect of the scantiest reward, it is impossible to surmise. Faraday decided in 1827 to give "at least two more years to it." Happily for the continuance of the Royal Institution, John Fuller, of Rosehill, in the year 1833, feeling how inadequately Faraday was paid, endowed a Professorship of Chemistry with the yearly interest of £3,333, and appointed Faraday Professor without calling upon him for lecture duty. Mr. Fuller also endowed with the same sum a Physiological Professorship, and he left an equal amount to accumulate for the increase of the income at a future date.

Thus it was that in the year 1833 Michael Faraday became the first Fullerian Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, a post which he held till his death, in 1867.

The succeeding Professors have been: from 1868-73, Professor William Odling; 1874-77, Dr. John Hall Gladstone; and from 1877 to the present day, Professor James Dewar. This appointment is virtually a life one.

"The one act of wisdom," said Mr. Wm. Spottiswoode in 1873, "among the many aberrations of an eccentric member of Parliament saved Faraday to us, and thereby, as seems probable, our Institution to the country. . . . It is said that Mr. Fuller, the feebleness of whose constitution denied him at all other times and places the rest necessary for health, could always find repose and even quiet slumber amid the murmuring lectures

of the Royal Institution, and that, in gratitude for the peaceful hours thus snatched from an otherwise restless life, he bequeathed to us his magnificent legacy of £10,000."

It should be remembered that the Royal Institution, unlike some of the scientific bodies of the Metropolis, is neither housed by the State nor enjoys any grant whatever from Government. It is supported solely by the subscriptions and donations of the members and others who are interested in its works.

In the year 1834 the first Fullerian Professor of Physiology, Peter Mark Roget, was appointed. This appointment is tenable for three years, and the Professor is required to deliver a course of lectures. There is no

laboratory provided in the work of this department.

"For thirty years," says Professor S. P. Thompson, "Faraday was the foremost of lecturers on science in London. From the first occasion when, in 1823, he was called upon unexpectedly to act as substitute for Professor Brande at one of his morning lectures at the Royal Institution, down to the time of his latest appearance as a lecturer, in 1862, he was without a rival as an exponent of natural science."

As Dr. Bence Jones remarks: "For thirty-eight years his lectures were the life of the

Royal Institution." In 1861, Faraday wrote to the managers, asking them to accept his resignation of the Juvenile Lectures. The duty of research, superintendence of the house, and of other services still, he says, remains, but he is willing to resign these if desired. Needless to say, the managers desired him to retain these offices. Faraday's last research in the laboratory was made on March 12th, 1862, and on June 20th of this year he gave his last Friday evening discourse, the subject being Siemen's gas furnaces.

"It was," says Professor Thompson, "rather a sad occasion, for it was but too evident that his powers were fast waning. Early in the evening he had the misfortune



JOHN TYNDALL.

to burn the notes he had prepared, and became confused. He concluded with a touching personal explanation, how with advancing years his memory had failed, and that in justice to others he felt it his duty to retire."

Writing in 1863 to Sir James Clark, Faraday says, "The fifty years of use in the Royal Institution have given me wonderful advantages in learning many friends, and many opportunities of making

my gratitude known to them; but they have taken the matter of life and, above all, memory out of me, leaving the mere residue of the man that has been, and now I remain in the house useless as to further exertion."

In 1864, Faraday declined the presidency of the Royal Institution, offered to him after the death of the then Duke of Northumberland, and on March 1, 1865, he wrote to the

managers stating his wish to retire from the position of superintendent of the house and laboratories. His reason was, that which had in times past been his chiefest pleasure had now become a very great anxiety.

At the next meeting of the managers it was unanimously resolved:—

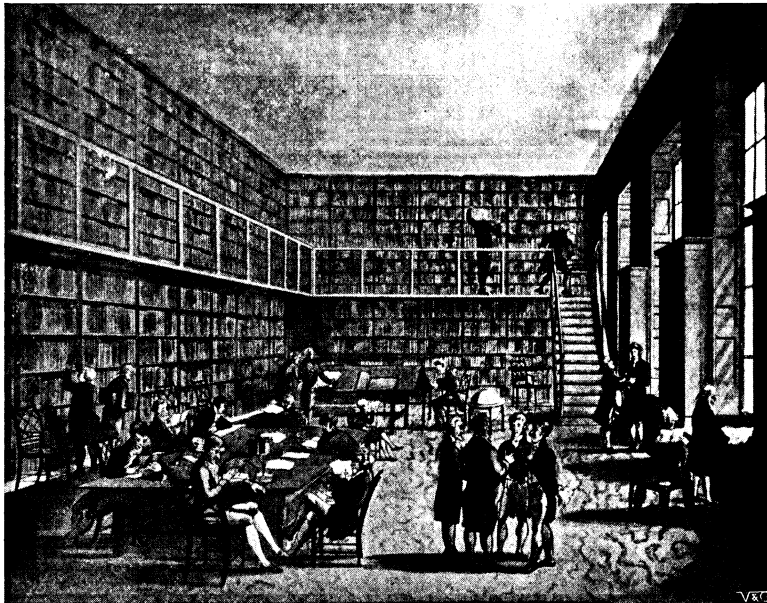
"That the managers thank Professor Faraday for the scrupulous anxiety which he

has now and ever shown to act in every respect for the good of the Royal Institution. They are most unwilling that he should feel that the cares of the laboratories and the house weigh upon him. They beg that he will undertake only so much of the care of the house as may be agreeable to himself; and that whilst relinquishing the duties of Director of the Laboratory, he will retain his home at the Royal Institution."

On the 25th of August, 1867, Michael Faraday



THE LIBRARY AT THE PRESENT DAY.



THE LIBRARY AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY.

passed away at the house on Hampton Court Green which had been placed at his disposal by the Queen in 1858. At the meeting of the members of the Institution, in November, a resolution of sympathy was passed with Mrs. Faraday : "His energy and genius were rewarded by discoveries that have made their Institution renowned throughout the world ; whilst his judgment and kindness were so frequently and so well shown in all that related to the good of the members, that they feel his departure from among them is a misfortune which, no words can adequately express."

At the same meeting it was announced that Professor Faraday had bequeathed various books (some bound by his own hands) and manuscripts to the Royal Institution. These are preserved in the library in a special case.

On the 21st of June, 1869, a public meeting was held in the Royal Institution, the Prince of Wales presiding, to consider what measures should be taken to provide a public memorial to Professor Faraday. A sufficient sum having been raised by public subscription, the production of a statue was entrusted to J. H. Foley, R.A. The statue was placed in the hall of the Institution in 1876. From the same fund a marble bust was provided and placed in the National Portrait Gallery, 1886.

The centenary of the birth of Michael Faraday was celebrated at the Royal Institution on the 17th and 26th of June, 1891. On the former date Lord Rayleigh delivered a lecture, the Prince of Wales presiding ; and on the latter, Professor Dewar lectured, the Duke of Northumberland (president) being in the chair.

In 1868, William Odling was appointed to succeed Faraday as Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, and this post he held until 1873. From 1874 to 1877 Dr. John Hall Gladstone was Professor, and on the 9th of April of the latter year he was succeeded by Professor James Dewar, the present Fullerian Professor of Chemistry and Superintendent of the Institution.

The year 1853 was a memorable one in the history of the Royal Institution, for on the 11th of February John Tyndall delivered his first lecture ; its subject was : "The Influence of Material Aggregation upon the Manifestations of Force." This produced "an extraordinary impression, and Tyndall, hitherto known only among physicists, became famous beyond the limits of scientific society." It was through the influence of Dr. Bence Jones that Tyndall delivered this

lecture, and in May, 1853, he was unanimously chosen as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. Writing afterwards, Dr. Tyndall remarked that, while he was tempted at the time to go elsewhere, a strong attraction drew him to Faraday's side. "Seldom have two men," says Mrs. Tyndall, "worked together so harmoniously as did Faraday and Tyndall during the years that followed. Their relationship from first to last resembled that of father and son."

In 1867, when Faraday died, Tyndall succeeded him in his position as superintendent of the Institution. He continued to reside here till his retirement in 1887, when he was elected Honorary Professor. The last public lecture he ever gave—"Thomas Young"—was delivered in the Royal Institution on the 22nd of January, 1886. His later years were for the most part spent at Hindhead. A dose of chloral accidentally administered brought his career to a close on December 4, 1893. On December 15 a special general meeting of the members was held to pass a vote of sympathy and condolence with Mrs. Tyndall.

Tyndall delivered in all in the Royal Institution, 51 Friday evening discourses, 307 afternoon lectures, and 12 Christmas courses comprising 72 lectures.

"As a lecturer," says Mrs. Tyndall, "Tyndall was famed for the charm and animation of his language, for lucidity of exposition, and singular skill in devising and conducting beautiful experimental illustrations." As a writer and a lecturer he did, perhaps, more than any other person of his time for the diffusion of scientific knowledge.

On the occasion of Dr. Tyndall's retirement, in 1887, it was resolved that, in order to perpetuate and honour his name in connection with the Institution, one of the courses of lectures delivered annually in the Institution should be called the Tyndall Lectures.

On May 9, 1887, Lord Rayleigh was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy, in the room of Dr. Tyndall, a post which he still retains.

From the year 1887 onwards the work of the Royal Institution has been steadily carried on. There have been no changes in the chairs of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, and it is to be hoped that both Professor Dewar and Lord Rayleigh may long be spared to carry on their experimental researches and to delight audiences by their fascinating discourses.

The Royal Institution at the present time

has two sides. On the one hand, it is an excellent club to which those who take an interest in the scientific progress of the day can belong and make use of its valuable library. On the other hand, it is the place *par excellence* where latest discoveries are shown and lectures given on all branches of knowledge. There must be few who read this article who have not at one time or another been privileged to attend a lecture in the theatre of the Royal Institution; these are of two kinds—the afternoon ones, to which the general public are admitted on payment, and those on Friday evenings during the season, to which members and their friends only have access. These lectures appeal specially to laymen who take an intelligent interest in modern learning and research, and also to scientific men who, in these days of specialisation, have to devote themselves to one small corner of the vast

field of science, and so are apt to lose touch with the results of other workers in other portions of the field. Besides the “discourse” on a Friday evening, there is an exhibition in the library of the newest inventions, many of them destined, although perhaps one may not perceive it at the time, to become of the greatest possible service to mankind.

The sight of an experiment or the observation of a piece of apparatus is often a far more efficient means of education than the reading of many text-books or pages of description, and it is the object of the Royal Institution to educate by such means. To witness an actual demonstration of wireless telegraphy, the Röntgen rays, liquid air, or any other latter-day “fairy tale of science,” is the best way of grasping its working, and there are few nowadays who are not interested in the wonders of the natural world.



PONS ASINORUM.

From the picture by G. E. Robertson.

CITY CHRONICLES.

By BARRY PAIN.*

No. XII.—THE BITING OF THE BITER.



O have a proper appreciation of what is fair and friendly, to be ready to make a concession here in order to receive one there, to give on one occasion and take on another, is an excellent thing. This friendly feeling is particularly

needful if you happen to be a picture-dealer; you will work harmoniously with other picture-dealers, and incidentally you will find it profitable.

For instance, it may happen that in an auction sale there is one picture which six dealers are anxious to buy. Is that any reason for jealousy and naughty tempers and wicked words, and high prices? It need not be. Possibly one of the six will be able to find reasons which will prevent the other five from bidding. Or, possibly, something of this kind may happen: The much-desired and valuable picture comes up. An air of apathy seems to settle on the little group of dealers. Bidding is slow and soon ceases. The picture is knocked down to one of the dealers for a fifth of its value. And, after the sale, that little group of dealers adjourn to a neighbouring house of entertainment, where they can have a room to themselves, and a cup of tea if they require it. There they hold a private auction among themselves, and this time the picture fetches its real value. The highest bidder takes the picture, and the very considerable difference

between the two prices is divided among the other five. Thus the money is kept in the family, so to speak, and is not frittered away upon the original owner of that picture.

Again, it may happen that a dealer wishes to pay much more than he need for something. This is less astonishing than it sounds. If you pay a sensationally high price for a mezzotint at Christie's, and secure your prize after what looks like a very keen struggle, you add to the prestige of the plate; and possibly you have four or five proofs from the same plate already waiting in your portfolio which you will be glad to dispose of to collectors at collectors' prices, seeing that you bought them privately for very little. How can the collector object to a long price when he can read for himself in the papers what you had to pay for the same thing at Christie's.

Yes, in spite of trade rivalries, a dealer should be on friendly terms with other dealers. If Mr. Samuel Levison and Mr. Algernon Franks had not been picture-dealers, they would have quarrelled, for each had taken an advantage of the other that the other considered to be unfair; as it was, they went into partnership. In business they were strictly honest—by which I mean that they did nothing illegal and nothing generous.

There was, for instance, one picture which went through their hands three times. It was a pastoral landscape, and had many merits; but it had no history, and unhappy is the picture that has no history. "I know it to be a Watteau," said Mr. Levison firmly, "and a remarkably fine Watteau, too. No expert who has seen it has had any doubt about it. By the custom of the trade, I am prevented from giving a guarantee, as the picture has no definite history. But the painting is its own guarantee. Nobody who knows the work of Watteau could possibly doubt it." Mr. Levison sold the picture. On the death of the purchaser, a few months afterwards, his collection was dispersed, and the firm bought the picture back again for a song. Mr. Franks knew of a client who

* Copyright, 1901, by Barry Pain, in the United States of America.

wanted an example of Pater. Mr. Franks said he had always considered the picture to be an undoubted Pater, and therefore he had no compunctions at selling it as such—without any formal warranty, as the poor thing had no history. Soon afterwards that client's creditors were rude enough to sell him up; the reputed Pater did not fetch much, and Messrs. Levison and Franks bought it once more. Several points might be urged in excuse for their subsequent sale of it as a Fragonard. Experts may change their minds. Also, they did not actually guarantee it to be a Fragonard. They were strictly honest, with a slight tendency, if they swerved at all, not to swerve on the quixotic side.

One fine morning Levison walked into his partner's room. Mr. Levison was a portly gentleman, with grey hair and whiskers. It was said that as a young man he had been handsome. Franks had never been handsome; he was small and bald, and looked rather like some obscene bird. He might have been a culture in a previous incarnation.

"I shall be going away after lunch to-day," said Mr. Levison.

"That is all right. What is it?"

"I had a letter from a friend of mine who is an auctioneer, in a small way of business, at Salden, in Surrey. He is selling the furniture of a little house there—belonged to an old lady who has just died—and he wanted a word of advice from me."

"Advice about what?"

"Well, there are two small pictures, but I can see from what he says they are nothing. I would not go down if he were not a friend. And there is a Turkey carpet——"

"Yes. What about the pictures? What does he think?"

"What do you suppose? Of course, he thinks they are good; he does not know anything."

"All right. If you buy a picture, that is on the firm's account."

"Of course. You need not remind me of that. When have you found me trying to deal for myself?"

"Never. But perhaps I have had my doubts."

"And perhaps I have had mine. Come, Franks, we don't want to begin to quarrel. If this should be a Romney——"

"Romney? Why didn't you say that before?"

"Romney, or Sir Joshua, or something or other. I don't remember what the idiot said. I told you he doesn't know anything. Why be so quarrelsome?"

"Me? I was not quarrelsome. I like to look after myself a little, that's all. I'm quite friendly. I tell you what—I'll go down to Salden with you this afternoon, if you like."

"No, that's not necessary. It's chiefly the Turkey carpet, and seeing an old friend. If I do anything about the pictures, I shall tell you; the things are on view to-morrow, and you could go down then."

By three o'clock Levison was at the house at Salden where the sale was to take place. His friend Powlet, the auctioneer, was to meet him there.

"Well, my friend," said Levison, "what is it all about?"

"Well, you got my letter and the catalogue?"

"Oh, yes. Valuable oil painting—portrait of a lady—believed to be by Romney. I have heard that kind of thing before. If there had been any chance that was a Romney, you would have come to me before—and perhaps to twenty other dealers as well."

"I'll tell you the truth. I didn't believe it to be a Romney. The old lady hadn't much money, and she didn't go in for pictures. She never spoke of it as a Romney, so far as I can find out—or as anything else. Her nephews, whom I'm selling for, don't believe it, either. In fact, one of them said to me that if I could get a fiver for it, he shouldn't grumble. But when I came to get it down yesterday, I changed my mind; I said to myself that there was quality there. I don't care what it is—whether I understand it or whether I don't—if a thing is really good, I'm on to it. I was mad then that I had not had an expert down before. I did suggest it, but the nephews were against it. When I looked at that picture, I couldn't help feeling——"

"Well, come to business. Let me put my eye on it."

"Right. Jim, just fetch down the smaller of those two pictures, will you?"

The man in a green apron, who was arranging the lots, brought the picture and set it up on a sideboard facing the window.

"Ah!" said Mr. Levison.

"What do you make of it?" asked the auctioneer eagerly.

Mr. Levison did not answer that question.

"There was another picture, as well."

"Yes. Bring down the other one, Jim. What do you think about it, Levison? Could it be a Romney?"

Mr. Levison appeared to be lost in thought.

Powlet felt annoyed. "Do come on," he said.

"I was trying to think where I saw the original of that."

"What? It's only a copy?"

"It's not badly painted, but there's nothing masterly about it. Look at those dirty shadows and the clumsy way the drapery's handled. I've seen the original somewhere, and I shall remember it yet. If you want my opinion, it's a copy of an Opie, and as it's a pretty subject it might fetch a tenner, or a little more if anybody wanted it. Let's look at the other."

He examined the other with cordial approval. "That's better," he said. "I can't say what it is—nobody very first class. But the man who painted it knew what he was doing; there's nothing weak about it."

"Are you going to bid for either of them?"

"I'm afraid not. They aren't quite up to our class. I might, perhaps, have bought the landscape, if I had seen my way to a customer for it; but the people who buy pictures don't want a painting—they want names. Here, let's wash the dust out of our throats."

"I was just going to suggest it," said Powlet. "The station refreshment-room's the nearest thing."

A few yards away from the house Levison stopped. "I must run back," he said. "I've left my gloves. You go on. I shall be there in a minute."

He went straight back to the room where the pictures were, and was pleased to find that Jim was not there. He went straight to the "copy of an Opie" and examined it with extreme care for some few minutes. "Not a doubt about it," he said to himself; "not a shadow of a doubt. Another of the Lady Hamiltons."

Then he drew his gloves from his coat-tail pocket, and rejoined Powlet in the station refreshment-room. Powlet grumbled a little. "You've been long enough."

"Well, I couldn't find the blessed things. Don't you grumble. If anyone's going to do that, it ought to be me. You write me long yarns about a fine Romney, and when I come down to look at the thing—well, never mind. Mine's Scotch. What's yours?"

Powlet began to talk about the old lady. She had lived in that house for forty-nine years. It was a pity, he thought, that she could not complete her fifty. He supposed it was not to be. Now and again her nephews came to see her. But for that she lived pretty well alone. At the age of sixty

she wanted to go as a missionary; her nephews didn't care—it was the parson dissuaded her. Well connected, so everybody said, but eccentric. Sometimes Levison appeared to listen; more often he seemed abstracted. He had a good deal to think about, and Powlet accused him of not being cheerful company. He had quite determined by this time to buy the picture by himself for himself, to sell it again as soon as he had got the history of it—which he thought would not be very much trouble—and to do all this without the knowledge of his partner Franks.

Levison's conscience did not disturb him. Knowledge has a money value in business. The bibliophile who discovers a treasure in the "twopenny box" does not tell the vendor; he pays his twopenny and takes his treasure home. Mr. Levison had discovered one of the many Lady Hamiltons that Romney painted; he was not bound to tell Powlet that; and as he did not tell Powlet that, he had to tell him something else. With regard to his treatment of his partner, he felt that his moral position was impregnable. He had discovered the picture, and it was fair that he should have the entire profits from the discovery; besides, he was absolutely sure that with a similar opportunity Franks would have taken the same advantage of it. If he ever did swerve from the paths of the strictest honesty, it was never on the quixotic side; but if any purist had told him that he was a liar and a swindler, he would have been genuinely surprised.

"Well," said Mr. Franks rather sharply, next morning, "do we buy the Romney?"

"What Romney? Oh, yes—that thing down at Salden. Absolutely N. G. What did I tell you? You can go and buy it yourself, if you like—on your own account."

It was a mistake, and his partner was down on him in a flash. "Will you put that in writing?"

Levison made another mistake. He did not put it in writing. If he had done so, Franks would have been reassured, and would never have thought about the picture again. "Don't be a fool!" he said. "I'm not going to draw up documents about that blessed fire-screen. Oh! go and look at it yourself. It's on view to-day." The last sentences were good, and nearly took in Mr. Franks. But the first sentences had already aroused his suspicions.

"I have bought fire-screens before now and made money. It was a big picture?"

"Thirty twenty-five. Portrait of a



“Two thousand six hundred.”

woman. Head and shoulders. Rather a pretty subject ; looks like a copy of a fairly decent thing. No great catch, though, even if you take it at that."

"You seem anxious to run it down. Why do you not say it is rot, and leave it, as you generally do?"

"So I did, until you began asking questions." This was one more mistake. He should not have taken the trouble to defend himself, and would not have done if the picture had really been rubbish.

"Very well, I say no more," said Franks, and walked out of the room. When he was alone he sat for some minutes in a brown study. The more he thought, the more he became convinced that he was being done. Mr. Algernon Franks did not like to be done. He had almost made up his mind to run down to Salden, when, as he went out to the outer office, he encountered Mr. Jewit coming out of his partner's room.

So far as he knew, there was no reason connected with the firm why his partner should consent to see Mr. Jewit. Mr. Jewit was quite inpecunious, quite straight, and hopelessly alcoholic. Suddenly an idea occurred to Mr. Franks, and he gave up all notion of going down to Salden. He could manage it with much less trouble to himself.

On the following evening, after Levison had left, Franks sent for a clerk who frequently attended sales for them. "Look here, Peters," he said. "I want you to run down to Salden to-morrow. There's a small sale there. You know Mr. Jewit by sight? That's all right. You're to keep an eye on him, but don't get talking with him. If he bids for any picture, follow him and beat him."

"Up to?"

"No limit. Beat Jewit. If he's not there, do nothing, and come home as soon as you can."

"Very well, sir."

Jewit was at the sale, and he followed his instructions precisely. He was to buy the Romney. It was probable, he was told, that he would get it for a few pounds. But if by any chance some idea of its value had leaked out, and there were severe competition, he was to stop at £2,500.

No picture-dealers had thought the sale worth their attention. One or two furniture-dealers who had come down had taken rather a fancy to the Romney. "It's a pretty thing, whatever it may be," said one of them. "I'd risk giving twenty pounds for it, as a spec." It was the general opinion that he ought to get it for less.

Mr. Jewit, who was cold sober for the occasion, opened the ball with a modest bid of one pound. The furniture-dealer went to thirty shillings, and was ironically requested by his companions to be careful. He and Mr. Jewit took it up to twenty pounds, and there the dealer came out, and the clerk that Franks had instructed came in. Presently the two men were raising one another by hundreds; the auctioneer was avoiding anything like a look of surprise, and the room was watching the duel with eager interest. At two thousand, Jewit, in accordance with his instructions, went straight to two thousand five hundred. He stood there, looking determined and truculent, as if he were ready to go on betting all day on that scale.

"Six," said the clerk. "Two thousand six hundred," said the auctioneer. "Good evening," said Jewit. It was all over. Jewit walked out, and the men who questioned him did not get much information for their trouble. In the street Jewit hesitated for a minute; he was very thirsty. Then he decided to put business before pleasure, and made his way to the telegraph-office.

The clerk arrived at the same office a minute or so later, just in time to hear Jewit say to the girl behind the counter, "It's Levison, care of Gasless, London. Ain't my writing plain enough?"

"And this," the clerk observed to himself, "is pretty hot." Then he sent off his own wire to Franks, also care of Gasless, London. After all, it was none of his business. So far as he could see, the firm had been bidding against itself. There might be a reason for that, or it might be a blunder; anyhow, it was not his blunder. He was quite sure that he had carried out the orders that Mr. Franks had given him exactly.

In Mr. Franks's room the two partners sat and talked. They had just returned from a big sale, where they had done pretty well. Mr. Levison was in a good temper, and drank his whisky-and-soda with the beautiful feeling that he had earned it. Even Franks was distinctly less acrimonious than usual. There was a tap at the door, and a boy brought in the two telegrams. "Here is a funny thing," said Franks. "Two private telegrams, one for each of us, and both come at the same moment."

"Don't see much 'funny' in that," said Levison, as he tore open the envelope. He read the telegram and began to swear. He seldom swore, and possessed no fluency.

He merely repeated the same word over and over again.

Franks looked up from his own telegram which he had been reading with a smile of perfect content. "Was there anything the matter, Levison?" he said.

"Oh, no!" said Levison, with savage sarcasm. "If a man curses, that is because everything is all right. Got any more fool questions to ask?"

"Dear me!" said Franks. "And that is the man who only the other day accused me of being quarrelsome! What a queer thing! Well, my friend, perhaps I may ask you what it is that is troubling you?"

"And perhaps you may do nothing of the kind. When those telegrams were brought in, you observed that they were private telegrams. Kindly remember that."

"But I was wrong. This telegram here was addressed to me personally, but it is on the firm's business all the same. I have bought a picture."

"What is it?"

"Well, I don't know exactly what it is. I have never seen it. I hope it will be all right. I've paid getting on for three thousand for it."

"Have you gone stark, staring mad, Franks?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"Because you can't do that, and you know you can't do it. You can't buy like that without consulting me. I'll repudiate the thing altogether. No, you must be mad! Three thousand, or something near it, for a picture you've never seen, when you don't even know what it is. You ought to be locked up."

"A man who is a good judge thought very well of it," said Franks, as if in feeble self-defence. "And I had hoped to get it much cheaper. It may come all right one day. It may turn out very good. I should have consulted you, perhaps."

Mr. Levison was beside himself with rage. "You know very well what the terms of our partnership are; and you'll have to abide by them. I'll have nothing whatever to do with the transaction. You've bought this picture at an absurd price without consulting me—you may pay for it yourself."

"I have been a little irregular; but still, partners should stick together. One day you may make a mistake yourself."

"It's not a bit of use your whining. My mind's made up."

"That may mean a heavy loss for me," said Franks gloomily. "But if you will not share it with me, neither shall you share the profit, if there ever is any. No. You throw me over? Very well—then I will have that in writing." He scribbled a few lines on a sheet of paper and handed it to Levison.

Levison read it, gave a contemptuous snort, signed it, and tossed it back to Franks. "And let that be a lesson to you not to try monkeying about with me."

Suddenly Franks's eyes blazed. He rose and struck the table with his fist. "No," he said. "It is you who will have the lesson. Here is another coincidence about those telegrams. Both came from Salden—yours told you that Jewit had been outbid—mine told me that I had bought the picture for the firm at £2,600. Now I keep it for myself."

"What are you jabbering about? I know nothing about Jewit, and my telegram's not from Salden."

"Very well. Show me the top of the telegram. If it is not from Salden, I will pay you a hundred pounds and apologise."

Levison swore. It was not a very effective retort. He also tore up the telegram.

"You give yourself away, you see. When you went to Salden, you left a catalogue on your desk. I looked at that. I read 'believed to be by Romney.' I did not like your manner. I felt almost certain, when I saw Jewit coming out of your room—that drunken beggar whom you employed when you were on your own—a man that you said you'd never have in the office again—you meant to get that Romney for yourself. I sent Peters to buy for the firm, to beat Jewit, and not to bid at all unless Jewit did. You tried to do me; now you have done yourself, you swine!"

Levison was equally angry. "Be careful what you are saying. Repeat that and I'll half kill you. You've made a fool of yourself. It is true I sent Jewit to buy, but not for myself; it was for the firm, and intended as a surprise for you. And the picture could have been bought for a tanner if you hadn't interfered."

"Look out of the window," said Franks. "On that roof you see a common black cat."

"What about it?"

"Well, you may go and tell that story to that cat. To me it is no good."

FLOWERS AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.



THE invention of the photographic dry-plate made it possible for any person to manipulate a camera, and the consequent demand for cameras

must have run the cycle boom very close, if, indeed, it has not beaten it. Almost every other person became an amateur photographer, eager to immortalise the facial beauties of his friends and the architectural glories of his suburban residence and backyard. The temptation so to employ leisure became irresistible when manufacturers began turning out hand cameras, which included a magazine of dry-plates, or a long roll of sensitive films, which equipped the purchaser for a lengthy tour. The advertisement was so seductive, "You press the button; we do the rest." And so to-day the man or woman who goes for a holiday trip unaccompanied by a camera of some sort becomes conspicuous.

To the majority of these votaries the camera is regarded merely as a wonderful toy, and many soon get tired when they find their nearest and dearest ones becoming pained at the way their incipient wrinkles are accentuated by strong top lighting in those backyard portraits. But, as the exhibitions of the photographic societies prove, and the illustrated papers and magazines further testify, a considerable percentage of amateurs have

learned to use the camera for the expression of the art that is in them. Artists of the pencil and brush, it is true, deny that photography can be artistic, because it is too truthful, but they freely make use of photographs as labour-saving preliminary studies for their pictures.

The amateur with artistic instincts has largely given up family portraiture, and devoted himself to a search for the picturesque, or to special lines of study. If his taste inclines chiefly to landscape, he no longer seeks to get an extensive panorama within the dimensions of a quarter or half-plate. He brings the faculty of selection into play, and is content with bits of the landscape instead of half a county. In the portrayal of picturesque buildings he has



Photo by]

WILD ROSE.

[Miss C. H. Curle.

learned, like some of our generals in Africa, that a flank movement mostly yields better results than are to be achieved by the old-fashioned frontal attack. He has also found that photography may serve as a most useful handmaid to other arts, and even to science, by the accurate and detailed, though still artistic, representation of natural forms.

However much we may regret the blow that has been given to the crafts of the



Photo by]

SPANISH IRIS.

[H. Irving.

draughtsman and the engraver, the naturalist at least must welcome the advent of the photographic process-block. Twenty years ago the best work of the illustrators was frequently offensive to those who had regard for truth in art. Designers who were not botanists thought nothing of adding or subtracting a few petals or stamens, "improving" the natural outlines of leaves, or converting a plant of upright growth into a

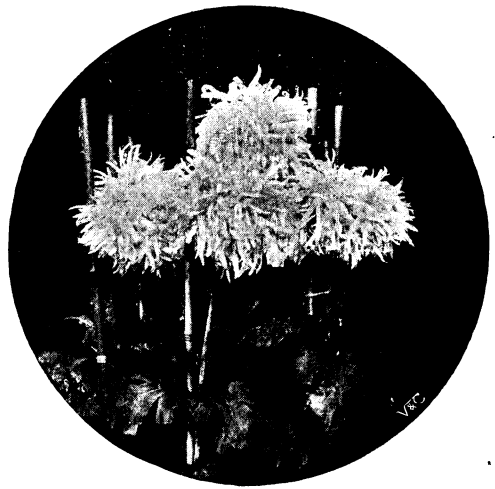


Photo by]

[Underwood & Underwood.

CHRYSANthemum.

climber or trailer, to say nothing of such abominations as a vine producing flowers of several unrelated types. So long as their idea of prettiness was realised, they cared little for maintaining even a semblance of reality, relying, perhaps, on public ignorance



Photo by]

NARCISsus.

[J. M. Whitehead.

of such matters to protect them from discovery.

Readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE have already had many opportunities for testing the excellence of the more modern methods, in the presentation of Mr. Gambier Bolton's series of wild beasts, and the birds and birds' nests of Messrs. Oswin Lee and R. B. Lodge. The present writer's photos of the spider-crabs showed how photography might assist the naturalist in some of the more neglected branches of zoology; and the photographs of Messrs. Irving and Underwood, Mrs. Blake, and the other artists whose illustrations accompany this article, demonstrate how well it may serve the botanist and horticulturist in recording the life appearance of their plants. What though the photograph does not yet give the natural hue of the flowers?—it gives everything but that. There is the "habit" of the plant, whether entirely or partially erect, climbing, creeping, or trailing; if a climber, denoting whether it twines with the sun or



Photo by]

ANEMONE JAPONICA.

[H. Irving.



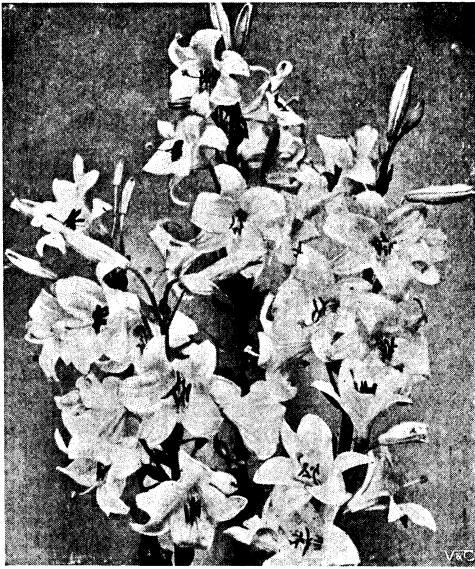
Photo by]

ORCHID.

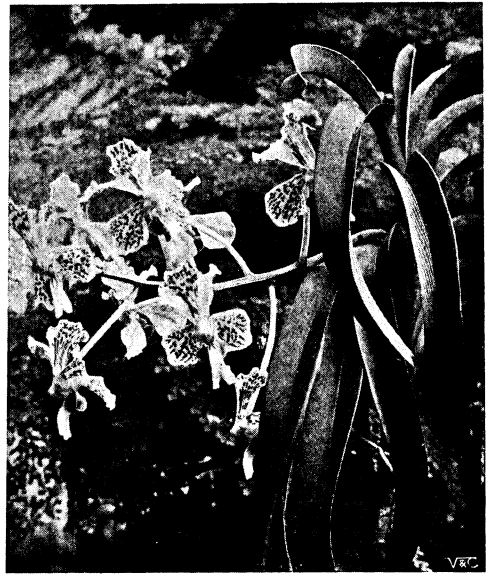
[H. Irving.

against it, or climbs with the aid of tendrils. There are the shapes and attitudes of the leaves, the position and grouping of the flowers, the number of their parts, the manner of their opening, even such minute details as the number, shape, and disposition of the stamens—points of the greatest importance to the scientific student, and really necessary in a representation intended for the unscientific, even as the correct delineation of the number and positions of eyes, nose, and mouth are necessary in a portrait not strictly taken as an anthropological record. These things were often shockingly misrepresented aforetime by the draughtsman and woodcutter, unless these happened to be accomplished botanists.

Even the designer who constantly uses plants as the basis of



LILIES.



ORCHIDS.

his conventional patterns would find accurate flower portraits, such as those by Mr. Irving, of the greatest value to him. It may not be out of place here to mention that it was just this value for design that made the late Mr. Gleeson White so enthusiastic in his praise of Mr. Irving's work, a quality that has also found favour for it with Mr. Walter Crane and others interested in art teaching.

It has been made plain by certain of the illustrations in a recent work on Nature photography, by the brothers Kearton, that the prevailing taste for dangerous and exciting situations may be satisfied even by the pursuit of so apparently tame a recreation; but, of course, the reader would not expect that there could be either danger or difficulty in the photography of flowers, yet there are

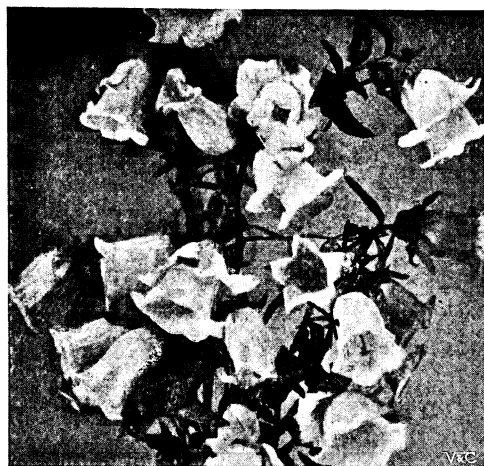


FOXGLOVES.



LUPINS.

Four photographs by Underwood & Underwood.



CUP AND SAUCER CANTERBURY BELL.

negatives in my possession that have only been obtained at considerable risk to limb, and possibly life. To the uninitiated all that appears necessary is to gather your flowers, pose them in your studio, and they will passively submit to your treatment as no other living things will. To a great extent this is true. It is true of the plants that grow in your garden. They can be readily transferred to the studio, and there carefully

posed, given an appropriate background, and the lighting judiciously regulated to get the best effects. It is obvious that some of the illustrations to this article have been so obtained.

In the case of plants photographed amid their natural surroundings, it would seem the most simple thing in the world to wander along with kodak in hand, snapshotting the wild flowers you happen upon in all their unstudied grace and beauty. Try it, and see what results you will get. You will find that nowhere does the necessity for selection press more heavily upon the photographer. Botanical knowledge is required for the selection of a fairly representative specimen, and when this has been found, perhaps after much patient searching and considerable tramping, it may be so hemmed in by other vegetation that it is unsuitable for our purpose. It may

be a low-growing species beneath a dense overhanging hedge; or, if out in the open, may be so continuously agitated by a soft breeze that only a snapshot is possible, and snapshots are seldom successful in plant photography. Even in a wood, where one is largely sheltered from wind, the light may be so subdued that the exposure needed may make it impossible to get absolute stillness throughout when the subject is slender and tall-stemmed. Again, the background may be of such a character that you know the desirable specimen will not stand out distinctly from it. Your plant may be growing far up a cliff which you have to climb, impeded by your camera and dark slides, and when it is reached you find there is not sufficient foothold for your tripod or support for yourself whilst focusing. You may have to climb over

smooth-topped maritime rocks, where you risk not only destruction of your apparatus, but also serious destruction to your no less valuable frame.

Most of the published photographs of wild flowers are of tolerably tall-growing plants; but many subjects that deserve a plate are only a few inches in height. To secure these the camera must rest on the ground, and, in order to focus, the photographer is



EUCALYPTUS BLOSSOM.



MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM.

Three photographs by Underwood & Underwood.



Photo by]

PEAR BLOSSOM.

[Underwood & Underwood.

compelled to assume a prostrate position. This entails no great unpleasantness on a dry pasture—except that when he regains his feet he may find himself the centre of a staring group of sheep or cattle, who wonder what kind of a creature he is. But many of such plants grow in boggy ground, and the penalty to be paid for the photograph is the saturation of one's garments. I have a distinct recollection of such discomfort as the price for a photograph of the marsh-violet. Some of the aquatics and semi-aquatics must be taken with the tripod set up in the water, and, of course, the photographer has to wade out behind it. All these things have I done in my efforts to



HYDRANGEA.

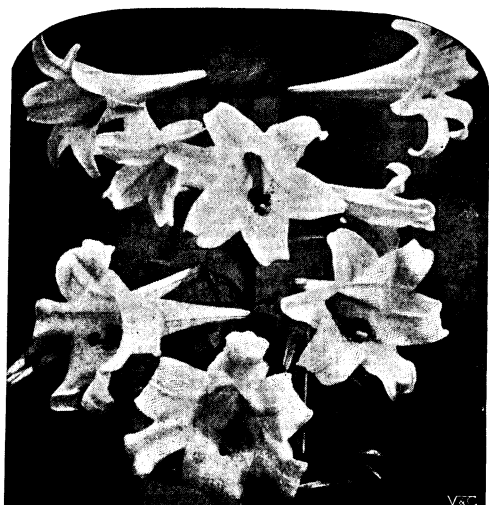
obtain good pictures of our native plants amidst their natural surroundings, and have often hunted for days for the right specimen in the requisite condition and in a favourable situation.

Some plants, like some men and women, lend themselves more readily to treatment than others, and different methods are required according to the object with which the picture is taken. For decorative purposes and art studies, as a rule the flowering portions of the plant, with a little of the foliage, are all that is required, but these should be as nearly life-sized as possible, and against a flat background whose tint must be chosen with a view to the plant standing out boldly and distinctly from it. Examples of this



CAPE JASMINE.

method of treatment will be found in Miss Curle's wild rose, Mr. Irving's Spanish iris and Anemone Japonica, Mr. Whitehead's narcissus, and Mrs. Blake's willow palm. In either of these the designer may find sufficient materials from which to elaborate his own scheme of ornament. But the designer and the photographer may be one, and may so arrange his flowers and his background that the resulting photograph only needs enlargement and colour, as shown in Mr. Irving's daffodils. It will be seen that there is no limit to the use that may be made of the camera in conjunction with the flowers of wild and garden; and, of course, though we give no examples here, equally beautiful results may be attained by the use of foliage



LILIES.

Three photographs by Underwood & Underwood.



Photo by]

DAFFODILS.

[H. Irving.

alone. Our forest trees, with their catkins and nuts, afford considerable scope in this direction, but even some of our very lowly herbs, whose flowers may not be sufficiently striking for the designer's purpose, have very

beautiful leaves, and good negatives will allow of considerable enlargement by which the necessary boldness may be obtained.

Most of the illustrations to this article are taken from cultivated flowers, and these, as



Photo by]

WILLOW PALM.

[Mrs. A. E. Blake.



Photo by]

WILD CONVULVULUS.

[Mrs. A. E. Blake.

we have hinted, are the most tractable. We may, indeed, grow and train up specimen plants specially for the purpose of photographing them. Having them constantly under our eye, we can select "the psychological moment" when they are just ripe for the immortality the camera can alone bestow upon them. But we should consider the most fitting kind of treatment. Here are two photographs of plants in pots, both by the Messrs. Underwood, which illustrate, to my mind, right and



Photo by]

ORCHID.

[H. Irving.

wrong methods of treatment. The gloxinia has no aerial stem, and its leaves lie on the ground or fall over the pot. Being an exotic plant, the presence of the half-obscured pot does not offend, though it would be preferable to select a specimen whose leaves more effectually hid this necessary support. But in the case of the Solomon's seal—which, though rare in a wild state, is a true native of Britain—I contend that photographing it as a pot plant is as incongruous as it would be to depict a swallow in a cage. Such a



SOLOMON'S SEAL.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

plant should be shown springing from the ground; it is manifestly cramped where it is, and the pot is far too conspicuous. Hydrangea is doubtless photographed from a pot plant also, but here the pot has wisely been kept out of the picture. This, again, is not a good subject to take, for everybody who has seen hydrangea growing freely in a shrubby border knows that it has not the stiffness of the pot plants, which are tied up



Photo by]

[Underwood & Underwood.
SWEET WILLIAMS.

to straight sticks as they grow and made to assume an erectness not natural to them. Of course, for florists' advertisements photographs of such specimens are valuable enough, but to art or science they are useless.

That last remark reminds us how much the horticultural papers and the catalogues of the great florists have gained in beauty of illustration by the substitution of photographic process-blocks for the hard outline and exaggerated detail of the old wood-engraving. We should expect to find that the change has led to an increase in business, for the newer style must excite a stronger desire to grow and



Photo by]

[Underwood & Underwood.

CHRYSANTEMUMS.



GLOXINIA.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

cases a second or third example is necessary. Thus, in the case of bushes or trees, the first picture, showing the plant from the base of the stem to the topmost shoot, may give the flowers so small that their details are lost. In that case Fig. II. should show the flowers and leaves as nearly life-sized as possible, and Fig. III. might depict the fruit. Smaller subjects that occur in natural groups should be so photographed as in foxgloves and lupins (Underwood), but an individual that has grown apart should form

possess such floral beauties than could have been begotten by the old engravings. Some recent books on gardens have owed not a little of their charm and success to the abundant reproductions of photographs by which they have been illustrated.

Let us now glance briefly at the class of flower photographs that may be considered most valuable from the scientific standpoint as distinct from the artistic and cultural points of view. To be useful to science the photograph must show the plant as it grows naturally, if possible in its peculiar environment; and in many



Photo by]

[Miss C. H. Curle.

SINGLE ROSE.

a second picture, to give the forms of flower and leaf and their attachment to the stem more clearly, as in Spanish iris (Irving).

Another department in which flower-photography is already proving valuable, and is destined to be more extensively used, is in teaching and lecturing. This work is mainly carried on during the winter months, when few fresh flowers are to be obtained; but if the teacher or lecturer has been busy with his camera during the months of sunshine, his negatives will yield him lantern slides which, projected on the screen, will make his discourse far more interesting than the finest blackboard diagrams could do. For some years, in common with others, I have used this means of showing the beauties of Nature to large audiences; and the bringing these bits of wood and lane and field into a city lecture-hall during the seasons of fog and frost is welcomed more heartily than the most careful drawings would be.

I have here said nothing as to the apparatus and materials best suited for flower photography. That is a subject hardly falling within the scope of this article, and would be more fitly treated in a technical journal. Moreover, it is largely a matter that the experience of the individual photographer must settle for him, each worker having his own pet methods for achieving the desired end. Whatever camera, lens, and plates are used, the important points to keep in view are these—the plant should be the most perfect example to be found, naturally grown, without sticks or other props; it should clearly show both flower and leaf, and should not be mixed up with the neighbouring vegetation. It should be well lighted, and if it has yellow blossoms it should be taken in full sunshine, otherwise the colour will scarcely affect the sensitive plate. Full exposure should be given, to get all detail. Unless in search of special plants that can only be found growing thereon, wind-swept downs and hills should be avoided, for it is rarely that the vegetation can be found in sufficient repose there. The lee side of a wood will be found a more convenient locality,

for, just as leaving one's umbrella at home has been noted to have a provocative effect upon the rainfall, so experience will at least appear to prove that to start on a flower-photographing expedition is sufficient to rouse a robust breeze, and all the delicate and graceful plants that are most worthy of having the camera set up in front of them begin to waggle and sway their leaves and shoots in several directions at once. Never mind; get your focusing done and wait for the lull which is sure to come sooner or later. The development of his patience will do no harm to the photographer.



Photo by]

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

[Mrs. A. E. Blake.

FAIR EXCHANGE AND ROBBERY.

By WARD MUIR.*



THE amiable Mr. Richard Smythe—head of the great firm of Smythe and Co., diamond merchants—was enjoying an after-luncheon cigar in the quiet smoking-room of his club. This was for him a very unusual course of procedure, for he was one of those excellent people

whose work—during business hours, at any rate—represents the sole subject of their attention. We cannot say what was the cause of his laziness on that day, of all days in the year. It is equally impossible to explain how young Bartlett happened to enter the club a few minutes later. But both these things came to pass; and it is merely our business to chronicle the fact, without further apology or comment.

"Hullo, Bartlett!" said Mr. Smythe. "Is that you? I haven't seen you for months past."

The young man strolled up and languidly dropped into a chair.

"I've been very busy lately, you know," he began.

"Of course," the diamond merchant interrupted. "I forgot. When is the happy event to come off?"

"The day after to-morrow," Bartlett replied.

"And I suppose it's not quite the thing to ask where your honeymoon is to be spent?"

"Oh, I don't mind telling you. We're going to Italy. The first ten days or so are to be passed in Venice. After that, we hope to see Rome and Florence, and all the usual show places."

"You are going to Venice, are you?" said

Mr. Smythe. "I've got a friend there, to whom I could give you an introduction. A newly married couple aren't very keen on making acquaintances, I know; but this man—his name is Count Holzenstein—is really worth the trouble of looking up. He is a German, but has recently bought one of the very finest of the old palaces on the Grand Canal, and fitted it up as a museum of artistic and historical curios. He will be only too delighted to let you see his things. He is a jewel fancier, too, and has a wonderful collection of precious stones. It is through this that I came to know him. Our connection was at first a purely business one, but as we had a great many interests in common, we gradually became personal friends, and for the last year or two I have visited him for a fortnight each Whitsuntide."

"Indeed?" said Bartlett. "I should very much like to make his acquaintance."

"I'll write the note now," said the diamond merchant, and rang for pens and paper.

"By the by," he went on, "I had a letter from the Count only yesterday. He wrote asking me to send him a diamond star, which I had shown him when he was last in London. It is a magnificent affair, and has quite a long history, like most things of that sort. I quite despaired of ever selling it, though, as it is enormously valuable, and hardly the kind of ornament that people wear nowadays. Holzenstein is in Berlin just at present, but asks me to send the jewel to Venice, where he will be four days hence."

"And how will you convey the thing to him?" asked Bartlett. "I suppose you can hardly trust it to the post?"

"Oh, dear, no," Mr. Smythe replied. "I must send it by a special messenger—probably one of my clerks."

"But won't that cost rather a lot of money?"

"Fifteen or twenty pounds in all, I dare say; but that's a mere drop in the bucket to the amount that's being paid for the star itself. The difference upon the Count's bill will be hardly noticeable. And there's no other really safe way of getting the thing from London to Venice that I know of."

* Copyright, 1901, by Ward, Lock and Co., in the United States of America.

"Why not let me carry it across for you?" asked Bartlett. "I'll be only too happy to undertake the job."

"Oh," said Mr. Smythe, "I really couldn't dream of troubling you." To tell the truth, he was not at all in love with the idea of trusting such a valuable object as the diamond star to a hare-brained young man like Bartlett; upon his honeymoon, too. It would be rather a serious matter if the thing were to be lost or stolen. And the future bridegroom was hardly the most trustworthy messenger imaginable. He wished that he had been less garrulous about his business relations with the Count.

"It wouldn't be any trouble, really," his companion insisted, amiably unconscious of the other's thoughts. "I'll take good care of it, too. You needn't be in the least afraid of letting me have it."

That was exactly what Mr. Smythe was afraid of, but he scarcely felt inclined to explain the fact.

"I couldn't think of such a thing," he said hesitatingly. "Why, you've no idea what a bother it would be to you."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about it in the least," the young man replied. "I'm not

a bit nervous. I'll just put the whole affair into an inside pocket, and it will be as safe as houses."

The diamond merchant had his doubts about this last statement. His trust in the domiciliary edifices referred to may have been shaken; perhaps he had speculated in "desirable residences," and was dissatisfied with the result.

"But," he began, "it's rather a dangerous business, you know, carrying such valuables about on the Continent. You might be attacked by thieves and——"

"Let 'em all come," said Bartlett slangily. "I'm not afraid. It would be rather sport to have a bit of a bust-up with swell mobsmen or people of that kind. Just the thing to give one's honeymoon a spice of adventure. Oh, I'm on, I can tell you. Wouldn't have missed this for worlds."

Mr. Smythe groaned inwardly. His young friend's exuberant spirits were usually a source of amusement to him, but now they jarred horribly. Jewels were sacred things, and this flippancy in speaking of them was positively sacrilegious.

"Really," he said, "I don't think you quite realise the responsibility of——"

"Yes, I do, though," Bartlett replied. "That's just what I'm after. It will be quite a new experience, trotting half across Europe with a bombshell like that in one's

pocket. You absolutely must let me have the thing. Just think of the money it will save you. I shan't charge anything for the job, you know."

Mr. Smythe was loth to give way, but there seemed nothing else to be done. He felt that it would be too rude altogether to explain the real reasons of his hesitation, and yet without doing so it was impossible to refuse the young man's offer. At the same time, the risk of accepting it was one to make him shudder. If the jewel came to any mishap on its journey, the loss must fall entirely upon the firm, and



"Mr. Smythe went on to tell of the Count's order for the diamond star."

would be large enough to knock a big hole in the year's profits. It almost seemed better to offend his friend than endanger such great interests as these.

And then suddenly a solution of the difficulty occurred to him. There was, he remembered, an exact duplicate of the star somewhere in the safe at his office. It was composed of sham stones, and had no doubt served some good purposes in the past, the nature of which did not require much guessing. The two ornaments, genuine and false, had come into his hands simultaneously, the second one being sold as part of the bargain with the first. Now it was going to turn out useful, after all. He would send it to Venice in the hands of young Bartlett, the real gem going by special messenger, as had been intended from the beginning. Thus all parties could be pleased. The bridegroom would enjoy the sensation of adventure which he so much desired. Mr. Smythe would have the equally pleasurable feeling of security as to the jewel's safe arrival. And over and above this, as he now realised, any thief with an eye to the abstraction of the star might be led by these manœuvres into taking the wrong one. The genuine diamonds would actually be more secure upon their travels than by the original arrangement. His dilemma was revealing a good side, after all.

"All right," he said, when these thoughts had flashed swiftly through his mind; "I'll let you have the thing to-morrow. Presumably you have somewhere to store it securely before the day of the journey?"

"Yes," Bartlett answered, "there is a safe in my room that I can lock it in. Don't bother to send the star to me; I can easily call for it at your place in the City."

"Very well. I'll give you the note of introduction when you come."

"I suppose I must get a receipt for the jewel from the Count when I deliver it?"

"Oh, well—er—yes, perhaps you'd better. I am writing to-night and shall tell him when to expect you. You're going straight through, I suppose?"

"Yes; we have a few hours in Basle, but otherwise the journey is a direct one. The St. Gothard is our route."

"Indeed? That's delightful. I only wish I was going, too. Well, good-bye for the present. See you at the office to-morrow," and the diamond merchant strolled away.

Twenty minutes later a hansom deposited him at the premises of the firm in Hatton

Garden. He entered his private room and sent a message that he wished to see the head clerk. That worthy appeared at once.

"Mr. Jones," said the diamond merchant, "I dare say you'd like a little holiday. It's a good while since you had your last fortnight off."

"Yes, sir," said Jones, rubbing his hands in gleeful anticipation of what was coming.

"Now, what would you say to a trip to Venice?" Mr. Smythe continued. "You haven't been there, I presume?"

"Venice? I should think not," replied the clerk. "I've never been across the Channel at all, except on business, as you know, sir."

"Well, it's business again; but in this case you may as well combine a little pleasure with it," and Mr. Smythe went on to tell of the Count's order for the diamond star, ending up by giving the delighted Jones permission to take a day or two's sight-seeing in the Island City. One thing he did not mention, however, and that was the circumstance of young Bartlett's similar journey. There was really no reason why he should tell about it. Yet, things might have turned out rather differently if he had done so; although, indeed, no actual harm came of the omission.

That evening Mr. Jones went home from the City with somewhat mingled feelings. The thought of a holiday—and such a splendid one, too—was delightful, but this very splendour was its drawback. For the magnitude of the thing prohibited his wife accompanying him, which was a great disappointment to the good man, than whom no more affectionate husband could have been found in the whole metropolis. Ten days at Margate would thus have given him far more real pleasure than this ambitious trip to Italy. Chance, however, took him through Ludgate Circus, and here it occurred to him that perhaps he might be able to purchase a guide to the Lagoon City over which to spend an hour or two on the outward journey. He entered Cook's tourist office for the purpose.

"Going to Venice, sir?" said the man behind the counter. "We've got a very cheap line in tickets there for this month only. They're available for seventeen days, and you can stop at about half a dozen places *en route*. The price is only eleven guineas first class. Let me give you this little prospectus."

Mr. Jones hurried away, clasping in his hand a multi-coloured sheaf of leaflets and

time-tables in which he could read of trips varying from week-ends at Brighton to a five-months' conducted tour round the world. But there was only one which really interested him. The Venice excursion as suggested by Cook's agent had fixed its hold upon his mind. His own expenses would be borne by Smythe and Co.; the holiday must therefore cost him nothing; surely, then, he could afford to take his wife, too.

"My dear," he cried joyously, dashing into his little house at Brixton, "my dear, a week hence we shall be gliding along the Grand Canal in a gondola!"

* * * * *

The sun was just sinking behind a belt of mist, when the through express from Milan swung swiftly out across the great plain of Lombardy towards its island goal upon the eastern horizon. Far away to the north a faint pink belt below the sky indicated the presence of the snow-clad Alps, tinged with the evening light; while on each side of the line there stretched miles upon miles of fertile tillage land, dotted with red-roofed farms, each in its bower of ancient olive-trees. Dusty high-roads intersected the country here and there, stretching away into the distance like straight, white dividing ribbons upon some ornamental tapestry; and all around, as far as eye could reach, was that absolute level which makes such districts the paradise of sky-loving artists.

Mrs. Jones admired the scene. Perhaps her æsthetic taste had not been properly cultivated, for she had liked the fields of Kent, the vineyards of Northern France, and the rugged, star-lit valleys of the St. Gothard all equally well. The journey had been a continual source of delight, and she quite regretted now that it must so soon terminate.

Beside her sat Mr. Jones, fast asleep. The change from office life was a startling one, and two nights in the train had thoroughly worn him out. Now, however, slumber had come at length, and for more than an hour past he had been deliciously oblivious to the flight of time. His wife, pleased that he had gained repose at last, carefully refrained from disturbing him. It was important that as little time as possible of their stay in Venice should be wasted in resting; besides which, the holiday must be really recreative, and not merely a "pleasure exertion."

"And the very first thing that we'll do on the morning after we arrive," she murmured, "is to get rid of that awful diamond

star. It's a positive nightmare. I'm so nervous about it being lost or stolen that I can think of nothing else. If anything were to happen, I know Robert would never forgive himself. He might get dismissed from the office, too. Oh! I do hope he's got it safely. I really almost feel inclined to wake him up and see. But it would be such a pity to spoil his sleep."

So Robert slumbered on; and Mrs. Jones, weary of sitting still, got up and strolled to and fro in the corridor which ran along one side of the train.

Now, as it happened, the end compartment of their car was a *coupe*. It was destined to seat three persons, but a *pourboire* to the conductor had resulted in its being reserved for the use of two. The couple in question were the newly wedded Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett.

"Jim," Mrs. Bartlett was saying, "do let me see what this big lump is that you've got in your breast-pocket." The lady occupied a position that caused her to be incommoded by the mysterious excrescence to which she referred.

"My darling," the loving spouse lazily replied, "you know I cannot refuse you anything. Just pull the thing out for yourself and see."

Mrs. Bartlett inserted a tiny hand into the inside of her husband's coat and drew forth a stout leather case.

"Why, what on earth is it?" she cried, and undid the fastening.

Within lay the glittering star. No one but an expert could have told that its stones were false. To anyone ignorant of diamonds the jewel was magnificent, glorious, a thing to gaze upon and admire.

The bride gave a gasp of surprise.

"Oh, Jim!" she exclaimed, "where did you get it? And why haven't you shown it me before? Is it yours?"

Mr. Bartlett yawned, and then, seeing that there was no escape, entered into a full explanation of his mission for Smythe and Co. He had not intended to tell his wife about the thing at all, although he could hardly have explained his reticence in the matter if anyone had asked him about it.

"It's just too lovely for anything," said Mrs. Bartlett. "I wonder whether I shall ever possess one like it."

"Not likely," her husband replied, with a laugh. "That bauble is worth about half my annual income. Personally, I'd sooner have the money."



"Mrs. Jones picked the bridegroom's pocket."

"Oh! but think how magnificent it would be as an ornament in my hair, or something of that kind! Just look now," and she took the star from its case and held it up against her forehead.

The sun's last rays, streaming straight in through the windows of the car, fell back again in a shower of light from the stones, beneath which gleamed the laughing eyes of the young girl. The picture was a perfect one, and Mr. Bartlett, looking fondly upon it, thought that his wife might be a

queen with the royal diadem upon her brow.

But this little scene had another spectator, and one to whom its charms were decidedly less obvious. Mrs. Jones, in her peregrination up and down the corridor, had arrived opposite the Bartletts' compartment at the very moment when the *tableau* was complete. She gazed through the dingy glass door with eyes of horror.

"The villains!" she gasped to herself. "They've stolen the star from my husband!"

She drew swiftly back into the shadow, lest they should see her and take alarm. Her mind was in a whirl of excitement and indecision as to what course of action to pursue. Should she suddenly face the thieves and snatch their ill-gotten treasure from them by main force? Or would it be better to make the guard telegraph for the police to meet the train at Venice? But she couldn't speak Italian; and the thought of an explanation in that language filled her with dismay. Besides, would not an extradition order or some fearful thing of that kind be necessary before they could make an arrest in a foreign land? And in the meantime, as she well knew, her husband

would nearly worry to death at the thought of how he had been so careless as to allow himself to be robbed. Her first instinct had been to rush off and inform him of the discovery. But upon reflection she hesitated to do so. The shock would be a terrible one to the old and trusted clerk of the Smythe firm. She absolutely dared not tell him. And yet——

But time was flying, and in her indecision she had failed to notice the fact that they were traversing the long causeway of the

inner lagoons. And so it was with something of a shock that she found the car suddenly grow dark as the train dived under the arched roof of the railway station at Venice. In a moment, however, her eyes had accustomed themselves to the change, and she caught a hurried glimpse of Mr. Bartlett, sublimely indifferent to the diamond merchant's warnings, thrusting the leather case into the outer side-pocket of his jacket.

Five minutes later they were all struggling through the crowd of hotel-porters and general touts that always throng round the station exit. At the foot of the flight of steps which leads down to the Canal a uniformed official was assigning gondolas to each harassed party of travellers; but before the Bartletts could embark, Mrs. Jones had hurried forward and—concealed in her deed by the very publicity of the place—had coolly picked the unconscious bridegroom's pocket and transferred the diamond star to the solitary capacious receptacle for general goods with which her own unpretentious costume was furnished.

"Really, Jane," panted Mr. Jones, who was loaded with wraps and hand-luggage, "what *are* you in such a hurry for? One would think that we were racing somebody to our hotel for a wager. And, ferocious though these Italian persons may appear, they do not, as far as I am aware, intend to do more than merely offer us their services, so you needn't shove them about in that wild fashion."

His wife laughed gaily. "You're still half asleep," she said. "I haven't been shoving anyone about. But look, here's a gondola for us at last. The porter's just putting our trunks on board. How very wobbly the thing looks! Give me your hand while I step in; I'm so afraid of falling into the Canal, and the water doesn't look over clean, does it? It wouldn't be very nice to begin one's visit by an involuntary bath. Why, that policeman is taking down our number and destination, just as they do with the cabs at the London termini. Isn't it funny? Imagine anyone being so matter-of-fact in Venice, of all places!" and the lady rattled on with her laughing comments on the strangeness of the scene, until her husband began to recall the happy days of their courtship, ten years before, and to wonder at his wife's extraordinary access of spirits.

"Travel seems to do her a wonderful amount of good," he thought to himself.

But she all the time was talking with a feverish desire to divert the clerk's thoughts from the object of his journey. The star must be returned to his possession before he discovered its loss. She felt that her clever manœuvre would be half wasted if her husband heard of the theft now. Her desire to bring the criminals to justice was entirely swallowed up in the anxiety to save her good man from worry upon his holiday. Perhaps, in fact, it would be just as well to postpone telling him of the adventure until their return to England. He would only bother himself, moving heaven and earth to prosecute the thieves, if he knew who they were. No; she would keep her own counsel about the matter, for the present at any rate.

Thus they passed along through the dusk of the *canaletti* to their goal, Mrs. Jones chattering incessantly, but with an object; Mr. Jones marvelling inwardly at her vivacity; and, a hundred yards ahead, the Bartlett couple, oblivious to all but the ever-fresh joy of each other's company.

It was a sight to move the gods. For Fate was taking this innocent quartette to the same hotel.

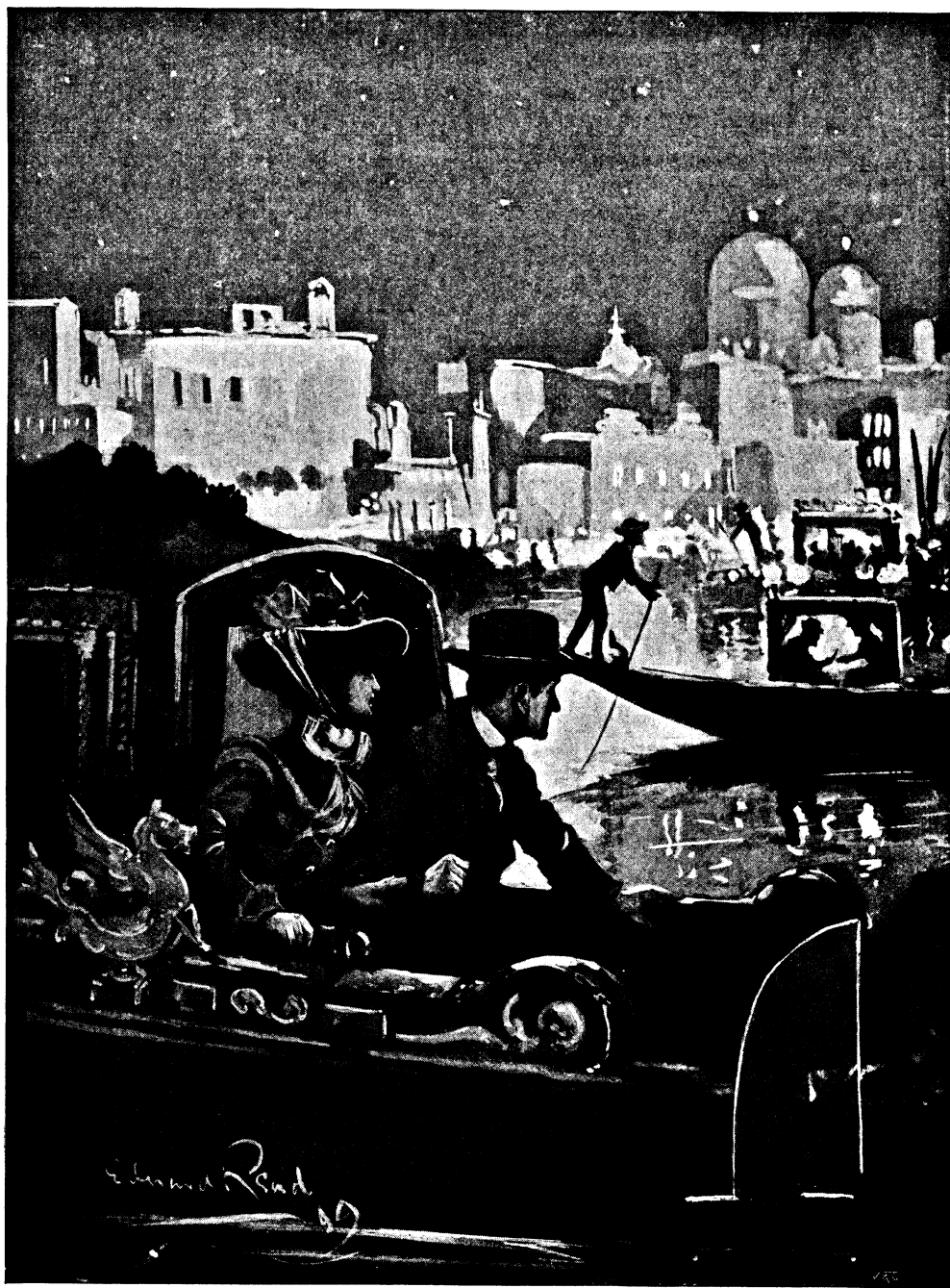
* * * * *

Dinner was over, and the clerk and his wife were resting in their room. Both were struck with the town's great silence, a wonderful change from the roar of London and the last two days' constant noise in the train. Venice is the quietest city in the world. At night the cry of a passing gondolier, the boom of some church bell, and music from nocturnal revellers are the only sounds that break the leaden stillness of the later hours.

Below the windows of the hotel a band of musicians were singing and playing, in a barge picturesquely illuminated with Chinese lanterns. The notes of guitar and harp floated across the water, and, softened by the romantic surroundings of the scene, reached the listener with an exquisite cadence that concealed any defects which there may have been in the performance of the *artistes*. Mrs. Jones was charmed.

"Robert," she cried at last, "we really must go out. I'm longing for a sail on the Grand Canal. Do let's take a gondola just for an hour before retiring to bed. Staying in the house is such a waste of time, and I'm sure we shan't find it a bit more fatiguing out of doors."

The clerk agreed, not unwillingly. His recent slumbers *en route* had much refreshed him, and he was just as eager as his wife to see something of the place. A few minutes



“‘By Jove!’ he cried, ‘that’s the diamond star he’s got on his knee!’”

later they were ready dressed and at the door of the hotel. Here a rabble of gondolas awaited them, every one of their proprietors loudly clamouring for patronage and hurling a stream of imprecation at his fellows. It

was only when the stately German door-porter came to their rescue that they were able to select a craft and get fairly settled in it. Once this was done, however, the noise instantly subsided, and they slipped away

between a silent avenue of boats, each apparently containing a sleeping oarsman. A moment more and they shot out under a low bridge on to the great expanse of the Grand Canal.

The barge of musicians had drifted away towards the Schiavoni, carrying in its train a tail of pleasure-seekers, and this their boatman hastened to join, partly because the *Inglese* usually liked to do so, and partly to save himself too much work. "Funiculi Funicula" was just beginning to sound forth as they came to a halt upon the waters of the harbour a few yards from the singers' boat.

"Isn't this just too delightful?" said Mrs. Jones, leaning back luxuriously amongst the cushions. "Who would have thought a few weeks ago that we should soon be floating along through the streets of Venice by moonlight?"

"Business has some advantages, you see," her husband replied. "I could never have brought you here under ordinary circumstances. By the by, the first thing I must do to-morrow is to take the star to Count Holzenstein. I can't be sorry to get it off my hands."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Jones, who had been preparing her little fib for the last half hour, "do you know, I've caught you napping for once," and she produced the leather case.

The clerk gazed at it in amazement. "Where on earth did you get that?" he cried at last.

"You left it lying on the dressing-table when we were getting ready to come out, and so I picked it up and put it in my pocket. I think I've got the laugh on my side now!"

"But I could have sworn I locked it in our handbag not twenty minutes ago," said the bewildered Jones. "I didn't think it quite safe to take it out at night in a place like this. One reads so much about robbery and murder in Venice, you know."

Mrs. Jones laughed. "Oh, that's all bosh!" she said. "We're in the twentieth century now. I brought the jewel out with us because I saw that you had forgotten it, but there's no reason why we should turn back. An hour's voyage will do it no harm."

The clerk, however, had not got over his surprise yet. "I can't understand how I managed to make such a mistake," he murmured. "It was uncommonly lucky that you happened to notice it, though. All's well that ends well, and I suppose it's foolish to bother about the matter now; but

still, it's given me a bit of a shock, I must confess."

He took the case from his wife and opened it. The moon's rays, though exquisite, were not sufficiently bright to reveal the falseness of the stones, and even his practised eye failed to detect the change in the star, which sparkled dully as he meditatively turned it over and over between his fingers.

"Most extraordinary thing!" he muttered, "most extraordinary—— Why, what's this?"

His exclamation was caused by the sudden appearance of something white, which had just dropped out of an inside flap in the leather case. It was Bartlett's note of introduction to the Count.

The clerk picked it up and looked at the address. "'Graf Marberg von Holzenstein,'" he read. "Dear me, it's very odd that Mr. Smythe didn't mention to me that he was enclosing this. Very odd indeed. A lot of strange things seem to be happening all at once just now." He mechanically mopped his brow and gazed with a mild disapproval at the letter, which with the jewel and its case were lying upon the rug which covered his knees.

Openly to display precious stones at night in a Venetian gondola is hardly wise; in fact, it is almost worse than doing so in a railway train. Mr. Jones was just as much to be condemned as the Bartletts; nay, more so, for he ought to have known better. And Fate took advantage of the carelessness of both parties at the expense of each.

The moon, as has been remarked before, was shining brightly. Its beams stabbed a wavering pathway down along the waters and faintly outlined the masts of some large vessels which lay at anchor out in the harbour.

Mr. Jones, had he been less engrossed in his own thoughts, might have discerned an indistinct blot upon the glittering waves close by. The blot was a gondola. In the gondola were the Bartletts, who, like the clerk and his wife, had been tempted by the music to take a sail upon the Canal.

The singers in the barge were just rollicking *fortissimo* through the last chorus of "Funiculi Funicula." They were making a fair amount of noise. And thus they completely drowned the young bride's cry of amazement as she suddenly caught sight of the Jones's craft not half a dozen yards away.

"Look, look!" she gasped, gripping her husband's wrist.

"Where?" said Mr. Bartlett, who was peacefully smoking.

"There; in that gondola! Don't you see?"

The young man's cigarette, dropped from nerveless fingers, hissed out its life in the water under the gunwale of the boat.

"By Jove!" he cried, "that's the diamond star he's got on his knee! He's looking at my note of introduction, too. How on earth did he manage to steal the case from me?"

"Hush!" whispered his wife. "We must speak softly, or they may hear us. The man must have picked your pocket somehow. I know they're staying at our hotel, because I saw them at dinner."

"But what is to be done?" Mr. Bartlett asked in despair. "We can't very well go and demand that they give it up; they'd probably refuse to do so, if we did. And I

don't suppose we can have them arrested without a warrant."

"Besides," said the lady, "they're evidently English people. That would make it more difficult, wouldn't it?"

"And I shall look such a frightful ass!" groaned the other. "Mr. Smythe will never forgive me. I tell you what it is. If we could only get the star back again, I wouldn't bother a bit about prosecuting the thieves. In fact, I'd much rather keep the whole affair dark. If it once leaks out, I don't suppose I'd ever hear the end of it from the fellows in town. I was so cocksure, you know, about being too smart to be robbed by anybody."

The young bride sympathised deeply with her husband's feelings. "Well," she said at last, "there's nothing to be done at present but wait. We can't let these people out of sight for an instant. If their movements become suspicious, we must just face them at once, and try to get the jewel by threats, or even main force. But, personally, I don't think they have any idea that we have seen them, or even that the theft is discovered. The man seemed to be merely examining the diamonds out of curiosity. He may not have had time to look at them before. Or perhaps he merely came out intending to throw the case and the letter into the Canal. He doesn't seem to have done so, though."

The two sat and watched the other gondola with straining eyes. Mr. Jones had placed the treasure in his pocket, and was now wholly given up to the beauties of the surrounding scene. He and his wife lay back and enjoyed the music, blissfully unconscious of the ferocious scrutiny which they were undergoing. Later, when the *artistes* had exhausted their *répertoire* and were beginning over again, the clerk proposed that they should tell their gondolier to take them as far as the Rialto, before going home. Thus two funeral craft threaded their way along the curves of the Grand Canal and back, pursuer and pursued, the Bartletts like very sleuth-hounds upon the trail of their enemy. But after half an hour's rowing, the trail in question terminated at the door of their hotel.

"Who are those people?" the young bridegroom inquired, pointing to the retreating forms of the clerk and his wife, who were mounting the staircase.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of London; Room 52," replied the encyclopædic door-porter.



"Jim! Jim! Look here!"

"They arrived this evening, by the same train as yourself, sir."

"Ah! indeed, did they?" murmured Mr. Bartlett, hurrying on. "You see," he added to his wife when they had reached their apartment, "these persons followed us all the way from home. No doubt they are swell sharpers, who have had their eye on the diamond star for a long time past. I must say I'm rather glad that the thing wasn't stolen from me by mere amateur thieves. In the meantime, I'll just smoke a pipe over the question of how we're to get the jewel back," and he sank with a sigh of annoyance into an easy-chair.

Mrs. Bartlett was, however, a woman to whom inaction was extremely distasteful; so, saying that she was just going downstairs to have a look at the papers, she left her husband to his cogitations. In her opinion the proper scene of action was Room 52, and thither she cautiously wended her steps.

The thing was an inspiration, for Chance dictated that its occupants should be absent upon her arrival. Mr. Jones had gone to the reading-room to write a letter, and his wife had accompanied him. They had left their door ajar, and, seeing that all was dark within, the bride gently pushed it open and passed in. The chamber was obviously empty, so she switched on the electric light and gazed round.

Mrs. Bartlett, oddly enough, felt rather disappointed that no one was to be seen. She had almost hoped for an encounter with the thieves. The feminine instinct to give them a piece of her mind was strong, although she could not have explained the value of such a course of procedure.

"I'll just have a look round," she said to herself regretfully; "they *may* have left the star lying about somewhere."

For a long while she searched eagerly through drawers and cupboards, but with no success. Most of them were, indeed, empty, as the clerk's wife had scarcely begun to unpack their luggage as yet. Right in the middle of the floor, however, lay a bulky Gladstone bag, open. Mr. Jones had unlocked it to procure his writing-materials not five minutes previously.

Mrs. Bartlett knelt down and ran her fingers through its contents. A moment later she sprang up with a cry of joy. She had discovered the star!

But it was the real one this time. And the young lady found the jewel just where Mr. Jones had placed it before going out for the moonlight sail. If his writing-case had

not been upon the very top of everything else, he would have found it himself. But as he already had one diamond star in his pocket, he naturally did not look for another in his handbag.

The bride sped eagerly back to her husband, clasping in her hand the precious leather case. In the passage she encountered the clerk and his wife, whom she favoured with a concentrated glare of hatred, which Mrs. Jones—recognising the female conspirator of the train—returned with interest.

"Jim!" cried Mrs. Bartlett, bursting wildly into their room, "Jim! Look here!"

"The diamond star, by Jove!" gasped the admiring bridegroom. "Well, you *are* a clever little woman, to be sure. In the name of all that's wonderful, how did you get it?" He opened the case and gazed lovingly at the sparkling stones within. "I see they've bagged my note of introduction; but we won't worry about that," he went on. "Perhaps we'll manage to scrape along without making the Count's acquaintance, after all."

Next morning Mr. Jones called at Graf Holenstein's palace. The reception which he received there somewhat astonished him.

"My dear sir," the nobleman said, after reading Mr. Smythe's note, "permit me to welcome you to Venice. Your wife, I trust, stood the journey well?"

"Oh! yes," answered Mr. Jones. "She is waiting for me outside just now."

"Is it possible?" cried the Count effusively. "But you must really present me. And I shall feel honoured if you would care to see over my little collection of curios."

Thus several people were surprised at the result of that trip to Italy. For Mr. Smythe in his Hatton Garden office had just received two letters, each containing a formal receipt signed by the Count. But they had somehow come from the wrong people. Mr. Jones sent the one for the false star; the bridegroom that for the real one. They were differently worded, and there was no mistaking them.

"Is it possible," muttered the diamond merchant in perplexity, "that I could have mixed the things up before despatching them? Can I have presented my head clerk with a free holiday for the sole purpose of sending him to Venice with some sham stones? And did I actually trust the real gems for three days into the hands of that feather-headed Bartlett? I must be going crazy in my old age."



Photo by]

EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

[J. F. Jarvis, Washington.

THE UNITED STATES PARLIAMENT.

By J. R. MACDONALD.

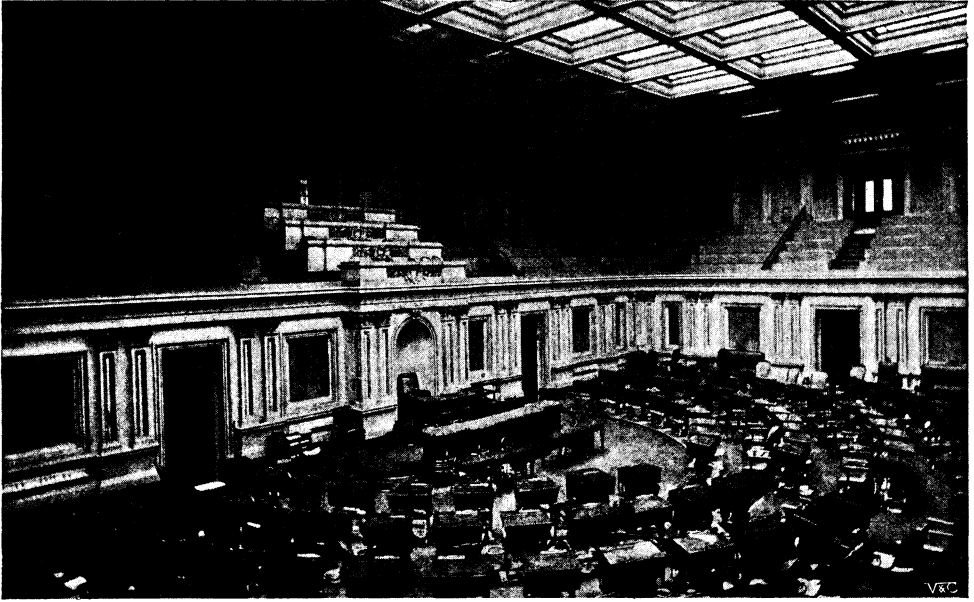
THE city of Washington was made ; it did not grow. George Washington was asked by Congress to select a spot upon which the capital city of the United States should be built, and the city which now bears his name is the result. It belongs to no State of the Union, but has a Territory all to itself. None of its inhabitants have votes, unless they are qualified in other States, and it has no municipal government. Its affairs are administered by a commission nominated by the President. It lives upon Congress. Its beautiful broad streets have evidently been made that Congressmen may drive upon them ; its frequent squares and circles contain monuments to national heroes of North or South ; its buildings are public buildings ; its people are State functionaries. No city in the world is like it, set apart and consecrated for political purposes. The city seems to have understood its part ; for when it was being planned, a century ago, the idea was that the town should be built to the east of the Capitol, and consequently the magnificent columns of marble, the broadest flights of steps, the statues, the sweeping approaches, all appear on that side. But the city was overcome by a due sense of modesty and of the appropriate, and, instead of facing the Capitol,

it has ranged itself behind this noble home of Bills and Resolutions, and the marble pillars and splendid frontages looked away into the beautiful Maryland beyond, until a few years ago a library, also resplendent in marble and bronze, was bold enough to look the Capitol in the face.

Looking at the Capitol from the steps of the library, the extreme wing upon the right contains the Senate Chamber ; that upon the left is the House of Representatives.

About the whole proceedings of Congress there is an informality and freedom which contrasts very sharply with our own Parliament. When the House or Senate is not sitting, the stranger can walk in, sit down in the Speaker's chair or anywhere, pull out a newspaper, and enjoy a quiet smoke. The American citizen takes care to show to everyone concerned that the Capitol is his. He will not tolerate the ropes and the policemen which meet the stranger everywhere in a visit to the Palace of Westminster when Parliament is not in session.

When Congress is in session, pretty much the same state of liberty prevails. A lift runs all day for the convenience of the visitor. You wither up the weak officers with your eye. If you transgress any one of the few rules, they apologise for telling you



THE SENATE.

wherein your sins lie. You walk right into the galleries ; you may join in the applause ; if you are looking down upon the House of Representatives, you can pass the weary hours by reading a newspaper or a novel, or, if you find a communicative neighbour, you can talk to him about American politics, or get him to tell you stories. In the Senate you are supposed to be a little more decorous, but only just a little more. If you have arrived some time before the House gets into session—is “called to order,” as the American expression goes—you can walk on to the floor of the House and mix with the members ; but a quarter of an hour before the Speaker takes the chair, one of the officers announces from the desk that ladies and gentlemen not privileged to remain on the floor must now depart, and for the next ten minutes—as the order is by no means punctually obeyed—busy messengers go up and down the aisles calling, “Time’s up, gentlemen ! Time’s up !” Then you simply remove to another seat of authority ; command the elevator boy to take you up to the gallery floor ; you pass freely down the corridor, where doorkeepers sit in the dumb show of majesty, and you take your seat in the gallery.

Below there is confusion and noise, which cease only for a moment whilst all stand and listen to the brief words of extempore prayer offered up by the blind chaplain of the House. Then it is all bustle. The voice of

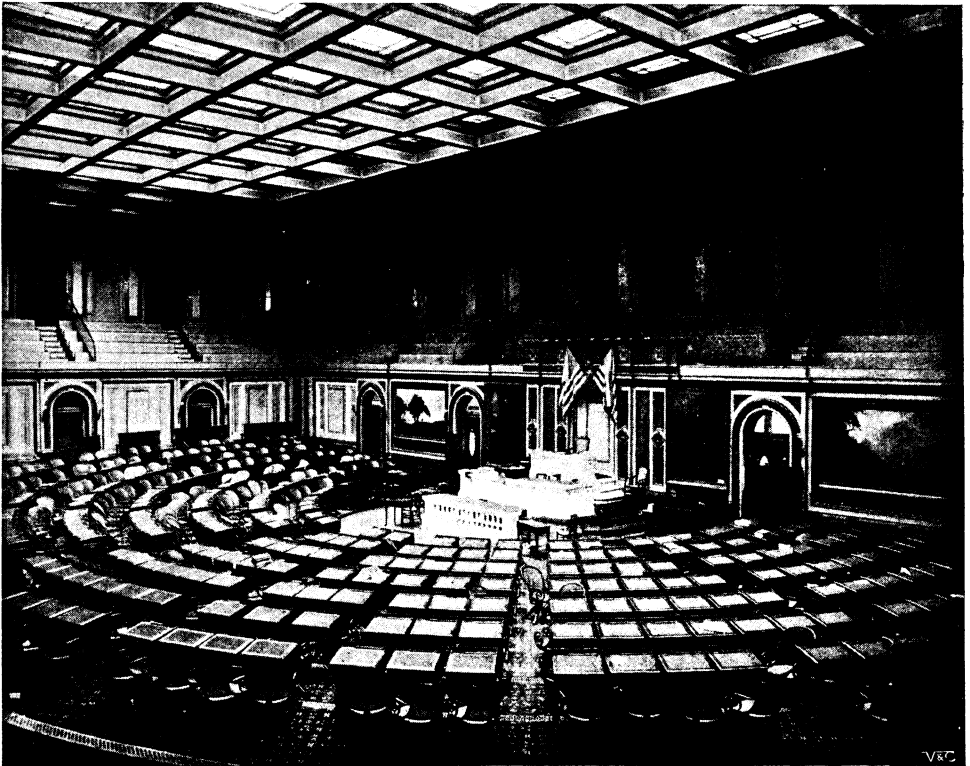
the clerk reading the minutes is heard like the voice of the seaman in a storm, but his words are not caught. Newspapers are rustling, desks are banging, hands are being clapped for messengers, members are busy talking and laughing in groups. Down, whack ! whack ! comes the mallet of the Speaker on his desk. “The House will be in order !” he shouts. There is a momentary pause, and again the bustle breaks out. From the crowd below you see rising the pale blue clouds of tobacco smoke, and through open doors behind the Speaker and to his right and left the air is hazy with burnt weeds. It is an extraordinary assembly, as unlike our House of Commons as it well can be. The members sit on office-like chairs, and each has a desk in front of him, the seats being arranged before the Speaker in semicircular rows. Our familiar green benches are not to be seen. How far this arrangement of seating adds to the disorder of the House is doubtful, but it certainly encourages members who are not interested in the matter under consideration to remain in the House. When a dull question, or a question upon which very few are interested, is before the House of Commons, a mere handful of members remain in their seats ; but no matter how dull or how limited the interest of a subject may be, the House of Representatives contains a goodly proportion of members (for the first hour or two a very good proportion), and that certainly

does not tend to good discussion or all-round attention. "I cannot hear the gentleman. Is the House in order?" is a frequent interruption every day of the session. Then the Speaker taps his mallet, tells the House to be quiet, and orders members to sit down. One result which strikes the English visitor as being somewhat comical is that no sooner has a member been called upon by the Speaker than the official reporter of the House immediately rushes up to the member's side, and from that vantage-ground takes down his remarks. The Press galleries in Congress are placed where pressmen can see; if they want to hear, reporters must be at the side of the speaker. Members on their feet talk to each other and argue with each other, and the formality of House of Commons' debate is unknown. There are no wigs and gowns. The clerk sits in a grey tweed suit. There are no swords of state, and the mace, instead of being of gaudy gold and placed prominently before the House, is a bundle of black rods bound with silver, after the model of the symbol of the Roman magistrates' authority, and is laid out of the way by the side of the Speaker's desk.

Again, the *personnel* of the House of Re-

presentatives is altogether different from that of our Commons. The American Representatives strike one as being busy, pushing politicians, and look rather like a big representative political committee of one of our large industrial centres. They are, no doubt, able men, but their ability is of a totally different type from that of our House of Commons. Looking down upon them, they present a motley crowd—motley in dress, in appearance, in the way they sit. It is not the custom for them to wear their hats in the House, or they would be more motley still. The Republicans sit to the right of the main passage-way leading to the Speaker, and as they are considerably more than half the House at present, in the block of seats to the extreme left by the wall; the Democrats sit in the middle left. Each member ballots for a number, and that number is fixed to his desk, and there is no "crossing over" when ministries change.

Of course, the first man pointed out to you is the Speaker, sitting on his high seat under the deep shadows of a canopy of American flags, the ever-present prim-chinned George Washington on his right and the portly La Fayette on his left. It requires a strong man



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

to rule the House of Representatives, and the frequenter of Congress will be sure to tell you of the exploits of that cold, reserved, tyrannical parliamentarian Colossus, "Tom" Reed.

The leadership of the majority of the House is settled in a very curious way. In America there is no party leader in the House as with us, unless we may consider that the Speaker, elected in Congress not so much to see that fair play is done, as to see that fair play (and perhaps a little more) is done to his party, may be considered leader. But the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means is regarded as *ex officio* leader of the majority.

in the other end. The Senate has had to fight for its privilege to be decorous, and the contest culminated when, by its instructions, a deal door was put up barring the ways of communication between it and the Lower House. Although the barriers had to be taken down after the Representatives had resolved that if they were not removed by the Senate they would be broken down, the Senate has managed to preserve its own atmosphere. You walk up to the door of the Lower House with your hat on; when you get to the outer lobbies of the Senate an attendant politely requests you to uncover. You interview the Representative you have

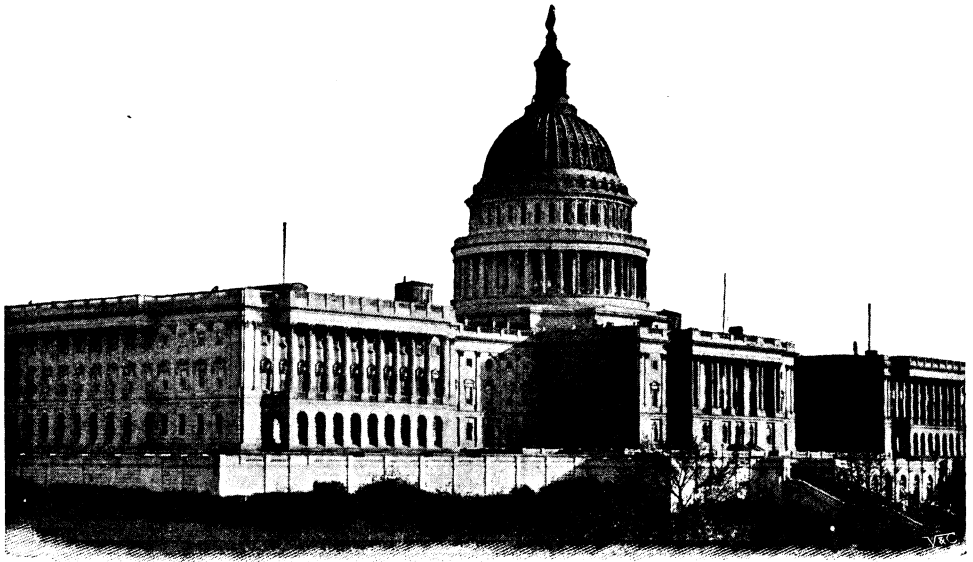


THE PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE APPROACH TO THE CAPITOL.

The leader of the Opposition is also chosen in an indirect way. When each Congress chooses its Speaker, there is a majority and a minority candidate, and the latter, after being duly defeated, gets, as a sort of consolation prize, the leadership of his party.

When the stranger turns his back upon the wing where the Lower House meets, he walks away through a buzz and bustle into a dignified calm in the Senatorial end. On the ground floor of the Capitol the margin of that calm is marked by a white compass dial let into the dark stone flooring. Senate-wards from this spot the visitor is requested to stop smoking and to give up various other liberties in which he is permitted to indulge

sent in for in a lobby, jostled by the passers by, and if you or he want to sit down, you get hold of a box or climb upon a window-sill; the Senator interviews you in what is known as "the Marble Hall," where there is a good equipment of luxurious chairs and couches. Moreover, the Senate attendant has a livery, whilst the Lower House attendants have none; the scale of salary for the former is throughout higher than the latter. The only perquisite which the Representative has which is not enjoyed by the Senator is, that the former may be shaved and have his hair cut and his boots blacked at the expense of the State, the latter must pay for these things himself.



THE CAPITOL FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

The scene from the galleries of the Senate is calm. The 90 Senators are very much more decorous than the 357 Representatives. When the Senator shuts his desk he does not bang it; he reads his newspaper unostentatiously; when he claps for the messenger boys, who run over each other to serve him, he subdues the smack; he has a general look of distinction about him, and he very frequently reads his speeches. He is paid \$5,000 for his services, and gets first class railway fare.

But one of the most striking differences between the House of Representatives and the Senate is that between the age of the members. The House is decidedly young; the Senate is in the sere and yellow leaf. The Senate was, in a sense, meant to be an assembly of elders, and it has managed to live up to the intentions of its creators, and is thus unlike both our Chambers.

There are many differences on points of procedure between our Parliament and the Senate, such as voting by roll-call, but none is more interesting than the rule which compels Senators to be always at their posts. The poor Senator, if his presence is required to make a quorum, can be dragged from his dinner or from anywhere, and if the Sergeant-at-Arms has to take a cab, the defaulting member has to pay all the costs out of his own pocket. The Vice-President of the United States is *ex officio* President of the Senate.

In an Assembly like Congress, where so much freedom is practised, and where, in the

fullest sense, every man is public, the personal characteristics of nearly every member are illustrated by tales of all degrees of authenticity. A good many of the stories relate to the social habits of members. There is the famous tale of "Joe" Blackburn, who, when he was last a member of the Senate, was invited by a brother Senator to sample a new keg of whisky which had just arrived. "There is iron in it," said Blackburn. "There is leather in it," said his friend. Thereupon betting was the order of the day, and the Senate was divided into two camps. When the keg was drained, and after diligent search, a small tin tack with a tiny piece of leather attached was found inside. The tales of Speaker Reed and Senator Lodge (the aristocratic member of the Senate) sitting discussing high politics, George Washington, and other affairs, over soda-lemonade, form a better temperance picture, though not one which would typify the dignity of our House of Lords. And whoever thinks that the famous Valentin vat in the cellars of our own Parliament is about as serious a national calamity as a barrel of Guy Fawkes's powder would be, may like to know, further, that in a certain thirsty month of June the Congress bill for lemons alone amounted to 136 dollars, and there were 3,700 bottles of lithia water emptied at the same time. With that assuring picture of lemon remnants and empty bottles, and contrast between American and British Parliamentary ways, we may bid Congress adieu.

THE HOME AND HISTORY OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

By LAURA ALEX. SMITH.

"A BEGGAR'S mantle with a fringe of gold." Such, in King James V.'s opinion, was the kingdom of Fife; and, with its hoary old towns—grey, quaint, and picturesque—its lovely stretches of golden sand, and its outer reach of turbulent, foam-crested waters, such it remains to-day.

The history of Fife is writ large in the vaster history of Scotland; and from the time of the Vikings to the opening of the Forth Bridge, there have been few periods uneventful to it. In stirring times of war and of rebellion the men of Fife have played their parts; in matters of learning what city can boast of greater eminence than St. Andrews? and in tales of witchcraft, in stores of proverbs, and in shrines of song-land, the "kingdom" is rich indeed. Few families have more to be proud of in these ways than that of Earl Crawford of Balcarres, of whose ancestor, Earl Colin, it was said: "Balcarres, who his king as life held dear." For the Lindsays—the literary Lindsays of later years—have the memoirs of their past closely interwoven with those of the State itself; and Balcarres, their dear old home on the borders of Kilconquhar Loch, is full of souvenirs of times and of

persons of whom one never wearies of hearing—it is a fabled heirloom set in the fringe of gold.

There is one reason which in itself would be sufficient to render Balcarres interesting, quite apart from its many Jacobite and other historical memories, and that is the fact of its being the birthplace and the home of Lady Anne Lindsay, the authoress

of "Auld Robin Gray." These shrines of song-land are to be found in many quarters of the globe, and pilgrims are never wanting to worship at them. Lovers of the pathetic song which originated within "fair Balcarres' sunward-sloping grounds" are numerous; and there is certainly plenty of beauty and interest to chain one's memory to Balcarres. There are the lovely terraced gardens, with their wealth of flowers and statuary; the



THE LADY ANNE LINDSAY, MARRIED OCTOBER 30, 1793, TO ANDREW BARNARD, ESQ., OF ST. WOLFSTAN'S, IRELAND.

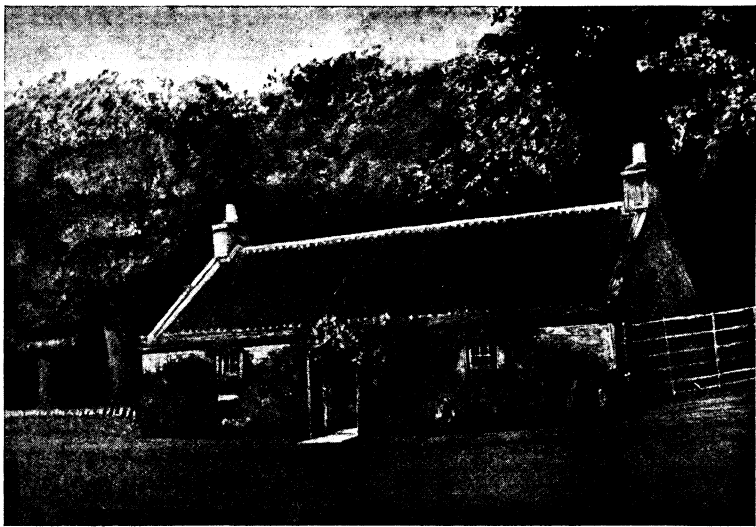
Den, the Crag, the ruined, roofless chapel, where so many of the illustrious family sleep, including David, Earl of Crawford, who was first made Lord Lindsay of Balcarres. He it was who built the chapel, and who would not allow a roof to be put on the building, because when that had been accomplished the then Bishop of St. Andrews said he would appoint a man to be minister at Balcarres. Earl David preferred to appoint his own man, and the roof was never put on.

Every pinnacle, wall, and buttress is over-

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grown by the rich, clustering ivy, which hangs banner-like over the sacred edifice. In fine weather the family used to assemble there on Sundays for service; but in the stormy days of autumn and winter the wind and the rain had it all to themselves. The Den is full of magnificent trees—oaks, ash, beeches, planes, and larches being equally famous at Balcarres. It extends for about a hundred acres.

From the Crag there is a lovely view over the Policies and the Kilconquhar Loch, which is about two miles round and dotted over with waterfowl and idly floating swans. Of this loch and of the church at Kilconquhar there are many witch stories extant, and there is a legend which tells how, on fine, frosty nights, when the moon is shining brightly, a former Lord of Balcarres,* who played an important part in "the golden days," may be seen skating on the loch, supported by two stalwart dragoons. The other adjacent



"AULD ROBIN GRAY'S" COTTAGE.

village to the home of the Lindsays is Colinsburgh, called after Earl Colin, who is amongst the sleepers in the green chapel.

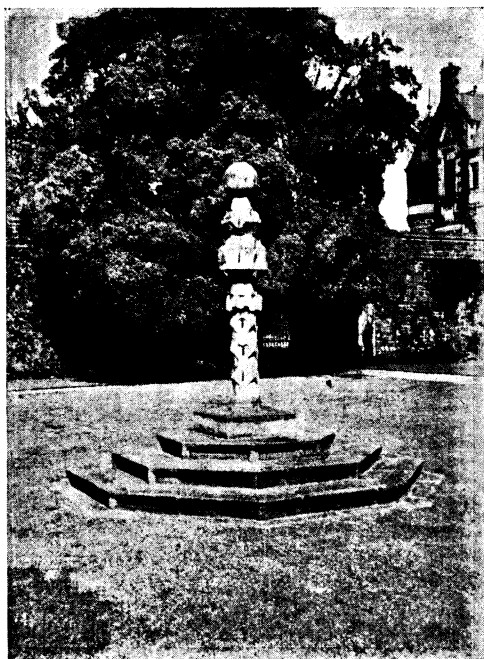
Lady Anne Lindsay was the eldest daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres, her mother being Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, of Castleton. She was born in 1750, and in 1793 she married Andrew Barnard, a son of the Bishop of Limerick. He died in 1807, and Lady Anne then went to live with her sister, Lady Hardwicke, in

Berkeley Square, a house at which many of the leading literary men and women of the day used to visit. In her "Memoirs," which commence with her early life at Balcarres, and with visits to that most quaint of old ladies, her grandmother, Lady Dalrymple, who lived in Edinburgh, we get some very bright glimpses of contemporary celebrities. Nothing escaped the quick-



BALCARRES HOUSE, FACING THE GARDENS.

* The House of Crawford expired with the feudal life of Scotland, that of Balcarres sprang up in the soil of the Reformation.



THE SUNDIAL.

witted young lady, but no one ever suffered even the most temporary discomfort from her criticism. These "Memoirs" are charming reading, for Lady Anne was at once the most sympathetic and tender, humorous and reflective of women. We can think of her as a former generation thought of one of her ancestresses—Lady James Lindsay—"A noble dame that led in all her time good life."

Earl James had eight boys and three girls, so that in his time the rooms and corridors of Balcarres must have echoed to the mirthful sound of youthful voices; although Lady Lindsay was somewhat severe upon her children, more so than their father liked, for he was often heard to say, "Odsfish, madam! you will break the spirits of my young troop. I will not have it so." However, this maternal severity does not appear to have in any way detracted from her children's love or respect for her, Lady Anne only rather sadly commenting on this lack of tenderness in her "Memoirs." Very quaintly she describes an episode of those youthful days, when they all agreed to run away. As this episode introduces the name of Auld Robin Gray, I quote it as she tells it: "As we conceived that the tasks of languages, geography, arithmetic, under which we laboured, were harder than those laid on the children of Israel, which

produced a revolt, Margaret, who had a taste for public speaking, taking the lead, assembled us one day in our favourite temple and, mounting the sacred fane, proposed an insurrection. She complained of hard laws and little play, and assured us, if we would be ruled by her, that she would carry us to a family where she had once spent a week after the whooping-cough very agreeably indeed. She was certain they would receive us kindly, and, as they had no children of their own, they would make us welcome to live with them, which would be much better than the 'horrious' life we lived at home. This being the only word in the course of Margaret's life that she was ever known to slip-slop, I am glad to transmit it against her to posterity. The proposal was agreed to with acclamations of joy, and we instantly set out on the journey, intending, by forced marches, to reach the neighbour's house that night, as it was but three miles distant, and by the side of the sea; but as we could not think of leaving little James behind, who had not yet got into breeches, it considerably retarded us, as we had to carry him by turns. Our flight was discovered by old Robin Gray, the shepherd. 'All the young gentlemen and the young ladies, and all the dogs, are run away, my lady!' A messenger being despatched, not to negotiate, but to bring us back, *volens volens*, the six criminals were carried before



IN THE TERRACE GARDEN.

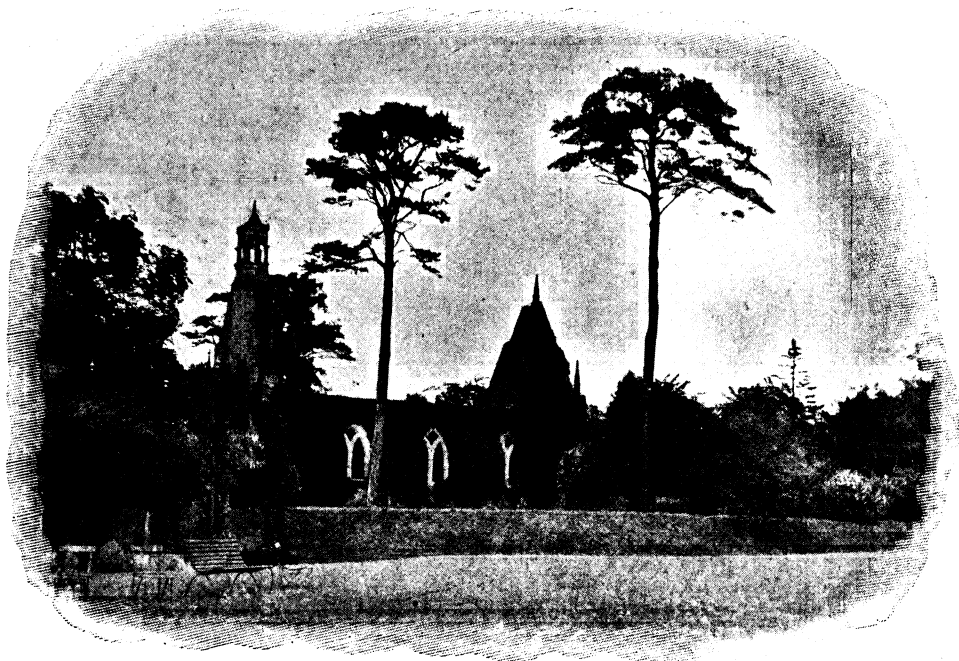
the Countess, who declared that on this occasion whipping was too good for us, and that we should each have a dose of tincture of rhubarb, to teach us to stay at home—a punishment classically just in its degrees, as the eldest, consequently the most guilty, had the last and most offensive glass of the bottle."

Many such escapades did these young Lindsays indulge in, and all are told with equal candour and life-like touches. One can see them stealing tarts from the housekeeper's room, robbing the garden, and generally running riot through the silk-panelled corridors, even possessing themselves of the contents of the sugar-bowl on the oak sideboard in the lovely Jacobite dining-room, whose enamelled and emblazoned ceiling is one of the chief beauties of the house. The description of the Sunday is



THE ROOFLESS CHAPEL, SEEN FROM THE TENNIS LAWN.

deliciously naïve, ending up with : "The rest of the week was devoted to acquirements, as I have mentioned ; but alas ! our house was not merely a school of acquirements ; it was often a sort of little Bastille, in every closet of which was to be found a culprit. Some were sobbing and repeating verbs ; others eating their bread and water ; some preparing themselves to be whipped ; and here and there



A NEARER VIEW OF THE CHAPEL.

a fat little Cupid, who, having been flogged by Venus, was enjoying a most enviable nap."

The letter which Lady Anne wrote to Sir Walter Scott on the subject of her famous song gives its history, perhaps, more graphically than anyone else could. I quote some passages from it.

"'Robin Gray,' so called from its being the name of the old herdsman at Balcarres, was *born* soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond. Sophy Johnstone, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarres. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one, I pray.' 'Steal the cow, Sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. Such was the history of the first part of it. As to the second, it was written many years after, in compliment to my dear old mother, who often said, 'Annie, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended.' To meet her wishes as far as I could, the second part was written. It is not so pleasing as the first. The loves and distresses of youth go

more to the heart than the contritions, confessions, and legacies of old age." Surely never before have the origin of a ballad and the birth of a poem been more delightfully told. The Sophy Johnstone alluded to was an original character of Amazonian type who made up one of the circle at Balcarres. "She came," says Lady Anne, "to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and at the time of which I am speaking had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her headquarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me."

Lady Anne was twenty-one when she wrote the immortal ballad. She writes: "I used to mount up to my little closet in the high window staircase, which commanded the sea, the lake, the rock, the birds, the beach, and with my pen in my hand, and a few envelopes of old letters—which too often vanished afterwards—scribble away poetically and in prose, till I made myself an artificial happiness, which did very well, *pour passer le temps*, though far better would my efforts have been had I had Margaret's judgment to correct them."

Such is a brief glimpse of the early home life of this gifted woman. In many ways Balcarres is the same to-day as when she inhabited it, only amongst the treasured relics of the present Lord Crawford are some books of her drawings, interesting portraits, many of them of men of mark of her day. Balcarres still retains its deliciously old-world character, in spite of modern additions and glories, and coming through the glen on a serene summer evening, the words of the fair daughter of the old house seem strangely appropriate—

When the sheep are in the fauld,
When the kye's come hame,
And a' the weary wairld to rest are gane.



THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.*

No. VI.—THE SPANISH ARMY CLOTHING CONTRACT.

"I'VE done the best I could for both of us," sighed Hophni Asquith from the bed, "but in effect it was very little, and there was no chance of saving the firm. The creditors have got everything, both of yours and mine, Tom. Both houses were sold up, and the figures things went for were just cruel when one remembered what they cost. You see, Louisa and I have come down to living in this little chamber-eight house, and we don't even keep a girl. Louisa feels it very much having to do without a girl."

"Rot!" said Tom. "Louisa never so much as dreamed of ever having a servant of her own till she married you, six years ago."

"Ah! Tom, you're single, and you may thank God for it just now. When the crash came, and there was I ill, the suffering was horrible. Whenever I shut my eyes, I dreamed that I was dead and that Louisa had to go back again to the mill to keep herself and the bairns from starving. But it wasn't so bad as that. Some of my health's come back. I've found work as a book-keeper, and I can just manage it by staying in bed Saturday afternoons and Sundays."

"You poor old sick man! If I'd got a five-pound note in the world, Hophni, you should have it; but I haven't. To tell you the truth, I got down to Charlestown without a nickel in my pocket, and no clothes worth mentioning. There was a strike on the quays, and a cotton steamer that was very anxious to get away. I signed on in her stokehold for two pounds for the run. Well, two pounds won't buy a rig-out of clothes."

"They would me."

"Yes, lad. You believe in ready-made 'uns. I don't. I dress well. I like it, and it pays. But about that two pounds. It was all the capital I had in the world, and I wanted to hang on to it for emergencies. So I just walked from Liverpool to Bradford, and took three days over it."

"And people gave you enough to eat?"

Tom grinned. "I don't know about the giving; but there were woods that held some fine pheasants, and I found acres of rabbit-warrens. There is some grand game country, Hophni, amongst all those chimneys and mills between here and Liverpool. I helped myself to what I wanted, and cooked it delicately. I'd nearly starved on their infernal, half-rotten messes on that cotton boat. It was just heavenly being amongst the game again, and having decent victual. Some day, when we've made another pile, I'll tramp through that country again and poach it once more for sheer old acquaintance sake."

The pallid, red-whiskered Hophni Asquith sighed. "I wish I'd your hard, strong health, Tom, and your faith for the future."

"Never does to lose your pluck."

"You're ahead of me, you see. You've no one depending on you. And besides," he added with feeble pleasantry, "you've a capital of two pounds already."

Tom rubbed his square, big jaw and looked a trifle confused. "I tramped into Bradford yesterday, and went to my old tailor, and he stood me tick for some clothes. He was a bit awkward at first. He said I owed him a stiffish bill. I pointed out to him that if I went on in rags, he'd never get paid at all, but that if I was rigged out once more as well as his art could contrive, he'd probably find everything settled up in full before the end of the year. He saw it in that light, and I got one suit this morning. Then I went round to a broker in Leeds Road, who had bought a stuffed trout in a glass case from my house when it was sold up. I cabled you from America about that stuffed trout, Hophni."

"I know you did. But I hadn't the heart to go to the sale myself, Tom, and Louisa wouldn't, and there was no one else I could send. Besides, don't you think it was for the best? I know that stuffed fish carried associations with it. But a lady like Miss Norreys is not for you now, lad. The Norreys are county people, and there are

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no edges to their pride. Even when we were most successful, I don't think you would have got her; and after compounding with the creditors in the way we have done, I'm sure she'll never look at you again."

Tom's heavy jaw hardened. "If ever you have a chance of betting on it, I advise you not to bet that way, or you'll lose your money. We've had a bad facer just now, and you've lost your health, and your nerve seems a bit shaken. Now, I'm quite healthy, and I don't know that my determination is any weaker than it was six months ago.

I'm one of those chaps with the knack of making money, and I'm going to collar hold of it again—lots of it, and soon. That's item the first for you to remember. Item the second is that I'm going to marry Mary Norreys; and if anyone gets between me and her, I shall push him out of my way somehow. I'll keep that coast clear by gentle means, if possible, and if not, by other means. But don't you make any error about my doing it. She's as good as offered me a promise, and I refused to take it. I prefer to guard her in my own way."

"You're a bit of a savage, Tom."

"I'll be a good savage, then. At present, beyond the clothes I'm wearing, and a miniature, the only other possession I've got is that stuffed trout. I went to see the broker who'd had it. He'd picked the thing up for a shilling at the sale. Ye know I'm a pretty good buyer as a general thing, Hophni?"

"There's none smarter in Bradford."

"I never drove a weaker bargain than that in my life. I let the rascal see how keen I was on having that stuffed fish, and he naturally clapped on the price. He asked me ten pounds for it. I told him I'd only

two, and he bid me go and raise the balance. Then I got angry and lost my temper a bit, and he suddenly found himself a very frightened man. He took the two sovereigns and I took the case, and when I went out of the shop he was muttering a good many threats of setting the police on me. I've left the case with Louisa in your room downstairs. I want you to warehouse it for me till I get a roof of my own again."

Now there was no better known man in Bradford just then than Mr. Thomas Thompson; but having once got rid of him as their



"The señor will descend."

most formidable local competitor, nobody was very anxious to set him up again as a probable—indeed, a certain rival. Besides, men who had any money left, over and above what was absolutely necessary for their own concerns, were nervously careful at that period of how they employed it. The town had just passed through a bitter financial crisis; every business man within its boundaries had been badly hit, and the survivors were still savage with their wounds.

But where more Christian firms feared to tread, Messrs. Hochstein, Isaacs and Company

stepped in with the courage of their race. Tom had a fluent knowledge of French and German, and a tolerable acquaintance with Spanish, and these acquirements were rare amongst Englishmen just then, if they had also any acquaintance with the Bradford business. Moreover, Tom had a reputation as a salesman which Hochstein and Isaacs had learned to their own cost. He had squeezed prices out of them for the firm of Thompson and Asquith that made them groan to think about, and the performance appealed to their tenderest sense. And lo! here was this hard bargainer himself on the market!

Messrs. Hochstein, Isaacs knew a sound, reliable article when they saw it, and their instinct for getting such things at the precise moment when they were at their cheapest had made them rich and powerful. They engaged Tom as one of their Continental travellers, and Tom chuckled at their astuteness in screwing him down to the smallest possible commission and salary. It was seldom that he had been so thoroughly the under dog in a bargain.

The commission and salary had been so arranged that by hard work and luck an ordinary man could have made a trifle under £300 per annum for himself. Tom was no ordinary man. He had one of the keenest noses for business then carried by any Englishman, and he was a born salesman. He started earnings at the rate of £700 per year for himself, and sent Messrs. Hochstein, Isaacs into ecstasies over their increased turnover; but neither of these things satisfied him. He was a man with big ideas and big ambitions, and (with view to Miss Norreys) he was in a great hurry to be rich again. Furthermore, he was by no means enamoured of his un-Christian employers. When he was utilising his brain for the making of money, he much preferred that it should come to the coffers of Mr. Thomas Thompson or to those of his immediate partner.

He travelled France and Germany then for six months, finding brilliant success, and sending from each stopping-place some small present to the address of Miss Mary Norreys in Yorkshire. He forwarded these anonymously, as a salve to his honour; but he was not above hoping that the lady would guess at the sender and remember him favourably. But at the end of that six months he felt he must be up and doing. He wrote to the firm that he saw a prospect of business in Spain. The firm replied that they had no connections in that country, that it was in a disturbed condition just then,

and that if Tom went there, it would be at his own risk—they would not guarantee any outlay.

"Quite so," said Tom as he read the letter. "You know that if I said I'm going, I shall go, and you think you will save expenses. You've been envious of that £700 a year I'm making for some little time, and I knew you'd be wanting to cut it down. You're a bit too keen, and when the time comes, I shan't be delicate about handling you. So look out. Now let's see when there's a train through Tarascon for Port Bou and Cèrebère."

Tom broke his journey at Certe, put in half a day there, and picked up four small orders. He caught the 5.37 next morning, wasted the usual two hours and a half at the frontier stations, had his baggage very minutely inspected by an official in sea green cotton gloves, and finally slid off into the Peninsula at the usual dizzy rate of Spanish travel, which, on the Barcelona line, then frequently averaged twelve miles to the hour, including stops. He had his second class compartment to himself to begin with, but at San Miguel, the second station out, he was joined by the Customs inspector who had so carefully examined his possessions at Port Bou. Tom's predatory instincts came to the fore at once. He always liked to make something out of everybody, and where most people would have ignored the green-gloved official as uninteresting, Mr. Thompson saw in him a polishing block whereon to burnish his deficient Spanish. The newcomer on his part was willing and even anxious for talk, but it appeared that he was from the North-East and spoke only Catalan Spanish, which is a very different tongue from the Castilian that Tom had picked up from a derelict exile in Bradford. However, all was grist to Tom's linguistic mill, and so away they worried at a conversation.

The man with the green gloves had a talent for curiosity, to say the least of him. He wanted to know the Englishman's personal history by the yard, and Tom blundered away at it, working out Catalan phrases, and picking up Catalan words, which he stored away in that splendid memory of his to make money with later.

The train crept along under a blaze of Peninsula sunlight, and at every station the two cloaked and cocked-hatted *carabineros* who travelled with it got out on to the platform and conferred with the two other local *carabineros* who came to meet them. The man with the green gloves also got out

at each of these opportunities, and employed himself in sending telegrams.

It was not till the train had crawled into the open country, past San Celoni, that these telegrams bore fruit; but after that it was not long before Tom connected the man of the green gloves with what took place.

The dull rumble of the train slackened, and then with a jar of brakes she stopped. "Oh," said Tom, "what a line! what engines! Water gone off the boil again, I suppose."

"I do not understand."

"I don't suppose you would. The joke's a bit too technical for me to put into good Catalan at the first try. I'll have another shot at it—Hullo, *amigo*, why get out of the carriage? This isn't a station—it's only a stop."

"I go to see what's wrong."

"Phew!" said Tom, fanning himself, "this is a slow country. And yet it seems some of them are trying to raise a revolution. I wonder they have energy enough for it."

As though to answer him, the door swung open and three rifle-barrels pointed through it at various portions of Mr. Thompson's person.

There were dirty men in some vague kind of uniform at the back of the rifles, and directing these was the official with the green cotton gloves who had so recently left the carriage. It was he who acted as spokesman.

"The señor will descend."

Tom stretched himself lazily against the cushions of the carriage. "Why?"

"Because there is an order. The order is to take the señor, alive or otherwise." The man spread his green palms. "The choice about that is left entirely with the señor."

"That won't take me long to decide. But you will perhaps let me suggest that there are certain pains and penalties attached to



"I will not be ridiculed."

this kind of amusement. I'm a business man, and my time has value. Moreover, I'm a British subject with a passport especially viséd for Spain, and if you aren't made to pay up, I'll eat my hat. Better think twice about it, my man. Time's cheap here in Spain, judging by the way you waste it; but when you begin to value up the

time, and the kind of Englishman I am, you'll find it mighty expensive."

"Come out," said the man with the green gloves impassively.

Tom stepped down to the ground. The heads of many passengers watched him from the train.

"Go over on to the road."

Tom stepped down the side of the embankment, climbed a wire fence, and stood on the road. The rifle-muzzles followed him faithfully. There was a cork wood at the other side of the road from which projected more rifles, and the shadows of the wood suggested even further reinforcements. The passengers in the train watched curiously, but without demonstration. The two *carabineros* who were travelling on the train, presumably to defend it, made no appearance whatever, and one gathered that they were investigating the dust and the orange peel under the seats of their carriage.

Up to this, Tom had imagined that the dirty men in the un-uniform uniform were the regular troops of Spain. But the eclipse of the *carabinero* escort, and, indeed, the holding up of the train itself between the stations, hinted to him that something was irregular, and then it flashed upon him that one of the usual revolutionary parties was disturbing Spain just then, and that these assuredly were some of the revolutionists. The man in the green gloves, who now seemed to be leader, had certainly overhauled his baggage at Port Bou as a Customs official of the regular Government, but this was easily explained as a *ruse de guerre*. The revolutionists evidently wanted somebody, presumably English, pretty badly, to judge by the pains they had taken to order their capture, and Tom wondered who on earth they were mistaking him for.

The man in the green gloves led the way, Tom followed, and a long tail of the scrappy uniforms brought up the rear. Patches of sunlight stole through the branches of the cork trees overhead, and mottled the ferns through which they marched. The engine of the train blew off steam behind them with a certain air of languid impatience, but whilst they remained within earshot there were no sounds which so much as hinted that the engine-driver had dared to move it. It looked as if a rearguard still remained in the edge of the cover to hold him with their rifles.

"I say," said Tom to the leader, at the end of half an hour's march, "is there any order against my being told what all this little affair's about?"

"Yes."

"Don't let me try to persuade you to break orders, then. I suppose that the business will come to a head some time, and it will get along quite comfortably by itself till then. But don't let's waste time. I'm here to learn. What game is there in these covers?"

"Men."

"Oh! do leave shop alone for a minute. Are there rabbits, now? No pheasants have shown up so far, so I suppose the woods aren't preserved much."

No answer.

"They tell me there's good quail ground outside Barcelona."

The man with the green gloves misunderstood the drift of these questions. He turned on his prisoner with sudden spite. "I will not be ridiculed. If you do not keep silence, you hired butcher, I will have you gagged!"

"Now, why in the name of all that's ridiculous am I a hired butcher?" wondered Tom. But he made no further remarks aloud. He recognised that he was in the hands of some very angry and very determined men, and had no wish to travel with his jaws tied up. And presently, deciding that he could do no more with this present affair till further developments arrived of themselves, he dismissed Spain and Spanish revolutionists entirely from his mind, and turned his wits to an improvement in combing machinery for the worsted trade, the solution of which had long been simmering in his thoughts. He was tackling the much-tried problem of burr extraction.

They stayed in the cork wood till dark had fallen, and, during the period of waiting, Tom was relieved of all his money and papers, and very systematically searched. Thereafter they found a road, and a house, and vehicles, and drove away through the night at a rapid pace, gradually ascending into mountains. Tom kept his bearings from the stars, and, being a poacher by extraction and used to the dark, found very little trouble in keeping an exact map of the journey in his mind during intervals of steady work on the combing puzzle.

By daybreak they arrived at the rebel headquarters, a village picturesque enough when they first sighted it at a distance and lit by the sunrise, but very squalid and odorous when their tired horses drew them down its cobbled street. There were uniforms here in plenty, and most of them were suggestive of having been bought originally

for service in the regular army of Spain. A tall, lean, yellow-faced man seemed to be in command, and Tom presently gathered that he was Colonel Toroja.

The prisoner dismissed combing machinery from his mind when he came in sight of Toroja. He quite understood that he had been in danger before, but it occurred to him that his danger had suddenly become acute. There was a certain vicious cruelty about Toroja's face that there was no mistaking.

Colonel Toroja sat himself before a table which was brought out into the village street, took a cigarette from his pocket, unrolled it, and then re-rolled it with care. He smoked half of it through, and stared at his prisoner with his twitching yellow face without saying a word.

Tom stood before him, with a guard with a rifle and fixed bayonet on either side, and another in his immediate rear. He on his part also preserved silence. He was naturally galled by Toroja's silent insolence, and he had it in him to have resented it sharply. But he told himself he was a business man, and his private resentments in this as in other matters must give way to his personal advancement. His one object must be to get back to business again as soon as possible.

"We have caught you, you see," said Toroja at last, "in spite of all your precautions."

"I wonder who you think you have got?"

"If you tell me where the arms and ammunition you are supplying to the Government are to be landed, I will let you go again in a week's time. If you refuse, you shall be shot at sunset."

"Then it doesn't seem to me that I shall be of much use to you. About your guns, or whatever they may be, I know no more than the man in the moon. And if you shoot me, you waste a cartridge, and will get into trouble. I don't know how your Spanish game laws run as a whole, but I can guarantee for you that there's a close-time for Englishmen just now, and anybody who shoots one out of season will catch it uncommon hot."

Colonel Toroja took another deep inhalation from his cigarette. "If you take that attitude, I don't see that anything further need be said. The firing party shall be ready for you punctually at sunset. Remove the prisoner."

"This," thought Tom, "is a very ugly corner. I don't know who that yellow-faced brute thinks I am, but he means

murdering me as sure as the sun's shining now." "Wait a minute," he said. "Now look here, Colonel, that fellow with the green gloves there went through my traps as thoroughly as he knew how in Port Bou, and your other pickpockets searched me down to the bone afterwards. I'm T. Thompson, of Bradford, and the firm I represent is Hochstein, Isaacs and Co., who never bought or sold a gun in their life. May I ask who you mistake me for?"

"I mistake you for no one. You are—Mr. J. G. Croft, of Birmingham, England, and it's not the least use trying to fall back on your disguise. As a disguise I will admit it is good; your sample-cases are a clever idea; your papers as T. Thompson are perfectly correct. The only thing is, we've had you followed all the way from England, and if you are a wise man you will recognise the fact and give in. We can't afford to let the Government have the arms they have bought from you. And besides, we want them ourselves."

"It's a pity you haven't got a photograph of this Mr. Croft, of Birmingham. If you look, you'll find T. Thompson marked on my handkerchief, and on the tail of my shirt."

"We have a photograph of Mr. Croft, of Birmingham," said Toroja drily. He pulled a card from his pocket and threw it down on to the table, "and if it pleases you to see how sure we are that there is no mistake, look at it for yourself."

"By crumbs!" snapped Tom, "you don't make out I'm as ugly-looking a brute as that?"

"Yours would probably be called a strong face, but I shouldn't describe it as handsome myself." He tapped the card. "I'll admit, if you like, that this photographer did not flatter you, but I don't think you will deny now that you sat to him for a portrait."

"I deny it entirely. That's no more my photograph than it is yours."

Toroja twitched his yellow face and threw away the cigarette. "Then, if that's your attitude, I do not see how you will avoid my firing party at sunset. Remove the prisoner."

Dirty hands descended on to his arms, and Tom was turned to the right-about and led across the street to the edge of a wood which rimmed the village. Already the morning sun was beginning to make itself warm, and the shade was comfortable. Only one of the soldiers, and the man with the green gloves, stayed as his escort; but as these possessed severally rifle and revolver, with a bayonet



"He gave a terrific undercut on the jaw to the other."

apiece, and Tom was unarmed, and there were a hundred more men within thirty yards, they seemed to be ample for their purpose.

Presently bread was brought by a peasant girl, with a demijohn of blue-black wine, which the two shared with their prisoner, and then all three threw themselves on the turf and sought comfort in re-rolled cigarettes.

Tom was outwardly calm and stolid, but he owned to himself with much plainness that he was in an extremely dangerous position. "Toroja has got it into his head that I'm J. G. Croft, of Birmingham," he announced to himself, "and I must say the pair of us, as far as a photograph can show, are remarkably alike. I can't tell tales about J. G. Croft's rifles, or else I would, and it's a sure thing that the Colonel intends to have those guns, or shoot. There's no humbug about Colonel Toroja: he's got a nasty, yellow, vicious face on him, and he'd think no more of shooting me than he would of smashing a fly that got in his way. It strikes me very forcibly that I've got my wits to depend on to get me out of this, and if they fail, I don't see how Mary Norreys is going to get the husband I've intended for her."

A man thinks his hardest in cases like these, and Tom was no dullard, but for long enough not so much as a feather of a plan

came to him. The sun burned hot in a cobalt sky above, and the tree shadows shortened and then grew long again; the village bustled with the affairs of an army; and the man with the green gloves and the other guard kept watch with malevolent vigilance. Now and then knots of children came and stared at the man who was to be shot at sunset.

Tom lay on the turf, digging at the grass with his fingers, and maturing a plan. He thought he saw how to get a start, but the wood against which they lay was small, and he would soon be hunted from that if he tried to find cover there. The green-gloved man smiled acidly as he watched the prisoner stabbing his fingers into the turf. "Here," he thought, "was all the bitterness of death before death had come."

But at length Tom's plans matured, and he ripped away the wad of turf and held it in his left hand. Then before either of them in the least anticipated such a move, he clapped the wet sod on to the mouth of the green-gloved man with his left hand, whilst he gave a terrific undercut on the jaw with his right to the other man. That revolutionist went down without a sound, as if he had been poleaxed, and before the green-gloved man could recover from his surprise and get the sod away from his

mouth, Tom's heavy fist had whacked him also, and he too underwent eclipse. Then Tom nipped up and took to the timber.

Now the wood was, as has been said, small, and though it carried plenty of undergrowth, it would not conceal a man for long, if many were hunting him. It was this fact which had kept Tom from making his bolt earlier. But when he did start, it was with a very clear destination in view. His poacher's training served him finely then. Hue and cry sprang up almost immediately, but he went away through the cover, noiselessly, invisibly, crouching almost to the ground, but hardly disturbing so much as a leaf in his passage. Neither did he leave any tracks. Pursuing gamekeepers had long ago taught him the necessity of acquiring the art of going over ground without leaving visible tracks.

His aim was to cut a circuit through the wood and make back almost to the point from which he had started—or, to be more exact, to get back to the house from which Colonel Toroja had come out to examine him. He had chosen this house, first because it was the unlikeliest for him to choose, and secondly, because its lower storey was a half-empty stable, and had an unglazed window port opening on to the wood.

He climbed in through this three minutes after he had laid out his two guardians; crept to the top of the haystack which filled one of the stalls, and reached within eighteen inches of the floor above; and lay there as still as he knew how. Overhead, Colonel Toroja stumped about, dictating letters and instructions to his Chief of Staff, and between whiles cursing the fools who had let the prisoner slip through their fingers; whilst outside the wood rustled and echoed with the shouts and cries of men who were man-hunting.

The troops would have wearied of their employ after the first time they drew the wood blank, but Colonel Toroja spurred them on with vicious energy. He stood just above Tom's head and shouted down his orders through the window. Dark was falling, and it was time the prisoner was shot. He must be in the wood somewhere. If he had gone through to the bare country beyond, they would have seen him at once. They must search and search till they found him. It was only a question of looking closely enough.

With the help of his Chief of Staff, Colonel Toroja was maturing the revolutionary plan of campaign, and under the

flimsy floor boarding Tom listened with appreciative interest. He had intended leaving the place that night, but a move just then was out of the question. The village and the wood were alive with soldiery, and the whole place was lit with a score of lavish bonfires. There was a store of horse-carrots in the stable, and Tom dined off these, and fingered the outside of a miniature of Miss Norreys. He was very proud of the way he had contrived to hide this miniature when the green-gloved man searched him and annexed all he could find.

For two more days Tom was forced to lie hidden on this haystack, and subsist on that lean diet of raw carrots, but on the succeeding night there was a lull in the activity of the place, and he managed to slip away. He gained the open country beyond the timber, and held on his way for the railway line. The stars were out, and he had no trouble about direction, and besides, he had been over the ground once, and was far too good a poacher to forget any country that he had ever seen.

He had no money to buy a ticket, and, moreover, he had a delicacy in letting his whereabouts be known. The revolutionary feeling was abroad; he might quite likely appeal to a rebel sympathiser; and he had no wish to get sent back for a further interview with Colonel Toroja. So he boarded a slow-moving luggage train in the dark, carrying with him, by way of provision, a couple of pullets he had collected and roasted *en route*, and, under the tarpaulin of a grain truck, made a safe entry into Barcelona.

He went first to the British Consul, and gave that slow-moving official a warm half-hour before in exasperation he finally left him. "I don't want a war," Tom said, "neither do I want the leisurely consideration of the Foreign Office. I'm a business man, and I want cash damages for loss of time, and ruffled feelings, if you like to put it that way."

"I'm afraid we don't work on those lines—Mr.—er—Mr. Thompson."

"I don't think you know what work is," snapped Tom, and left the office. He dropped the Consul from his mind then, but it is characteristic of him that in after years, when he had come to power again, he did much to stop the practice of using British Consulates abroad as dumping-places for gentlemen who were too incompetent for any other employ.

Tom's mind always travelled quickly, and he decided on his next move as he was

shutting the Consul's door. He went out of the street, walked with his quick stride down the crowded Rhambla, and within the next two hours he had driven a bargain, with the officer commanding the troops in the Barcelona district, that was very much to his liking.

"General," he said, "if you want to squash your rebels at one pinch, I can tell you how to do it. I can give you the exact number of men they have got, the exact number

Thompson. There are only two things I should wish to point out. One is, that you must not ask too high a price. We are poor here in Spain, and I have very little ready money at my disposal. The other point is this: I like your face. Your manner, señor, carries truth with it. But it is a lamentable fact that till a few minutes ago I never had the honour of your acquaintance. You see, there is a risk that you have—shall we say?—overestimated the accuracy of your information."

"I don't ask you to buy a pig in a poke. I am not going to suggest that you should pay till you have proved that my report is accurate. I know when I'm dealing with an honourable man."

The old general bowed. "You do me an honour. But still there is that other thing. May I hear your price? Please make it low. We want what you have to sell, but there is a great scarcity of ready money here just now."

"Your Excellency, I don't want a single *peseta*."

"Then, señor, I hope it is not something you are going to ask for that I cannot give."

"On the contrary, you will serve Spain as well as serve me,

by giving me what I want. You are on the Army Clothing Board?"

"I am; but how did you know?"

Tom laughed. "Oh, it's my business to know these things. And you are not satisfied with your present contractors?"

"Now, that you cannot know. It has never been mentioned outside the Board."

Tom laughed again. "Deduction, then, if you like. I know the price you pay, I know the firm that's got the contract, and I've seen the shoddy rubbish they supply.



"He went away through the cover."

of guns, and everything about all their supplies, and an accurate sketch of their next movements. I've got these things at the risk of my skin, and if I were a Spaniard, I've no doubt I should be patriotic and let you have them for nothing."

"I'm not so sure about that," said the old gentleman.

"Being a foreigner—one of the shopkeepers, as you call us—I naturally intend to sell out my goods at full value."

"I like you none the worse for that, Señor

"They've been swindling you right and left. Give me the contract, and I'll supply you with the same cloths (if you like rubbish) at 20 per cent. reduction, or I'll give you real good materials at the same figure. I've got the samples here in Barcelona. Colonel Toroja's men didn't loot my sample-cases when they pulled me out of the train, and they came along all safely. You can see the stuffs for yourself, or submit them to your tailors."

"But why did you bring samples of army clothing materials into Spain?" asked the old general, with a shrewd suspicion.

"Oh, I hadn't arranged with Toroja to raid me, if that's what you mean. But I smelt out that this contract would presently be on the market again, and I intended to capture it by hook or by crook. I wasn't grateful to Colonel Toroja when first he interfered, but I am now, because I think he's made the business easy for me."

"You English are a curious race. You seem to do anything for money."

"Making money's my trade. I want to make a lot, and I want to make it soon, because I'm just hungry to be able to marry someone. Come now, general, I think you can let me have this contract, can't you—subject, of course, to my information about these revolutionists proving accurate?"

The soldier stroked his white hair. "I wish we'd a little more of your keen Northern energy in this country, señor. You shall have the contract. I suppose, as you are a business man, you would like a word to that effect in writing. Excuse me a minute or so whilst I get our agreement down on paper, and then you shall give me the information you have gathered."

Tom left Barcelona by that night's express, and raced home to Bradford without a stop. Spain, her army clothing, and her revolutionists were all out of his mind for the time being, and he sought with every diligence to ravel out the secret of that improvement in combing machinery which had so long eluded his grasp. If only he he could catch the idea for extracting those burrs from the wool, what a splendid fortune it would make! But in spite of his efforts the puzzle would not reveal itself then.

He worked at this problem till the train set him down in Bradford, and then dropped it, as his habit was, and took up again the matter of the Spanish army clothing contract, and presently was in the private office of Messrs. Hochstein, Isaacs and Co. He reported the result of his interview with them at Hophni Asquith's later.

"'You have been to Spain,' old Hoch said to me, 'and you know that was against our wishes, Mr. Thompson. We warned you that the country was in a dangerous state, and you have only yourself to thank for getting into a mess. We have heard all about your trouble with Colonel Toroja.' Well, Hophni, I tried them hard to see if they wouldn't give me my expenses. But not a penny. 'Then practically I was not in the employ of your firm when I was in Spain?' said I. 'You was nod,' said old Hoch. 'Certainly nod,' said Isaacs."

"Splendid!" said Hophni.

"Well, it was their own fault. They shouldn't have screwed me down so hard, and then I wouldn't have been so sharp with them. As it was, the contract was mine to do as I liked with, and they bought it from me. They just had to. They knew that I could take it to ten other firms who would just snap at such a chance."

"What did you get, lad?"

"Fifteen thousand pounds. Look, there's a cheque for £5,000. I've got the rest in bills at two and three months. I could have got more if I'd have waited longer for it. But now's the time. We're getting older every day, Hophni, and so's the world, and I want to have my spoon in it again and be helping myself. We've got £15,000 as good as cash to start on again to-morrow, and that's better than £20,000 you have to wait a year for. We'll make that amount of profit in the twelve months."

Hophni coughed. "Then you'll give me a job, Tom, when you set up again? My health's much improved."

"Job be hanged! I foisted myself on you as partner once before, lad, and you'll have to take me as the same again. Now shut your silly mouth, and don't thank me. It's sheer hard business. I know how you work, and I'm not going to lose you. And now I want to hear English news, and Bradford news. Louisa, where's my stuffed trout that I gave you to take care of?"

"Upstairs i' t'chamber, Tom."

"Is it, lass? Thank you for keeping it. I'll just go upstairs and wash my hands, if I may, whilst you get tea ready."

Louisa laughed at him when he came down again. "Tom, I believe you say your prayers to that silly old fish. I wonder what Miss Norreys would say if she knew?"

Tom scratched his square chin. "Well, lass, perhaps I may tell you some day. Or perhaps she will."



THE GRAND MILITARY.
One of the competitors decides to finish alone.

THE BRITISH OFFICER AT PLAY.

BY HERBERT PRATT.

OF late the world has seen the British officer at work in real earnest, for he has made it clear to all that when his work is taken in hand, it is with an earnestness and determination that allow nothing to stand in its way or to interfere with its accomplishment. Nevertheless, the world needs to be reminded that the qualities which are possessed by the English officer are not of mushroom growth, but, if not exactly born in him, are the result of a lengthy educational process. That he seldom has the opportunity to make widely known the stuff of which he is made is not the fault of the soldier, but rather of his circumstances; his energy is always in evidence to those who have eyes to see all through the piece. When it cannot find expression in the fulfilment of actual duties, it shows itself in other and widely different forms, but in no way is it more strongly evidenced than when the British officer is at play; and it is a fact which allows of no contradiction that outside the game of war itself there is nothing like sport to fit the soldier for his profession. It provokes quickness of eye, readiness of decision, powers of observation and endurance, courage and determination, qualities which are essential in the making of a successful soldier, and come as second nature to the sportsman. Our troops have always been led by men who possess the inherent love of

the Anglo-Saxon for hard exercise and vigorous play, and in this respect have been the envy of other nations. Another fact, which is also beyond dispute, is that English soldiers will always more readily follow those of their officers whom they know to be good sportsmen than those who are not, however learned they may be.

The soldier-sportsman has, in the general way, far greater opportunities than most men of enjoying a variety of sports. His field of action is not, perhaps, quite so widely distributed as it was half a century ago, for during that period several of our Colonies have become self-governing, and troops are no longer sent to them from home; but the area is sufficiently wide to allow of the pursuit of many different forms of sport, and the military man on service abroad is not slow in seeking to cover the ground. For big game he has many of the forests of India and Burma at disposal. In the Straits Settlements, on the West Coast of Africa—and in South Africa also, until he took to pursuing another kind of quarry—the British officer can seek for big game; whilst in almost every quarter of the globe where portions of the “little British Army which goes such a long, long way” are to be found, sport of one or another kind, more or less exciting, is enjoyed.

One of the sports to which the English



AN ELEPHANT-HOWDAH.

cavalry officer whose regiment is sent to India invariably falls a victim is polo, and when once attacked he is quite unable to free himself from the infatuation, but carries it with him wherever he goes, and passes on the enthusiasm to those of his friends who

are lovers of horseflesh. And there is little wonder, for the game is a powerfully attractive one in every way. With many sports, unless a real understanding and mastery of them are obtained in early youth, no amount of patient practice in later life will recover the lost ground. But polo is different. Not only can it be learnt quickly, but the pupil may become an expert at an age when proficiency and success in other games are out of the question. This is, perhaps, one of the reasons why the British officer takes so readily to the Eastern game. To him it is a change from the sports of his youth, and with this added zest of novelty he speedily masters the game and proves himself no unworthy match for the natives, whose national pastime it is. On their return to England the various regiments continue to play polo and to oppose one another. The Inter-Regimental Tournament, the greatest event of the year in English polo circles, provokes considerable interest throughout the social world, and fashionable crowds flock to the match ground. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge always takes an interest in the matches, and has frequently presented the Cup to the victorious team. Polo in Indian military circles is probably the most highly favoured of any pastime.



A GROUP OF BEATERS WITH DEAD TIGRESS.

Second only to polo in the eyes of the sporting officer in India is pig-sticking. In this sport Lord Roberts and his ever-to-be-lamented and valiant son were experts. Whenever the opportunity presented itself, the hero of Kandahar would put on one side the sterner duties of life to accept an invitation to visit the forests of some friendly maharaja, and would enter into the spirit of the sport with all the zest of his energetic character. In the estimation of some sportsmen there is nothing to be compared to hunting the wild hog on horseback with spear in hand, for it possesses that element of danger which adds piquancy to the sport. The defender of Mafeking, who is both a sportsman and a soldier, places a high value upon the sport. He says that, "taken as a whole, pig-sticking is one of the best, if not the best, of all the wild sports of the world. In addition to its intrinsic merits as an exciting diversion, it develops in a man, to a



A TIGER.

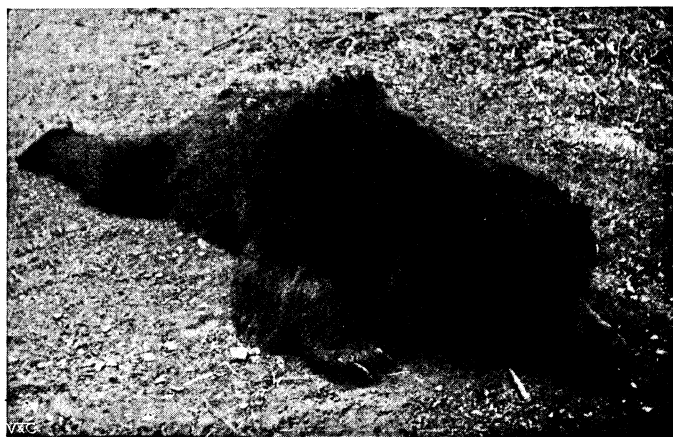
greater extent than any other practice, good riding, a quick eye, use of weapon, eye for country, woodcraft, and pluck and determination, and it gives him healthy occupation and exercise in a trying climate."

Another sport much favoured by British officers is horse-racing, and more particularly steeplechasing. Wherever an English regiment is quartered, whether at home or on a foreign

station, a natural rivalry as to the merits of their horses springs up between the officers. The only way of settling disputes is for the contestants to try conclusions over a suitable course. Many of these efforts are of a more or less amateur nature, and the horsemen are of comparatively little worth when in the saddle by the side of professional jockeys; but, on the other hand, there have been and are numerous military riders who could and would show to advantage in the best of company. The Grand National, the Blue Ribbon of the Chase, as it is called, has several times been won by a Service jockey in the face of the best professional



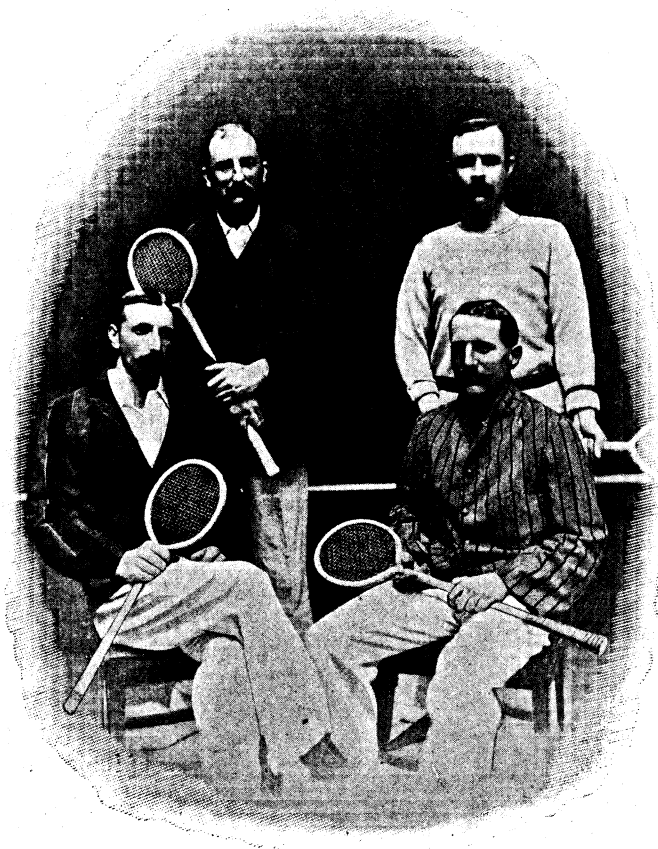
THE RARE JUNGLE-HOG.



AN INDIAN BEAR.

Col. Spens,
Shropshire Light Infantry.

Capt. Tristram.



Lieut. Sprott.

Major Eastwood, 12th Lancers.

THE MILITARY RACKETS TOURNAMENT GROUP, 1899.

Photo by Reinold Thiele.

talent England could produce. Next to the great Liverpool fixture, which is the classic of steeplechasing, the greatest ambition of every soldier-horseman is to win the "Grand Military" at Sandown Park. A fine body of horses and riders, as a rule, canter to the post to decide the great event of the year in military racing circles; and there are other military steeplechase fixtures, both in England and Ireland, which also produce much healthy rivalry that is beneficial all round.

To return to India and big game. No sportsman worthy of the name, while with his regiment in India, fails to take advantage of the opportunities to go tiger-hunting that frequently come in his way. If pig-sticking is an exciting sport, it can be imagined that a tiger-hunt raises the blood to boiling point. Think of the nervous tension of the sports-

man who sits in an elephant-howdah awaiting the time when the shikari elephants shall draw the cordon round the quarry more tightly; or think of him as one of the guns perched in a tree, not knowing from one moment to another whether the enraged tiger, roused from his lair by native beaters, will make a dash his way, giving him chance to get a shot home, and you will appreciate the intoxicating pleasure produced by hunting the man-eater. But a tiger is not the only possible item in the bag. By way of variety, occasionally bears and dholes (or jungle-hounds), to say nothing of lesser game, fall to the gun of the soldier-sportsman on a shooting trip. This latter animal is a scarce and interesting creature, seldom killed in India; it has been made famous by Rudyard Kipling as "the red dog, lord of the jungle, fearless, remorseless, tireless," whose invading pack is destroyed ultimately, not by other beasts, but by "the clotted millions of the sleeping bees."

Until recent years, curiously enough, in India, where much fishing is to be had, angling received scant atten-

tion from sportsmen. But lately it has been demonstrated that many of the rivers of India contain game fish which, if not equal to the lordly salmon, are excellent substitutes. The result has been the establishment of numerous clubs and the protection of the fish. The principal sporting fish in India is the mahseer, and its mad rush when hooked creates much of the excitement given by a game fish in a Scotch river.

The British officer does not confine himself to the more dangerous and out-of-the-way forms of sport, but participates in all the games in which his civilian friends take part. At times his powers outshine theirs. As an example, mention need only be made of Major R. M. Poore, who in the season of 1899 headed the cricket averages with the remarkable total of 1,551 runs for twenty-one innings, making the enor-

mous average of 91·23. The gallant soldier-cricketer learnt most of his cricket when in India, where so many of his companions - in - arms perfect themselves in the games of their youth; but it was when his regiment removed to South Africa a few years back, and he played for several of the teams that opposed the combination taken to the Cape by Lord Hawke, that the name of the subsequent Hampshire amateur became known to the cricket-loving public. Major Poore's case is perhaps an unusual one, but it is none the less true that on the regimental cricket-grounds of many of our foreign stations, as well as at home, play of a very high order may be seen. Undoubtedly it



INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO CUP: THE FINAL IN PROGRESS.

is only due to the exigencies of their regimental career that military men are not more generally to the front in the national game than is the case at present.

If cricket claims a soldier for a champion bat, golf until recently had as its amateur champion an officer whose success on the



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE PRESENTS THE CUP TO THE WINNERS OF THE INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO TOURNAMENT.

green was only equalled by his daring in the field. In the late Lieut. F. G. Tait, who fell while defending a *kopje* at Koodoosberg, Scotland had a player of whom she had good reason to be proud. Every officer cannot be at the top of the tree in a particular pastime, but many may occupy lower rungs in the ladder of success, whilst others may enjoy a quiet game without laying claim to any marked skill. Thus it is that in most places where British regiments are stationed, its officers either find or extemporise links, upon which many pleasant hours are passed.

To take another of the bloodless pastimes in which soldiers indulge, who shall say that the officer cannot hold his own in the racket-court with the best that England can show? Those whose privilege it has been to watch the Army Rackets Championship at Prince's Club know full well the skill of the

competing teams. On account of the war, many Service fixtures lately have been abandoned, and the same reason will rob numberless other sports of much of their interest, since the Army officer takes his full share in the games and sports of his country in which skill of hand and eye and power of body and mind are required.

There are many, very many, other pastimes in which the British officer engages from time to time. But this only proves that, both in work and play, those who lead our soldiers, from the youngest subaltern to the oldest general, are both enthusiastic and indomitably determined. Surely this trait in the national character is what has placed England where she is! And so long as the flower of her Army retain their reputation as vigorous sportsmen, so long will she remain in the forefront of the nations of the world.



GOING TO THE POST FOR THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP AT SANDOWN.

A SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.

By MRS. ALFRED HUNT.*

And yet, lady,
I could say something, durst I.
—THOMAS HEYWOOD



*"Haply" I may remember
And haply may forget.*

O little hardship is it to be ill at any time, but doubly hard in the spring-time of the year and the fulness of youth. Elizabeth was only one-and-twenty. She had come to London, if Hammer-smith can be called London, to see its sights, and was unable to leave the

house. It was not that illness had suddenly overmastered her; she had been ailing for some time without understanding how important it was that her illness should be attended to. Not until she came to Hammer-smith to stay with an aunt who was a doctor's widow did she come within range of anyone who recognised the necessity of putting her at once under medical care.

Mrs. Palmer was possessed of a zeal for promoting the welfare of other people's bodies. She knew something of medicine—was familiar with the names of the leading doctors—and it was a principle of hers that it was always better to go to the very best of them; so when she discovered that Elizabeth was suffering so much from her foot that each step she took was rapidly becoming a torture, she instantly said,

"Colvin must be sent for!" Even Elizabeth had heard of "Colvin," and was afraid that he would be an expensive doctor.

"And if he is," replied Mrs. Palmer, "he is worth five times as much as any of the others. But I know all about doctors and will see if something can't be arranged."

He came. Elizabeth had been lying on the sofa in dread of him all the morning. About four o'clock she saw a middle-sized, middle-aged, good-looking man walk briskly up the gravel-walk of her aunt's little garden, heard him deal a decisive knock at the house door, and then with incredible rapidity he was standing before her in the drawing-room, though the stairs at Victoria Lawn were long and steep. He bowed to Mrs. Palmer and said, "This, I presume, is the young lady about whom you wrote. May I see the foot?"

He did see it, and then he took Mrs. Palmer into the back drawing-room and said, "The foot must be operated on—it is absolutely necessary."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she said. "I am so sorry! She is one of a large family, and an operation is a costly thing. Sometimes, doctor—sometimes, when a patient who is not well off is in question, medical men reduce their fees a little—at least, my husband——"

"Oh, yes, we often reduce them. If I am to do this, I will gladly reduce mine. I will do it for twenty pounds, only, of course, I could not attend the case. I will come once after the operation to see if all is going on right."

Mrs. Palmer bowed her head. She was not strong, and the thought of an operation in her house overwhelmed her. He took out his note-book and wrote, "Victoria Lawn, Hammersmith"; then he said, "Shall I say four o'clock, April 29th?"

They returned to Elizabeth and told her what lay before her. She turned as white as a sheet.

"You will have chloroform, darling," said her aunt. "You won't feel anything—"

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Mr. Colvin is so clever ! It will be done here, so I can look after you."

But Elizabeth turned to Mr. Colvin and said, "If I get lodgings somewhere nearer to you, this can still be done ?"

"Yes, of course. It can be done anywhere." He performed so many operations that they were ordinary matters to him, and this was a simple one and perfectly certain to be a complete success.

"Then it must not be done here—my aunt is not well enough—I will have lodgings."

"The young lady is right," he said to Mrs. Palmer. "It is better that it should be done elsewhere."

It was so arranged, and a retired servant, whose only fault was that she was old and rather deaf, was sent with Elizabeth to Palmerston Square, where the operation was performed. Mr. Colvin was interested in her, for she bore it courageously. He came twice the first day, and once on the second and third—increased comfort always followed his visits. On the fourth day Mrs. Palmer came.

"Colvin has taken his leave, I suppose ? He promised to send a good man to take charge of you, and I wrote to remind him."

"But he is still coming himself—to-morrow will be his last day, I fancy."

"Probably. Of course, you know what a great man he is. The least operation he performs brings him in a hundred guineas, and if he goes into the country it's more. He does none of this ordinary doctor's work."

"Indeed !" said Elizabeth, but at that moment he came. Mrs. Palmer retreated to the sitting-room, intending to see him alone afterwards.

"She is not so well to-day," he said, when he had seen Elizabeth.

"Poor, dear child ! But you will put her in good hands, I am sure," said Mrs. Palmer, accompanying him to the head of the stairs, for he seemed in a hurry. "This is your last visit, isn't it ?"

He looked as if the idea had not occurred to him. "Last visit ? Well, I suppose it is ; but no, she is not so well to-day—I must see her over this."

"How kind you are !"

He was downstairs already, and she was cheated of her conversation with him. He bounded up again the next moment to say, "I must be sent for if she has a shivering fit."

He must have foreseen that this was coming, for that very evening a messenger had to be despatched for him. It was ten

when he came. He went into the bedroom, which was lighted only by a long ray which came through the half-open folding-doors ; he took Elizabeth's hand. It lay as passively in his as if that were its place. She thought nothing of him—nothing of leaving her hand so long in his ; she was weighed down by illness ; but gradually, through all her pain and weakness, she felt as if his presence were bringing her comfort, and the touch of his hand strength. "My child," he said, "you are ill," then, turning to Mrs. Coates, he said, "I want a candle."

While he was giving her some medicine which he had brought with him, she said—

"I don't want Mrs. Palmer to be told about this—it would make her so anxious !"

"Someone should be with you ; have you no sister ?"

"None who could come. But just now I am too ill to care anything about anybody."

Then her words seemed ungracious, and she said uneasily, "I seem rude, I am afraid, but I am so grateful to you."

"Not rude at all — very good and patient."

"She will be better in the morning," he said to Mrs. Coates.

"Good night," said Elizabeth, holding out her hand, which once more lay a moment or two longer than was necessary in her surgeon's.

"Better in the morning ; and then he will hand me over to the new doctor," she thought languidly. "I don't think I shall like it."

"He is a kind, feeling-hearted man !" exclaimed Mrs. Coates. "They are not all like that."

She was a little better next day. He came earlier. She looked at him almost anxiously to discover if he were going to say, "Now that I have seen you over the worst of it, I shall bid you good-bye, and Mr. Black, or Mr. White, or Mr. Brown, will attend you until you are sufficiently recovered to return to Hammersmith."

But he said nothing about taking leave that day, nor the next, either, and talked of various interesting matters which had hitherto been out of poor Elizabeth's ken. How ignorant she felt, how country-bred ! and yet how proud to know that a man with a great name in the world—a man who could enjoy any society, and have his pick of any amusement that London has to offer—should care to stay with her ! for the grave surgeon had now unbent, and was like a charming young uncle, with funds of delightful con-

versation which he did not disdain to pour forth for her delectation. She was undoubtedly flattered by this—he thought her worthy to partake of the stores of his mind! Never had she been so proud and happy in her life! He seemed happy, too, and though very tightly bound by professional engagements, contrived to squeeze fifteen or twenty minutes out of every morning to talk to her.

suddenly borne in on her that she was an impostor. She was now scarcely ill at all—at least, she persuaded herself so—and yet she had brought this poor, dear lady all the way from Hammersmith to see her. “Aunt,” she exclaimed, almost with tears, “you shouldn’t have come here! You are much worse than I am; I am well enough now to come back to you.”



“May I see the foot?”

Perhaps it flattered her more than all else to know that she was making him neglect his duties a little.

One morning, when the faint flush of pleasure which had come into her face during his visit was still there, Mrs. Palmer arrived. It was a great effort for her to come so far, but she toiled upstairs to Elizabeth’s room, and sank into a chair looking much more of an invalid than the now bright-complexioned girl in bed. For some time Mrs. Palmer was too exhausted to say much, and Elizabeth, after the first words of grateful thanks, was silent, too, for it was

“Is she, Coates?” inquired Mrs. Palmer. “Is she really?”

Mrs. Coates looked at Elizabeth deprecatingly, for she was going to oppose what she believed to be her wish, and said, “Ma’am, she is not! She is better, but she has had shivering fits and erysipelas once, and might very easily have them again, and she can’t put her foot to the ground yet, and it has to be dressed every day, and who is there who will do it half so carefully as Mr. Colvin?”

“Mr. Colvin!” exclaimed Mrs. Palmer. “But, Elizabeth, I was going to speak to you about him! I can’t imagine why he



"For the grave surgeon had now unbent."

"Ever let himself do what?" asked Elizabeth, now really wishful to hear more.

"Fall in love with you, to be sure.

He has more sense and more knowledge of what is due to his profession."

"Due to his profession?"

"Yes; don't you know that it is wholly contrary to professional etiquette for a doctor to fall in love with his patient? It would *never* do—it is a thing that is all but unknown. You should have heard what my poor dear husband said when such a thing happened—oh, you should have heard! The world has all gone topsy-turvy, however, since he died. I dare say if you asked any of the young medical men of the present day if there was this feeling among the profession, they would laugh in your face; but Colvin is one of the old school and knows what's right and proper. He can't be far from sixty."

Elizabeth was astounded. Mr. Colvin was so youthful in some of his ways that she had imagined him to be not more than five-and-thirty. But he was not one of the old school, and it was impossible that he could even be fifty!

"It's ten days, isn't it?" said Mrs. Palmer, "that he has been coming once a day, and sometimes twice. Well, it's not usual, but

goes on attending you so long. I am worried about it—the bargain was for the operation, and one visit, or perhaps two; but he has made at least a dozen. If he expects to be paid for all that, we can't do it; and if he is coming for nothing, it is too much to accept. You haven't said much about our being poor, I hope? He is not doing it as a charity?"

"Oh, no! I haven't said a word of that kind."

"Then I can't understand it."

Elizabeth had drawn the sheet partly over her face—it was so bright with blushes. "He is very kind!" she began.

"Oh! I know Colvin's kind; he would never have been your doctor if he hadn't been that, and he is not a young man, so he can't have taken any nonsense into his head. Oh! don't look vexed, child, it's only my being so puzzled makes me say such things, for I know how absurd they are; he is not a man who would ever let himself do that."

no doubt he does it out of respect for my poor husband, whose name must be well known to him; it's a compliment, but I can't bear to put myself under so great an obligation. Will he come this morning?"

"I think so," Elizabeth answered, and then waited in fear of what might be coming.

"Then I shall thank him for what he has done, and say that we don't expect him to come any more; in fact, that we shrink from incurring so much obligation, and would much rather he didn't."

Mr. Colvin, however, was late that day, and Mrs. Palmer was unable to wait for him. She went home, leaving orders with Elizabeth to let him know as delicately as she could that the family did not intend to pay him more than the sum which had been agreed on.

But when he came and she saw him, she knew she could never say anything at all like what was expected of her, and her heart died within her, for said it must be.

"You are grave!" he exclaimed, for he missed the refreshment of her smile. She could not have smiled to save her life. Vexation at having undertaken a task that it was impossible to perform, and sheer nervousness, made her stumble on a speech that was entirely unlike what she had been told to utter.

"I ought to go back to Hammersmith to look after my aunt."

"You are not able—she would have to look after you. Besides, your foot still requires a great deal of attention."

What she then said, and it was still more unfortunate, was, "Couldn't the doctor there see to it?"

"Of course he could, if you wish it. I will write to your aunt to tell her what arrangements must be made for your return. Will you finish this off, Mrs. Coates, and I will write here and settle it at once?" So saying, he gave the end of the bandage he was putting on to Mrs. Coates, and went to the next room.

Things had taken a very different turn from that which Elizabeth had intended. She was too much overcome to say a word to him, but she ordered Mrs. Coates to leave the bandage and go into the next room to find him some writing-materials, and soon heard the crackling of his pen as it sped over the paper, writing the words which would part her from him and all that she most cared for. What had she done? Wild wishes coursed through her mind—if she could but tear off all those layers of bandage

and twist her foot, or double it up, or open the wound, or do anything that would oblige her to stay where she was, if only for a few days longer!

"It is written," he said, coming back, and once more looking the staid, middle-aged, cut-and-dry professional gentleman he had been when she first saw him. He laid the letter down on the bed beside her, and no feeling of any sort was to be detected in his face or manner, unless it were a kind of far-away regret in his eyes.

"I see it is," she said, and burst into tears.

"My child! my child!" he exclaimed, touched by the sight in a moment. "Don't do that!" He came a step nearer as if to take her hand, and then drew back stiffly and folded his arms together across his breast as if to keep them back from doing wrong. She had already observed that, great as was the strength of his emotional nature, his power of self-restraint was even greater.

She was not going to cry—she was determined she would not, and hastily wiped away her tears. "When am I to go?" she asked.

"You speak as if it were my doing! It was your own wish."

"Wish? I have no such wish. I—I only thought I was using up too much of your valuable time," and again her eyes filled with tears.

"Child, you talk of using up my time, but coming here is the only pleasure of my life! You are the only woman I have ever in my life gone to see because I wanted to see her. Think yourself what it must be to a dull old fellow like me to come here every morning and see you, instead of having to go from house to house to visit people whom I simply regard as cases."

"I thought your patients came to you," she remarked awkwardly; his words embarrassed her, and she did not know what to say.

"So they do, but I go to see one or two of them early in the morning. I must go home now—there will be a whole roomful waiting for me by this time."

He was going. "And the letter?" she said, when he had made a few steps towards the door.

"Yes, the letter," he said, coming back.

"Is it *really* to go?"

"Perhaps you had better not post it for a few days more. I would rather see you nearer to being able to go about like other people. I thought you wanted to get away at once."

Her answer was a look that almost showed

affection. His face changed. He stepped nearer, but a chill suddenly came over him and he left. She lay kissing his letter. It had all but parted her from him then—it would part her very soon.

* * * * *
It was Tuesday. On Wednesday "Good-bye" was to be said, but now she was immeasurably nearer to him than she had been before. This day he had talked to her of his mother, of his coming to London as a struggling youth, of the work he had then had to do, and of his friends. He had asked her about her own home and her daily life.

"Now you must tell me all about your home," she had said.

"I have none," he answered. "My home is nothing but a place where I sleep and eat and am sheltered from the cold." Then he

had said, with a sigh, "I must go. I shall come to-morrow and see you here for the last time, and say 'Good-bye.'"

She had wondered then, and wondered still, how much of a "Good-bye" he meant it to be. Surely not one that was to last for ever!

"To-morrow I shall try to come when you are up and dressed. I have never seen you in a day dress."

"The day you came to Hammersmith you did," she said, in some surprise.

"Oh, but I never looked at you! You were only a case then. I'll come latish in the afternoon."

But Elizabeth was unsettled, and rose early, and with much help made her way to the sitting-room sofa.

"I will come late," he had said, but he came early and found her on the sofa already, and for once alone.

His knock had not been, as usual, brisk and incisive; he was long in coming upstairs; he looked as if he had not been in bed all night.

"You look tired," she said.

"I am old," he replied, "that's it."

"You are not. At least, you never seem old to me."

"But I am. I never used to care about it—I never even remembered it; but last night I did not go to bed till three, and there was not a moment of the time that I was not raging with vexation because of the years that have passed over my head."

"Oh! why?" she said almost tenderly, for she pitied him so much. "It seems so foolish to do that when no one thinks you old but yourself."

"Child," he exclaimed suddenly, "I love you, and if I were a young man I would follow you to the end of the earth!"



"Mrs. Palmer was too exhausted to say much,"

She looked up timidly, saw the despair in his eyes. It made her bold, and she said—

“Why the end of the earth, when I am only going to Hammersmith?”

“You don’t think what you are saying! I am more than old enough to be your father.”

“Yes, I do.”

“You must not do it,” he said, with eyes full of love and trouble. “It is my duty not to let you do it.”

“And make me more miserable than I have ever been in all my life.”

“‘All your life’—all your poor little short life! You will only feel it for a time, and it will be much better for you in the end.”

“And you?”

“I shall work harder—I shall try to get on somehow.” But two large round tears rolled down his face as he spoke.

This cut her to the heart, and she cried, “Why are we both to be wretched, when we might be so happy?”

“People would look at you and say, ‘She married that old man to be his nurse!’”

She gently slid her hand in his and said, “And if they did, and if the time ever came when I was your nurse, I should still be happy—far happier with you than anywhere else. Oh! never mind what anyone says; let us live our lives in our own way.”

He clutched her hand and kissed it passionately, kissed her and said, “You are the only woman I have ever loved, the only woman I have ever cared to go and see. Oh! how I wish I had met you thirty years ago!”

The words gave her somewhat of a shock, for thirty years ago she was not even born, and he was probably then as old or older than she was now. But she clasped the hand that was holding hers a little more tightly and said, “Don’t think of years—I never do; the only difference that your being older makes is that I am more flattered by your caring for me, and that I put a little more veneration into my love for you.”

“You are too good, too dear; but I will not take a base advantage of your generosity. You think that you can sacrifice yourself without feeling it; but that is most likely due to the fact that it is now three weeks since you have seen anyone at all but me, for I don’t count poor Mrs. Coates as anyone. But when you go home and see other people, and young men come who love you, you will begin to laugh at the very thought of what you listened to from me.”

“You hurt me,” said Elizabeth. “Never

say anything of that kind again! Surely you do not doubt me?”

“It is my bounden duty to put you on your guard against the generous impulses of your own heart.” Elizabeth sighed and was silent. He said, “I will tell you what I will do. You return to Hammersmith to-morrow, May 20th. You will remain there awhile and then go to your own home. You shall leave this house to-morrow entirely unfettered by any promise to me. You shall neither see nor hear from me until three months, dating from to-morrow, have gone by, and during these months you shall make up your mind whether you can bear the life I offer you, with all its manifest drawbacks and disadvantages. On the 20th of August I will come to you, and if you are then in the same mind that you are now, I will go to your father and say, ‘Give me your daughter,’ and”—again his voice broke as he said—“and your father will laugh in my face.”

His face was distorted with anguish, and she could have flung her arms round him, so keenly did his suffering stir her.

“How can you say that? If you did but know how proud I am of your love for me, you wouldn’t.”

“Did you call, miss?” inquired Mrs. Coates, suddenly appearing at the open folding-doors between the two rooms.

“No, I didn’t. I don’t want anything, thank you,” replied Elizabeth. But Mr. Colvin pulled out his watch, and what he saw made him say in alarm—

“I must go. Good-bye. After to-morrow the sun will have given up shining in London, so far as I am concerned.”

Before he was half downstairs, she, the girl who had not yet been allowed to set foot to the ground, rose from the sofa where she was lying, and, regardless of pain, reached the door somehow.

“Come back!” she cried—“come back for one minute! I have something to say.”

He was with her before she had got back to the sofa, which she ought never to have quitted. He stood gazing at her slim, youthful figure—he had never before seen her except in bed, or covered up on the sofa. She stumbled, and he ran to her.

“Child,” he said, “how rash of you to move!” He was carrying her back to the sofa while he spoke. When she was there again she could see his face; it was dismayed and old.

“Oh! what is it?” she asked in terror.

“You are twenty times younger than I

thought!" he cried, in something very like a panic. "I had no idea that you were such a child!"

"I am yours; don't see faults in me," she said, trying to be gay when gaiety was far from her, for he had evidently received a great shock.

"What did you want to say?" he asked. "Don't keep me, I am late."

"If you speak in that voice, I can't tell you. It was only that I wanted to ask you to come to Hammersmith once before I go North."

"Better not—let us be faithful to our bargain."

She said no more, and he went.

* * * * *

He had no ostensible reason for going to Hammersmith, and might not have done it, if, when sending his cheque ten days later, Mrs. Palmer had not said, "She is still on the sofa, and I fear often in pain."

"Colvin offers another visit, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Palmer, when his note of acknowledgment came. "Now you see the advantage of having had an uncle in the profession. He would never have come here but for that. This is his last visit, so let us think of everything that ought to be said."

He came, but once more he looked the much engaged surgeon who knew exactly how long he was going to stay, and was able to do more good work in ten minutes than anyone else in thirty. Elizabeth saw him fling one piercing glance at her as he entered the room, and suddenly remembered that she ought to have put on a dark dress instead of a white one which made her look like a schoolgirl, and then tormented herself by fancying that he was not glad to see her.

"She will tell you how she is," said Mrs. Palmer, in a flutter of excitement; "but if she says she is not suffering pain, don't believe it, for she is, and she seems in wretchedly low spirits sometimes, and a child like that oughtn't to be in low spirits—there's time enough for that when she is as old as you or I."

"Everybody is in bad spirits occasionally, and I am not often in pain," said Elizabeth, trying to smile, though her aunt's words shocked and his severe aspect chilled her.

"She is often in pain," said Mrs. Palmer. "Elizabeth, what on earth is the use of letting Mr. Colvin come all the way out here if you don't tell him everything? He ought to be told about your hurting your foot so badly that last time you saw him—you must know he ought."

He looked up instantly, alert and deeply interested. His eyes met Elizabeth's, and she began to have a faint hope that the man she had known and loved before was again with her.

"You hurt your foot!" he said. "Why didn't you say so at the time?"

"I didn't hurt it much?"

"Oh, yes, she did, Mr. Colvin; she told me she did. It was just after you had taken leave of her. She remembered something she wanted to say to you, and, instead of sending Mrs. Coates, jumped off the sofa in a tremendous hurry to get to the sitting-room door before you were out of the house—no easy thing to do, by the by, for you fly up and down just as if you were a young man. Well, you will judge for yourself whether she hurt her foot or not."

For Mr. Colvin was rapidly unwinding the bandages.

"It's shocking to think of her being so foolish!" said Mrs. Palmer; "but, Mr. Colvin, she is such a child!"

He looked up at last with a smile on his face—not a very hearty one, but Elizabeth could have killed him for it.

"He excuses you," said Mrs. Palmer. "He knows you are a child. By the by, it's odd how one always calls people childish when they are guilty of anything especially foolish, for there ought to be small blame attached to any folly committed by children. It is when old people do stupid things that one has a right to talk; and, according to the proverb, there's no fool like an old one! You know that proverb, Mr. Colvin, don't you?"

"I am thinking of this foot," he answered impatiently, "and can attend to nothing else at present."

His face had darkened and hardened visibly. Elizabeth saw it. Would this terrible aunt of hers ever be silent? He was bending over Elizabeth's foot and never once looked in her face—her heart failed her. Then she bethought herself of the compact they had made, and how he had said that for three clear months she should be wholly unfettered by any tie to him. Was he only carrying out what they had then agreed on, or had he changed his mind altogether, and was this the beginning of the end? Had the shock of finding her younger than he had thought been too much for him? Would she have to go back to her own home and resume the life of other days, knowing that she would see him no more? What would life then be but one long, sickening desire to be back in London—London



"Ah! if he would but relieve her from mental pain, too!"

that was hundreds of miles away, and where she could not hope to go for years? And perhaps all this time she was disquieting herself in vain, for he had said that they would behave to each other as if free until August 20th, and he would assuredly not have come now if he had not cared for her. Ah! if he would but relieve her from mental pain, too! How was a poor girl to know what she was to believe or trust to, if no word could be spoken? If Mrs. Palmer would but go!

"I think I shall be able to give you some relief," he said, gently moving the foot in different directions and trying the effect of certain alterations in the arrangement of the bandages.

He was like a rock, and Mrs. Palmer like a nimble bird hopping about on the surface of it and making no impression of any kind.

At last Elizabeth contrived to say, "You scarcely hurt me at all when you move my foot. The doctor here hurts me frightfully; I wish myself back in Palmerston Square every time he touches it." Having said this she looked for a glance which would tell her that the present was bound up with the past, but all that happened was that Mrs. Palmer exclaimed, "My dear little niece, you expect to find an old head on young shoulders. Mr. Brading Bartlett is a young man, whereas our kind friend here has the knowledge and experience of a lifetime!"

How cruelly hard it was to Elizabeth to hear these things! how doubly hard it must be to him! Elizabeth was so oppressed, so mortified, and at such a terrible disadvantage, that she could say nothing more. He said nothing, either, but Mrs. Palmer careered gaily onwards, "sowing evil and scattering ban."

"I think, Mr. Colvin, the poor child would have recovered much more quickly if she had not been so dreadfully dull all this time. She will make more progress when she gets home and is once more among young people."

"I am not dull, and have not been so," said Elizabeth angrily. "I do so wish you would let me speak for myself sometimes." Then she was sorry she had shown temper, and added more gently, "I am not dull, and I don't want to be with what you call young people."

"It would be very natural if you did," he said, looking up with a kind smile. She would have much preferred it if he had looked hurt or angry.

"That's what I think," said her aunt—"quite natural. You, Mr. Colvin, can form a good idea of what it must have been to a girl of barely one-and-twenty to be shut up for nearly a month with nothing but people of another generation. You are a good girl, Elizabeth, and say you didn't feel it, but Coates and I are old enough to be your grandmothers, and Mr.——"

"Oh! aunt! aunt, do say no more! I was as happy there as a girl could be—far happier than I seem likely ever to be again."

"I must go," he said. "Your doctor here seems to be treating you very judiciously. I have no directions to give."

He spoke quietly and sadly, and did not look at Elizabeth. There was a sound of finality in his words—she felt that she would see him no more.

"You are sure that you have nothing to say?" urged Mrs. Palmer. "There must be something."

"Nothing," he answered, bowing, "nothing but my earnest hope that the young lady may soon be well."

Elizabeth was hearkening to his words as well as Mrs. Palmer. He had nothing to say, and she had heard it. Her heart felt like a cold stone, and another stone seemed to get into her throat. She tried to speak and could not. She made another effort, and heard herself saying, "Is this really 'Good-bye'? 'Good-bye' for always? Am I never to see you again?"

"You are young, and your life is before you; mine is drawing to a close," he said. "Good-bye, and God bless you!"

"But you said you might come North this summer," she began.

"I can't do it; you must see yourself that I can't. Farewell!"

"You deserved that reproof," said Mrs. Palmer when he was gone. "How could you ask such a thing? I distinctly recollect telling you that Colvin's fee for going to see anyone in the country would be a hundred guineas at the very least, and yet you ask if he is coming to see you."

"He is not coming," answered Elizabeth.





THE ANIMALS' QUARTERS AT THE WORKHOUSE AT SODEPUR.

WORKHOUSES FOR ANIMALS.

BY GEORGE A. WADE.

WORKHOUSES for aged and infirm human beings are to be found in almost every town in the Kingdom, and their counterparts have spread far and wide throughout all the lands where the English language is spoken. Yet it may be doubted if the average person has any idea that there are also, in some of the great cities of the Empire, workhouses where aged and infirm *animals* of every kind may spend the remainder of their days in peace and rest, or where they may sojourn during times of disease and sickness, having the best medical treatment and attention, until they are fit to go about again.

The chief institution of the workhouse kind for animals in the conditions alluded to is that at Sodepur, about ten miles from the capital of our Indian Empire. Here not only animals, in the strict sense of the word, are received as guests, but birds of all kinds, and even reptiles and insects that have been

pets (or the property of some kind-hearted master or mistress who does not wish an old favourite to suffer more than is necessary in its later days) find a ready and hearty welcome.

As a proof of the catholicity of the treatment meted out in the Sodepur institution to all kinds of living things, it may be stated that during the fourteen years which the workhouse has been open there have gone through it thousands of cattle, cows, sheep, horses, donkeys; and also hundreds of dogs, cats, monkeys, goats, parrots, pigeons, cocks, hens, some elephants, pet snakes, &c.

It may be interesting to learn that there were in the workhouse at the time when this article was written nearly four hundred and fifty cattle, some four-score sheep, about the same number of horses, nearly two hundred pigeons, a score of goats, half a hundred cocks and hens, and several monkeys, dogs, and cats. Altogether there are now resting

in this pauper asylum for aged animals nearly a thousand such creatures of one kind or another.

This workhouse was founded at Sodepur by several Hindoos of influence, who banded themselves into a society the aim of which should be to take care of animals, especially of the domestic kind, when age or infirmities made it impossible for them to be kept in or about the homes of their owners. And the chief condition of such reception was that the animals were to be received and attended to free of cost to those who had before been their owners. Voluntary

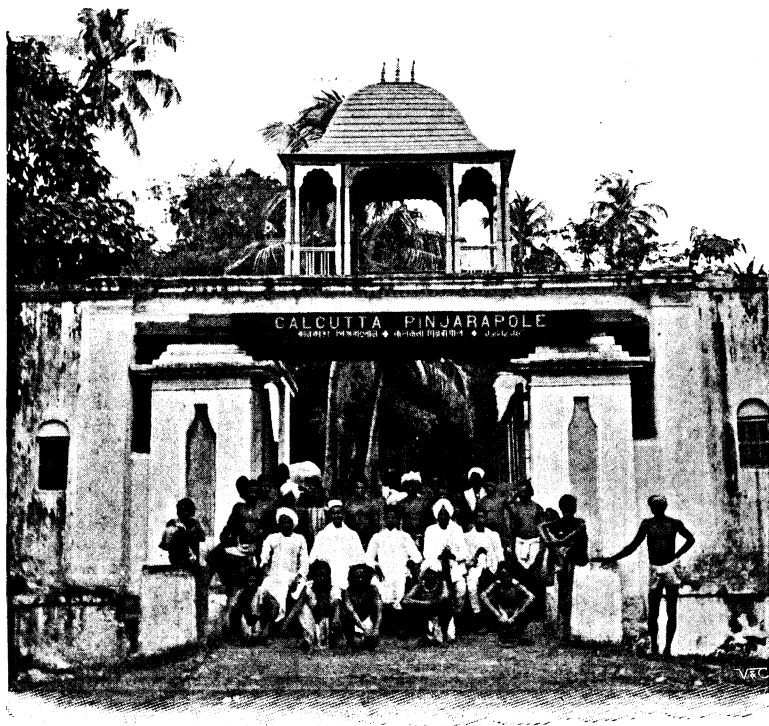
so efficiently done as to have gained for the institution a wide and well-deserved reputation.

As regards the working of this institution, it may be said that every care is given to make the surroundings of the animals resemble as much as possible those to which they have been accustomed. Abundance of room is allowed for the birds to fly about with such strength as is left to them, and similarly there is space enough for the cattle to roam about and still fancy they are in their native fields.

The various animals are fed at regular hours, and with the food which the veterinary surgeon has prescribed for them as being best suited for their present needs and state. They become, it is scarcely necessary to say, extremely fond of their keepers, and look forward as eagerly to the coming of the latter at meal-times as do the lions or tigers at the Zoo. It is interesting also to notice that whilst some attendants are special favourites of some animals, others prefer quite different keepers altogether, for no reason apparent to the ordinary visitor.

Probably the cows and their immediate relations get the most care and attention at the hands of

the natives, both attendants and visitors. For, as is generally known, the cow is a sacred animal in the eyes of the Hindoo, and is treated with marked respect by him. Indeed, he worships the creature with a reverence and devotion which would have made the ancient devotee of Isis and Memnon thoroughly jealous of his own Egyptian god's reputation. The Hindoo here in Calcutta or the district round Sodepur keeps his festal days like the rest of worshippers throughout the world, and on such occasions he does not forget what is due to the cows and bulls at this workhouse. He comes early in the



THE CHIEF AND STAFF AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE WORKHOUSE.

subscriptions are, therefore, given by the wealthy Hindoos for the purpose of keeping up the institution.

The place is in all respects admirably managed. At the head of it is a gentleman appointed by the supporters of the workhouse as chief manager, and under his control there are no less than eighty people, who act either as attendants upon the animals, cleaners of their rooms, or general labourers about the place. To these we must not forget to add the special veterinary surgeons, who are kept exclusively to look after the ailments of the animals, and whose work is



THE WORN-OUT OXEN IN THE WORKHOUSE.

morning, bringing his garlands and offerings with which to decorate the animal he has chosen from amongst the hundreds of sacred ones living in the workhouse, and he prays to it with the devoutness of a worshipper at the shrine of some famous saint.

Such workhouses as the one just described are more common in India and the East than is generally supposed. Probably the most noted of them, after this one at Sodepur, is that at Bombay, known as the Pinjarapole. This establishment is very much on the same lines as the Sodepur one, but is not quite so humane in its general treatment, nor, perhaps,

so admirably managed. It is kept up by the contributions of the charitable Hindoo population of Bombay, and to it can be sent any animal which is too aged or infirm for further use at home. But the Bombay workhouse contents itself with providing for these animal paupers a home of refuge in their latter days, and it does not go in for the extensive treatment we should deem necessary, in order, as far as possible, to relieve their pains and weakness.

These Pinjarapoles, both in Sodepur and Bombay, are much frequented by visitors to the respective cities. After going through



THE AGED HORSES IN THE WORKHOUSE.



HORSES, WITH THEIR STALLS; AND THE WORN-OUT SHEEP AND GOATS OF THE WORKHOUSE.

the grounds and viewing the various animals which have found a quiet resting-place in their old age, the stranger comes away with strangely mixed feelings and ideas. He has seen the follower of Mahomet fulfilling a sacred duty, caring for the life of the beast. But he has also noticed something else; he has observed the Mohammedan learning to treat the animal with kindness instead of cruelty whilst it is still living; and this may astonish him if he knows anything of the East. For there is little real humanity at the bottom of the Mussulman's veneration of the cow and serpent as sacred—it is simply a blind adherence to the decrees of the all-powerful Koran. The visitor may notice in the Pinjarapole a poor, infirm sheep being taken every care of and well treated; he may also see in the very next street he passes in the great city of Bombay some other unfortunate animal being whipped and ill-used in a manner that would not be tolerated for a moment in England. If he wishes to see the average Mohammedan's ideas respecting ordinary animals, he has but to spend a day watching the street-dogs in Constantinople, or the donkeys in Cairo. He will soon get his eyes considerably opened.

The Pinjarapole at Sodepur has a splendid

lake, which is at the service of its pauper inhabitants for all such purposes as washing, bathing, and general recreation when they may so desire. The way in which they patronise the water on the summer days of that hot region soon shows how much they appreciate this evidence of thoughtfulness on the part of the supporters of the Pinjarapole.

Each animal of any size, such as horses, cows, sheep, etc., has its own stall or stable, and each keeper has a certain number of animals under his charge, and is responsible for their welfare and comfort. Besides the regular stalls, there are, up and down the extent of the establishment, covered places open at the sides, under which the animal patients may rest in the shade whilst still enjoying the fresh air. The Pinjarapole presents a strange contrast to the European visitor when he compares it with the various European Zoos. The tall palms and trees with straight trunks, devoid of branches for thirty feet or more, give the place a decidedly unique appearance.

It is to the credit of the institution that the keepers seem to get as fond of their respective charges as the latter often are of them. Nearly every keeper knows each of the large number of animals he overlooks as distinctly as a hen knows her chicks; and this

in a place where there is such an immense number is no small matter, seeing the casual visitor could scarcely tell one cow from another, so strong a resemblance is there in their markings and size. But the keeper is seldom at fault for a second in this respect. He has favourite pet names for his charges, and they know him well.

When at last the worn-out, aged animal dies, it is buried with all respect and due solemnity in a spot especially set apart for the purpose as an animal cemetery. To the Mohammedan the dead body of any creature he has loved and venerated is as sacred as its living one; but if it has been some animal he has looked upon as unclean, he has little more respect for it dead than living—if as much.

It must be confessed that the Hindoo is decidedly ahead of us in the case of these workhouses for pauper animals. We have institutions which do duty as animal infirmaries, but they are not for the old and tired creatures to spend their days in; still less are they supported by voluntary contributions. The finest hospital of this description in England is, strangely enough, but little known to the general public. The "Brown Institution," as it is officially called, is situated in the Wandsworth Road, not very far from Vauxhall Station.

A gentleman named Brown, who was extremely wealthy and had a great regard for all dumb creatures, left in the early 'seventies a bequest of over £20,000 to the University of London, on condition that with the money the Senate should found an infirmary for sick and suffering animals, and should provide for its maintenance out of the balance of the bequest.

After due consideration the authorities decided to accept the sum left and to carry out the conditions attached to its possession. Accordingly these premises were secured in Wandsworth Road, and here were built stables and rooms to accommodate such animals as from time to time come under the care of the doctors appointed for the work by the University.

At the head of these is Dr. Bradford, a man who has acquired a wide reputation as a veterinary surgeon, and with him are other clever medical men. There are regular days appointed on which are brought to the Institution from far and near such creatures as require the attention of the doctors there, and every care is given to the suffering animals.

After the payment of a small preliminary fee, the owner of the animal gets the full benefit of treatment and medicine for his beast, even if long and awkward operations are necessary, entirely free, and in occasional



THE BATHING-POOL OF THE WORKHOUSE.

cases the patient can be left on the premises and be attended to there until it is quite cured.

What a boon this has been to the poor owners of dogs, horses, cats, etc., in London can scarcely be told; and if the work of the Institution were better known, and the conditions of its work, there can be little doubt but that there would be even a greater run on its services.

The list of animals which have been received for treatment at the "Brown Institution" at one time or another is very varied. Besides the ordinary domestic pets, of which every species has been there—pug dogs, collies, terriers, St. Bernards, greyhounds; common cats, Persian cats, prize cats, and all other sorts of cats; horses, ponies, donkeys, mules; cows, bulls, calves; sheep, goats, etc., this place caters, if required, for an animal which the Sodepur institution, near Calcutta, will not have about the place—namely, "Mr. Piggie." Hindoo superstition and hatred of

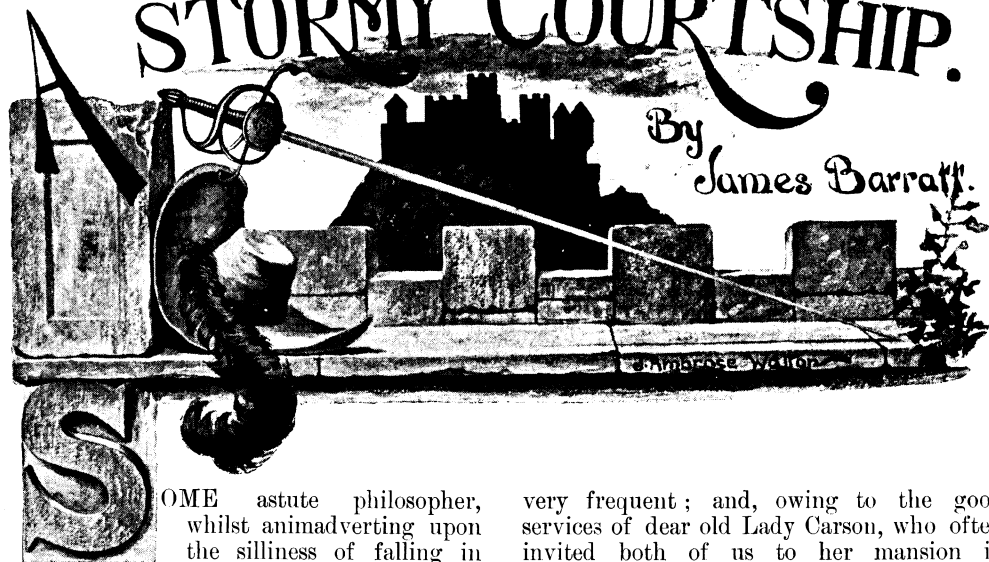
the pig is yet too keen to allow of a wounded or infirm porker being assisted or rested at Sodepur, but in Wandsworth Road, Piggie gets his share of the good things with the rest of the brute creation.

An occasional monkey, too, finds its way here, and such birds as parrots, canaries, or other pet-birds are prescribed for now and then. But the "Brown Institution" is essentially for animals, not birds and reptiles, though such are not turned away. And its work is perhaps an improvement on the method at Sodepur, for here in England the people at the infirmary try to get the animal better and fit to return home again, if possible; they do not simply allow it to linger on at ease and wear its life gently away, without any endeavour to restore it to health and strength. In fact, the essential difference in the two asylums for poor creatures is that the Indian one acts as a workhouse for the aged, and the other as a workhouse-infirmary for the weak and distressed.



STORMY COURTSHIP.

By
James Barratt.



SOME astute philosopher, whilst animadverting upon the silliness of falling in love, has made the sage remark that every man is a fool at least once in his life. So much, however, depends upon the point of view. And, at all events, it may be argued that it often takes a wise man to make a fool. Be that as it may, I must confess that I was in love, and deeply, too. Lady Florence, to whom I had given my fond affection, was the daughter of old Lord Stapleton, and, needless to say, she possessed all the charms with which youth and nature and love can endow humanity. Every lover sees them in the face and figure of his lady. But what was of more especial value to me was the fact that she turned a smiling face and a willing ear towards me, and in many ways convinced me that our hearts and thoughts lived in close companionship.

The course of our true love was, however, doomed from the beginning to run over the rough and rugged path which apparently has been specially prepared for lovers. Of all the women on whom my choice might have fallen, Lady Florence should have been the last. For between Lord Stapleton and my father an undying animosity had existed, the precise reason of which I had never been able to ascertain.

My father's estate in Buckinghamshire almost adjoined one of Lord Stapleton's smaller seats, and during my youth, unknown to her father, I had often met Lady Florence whilst riding. When she arrived at Court, our meetings in public became

very frequent; and, owing to the good services of dear old Lady Carson, who often invited both of us to her mansion in Monmouth Square, I was privileged to enjoy many little interviews with Lady Florence. Unfortunately for me, my father's death had not ended the feud between him and my Lord Stapleton; for his Lordship was as embittered against me as he had previously been against my father. On occasions when we were brought into contact with one another the manner in which he ignored my presence was most marked, and I knew that he would not for a moment entertain the idea of an alliance between his daughter and myself.

It may be imagined I was in no very happy mood as I walked down Pall Mall to the house of my friend Lord Marsden, who that evening was to entertain several of his intimates at a little dinner. We were very old friends, although neither of us could boast of more than twenty-eight years of life, and many a pleasant evening had we spent together. I was the last to arrive, and dinner was ordered immediately after my entrance. Lord Marsden's little dinners were always a success, and this one was no exception. When he rose and gave as a toast "His Majesty King Charles," we drank it with acclaim, although, I fear, with slightly mixed feelings. For his Majesty had been acting somewhat strongly of late, and had alienated not a few nobles from his cause; a conflict between him and the Parliament seemed also to be inevitable. For myself, I drank to the King, but thought of Lady Florence, and when I was called upon for a toast, gave the company "The beautiful Lady Florence Stapleton."

They all well knew of my difficulties.

"And how prospers your love-suit now, Waller?" asked Sir Ralph Brooks.

"Oh! as ill as ever," I answered. "I called again last night on my Lord Stapleton in order to obtain his consent to lay my suit before the lady, but, as usual, he sent a lackey to me with a message that 'his Lordship cannot see Sir James Waller.'"

"I fear you will not move the old lord by ordinary ways," remarked Marsden, "especially now that you have a rival. The young Vicomte de Berri is not blind to beauty."

"No," I replied somewhat sullenly. "I'd pick a quarrel with him if I thought that would assist me."

"Then you must do it quickly, if that is to help you," added Marsden, "for Lord Stapleton is eager to contract his daughter to the Vicomte, and as soon as possible."

"You have probably not yet heard the latest," said Brooks. "The Vicomte is to conduct Lady Florence and Lord Stapleton's sister, Lady Elizabeth, to his Lordship's manor in Oxfordshire to-day."

"What?" I exclaimed, and my heart sank within me; "he is sending her away from London?"

"I had it from young Hopton this morning. His Lordship is compelled to stay in town for a day or two, and doesn't seem to think London quite safe for Lady Florence. So, naturally, the Vicomte's services were accepted. He dropped a word, too, about a projected journey to France—with the Vicomte, I presume."

If all this were true, then my deepest hopes of love and happiness were likely to be snatched from me. For even if Lady Florence really loved me, how strong must be that love which could withstand the pressure of a father so violently overbearing as my Lord Stapleton! The sweet vision of her face rose before me, and I was well nigh maddened at the terrible obstacles that threatened my future happiness. At least there was one thing I must do; at all costs I must ascer-

tain what were truly her feelings towards me; and in order to do so it was necessary that I should obtain an interview with her.

To my great disappointment it all turned out to be exactly as Sir Ralph Brooks had intimated, for I had vainly hoped that there



"My Lord Stapleton."

might be some error in the matter. On inquiry at "White's" I learned that the Vicomte had left London in the afternoon. In my turbulence of spirit I cursed him, but my mind was quickly settled; I would journey down to Oxfordshire that night.

All went well, my horse was a good one, and some time after midnight I knocked up the landlord of the "Black Bull," at Reading, from which town Lord Stapleton's manor was situated only some five or six miles.

In the morning I wrote a short note to Lady Florence, begging for the privilege of an interview, and declaring that my business was of a private character and of great moment. This I despatched by a messenger whom the landlord found for me, with the strictest injunction to give it to no one save Lady Florence herself, or Victorine, her maid. The fellow knew both of them by sight, and I fancy Victorine was no prude, so I felt satisfied that my letter would safely reach its destination.

For several hours I waited in extreme anxiety, for on any reply I might receive depended almost all my hope. I had purposely omitted any mention of my love for Lady Florence in my letter. If she loved me (and I felt sure that she did), she would read my purpose even though the words were obscure. If she did not, she would doubtless follow the command of her father and refuse to see me. Her answer to-day would settle my future course.

At last my messenger returned. He had managed his business well, for he handed me a little note, which I hastily tore open. "You may call here at eight o'clock to-night," I read. That was all, but what might it not mean? Should I see her alone? Where was the Vicomte? Would her aunt be there? What did her note imply? A thousand questions rushed through my brain whilst I anxiously waited the hour when I might set out for Carsley.

I arrived there punctually to the minute and left my horse tethered to a tree. An old servant, who evidently expected me, took me straight to the room where Lady Florence was waiting.

She was alone.

As I bowed I thought she had never looked so beautiful. She wore a loose, low-necked, white gown, rich in lace and frills. In her mass of black, wavy hair was a beautiful red rose. Her brown eyes sparkled with kindness and truth; and though her cheeks were somewhat pale she gave me a smile of welcome, as she said—

"I have conceded your desire, Sir James, although 'tis somewhat strange."

"Madam," I replied, "I shall be ever thankful for your kindness."

"But I trust I can grant you more for which to be thankful," she smiled.

My heart leapt, and I would have spoken, when she continued—

"Your business, you say, is of some importance and moment?"

"It is a matter of life for me," I said eagerly.

Her face changed to a shade paler.

"Who threatens you?" she asked. "What can I do in such an affair?"

Did she misunderstand me, or was she merely acting the woman's part? I wondered.

"I fear," I said, "I do not make myself clear. By life, dear lady, I mean happiness; they are the same to me."

"Then you have alarmed me unnecessarily," she replied; "I thought you in danger."

"And so I am," I urged.

"But you said——" and she paused.

"In danger," I continued, "of losing my happiness, which is my life."

Her hand was hanging loosely by her side. I seized it, and she did not withdraw it from my grasp.

"Dear lady," I said hurriedly, "to-night I gain or lose all that makes life worth living. And it is for you to say which. Since first I saw you I have loved you. Without the happiness which you can bring into my life I had as lief lose all. I have thought, I have longed . . . may I hope that——?"

But I did not finish, for her eyes caught mine, and her eyelids fell as she half turned her face away. I know not how 'twas done, but my blood surged wildly through my veins, and in an instant my lady was in my arms and our lips had met.

"And you loved me all the time?" I whispered.

"Could you not see?" she smiled, and a rich flush suffused her cheeks.

"But," she said suddenly, "you know full well the difficulties in our way. My father will never consent."

And then the thought of the Vicomte flashed before me. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "but plight me your word you will marry no one save me?"

She looked at me bravely, and I knew I could never do aught except love her, as she said—

"Never, dear."

"And if your father will never consent, will you, could you, brave his word?"

She smiled sweetly, and I guessed her answer before her lips opened.

"Am I not strong?" she asked.

And I answered not in words.

"But you must stay no longer now," she said quickly. "Lady Elizabeth and the Vicomte will return very soon; they have gone to dine with Lady Huntley. I was to have gone, too, but I pleaded a headache."

"Must I go?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And to-morrow?"

But she did not reply, for at that moment we heard the sound of wheels grating on the gravelled road, and immediately afterwards a hammering at the Manor door.

"Quick!" she said; "I fear you are too late even now."

The door of the room was closed. I caught hold of the handle and pulled, but in vain. Somehow the door stuck to the jambs, and I could not move it, pull as hard as I would. Lady Florence stood by, pale, but calm.

"The window," she said.

But it was too late, even if I had desired to escape by that means; for at this moment the door was pushed heavily from without and opened, admitting my Lord Stapleton.

Judge of his surprise at seeing me, instead of the favoured young Vicomte. He stood gazing at us, and speechless.

At last his tongue found words to utter.

"You, sir! What the ——?" But he could say no more.

I bowed low as I replied—

"It is my privilege, my lord. I may, perhaps, remind you that I called upon your Lordship yesterday in order to pay this visit."

He turned on me sharply, boiling with a half-suppressed rage.

"Leave this house!" he shouted. "Saucy jackanapes!"

I bowed again, for I could do no more. I looked at Lady Florence as she stood there calm and dignified; and as I gazed, suddenly she spoke, and her voice sounded soft but clear.

"My lord, this gentleman is a visitor beneath our roof, and with my consent."

"Go!" shouted Lord Stapleton to me, but I stood still listening.

"And I love him," continued Lady Florence.

"Go!" thundered Lord Stapleton once more.

And I went. For my heart beat as it never beat before. I would have given half my fortune to convert my lord into another man—one younger, and not the father of my lady.

Early the following morning I was extremely surprised to see my man Fritz riding

up to the inn door. It seemed that important matters immediately demanded my return to London, and Lord Marsden, to whom I had communicated my whereabouts, had sent Fritz to apprise me. I was full loth to leave the place near which my true love lived. But I knew that by leaving Fritz in my stead my affairs would be well looked after. For he was an extremely quick and handy fellow. Where he got his name from I do not know, for he was English. I had picked him up in Paris, where I had spent a considerable time some three years before, and soon discovered his worth.

When I reached London I found that affairs had not improved since I left, for the trained bands of London and Southwark were on foot in defence of the five members of Parliament whom the King had accused of high treason.

It was with great difficulty that I managed to settle my mind on the affairs that demanded my attention, for my thoughts were ever wandering back to Reading, and I longed at least to be near the desire of my life. And, although I knew full well it would be almost impossible now to convey a note to Lady Florence, I wrote what I fear was a somewhat lengthy letter and sent it to Fritz, urging him, if possible, to pass it into her hands. Two days elapsed, however, and I was about to return to Reading, although I had received communications from Fritz stating that nothing had arisen, when a messenger brought me a note from him to the effect that Lady Elizabeth, Lady Florence, her father, the Vicomte, and two maids, had left Carsley, travelling post. I longed to be moving, but I knew not where to go. So I waited restlessly for another day, and at last Fritz arrived, having witnessed the departure of all (save Lord Stapleton, who had returned to London) from Dover, bound for Calais.

I doubted not that my lady had been compelled to go on a visit to the Vicomte, and I feared considerable influence would be brought to bear upon her in order to arrange a marriage between them. My feelings at this sudden and desperate turn in my love affair were of the utmost consternation. In vain I racked my brain for a satisfactory solution of my difficulty, but always did I feel my impotence against the strength of my opponents. At last I saw that only one course could aid me, and, desperate though it was, I determined to take it. And so I resolved to follow the party to Calais, and

wherever else they might go, and if Lady Florence were willing, we would be married at Paris without her father's permission.

My preparations were soon made, and Fritz and I departed. When we reached Paris, Fritz discovered that the whole party had travelled straight on to the Vicomte's estate, which was situated somewhere near Tours, on the Loire. Before leaving Paris I looked up my friends and made the necessary arrangements for our possible marriage on my return. I was thus fully prepared in the event



"I managed to hiss out, 'Lady Florence!'"

of a successful issue to my further adventure.

At last we reached Tours and learned that the Château Montvert, the residence of the Vicomte de Berri, was some ten English miles away. We lodged at an inn at Tours, thinking it unsafe to live nearer our destination, and then hired fresh horses and rode to the Château.

From the edge of a wood that we skirted it first dawned upon our eyes. Situated at

the top of a high, rugged hill, which was surrounded by three little valleys, it could only be reached by a road which wriggled up from the village below. The hill was one of those peculiar formations of rock which have apparently been thrown up from the bowels of the earth, and its sides were in many places quite precipitous. The Château occupied the whole of the summit and was surrounded by an extremely high wall. With its old grey battlements and lichen-covered turrets it presented a charming picture and had doubtless borne the brunt of many a siege and attack; but it was terribly apparent that no one could enter it save by the proper road.

For several days we haunted the wood, not daring to enter the village, lest comment should be made on our appearance. Twice I caught sight of Lady Florence riding with the Vicomte and followed by several attendants. It was perfectly clear to me that the Vicomte was absolute lord of the countryside, and that whatever liberty my lady possessed was curtailed by the profusion of attendants who waited on her. I racked my brains in vain, searching for means of speaking to Lady Florence, or of obtaining entrance to the Château, and I was beginning to despair of any chance of success, when at last an idea struck me and I quickly imparted it to Fritz.

Both Fritz and I had good voices and some ability on certain instruments. I, moreover, had learnt several sleight-of-hand tricks from my friend, Lord Marsden, who had made a hobby of acquiring such dexterity. My plan was that we should disguise ourselves as travelling entertainers, visit the village, and trust to our success for securing an order from the Vicomte to visit

the Château and amuse my lady. Supposing we were successful, our further action could then be settled.

A couple of days sufficed to scour the country around and obtain the necessary elements of disguise and to learn some half-dozen French ditties, and the following morning two shabbily dressed men—one old, with flowing grey locks and somewhat halting in his walk, and the other young and agile—entered the village of Montvert

on foot, each carrying a bundle on his back. I think I could have braved the eyes of my friends at home and come safely through the ordeal without their discovering Sir James Waller in that senile wanderer with the dusty boots and doddering walk.

Our ruse proved successful. My tricks and our combined musical abilities formed so exceptional an entertainment that our reputation was carried to the Château by every villager who had occasion to go there. As I had anticipated and hoped, a messenger came to the humble house where we had lodged ourselves and practically commanded us to visit the Château the following day.

My heart beat wildly as I passed through the enormous gateway that afforded admittance to the Château, for 'twas here that the lady of my heart dwelt. We met the Vicomte in the courtyard, and after some few questions he led us into the hall, which was empty, and there he left us. A few moments passed and then I heard the rustle of a dress approaching. Yes, it was she; and she had almost passed the door before I managed to hiss out—

"Lady Florence!"

She turned quickly, and I as quickly added—

"'Tis I, Sir James. We are the travelling musicians. Will you leave this place with me and escape this hateful marriage? At Paris all can be settled."

She looked at me, pale and half-bewildered. But there was no time to waste, for I might not have another opportunity of speech with her.

"If you are willing to leave," I continued, "drop a flower on the ground after we have played to you, and persuade the Vicomte to let us stay here over to-morrow night."

A footstep fell near at hand, and the Vicomte entered.

He turned to Lady Florence and bowed.

"These men," he said, "will, I expect, amuse you, if you would care to hear them play or sing."

We bowed low before her.

"Shall we hear them this afternoon?" he continued.

"I shall be pleased," she replied.

And so they left us, afterwards ordering an attendant to look after our wants.

In the afternoon we played and sang before them, and, after finishing, my Lady Florence spoke aside to the Vicomte, with the result that we were ordered to be lodged in the Château. As she left the room a rose fell to the ground.

I soon formed my plans. Early on the morrow morning I despatched Fritz to Tours to arrange, by any means, for three horses to be in the woods near Montvert three hours after midnight, and I contrived to tell my Lady Florence to be ready at that hour.

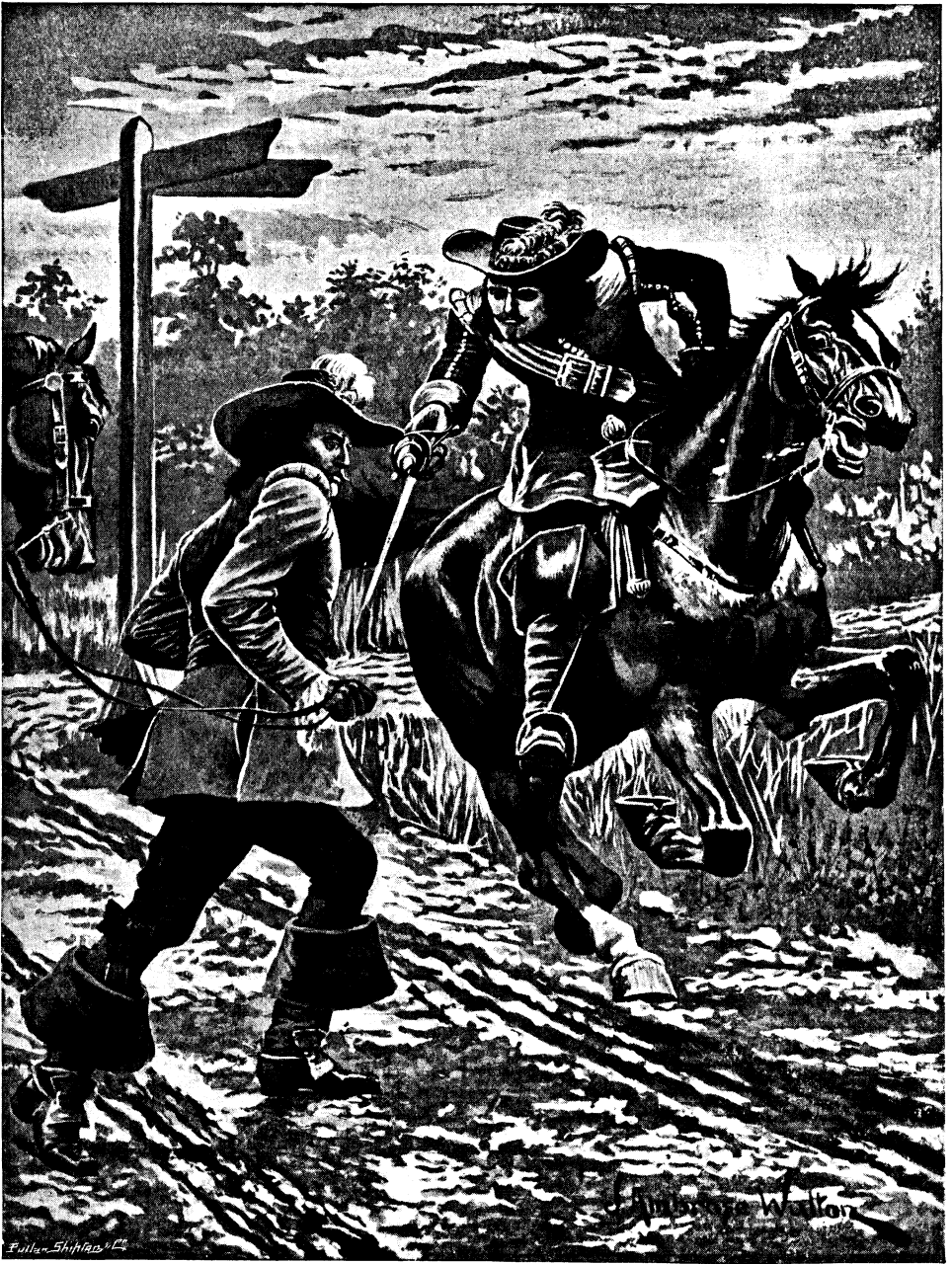
Fritz returned successful, bringing some violin strings in case an excuse were needed. We each carried daggers, but I hoped we should not require them. I had no sleep that night, and as the hour of our attempt approached I became more and more restless. The whole of the Château seemed deep in slumber; I knew that, at most, there were but two or three watchers.

At the appointed hour I crept along the corridor in the direction of Lady Florence's room, and as I emerged into the inner quadrangle, to my great joy I saw her figure moving silently by the wall in the pale moonlight. I kissed her hand as it grasped mine and we passed swiftly along.

At the entrance to the Château a man was pacing up and down. Whilst my lady waited by the archway, Fritz and I advanced stealthily and suddenly fell upon this sentinel. Before he could recover I had gagged his mouth and Fritz had bound his arms and legs. Our path was now clear. With difficulty we opened the gate, but suddenly the sound of a bell broke upon the stillness of the air. It only rang twice, for I quickly turned round and discovered that the man we had bound and laid near the wall had wriggled his way to a rope close by, which was attached to a small bell. Hastily I pushed him away, and cursing our oversight, which was likely to cost us dearly, we ran our quickest down the Château road.

At the appointed place we found two men with our horses, which we lost no time in mounting. At least we should have a good start before the Vicomte and his party could discover our course. Often I looked at my lady, and my heart was joyous and light, for she smiled sweetly at me in spite of our extremity. The sun was just rising and dispelling the darkness of the night. The air was fresh and invigorating. Success seemed to smile on our efforts.

We had ridden some eight miles, and had not yet reached Tours, when my lady's horse suddenly went lame. There was no time to lose, so Fritz changed horses with her, and I gave him instructions as to where he would be able to find us in Paris. I knew he could well look after himself. And so we two rode on. We skirted Tours, and had gone some seven or eight miles further on,



"He would have settled all matters of this world for me."

when we were once more brought to a standstill. The devil seemed to be in the horses. I had never heard the like before. My beast stumbled and well nigh threw me off, but instead of taking no notice of such an incident like any rational animal, he limped along in a like fashion to my lady's first

steed. We proceeded some little way thus, but we had to stop again as we neared a village, the name of which I never learnt. We had lost considerable time now, and I determined to venture into the village with the hope of getting a fresh horse.

I left my lady in a little wood, where

she consented to await my return, and, leading my horse, went forward to try my fortune once more. Having cut through a corner of the wood, I found myself on the road again, but I had gone barely some thirty paces when a horseman rushed at me. I was taken absolutely by surprise, for the wood had prevented me hearing his galloping before. It was the Vicomte. He could not stop his horse for some distance, but he had recognised me in passing, for I had discarded my disguise.

I awaited his return, for I could do nothing else.

"St. Denis!" he ejaculated, as he reached me. "At last! And you! I guessed it!"

He had drawn his sword, and had I not swerved round in time he would soon have settled all matters of this world for me.

"Where is Lady Florence?" he cried, with a sudden pause in his onset.

"Monsieur," I replied, "I have the honour to be in her service."

He looked at me sharply.

"And I?" he queried.

"Serve my Lord Stapleton, her father."

A cloud seemed to pass over his face.

"'Tis true," he said quietly; "but I would serve her. And it must be settled now," he added quickly; "'tis either you or I!"

He dismounted from his horse and drew his sword. I held my dagger, my only weapon, in my hand.

"Our weapons are unequal, Sir James," he said, and coolly snapped his sword across his knee and proceeded to bind a thick kerchief round the short end.

I felt a pang of shame when I recognised the soul of honour that he was, for I knew I must be much more of an adept with the dagger than he, as I had often played with it in a fencing-school in London.

"Monsieur," I said, "had you behaved as honourably towards Lady Florence as you are now acting towards me——"

"Yes—yes," he said hastily; "but we must settle this matter now! Our weapons, at least, are equal."

We were face to face, and I could see the passion in his features. He looked stronger and heavier than I, and this would count for much in a struggle; but I was the more agile.

For several minutes we succeeded in escaping each other, but at last the Vicomte seized both my wrists, and it was with the

greatest difficulty that I shook free of him again. He was certainly the stronger. I dodged and darted, hoping to tire him, but he was almost as quick as I, although once I scratched him on the arm—rather deeply, I afterwards discovered.

Presently he caught my wrists again, and I saw his sword-point within an ace of my heart. I thought this was the end, when suddenly I fell to the ground, dragging him with me. His grip was loosened in our fall, and with a final effort I shook him off and sprang to my feet.

He was up and at me again in a flash, but my dagger caught him well in the shoulder. For several moments more he made a dogged fight of it, but the loss of blood was too much for him, and he fell to the ground.

I bound up his wound as he lay there, half swooning, and staunching the flow of the blood, and then turned to fetch my Lady Florence. She was still waiting beneath the trees where I had left her, and I quickly informed her of what had occurred. The Vicomte had somewhat recovered when I returned to him, and seeing that he was in no immediate danger I mounted his horse, and my Lady Florence and I rode on to the village, promising to send him every assistance. This we did, and then continued our journey with the utmost speed, for though the Vicomte had outdistanced his attendants, the time we had recently lost must have brought those who followed their master very near to him by now. At last, well-nigh exhausted, we arrived safely at Paris, and our marriage was witnessed by several of my friends of earlier days. When my Lord Stapleton heard of the matter, he threatened and fumed terribly, but State affairs soon claimed his close attention; and when he was once more free to proceed with his revenge, the birth of our son and heir had somewhat mollified his resentment, and he was eventually reconciled to our union by the entreaties of my dear lady.

And often now in the evening of a summer's day, when I sit beneath the trees with a dear hand in mine, and we both watch the varying shades in the sky as the sun falls down in the distance, I turn and gaze at my lady, who smiles as in the old times when she sees my glance; and my thoughts fly back to that morning when we rode so hastily through the wood in the dim, pale light of a rising summer sun, and I know what the joy of this world is.

SOUTH AFRICAN METHODS OF TRAVEL.

DESCRIBED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY
NEVILLE EDWARDS.

THE methods of travel employed in different countries vary as much as the countries themselves. Nowhere, however, are they more interesting than in South Africa, owing to the peculiar circumstances which account for their existence. For instance, time is as little an object to the Boer now as it was two hundred years ago; roads outside of the towns are still, practically speaking, as bad as they were then; the fast-moving horse remains as

A visitor from England can now step from his ship on to the train at Cape Town and find himself in a sort of Pullman corridor car, in which a journey into the comparative desolation of the interior is by no means an unpleasant experience. 'Tis true that the speed is not excessive. Your train which leaves for the north at nine o'clock at night only gets to Matjesfontein in time for breakfast at eight the next morning, though the distance is but 157 miles.



IN THE MARKET SQUARE, KIMBERLEY.

liable as ever to the horse-sickness which is such a plague of the country—hence, as a result of all these circumstances combined, the South African ox-wagon. This, the pioneer method of travel in that country, is still very largely used by thousands of people in all those parts where the iron horse has not penetrated; for a glance at the map of South Africa shows that the railways are as yet few and far between, being almost confined to the trunk lines, and that there are large tracts where the country's own peculiar methods of travel are of necessity used.

To go from one large town to another, as from Cape Town to Johannesburg or Kimberley, is, of course, simple enough.

At this point it dawns on the average traveller, on his first South African rail journey, how excellent are the Cape Government Railways, notwithstanding their slowness. When he looks out of the carriage windows, and sees that all the verdure and luxuriant vegetation which make Cape Town such a beautiful place, together with almost every trace of civilisation, have given place to the barren desolation of the Karoo; when hour succeeds hour, and no variation comes to the eternal monotony of raw, red country, blank and barren, save for the tiny, withered sage bushes growing here and there; when darkness at length closes down, and still no improvement comes in his surroundings, as



A CAPE CART ABOUT TO CROSS A TYPICAL TRANSVAAL STREAM, THE SCHOONSPRUIT, KLERKSDORP, TRANSVAAL.

he switches on the electric light, and the attendant comes to prepare his bunk for the night, he by then appreciates to the full the comforts provided by this admirable service.

The first class carriages have, about half-

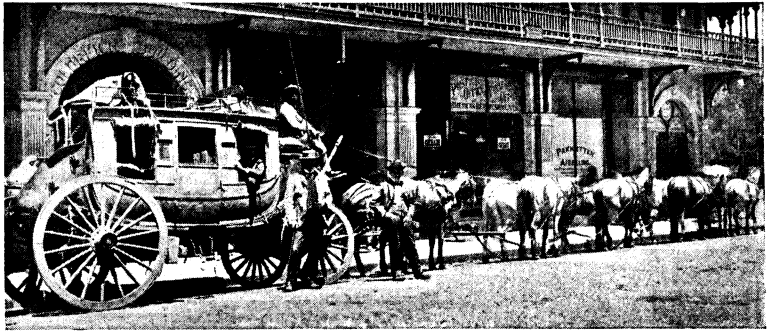
to European ideas, a journey from Cape Town to Johannesburg, or *vice versa*, though it is 1,015 miles, and takes forty-eight hours, is by some considered as rather a restful change than otherwise. The type of carriages

way up the back of the seat, a bunk, which folds flat during the daytime, and can be let down bracket fashion for sleeping purposes at night. In the ordinary compartment there are therefore two bunks on each side, the lower ones being the ordinary seats. The second class carriages are almost exactly the same, excepting that each side has three bunks instead of two. Fortunately, the springs of the carriages are very good, so, as the pace is slow, according



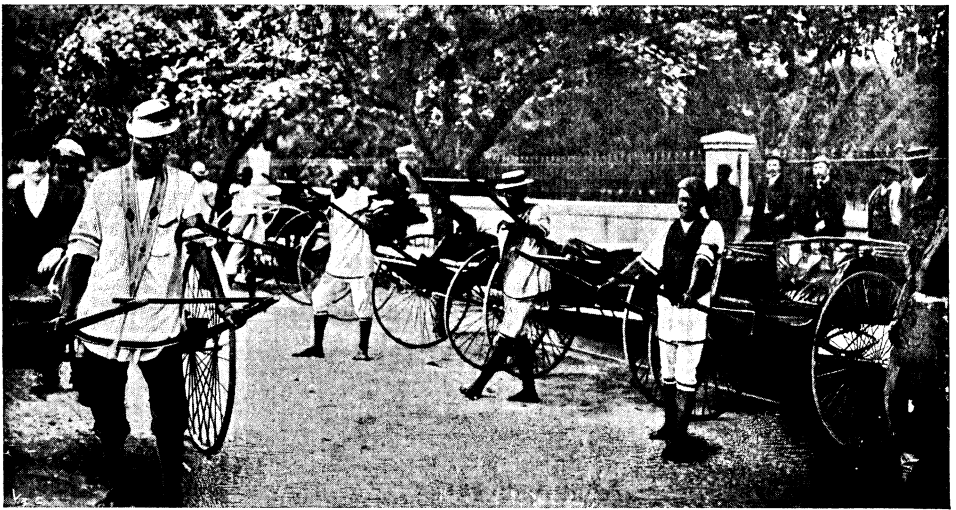
BOER OX-WAGONS CROSSING THE LIMPOPO RIVER.

can be seen from the photograph of a train leaving Johannesburg. A feature of the train are the open platforms at the ends, which form a means of agreeable variation from one's compartment. These platforms are the great smoking and meeting places of the men, so that on a long journey in socially inclined South Africa it



THE MAFeking COACH.

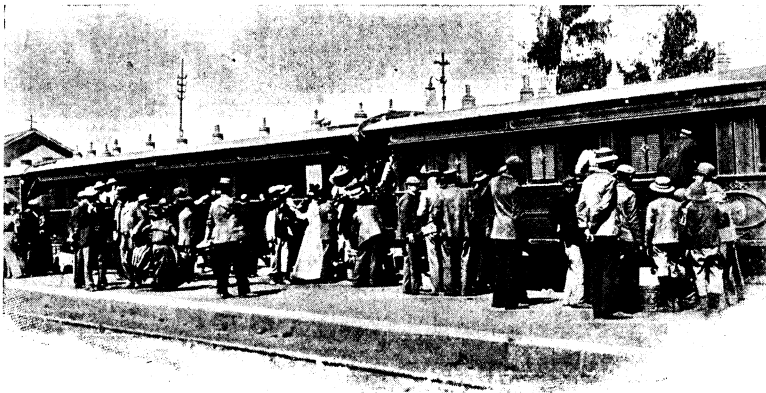
It is partly because of the comforts of the rail travelling that one notices so much more



JINRICKSHAWS AT DURBAN.

often happens that nearly all the passengers become acquainted.

the discomforts of coaching, should one's destination happen to lie away from the



THE CAPE TRAIN LEAVING JOHANNESBURG.

track of the civilising locomotive. Most of the smaller towns in South Africa have to be contented with such communication as is afforded by coach or post-cart. Indeed, until comparatively recently, it was the only means of getting to world-famed Johannesburg; as for a long time the Transvaal's extraordinary Boer



JOHANNESBURG DURING A SANDSTORM.

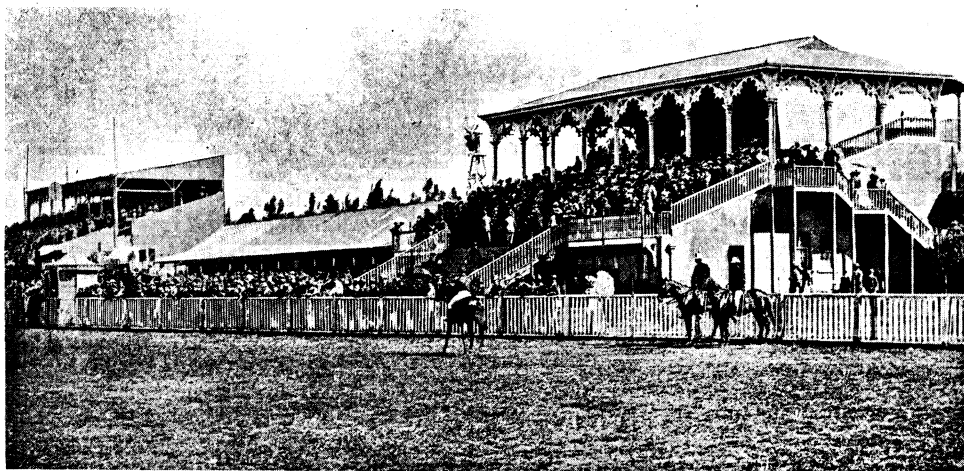
Government refused to allow a railway, lest it should injure their faithful burghers and prevent them from blackmailing the unfortunate Uitlanders with their charges for transport.

"The good old coaching days," as spoken of by our grandfathers, must have an enormous amount of enchantment lent them by distance, if they entailed anything approaching the quantity of solid discomfort experienced by a coach traveller in South Africa. It looks as if a journey in a vehicle such as is to be seen in the photograph on page 693 would be most enjoyable. In place of the four-in-hand, we have here ten-in-hand, and on some occasions a still greater number are employed; while, by way of suggesting a circus procession the more completely, one recollects to have seen the same

type of coach in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. The disadvantages of the contrivance, however, become apparent when you get inside and find yourself one of a party of twelve all packed as closely as the proverbial herrings in a barrel. Possibly the coach proprietors think that the closer the packing, the less risk of breakage; anyhow, your arms are squeezed tight into your sides by the people next you, while your legs can only be found room for by being dovetailed, like the stones in Smeaton's Lighthouse, into those of the man in front. If it is remembered that for some malevolent reason the hour for starting is almost invariably fixed at about 4 a.m., when very often not even a cup of coffee is obtainable, and that breakfast is so movable a feast that you may get it at six, you may get it at eleven, or you



KAFFIRS TRAMPING TO WORK AT THE GOLDFIELDS.

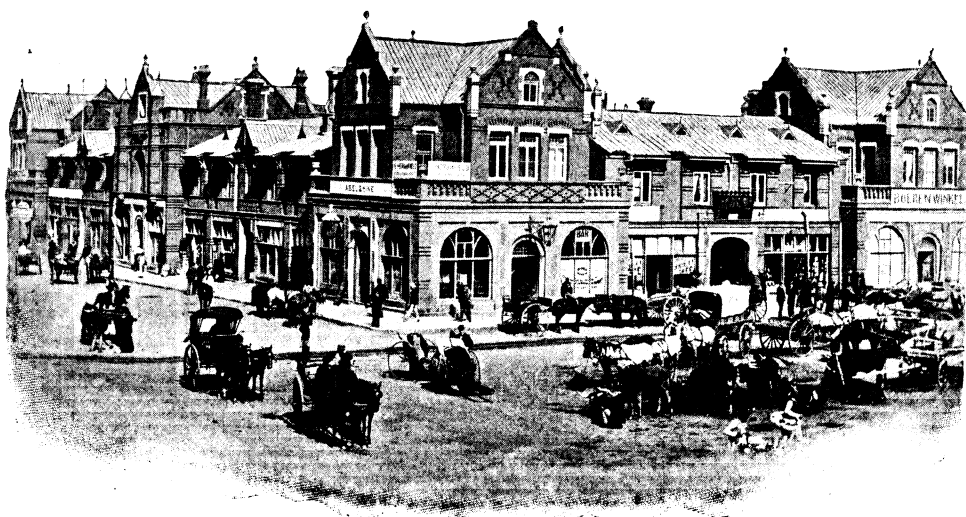


THE RACECOURSE, JOHANNESBURG.

may not get it at all—for when the meal is partaken of at two in the afternoon, you are apt to regard it as lunch—I think the charge of discomfort is very fairly made out. Certainly a verdict in accordance with the evidence will be given when it comes to either travelling all night with your weary head nearly rolling off your shoulders as the awful jolts temporarily arouse into consciousness your overtired frame, or else being victimised by that ancient fraud, the coach which offers the inducement of “No night travelling.” This usually means stopping at some filthy Boer outspan about midnight, and then, just when your need of sleep has even got the better of the vermin with

which the place abounds, “Toot-a-toot!” goes the coach-horn, and it is 4 a.m. and time to start again.

In the daytime coaching is, of course, not quite so bad, there being just a spice of not too dangerous adventure about it to make it attractive. Where a big river such as the Vaal or the Limpopo has to be crossed, if there is no bridge the coach and all its horses are ferried over in a punt, if the river is too deep for fording. With smaller streams a drift has to be chosen that is shallow enough to allow of driving through. It is generally here, if anywhere, that the spice of adventure comes. There may have been heavy rain up country,



CAPE CARTS, JINRICKSHAWS, BOER RIDING-HORSES, OUTSIDE MARKET BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG.

and suddenly the tiny stream may be converted into a roaring torrent that comes down a solid wall of water, sweeping away everything in its resistless path. On more than one occasion it has happened that coaches have been caught in this way and all the passengers and animals drowned. If the river is already swollen, the choice is presented of either waiting on its banks for days or even weeks for it to subside, or else braving its terrors by entering the swirling torrent. A fight for life this sometimes means.

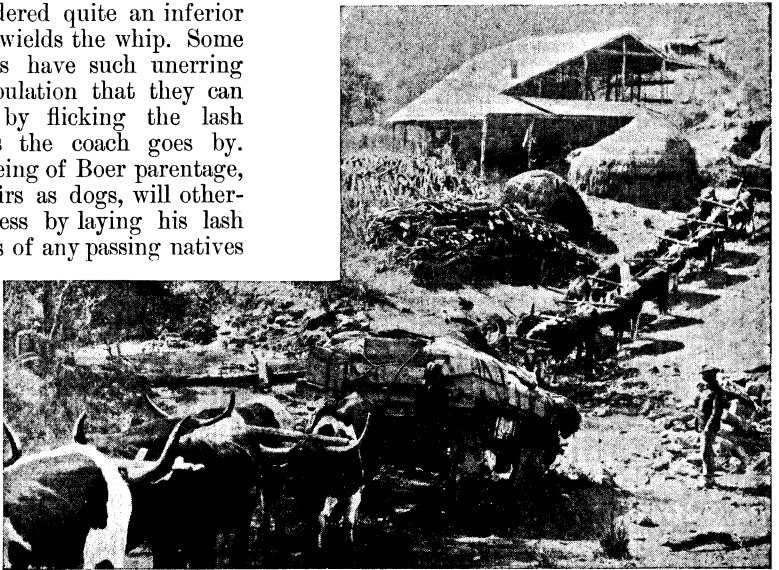
On such occasions the driver's flow of language is only equalled by the unceasing way he plies his murderous fishing-rod-like whip on the unfortunate beasts. It should be mentioned, by the way, that every coach has at least two drivers, the one who holds the reins being considered quite an inferior being to the one who wields the whip. Some of these whip-wielders have such unerring precision in its manipulation that they can actually catch birds by flicking the lash round their necks as the coach goes by. The average driver, being of Boer parentage, and so regarding Kaffirs as dogs, will otherwise exhibit his prowess by laying his lash across the naked backs of any passing natives who do not swerve out of the road beyond his cruel reach.

These Kaffirs, tramping as they do for hundreds of miles, in their journeys to and from work at the gold-fields, exhibit the method of travel principally practised by the native (see photo on page 694). Even when there is a railway available the Kaffir prefers to walk. He cheerfully sets out on a two weeks' journey with scarcely enough provisions for two days; and consequently arrives at the end of his long tramp so utterly worn out and emaciated that the mining company employing his services have to give him a fortnight's food and rest before he can do any work.

In respect of walking, the Kaffir's ideas are in very marked contrast to those of the Boer. The latter looks down on anyone who walks. His notions of travel are of two kinds—either by horse or by ox-wagon. On his shaggy old horse—which cannot trot, and is not enthusiastic enough to gallop, but performs a peculiar action of its own called “trip-

pling,” that looks as if the animal's legs were continually getting tied into knots—the Boer will accomplish some most astonishing distances. He will keep up a daily average of sixty or eighty miles for weeks together; hence the explanation of the wonderful mobility he has displayed in the war.

His other method of travel, the ox-wagon, is, however, his standard of perfection. His wagon is to the Boer something more than a mere travelling conveyance. It is his house on wheels, where he, his *wrouw*, and his *kinderen* can live as much at home as in the hovel he calls his house. It will be readily understood that a wagon does become a home when journeys of hundreds of miles are undertaken, and that ten miles



BREAKDOWN OF A BOER TRANSPORT WAGON.

only constitutes an average journey *for a whole day*. In fact, it is a very good average, especially in the rainy season, when breakdowns are frequent.

When used for transport purposes, as much as 6,000 or 7,000 pounds weight will be loaded into a single wagon; consequently, if a wheel gets stuck in a hole, as in the photo on this page, or the wagon sinks to the axle-trees in a bog, getting it out again is a very serious matter—that is, unless there are other transport riders near, from whom the Boer can borrow spans of oxen to assist his own (the ordinary span, it should be noted, consists of sixteen or eighteen oxen). Then follows a scene which resembles Bedlam let loose. Half a dozen of these spans are fastened to one



AN UP-COUNTRY JOURNEY.

wagon, and when as many Boers are all thrashing, swearing, and yelling at the swaying herd of unfortunate beasts, who have not the sense to pull together, it beggars description.

Such an amount of power applied to one vehicle would be thought enough to drag it to pieces; but South African vehicles are generally a match for the roads they have to encounter. The post-cart, to which reference has been made, the vehicle which brings the mail and passengers to those places which are too small for even a coach, seldom proves itself unequal to the strain. This form of conveyance is a two-wheeled structure capable of holding four people,

all facing the same way, with a hood that can be raised over them to keep off sun or rain. For post-cart purposes, these "Cape carts," as they are otherwise called, are usually drawn by four to six horses. With two horses they form the ordinary cabs, such as are to be seen plying for hire in towns like Johannesburg and Pretoria. The former place has, however, a few hansoms that look as if they had been dropped down out of Piccadilly Circus. In this respect Johannesburg is a great contrast to Cape Town, which possesses a breed of hansom of its own, a creature with a yellow body, and a name painted on its side as though it were a yacht.



TRAMS IN JOHANNESBURG.

Durban, again, is different from all the rest, for here the horse-drawn vehicles have been almost driven from the streets, not, however, by the automobile, but by the handy little jinrickshaws which swarm everywhere. Directly you appear at your door, the Kaffir owners of these rush to secure your patronage. It is amusing to see the way they lovingly pat the seats as they say, "Me very good boy, baas," and further volunteer information to the effect that you are their "Chief!" and "Great Father."

A "WINDSOR" FOREWORD.

SIX Christmas Numbers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE have now been given to the world, each in turn eclipsing not only its immediate predecessors, but also its most formidable rivals, alike in size, in style, and in supreme importance of contents. Several seasons back, in reviewing all the current Christmas Numbers, a leading daily paper showed in diagram form that the WINDSOR gave a third more value in total letterpress and illustrations than its nearest competitor. This brilliant record has since been still further enhanced, but it has been reserved for the SEVENTH of these wonderful numbers to establish

A NEW RECORD IN MAGAZINE ENTERPRISE.

Some preliminary idea of the magnitude of the undertaking may be gained from the announcement that this

Magnificent Double Christmas Number,

and the new Volume which it inaugurates, will include contributions from :—

RUDYARD KIPLING

IAN MACLAREN

ROBERT BARR

ETHEL TURNER

E. P. OPPENHEIM

GUY BOOTHBY

HALL CAINE

GILBERT PARKER

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

MRS. F. A. STEEL

RICHARD MARSH

MAX PEMBERTON

CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

The contribution by **RUDYARD KIPLING** will be found to be a long story, the first to be published after the author's much-discussed "Kim," which the doubled size of the number fortunately enables to be given complete. It is a dramatic narrative of absorbing interest dealing with the war in South Africa, upon which it delivers a kind of "last word" of criticism. Two other stories from Mr. Kipling's pen will follow in ensuing numbers of the new volume. -

In the January number will be found the opening instalment of a powerful new story by **HALL CAINE**, dealing with a problem of universal importance to modern humanity, but brightened by the interweaving of a tenderly beautiful love-interest.

Prominent among other special features will be found the sequel to the now famous history of "Thompson's Progress," from the pen of Thompson's vivid yet veracious chronicler, **CUTCLIFFE HYNE**, who has in this series outdone even his own celebrated "Captain Kettle" narratives.

In all this splendid abundance of fiction by **THE GREAT NOVELISTS**, however, the world of fact will not be forgotten, for it is intended that the special articles, of which it is too early to divulge the remarkable novelty as yet, shall prove, even more completely than hitherto, the most varied, the most entertaining, and the most instructive that enterprise and expenditure can command. In form the Christmas issue will be

A SUPERB DOUBLE NUMBER,

printed for the most part on a special art paper, in the interests of the distinguished artists whose services have been laid under tribute for the purpose of establishing a new record in the illustrating of contemporary magazine literature.



THE HEART OF A MYSTERY.

BY L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE.*

NO. VI.—THE LOST SQUARE.

JUST about this time I lost a considerable sum of money, and from being a man with abundant means I became a comparatively poor one. This misfortune was doubtless a blessing in disguise, for it aroused me from concentrating all my thoughts on my own miserable condition. In the future I must work hard to live and must no longer play with work. My post as secretary to Sir James Noel was no longer, for many reasons, to my taste. I liked Sir James, but both he and I agreed that he would do better with a secretary who was less hampered—in short, a total stranger, who knew nothing about either Mademoiselle or Senhor Pinheiro, would be more to his purpose. I accordingly left him and took lodgings in an unfashionable part of Kensington.

Pinheiro returned to Lisbon, to his work there, and Mademoiselle was, to all appearance, lost to us both. We concluded that she must, in some marvellous way, have contrived to escape from England, and I sincerely hoped that I should never be troubled by her again.

Hard and honest and unceasing work brought back my lost nerve. I was no longer harrowed by the terror of secret assassination. As a poor man I was delightfully unimportant, and I turned all my attention and all my thoughts to the one thing for which I had a special talent. We most of us possess one ability to a sufficient degree to make a living by means of it if necessary, and my talent was an extraordinary one. I could, from my very earliest years, solve almost any acrostic or enigma that was put before me. Even as a child I remember giving the solutions to all the acrostics which appeared in the magazines, and also making quite a nice income by securing the prizes which were offered for the right answers.

Six months, therefore, after I had lost my money and resigned my post as Sir James Noel's secretary, I became one of the constructors of codes and ciphers for the Government, and also received employment from several large commercial firms. I was busy and well paid. My life was practically a new one. I resolved to live it with enthusiasm and contentment, and, if possible, to forget the past.

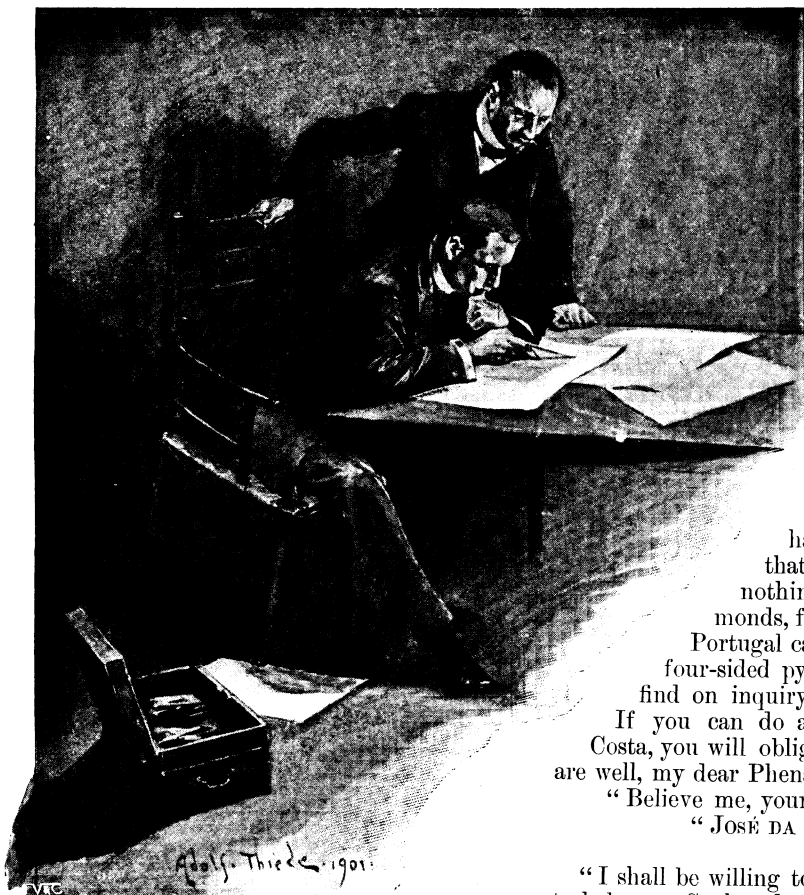
But alas! the past in cases like mine is seldom really forgotten and seldom safely buried. I was once again to be subjected to the cruel machinations of a deadly foe.

On a certain evening in January, I was just finishing my early tea, when a servant entered the room to say that a foreign gentleman had called and wished to see me at once. Wondering who my visitor was, I told the man to show him in, and rose from the tea-table to receive him.

The next moment there entered a short, but well-built man, of a swarthy complexion. He made a low bow when he saw me, and held his silk hat in his hand.

"I must ask your pardon, Senhor Phenays, for calling upon you at this hour; but my business happens to be of great importance. I bring you a letter from Senhor José da Fondeva Pinheiro. He asked me to call upon you as soon as ever I got to town."

* Copyright, 1901, by L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace, in the United States of America.



"I covered several sheets of paper with my figures."

The man spoke perfect English, but with a marked foreign pronunciation, and with a curious movement of the lips.

"Indeed," I answered, with eagerness, "I shall always be pleased to welcome any friend of Pinheiro's. Have you the letter with you?"

"Yes, senhor, here it is."

He handed me a letter written in the well known characters of my friend. It ran as follows :—

"MY DEAR PHENAYS,—The bearer, Senhor da Costa, a native of Lisbon and a friend of mine, has just been to see me in connection with a document and diagram which he believes to be of great value. I have translated the old Portuguese for him, and it refers to the diagram. Both document and diagram are of undoubted antiquity, and seem to be a sort of old cipher or puzzle. I know

nothing about such matters, and it occurred to me that, as this is very much in your line, I would send him to you. Even if you cannot do anything with the diagram, you will be entitled to charge a fee for your trouble. In the old Portuguese writing occur the words 'Casa dos diamantes,' which literally means 'The house of diamonds.' Da Costa

has told me, however, that the expression has nothing to do with diamonds, for the stonemasons in

Portugal call a stone cut into a four-sided pyramid 'diamante.' I find on inquiry that this is the case.

If you can do anything to help Da Costa, you will oblige me. Trusting you are well, my dear Phenays,

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

"JOSÉ DA FONDECA PINHEIRO."

"I shall be willing to do all in my power to help you, Senhor da Costa," I said, "but I fear the foreign cipher will be outside my range of observation."

"I sincerely hope not, senhor. Senhor Pinheiro asked me to come to you, as the best man for the purpose in the whole of London."

"Let me see your diagram," was my answer to this.

"I have not got it with me," he replied. "And, before I subject it to your examination, I must ask you to swear that, if you succeed in deciphering it, you will not divulge the solution to a single soul. I believe it to be of extreme importance, and it is only because I cannot solve it myself that I am bound to run the risk of entrusting it to the confidence of a stranger."

"Your secret shall be respected by me," I answered, "provided, of course, that it is a harmless one."

"It is absolutely harmless, Mr. Phenays."

"Where am I to see the cipher?"

"In my rooms. I have apartments in a house in Bloomsbury. Can you come now?"

"Certainly."

"Come along, then. My cab is at the door; we shall be there in less than half an hour."

He spoke little as we drove along, and presently the cab stopped at one of the large old houses in a street leading out of Bloomsbury Square.

Senhor da Costa paid the driver and opened the door with a latch-key. He ushered me into a dimly lit and dingy hall, the floor of which was bare of mat or carpet. The staircase was also bare, and sloped up in naked ugliness into the darkness above. Our footsteps rang loud on the uncarpeted stairs. When we reached the first floor, Da Costa threw open the door of a big room.

"Excuse me for a moment, Mr. Phenays," he said. "I will fetch the document and join you."

As soon as I was alone I glanced round the room. It was badly and scantily furnished. A faded carpet covered the floor, and cheap prints hung upon the walls. The only light was from a kerosene lamp which stood on the table in the middle of the room. This lamp smelt horribly and added to the sense of depression which stole over me. A thousand unanswered questions floated through my brain. Who was Da Costa, and what was this mysterious cipher? What was this mystery of mysteries which I was asked to unravel? Had it not been for Pinheiro's letter, I should have had nothing whatever to do with the Portuguese. But Pinheiro had said that he was a friend of his, and had asked me to help him. I had no doubt for a moment of the genuineness of the letter which had been handed to me, as coming from my friend. The handwriting was the same, the heading to the paper that which I so well remembered. Yes, I need not be alarmed. Pinheiro was the last man on earth to lead me into a dangerous or unworthy adventure.

Da Costa came briskly in, produced an old tin box, and proceeded to open it. From the box he drew a parchment, yellow and stained with age. This he unfolded and carefully smoothed out. I bent over it with much curiosity. Upon it, in the form of a square, was some faded manuscript, of which not a single word was legible to me. The writing was enclosed in a number of dots or points. These points were joined by connecting lines, forming small squares. In some cases, however, the lines were missing, giving an irregular appearance to the whole;

but whether this was owing to age having erased them, or to the whim of the original designer, it was impossible to say.

"Now," said Da Costa, "I will read the translation of the writing by Senhor Pinheiro. He assures me that it is quite literal and true. Listen!" He read aloud in a sonorous voice:—

"They say that I am mad—that my wealth has made me mad. I am prevented thus from following the desire of my heart. You, my dearest friend, whom I love, shall receive all. I am dying, yet I fear to write where they are, lest this paper should fall into the hands of strangers and those who hate me. Therefore, I show here how you may receive all. You remember our secret studies. You, and you alone, can read this map, so it is thus safe. They lie at the sixty-fifth square of the House of Pyramids. Your beloved friend. Pray for my soul."

"This is very interesting," I said. "It sounds like some letter or dying instructions to the person addressed."

"Oh! it strikes you like that, does it?" he answered. "Kindly say what you think of the cipher, and if you see any possibility of the solution."

I examined it very carefully, and then, asking for a pair of compasses and some paper, I systematically set to work to apply to the diagram every process that I knew relating to such class of enigma, both diagrammatical and mathematical. I covered several sheets of paper with my figures. The Portuguese watched my every movement with almost embarrassing attention. I could arrive at no result, and at the end of an hour I leant back in my chair and had to confess that for the present I was baffled.

"Am I at liberty to inquire how the document came into your possession?" I asked.

"You are not," was his short reply.

"I mean this," I said hotly, for his manner began to irritate me. "You ask me here to solve what is an extremely abstruse conundrum, and which, for all I know, may have no solution. I cannot tell whether you are hiding anything from me that would help me to a solution. It may be necessary for your purpose to do this; if so, and if you cannot give me any further help, I am afraid I shall never succeed in discovering this mysterious sixty-fifth square, for this is evidently the key to the problem."

"Then you think it is insoluble?"

"I do not say that at all; there are very

few ciphers which the ingenuity of man has constructed that the ingenuity of man, in time, cannot solve, provided, of course, that there is a solution."

"You have solved a good many in your life, Mr. Phenays, I take it?"

"Yes," I replied. "I have, and constructed a good many, too."

"Suppose you saw the real thing—say the surface of the building or the room to which this might apply—would you have a better chance?"

"Very much better. Indeed, I think I might almost guarantee to discover the solution; but I should not like to swear."

He sat biting his fingers, regarding me fixedly for a few minutes.

"Are you a busy man, Mr. Phenays?" he asked at last.

"Yes, I am. Why?"

"I mean, could you get away for about a week now?"

"No, that would be impossible," I said, remembering my work.

"But if I make it worth your while?"

I looked at him in astonishment.

"I am afraid I don't understand you. Senhor da Costa," was my answer. "And I must confess that the whole of to-night's business is extremely mysterious to me. I don't know if Senhor Pinheiro told you that I am a man with a great deal of business to transact. I am employed, not only by several firms, but also by the Government, on matters of great importance. Were I to throw up my present employment, I should lose a position which it is essential to me to retain. To put it shortly, I should lose my livelihood."

"Will an absence of a week mean this?" he asked.

"It would be very inconvenient to leave home at present," was my reply.

"Then may I ask what sum would make it convenient?"

I did not answer for a moment. I was short of funds, and a debt, which, owing to my recent losses, I had been unable to meet, loomed unpleasantly on the horizon. The present opportunity was, therefore, not to be despised.

"Senhor Pinheiro mentioned that you were the sort of man to give valuable assistance in an emergency like this," said the Portuguese, speaking slowly and with many pauses. "He was much interested in this matter. You may help him by coming to our aid. Will you do it?"

"I should require the sum of eight

hundred pounds," I said at last. "If you will agree to this, and if you will let me have the money down before I leave England, I shall be at your service."

A long silence followed my words. My strange companion regarded me fixedly. The cheap ormolu clock on the mantelpiece ticked away incessantly—that was the only sound in the room.

"Suppose I were to consent to give you that sum, Mr. Phenays," he said at last, "what guarantee will you give me that you will not at the last moment cry off and desert me?"

"I will give you the word of an English gentleman," I answered; "and I only make one reservation. If I find, in what I am about to do, anything underhand, or criminal, or against the laws of my own country, I return to England at once."

He gave a short laugh. "Pooh! You Englishmen are all alike—always suspicious. But would you not be content to receive the money at the conclusion of the business?"

"No, I shall require it in Bank of England notes before I go."

Again there was silence.

"I cannot do that," he said at last, slowly. "I have not so much money with me. You must consider my position, and the risk I am running. Your solution may, after all, be incorrect; and if correct, it may lead to nothing. Come, I will make you a fair offer. I will hand you three hundred pounds before we start."

"Where do we go?" I asked.

"To Lisbon."

"Then I shall see Pinheiro again?" I said.

"You will. Your friend will be waiting to receive you. You see for yourself that you are very largely paid for a matter which is not dangerous to you, and does not occupy many days of your time."

"Very well," I answered; "I will go with you. I will be satisfied to receive three hundred pounds in advance, and the remaining five hundred pounds on the completion of this business. That is," I added, "provided your explanation of this affair is satisfactory to me."

"Is that also an indispensable condition?" he asked.

"I do not agree without it," I replied.

"Then I will tell you. Give me your hand and word of honour."

I held out my hand. "You have already had my word," I said; "an Englishman does not repeat himself."

"Very well," he said. "Now listen." He bent eagerly forward, his swarthy face was flushed, and his eyes glistened. "Do you know Lisbon?"

"Yes," I said.

He looked startled for a moment, then he said slowly, "I forgot; you are a friend of Pinheiro's. Lisbon is that great detective's headquarters. Knowing our city, you will understand the better the description I am going to give you."

He bent forward, lowering his voice and fixing his somewhat prominent black eyes on my face.

"In Lisbon," said Da Costa, "there is a certain house. It is the oldest in the city, and is called the Casa dos Bicos. It was built about 1490 by a very rich and eccentric man—indeed, there is little doubt that he was mad. Now, 'Bico' in Portuguese means a point, and it derives its name from the fact that the front is bristling with quadrangular pyramids of stone, each terminating in a point. Upon each point, and there are over seven hundred, this man intended to set a diamond. But the work was stopped by the Government, as there would then have been a richer house in Lisbon than the Royal Palace. Lisbon was at that time a great commercial emporium, full of wealthy merchants, living in great luxury, excess, and extravagance. The man in question was one of these. The house had withstood no less than six great earthquakes. The great one of 1531, which lasted for fifty days; four more earthquakes in that terrible century; and, finally, the greatest of all in 1755, which destroyed half the city. The strange story of the diamond craze had been little credited, and was, indeed, almost forgotten, when this document was discovered by Senhora Lello Mendez, the present owner, and the direct descendant of the builder of the house. It is on her behalf I am now employed. There are documents and receipts proving conclusively that this man had in the house over seven hundred Brazilian diamonds of the finest water, and when he died, their whereabouts could never be traced. I believe this paper to be the key. With your aid we might read the cipher contained therein, and if so—if—" his voice trembled audibly—"the Senhora Lello Mendez will be the richest woman in Europe, and—I know her well—she will not forget us."

I gave a gasp as he ceased speaking.

"Your story astonishes me, Senhor da

Costa," I said. "Supposing the diamonds are found, what do you reckon their value will be?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Anything you like. I don't suppose less than half a million sterling."

"And where is this lady now?"

"In Lisbon."

"Does Senhor Pinheiro know her?"

"Very well indeed. In fact, he is working in this matter in her behalf."

"Really?"

I had a passing moment of wonder that my friend had not written straight to me through the post.



"He filled in a cheque for the required amount."

Da Costa seemed to read my thoughts.

"I saw Pinheiro just before I started," he said. "I travelled day and night. The mail could not come quicker. When he spoke of you, I recognised at once that you were the very man for our purpose, raised up, so to speak, by Providence. What Pinheiro suggests, we, his followers, always act upon. Oh! he is a great man, sir—a wonderful man—the greatest detective of his time."

I sank back in my chair. My heart was beating fast. I had in very truth recovered my nerve, and was in the mood for adventures. I needed money, and here was

a way of getting it. I longed to see my friend again. That wish could also be gratified. In a moment I rose from my seat and told the Portuguese that, provided he would hand me a cheque for three hundred pounds, I should be ready to start on my journey at eleven o'clock on the following morning.

He jumped up in extraordinary excitement, produced a cheque-book, filled in a cheque for the required amount, and handed it to me. I saw that it was payable at the City Bank, shook hands with him, and went away.

I spent a busy night, arranging a hundred details and writing many letters; finally, as soon as the bank was opened, I took my cheque there and received in exchange six crisp Bank of England notes for fifty pounds each. I lodged five of the notes to my private account at my own bank, and changed the remaining one for gold and five-pound Bank of England notes. At half past ten I drove up to the house in Bloomsbury.

Da Costa was waiting on the steps to receive me. His luggage was already on the roof of a cab.

"Come," he said, uneasiness in his tone, "we have not a moment to lose. We shall just catch the express to Paris."

I jumped into the cab, and the Portuguese followed me. The door was slammed, and we were off.

The journey itself was uneventful. We left Paris by the Sud-Express, and passing through Bordeaux and Villar Formosa on the Portuguese frontier, rumbled into Rocio Station at Lisbon, at 11.30 on Saturday night. Just as we were doing so I turned to the Portuguese.

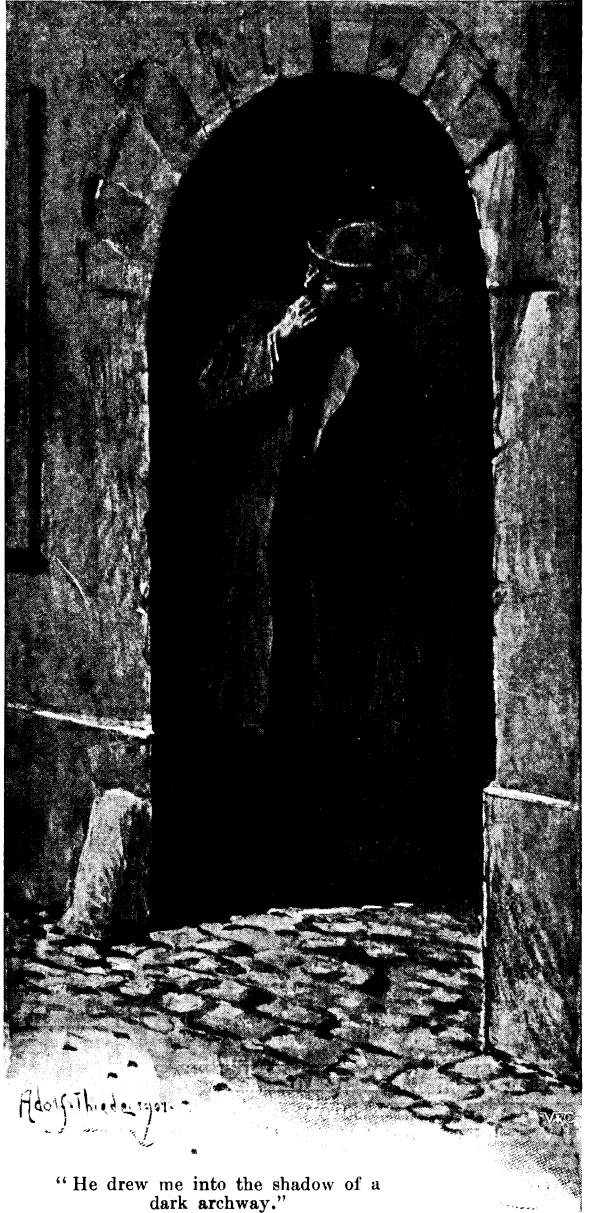
"I shall take a cab," I said, "and drive straight to Senhor Pinheiro's house."

He had been sullen, not to say morose, during our journey. Now he was all alive and evidently full of great excitement.

"No, my friend," he said. "Your time is mine. You come with me, straight with me, to business—now, now. We meet Pinheiro at the house where your services are required. We waste no time going to his palace in the suburbs."

As I had no answer to make to this, and no possible objection to offer, I followed the Portuguese out of the station. He almost pushed me into a pair-horse vehicle, followed himself, and, without waiting for any luggage except my small handbag, desired the driver to hurry forward.

We immediately dashed off at a great pace, rattling and bumping over the cobble-stones. We went down queer, narrow, low-built streets full of strange sights and sounds. Again we went up inclines so steep that the



"He drew me into the shadow of a dark archway."

windows were right above us, then down slopes on which, had the brake given way, we must have gone to instant destruction.

At last we stopped at a small house in a deserted lane. My companion paid the driver, opened the door with a latch-key, and bade me bring my bag inside.

We entered a room on the ground floor. The house appeared to be quite deserted and was absolutely quiet.

"Now," said Da Costa, speaking with great eagerness, "we must make haste. We have delayed too long already, and time is short, very short. There are others after the treasure. They want to rob the rightful owner. Get what you want quickly."

I opened my bag, took out my measuring-tape, foot-rule, and designing-case, and announced that I was ready. When we got outside the house I paused.

"Did you really say that Pinheiro would meet us at the house to which we are going?" I asked.

"Certainly; he knows of our arrival. He is only too anxious to see you. Come, come! We lose everything by this delay."

We started forward at a smart pace. Although I supposed myself to know Lisbon fairly well, I had not the slightest notion in what direction we were going. Twice Da Costa halted and glanced behind him, and once, seizing my arm, he drew me into the shadow of a dark archway. There we waited for a few moments and then resumed our journey. My distrust of the man and of the whole expedition grew at every step, and had he not been very much stronger than I, I should have refused to go on. I determined, however, to keep my reason and all my wits in active play, and I did not allow anything to escape my attention. I observed that we trended our way, for the most part, downhill, till at length, after innumerable turnings and twistings, I saw lying before me the broad expanse of the Tagus, dotted with the twinkling lights of the crowded shipping. A few moments more and we were down on the riverside, threading our way among the wharves, alongside of which were moored innumerable craft, their masts and spars sticking up in fantastic criss-cross designs. Though it was now past midnight, the quay was alive with noise and bustle, and was thronged with foreign sailors, who were loading an outward-bound steamer. Still, on we went, past great, gaunt factories which shut out half the sky, and tall chimneys that loomed black against the stars. Now through dark and squalid streets, redolent of foul

odours. From the lighted interiors of the wineshops came shouts of coarse laughter and brawling. From the time we started, my companion had not spoken a single word, and when he suddenly halted before the most extraordinary looking house I had ever seen, and said, "Now, Mr. Phenays," I started as if a cannon report had gone off in my ear. The house was very low and wedged in between taller ones on either side. The entire front was, as Da Costa had described it, bristling with pointed stones set in regular rows.

Upon a door under a low archway Da Costa now gave one or two peculiar knocks; it was immediately opened by a man dressed only in a shirt and trousers, with a queer sort of stocking-cap on his head.

As soon as we were inside he closed and bolted the door and then lit a lantern. A few words of conversation, in very low tones, passed between him and Da Costa, of which I was evidently the subject.

Meanwhile I looked around me. We were in a long, low room, with a stone floor covered with mats. The ceiling was supported by thick wooden joists. There was nothing whatever in this room but some barrels, a pair of large weighing-scales, and piles of split and dried codfish, which smelt horribly.

Motioning me to follow them, the two men went down some steps to a tiny room containing a small table and three wooden chairs. The floor and walls were of square stones.

Holding up the lantern, Da Costa turned to me and said, "I had hoped to find Pinheiro here, but he has not come. We cannot wait for him. Now, Mr. Phenays, this is the room. Start your work at once. What do you think of it? Here is the cipher."

As he spoke he handed me the parchment.

I was on my mettle now, and flung the whole of my mental energy into the problem before me. I forgot Pinheiro. I forgot everything but my own work. First I measured the walls. They were exactly eight feet each way. Then I found the area of the floor, but where the sixty-fifth square could be it was impossible to conceive. Was this a mere juggling of words, or had it a latent and very obvious meaning?

On my way from London I had been puzzling over it, and somewhere at the back of my brain had been moving an old memory of a sixty-fifth square; but when, where, and how I had heard about it, I had not been able to recall.

Now, suddenly, as if in a flash, the possible solution burst upon me. Was it—could it be—based upon the classic conundrum of The Lost Square?

My fingers trembled as I took up my compass and measured the place. The thing was evident, it must be that.

"What are you doing?" cried Da Costa suddenly. Both men had noticed my excitement.

"I think I have got it," I answered.

"What?" he exclaimed, grasping my arm. "How—what—where is it?"

"It is here, and yet it is, not here," was my ambiguous answer.

"The square?"

"Yes, the square."

"You can find it?"

"I think so; let me alone for a minute."

The two men sprang to their feet, both in such a state of excitement that I felt really alarmed. They seemed perfectly frenzied. They strode to and fro, uttering low, nasal Portuguese expletives, and casting glances at me with wild, staring eyes.

"I mean this," I said. "My opinion is that this cipher is founded on a very old classical conundrum, called The Lost Square, and I will show you how."

In a few minutes I had cut out a square of paper, measuring eight inches by eight inches, and I had shown the men that when cut in a certain way it would be made into a parallelogram thirteen inches by five inches, *apparently* containing sixty-five squares. But the fallacy lay in the fact that the latter figure was not full, but that the spaces between the pieces made up the missing square.

"But, then, where is it?" burst from Da Costa's lips.

I pushed back the table and fell on my knees. If there were a sixty-fifth square, it must mean that the floor was not level, for to contain an extra square a surface must be raised at some point. I passed the lantern over the floor and in a moment found some of the square stones perceptibly raised.

"I should say it was here," I said, with a bold plunge.

With no word of eulogy for my skill, they fell to work upon the stones with pick and crowbar, and I remember as they did so a very disturbing thought flashed across me. It was this. Why on earth, if the lady owned this house, should she want to have all this done, when, if there were the slightest chance of such treasure being hidden within its walls, it would be worth her while to pull the whole house down to find it?

But these thoughts were instantly dispelled by the fact that I had evidently read the cipher aright. The men talked in Portuguese, and it irritated my already overstrung nerves not to be able to understand a word they said.

The removal of four stones discovered the entrance to a low passage. Da Costa grasped my hand.

"Come along," he said, his voice choking with excitement, which almost amounted to madness. "You and I will go first. We owe you—oh! what do we not owe you, Mr. Phenays? When Senhora Lello Mendez knows what you have done, her gratitude will be unbounded, and she is one of those who never forgets. Ah! here she comes."

The rustling of a silk dress was heard along the passage. The door of the small room was flung wide, and the stately figure of Mademoiselle Delacourt herself appeared on the threshold.

The horror which surged up in my heart prevented my uttering a word; outwardly I was stunned, within my pulses beat madly. I knew at once that I was the victim of a fresh conspiracy, and that of the most dangerous type to which I had yet been subjected.

Mademoiselle wore a loose robe of black silk, which covered her from head to foot. On her head she had no covering beyond her light and beautiful hair.

I backed slowly against the wall. She entered a foot or two, and her eyes met mine.

"Have you got the clue to the treasure—the key to the conundrum?" she asked. "Know that I am Senhora Lello Mendez, and that the treasure within this house belongs to me. For years, for centuries, it has been lost. Have you, my enemy, found it for me—the greatest treasure in Lisbon?"

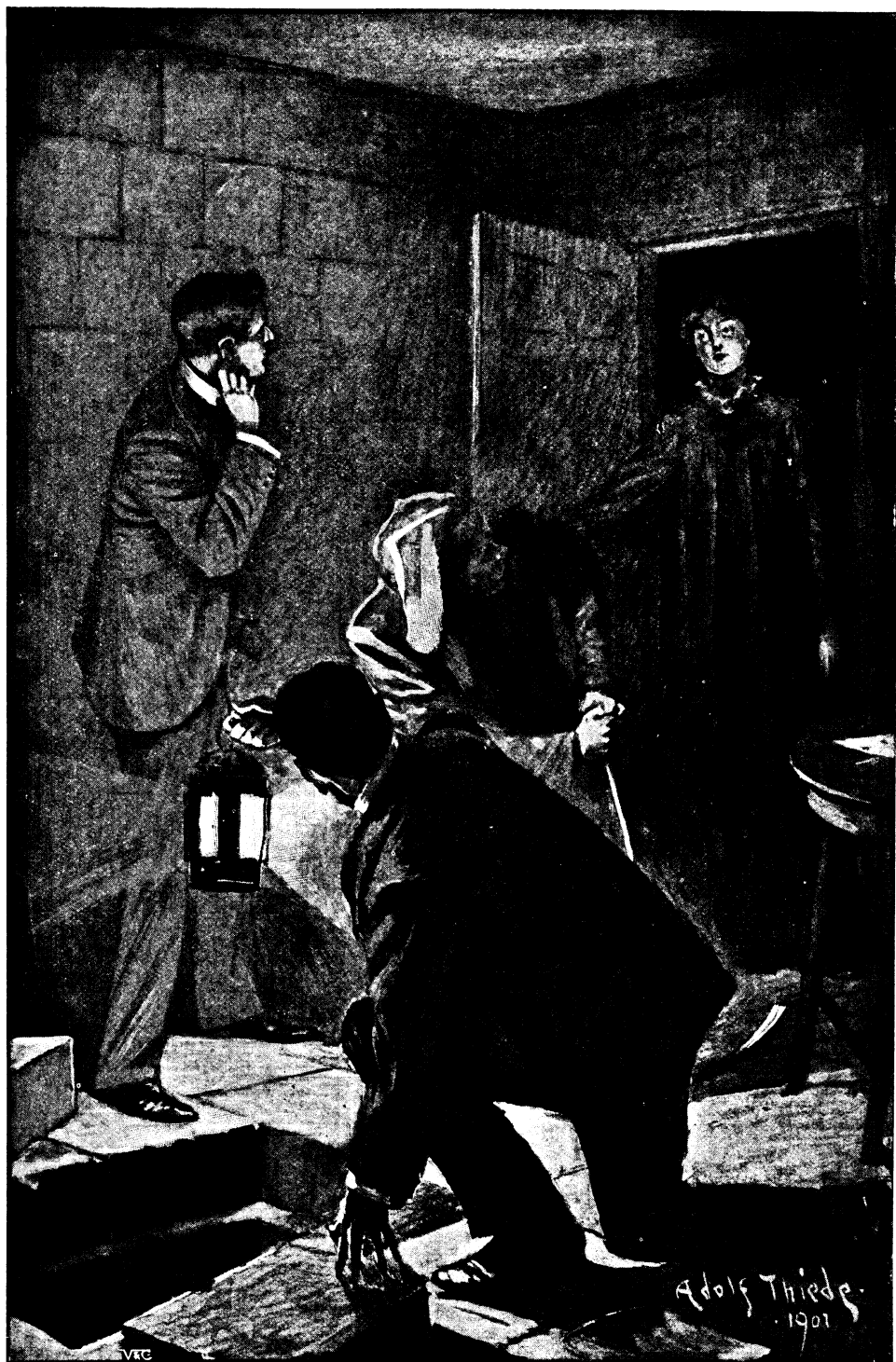
She came very close to me now, and her full, dark eyes glittered into my face.

"Have you discovered the treasure, Mr. Phenays?" she repeated.

I nodded. I could not speak.

"Then you will find that even your enemies are grateful. Come! You and I will lead the way. I hated you and planned your death. You also hated me and would have ruined me had you been able; but this atones for all. Come!"

She took the hand which hung limp at my side. I could no more have resisted her than the paralysed bird resists the cobra. She led the way to the narrow opening. We went down the passage. It widened as we



"The stately figure of Mademoiselle Delacourt herself appeared on the threshold."

progressed. At last we reached the other end. Mademoiselle's small hand held mine in a grip of iron. When we came to the end of the passage, Da Costa raised his lantern and uttered a cry, which echoed and reverberated oddly. There were four of us in the opening which my discovery had led to—Mademoiselle, Da Costa, his assistant, and myself. We found ourselves standing on the edge of a deep well some four feet in diameter. As we approached, Da Costa lowered the lantern into the well. The air was foul, but not sufficiently tainted to put out the light. The well was from fifteen to sixteen feet in depth. Its walls were smooth and glistening. I noticed that about half way down, bulging into the wall, was an old piece of piping. Before I had time to say anything about this, the man who had helped Da Costa brought forward a rope, put it round the waist of the Portuguese, and lowered him into the well. He reached the bottom, fumbled about there, and presently I heard him utter a shout.

Mademoiselle, bending forward, asked him if he had found it.

"Yes!" he cried. "Yes! Enough treasure to keep us rich for the remainder of our lives. I'll take some with me, and will return for the rest."

"Then come at once," she said. "Take enough, but come at once. There is not a moment to lose."

The assistant hauled Da Costa up. When he reached the surface he slapped his pocket. It rattled.

"Ah! Mademoiselle," he said, "we are rich now."

"And we owe it to Mr. Phenays," she replied.

She turned towards me, her face white as death, her eyes gleaming with excitement.

I was just about to reply to her, when a terrific crash at the back of my head caused thousands of Catherine-wheels to dance before my eyes, and I remembered no more.

When I came to myself I was in pitch darkness. For a time I could recall nothing. Then memory returned. I knew where I was. I had been flung to the bottom of the well. I shouted for all I was worth, but without the least hope of anyone hearing me. I realised, when too late, that I had been the victim of the worst conspiracy Mademoiselle had yet formed against me. She had at last absolutely and completely succeeded in accomplishing my ruin. She had already, to all intents and purposes, committed murder, for there was nothing before me but

death by slow starvation. By my death I should be the means of her salvation. She, who knew everything, had heard of my latent talent and of its strange development. She had seized her opportunity to lure my secret from me for her own purpose. Senhora Lello Mendez was a name adopted for her own purposes by this extraordinary and awful woman. She meant to steal the treasure from the old house, and, in making me her tool, she would also compass the long-desired event of my death. Pinheiro's name had been only used to trap, to lure me into the net. But how Mademoiselle had contrived to extract a letter from him was beyond my wildest endeavours to discover.

I paced round and round my narrow and dreadful prison. Suddenly I remembered that I had a box of matches with me. I struck one and tried to examine my place of confinement. Many feet above me loomed the black circle of the mouth of the well. The sides were smooth and slippery, and offered not the slightest help for fingers or feet. I could just trace the piece of piping at one of the junctions. That was all. I was trapped like a rat in a hole. Here was I buried beneath a cellar in a strange house, in a foreign city. No one would miss me. No one could possibly guess where I was. I remembered also that it was Sunday morning, and if the house was used as a codfish store, it would not be entered till Monday morning. Even then it was a thousand to one against my being found, for my shouts would scarcely penetrate the thick walls which choked down my voice as with a blanket.

When the first shock of terror passed, there came that wild desire for life which God has implanted in the breasts of men. It is, in a certain sense, one of the most terrible of our passions. I only hope that I may never feel it again. I was young to die. I did not want to die—to die thus in the dark, and alone, of hunger and starvation. What fate could be more horrible? To die unmourned, unmissed, with that one terrible woman—that fiend in human shape—triumphing over my early doom! I struck another match, but the flame died out.

For hours and hours I sat crouched at the bottom of the well, until at last came that merciful stupor which visits men in such situations. Then, again, that passed. I became wide awake, alert, and full of the most desperate resolution. All my thoughts centred on Pinheiro. I thought of him so earnestly, so long, with such passion, that I forgot that there was another human being

in the world. It seemed to me that when I thought of him I saw a light, and that light went far, penetrating beyond the gloom of my dungeon, through the walls of the old house, shining on and on, till it reached his palace in the fashionable part of Lisbon. At the end of that long line of whiteness I saw Pinheiro himself. He was in his study; he was thinking hard; he was seated by his huge writing-desk. He took up a paper and examined it. He started, and looked at it more fully. His face became agitated. He paced the room. Then a look of resolution filled it. He hurried from the room, closing the door after him.

In his footsteps I seemed to see eagerness



"Stood for a minute or two on the edge."

and a wild desire to obtain an object, and at once. When he disappeared, the light also faded.

I leapt to my feet and began to pray earnestly. Had I seen a vision? Was my brain going? I prayed once, twice, many times. I think I must have been partly delirious, for after my prayer I opened my knife and began with all my force to stab the walls above my head. They were hard, and the point of the blade snapped at once. Again I prayed for deliverance; again I stabbed the walls with the stump of my broken knife.

Suddenly I felt myself drenched with a gush of water. It poured into the well in

a cascade; it increased every moment. I uttered a cry of despair, for I thought I should be drowned in this ghastly hole. In and in the water poured with increasing force. It smelt foully as it splashed and eddied around me. In five minutes it was up to my waist; in another five it reached my chin; and then—the most marvellous thing happened. I was floated gently to the mouth of the well. If that was not Providence, I don't know what was.

I had evidently cut through the junction of the pipe in my blind fury, and had liberated the water from the river. I scrambled out of the well and stood for a minute or two, drenched and trembling, on the edge. It was just then that I heard sounds in the room above me. A scuffling noise—men's voices. Then a woman's loud and despairing shriek. These sounds were followed by silence.

Two minutes later a light—not fancied, but real—penetrated my gloom. Footsteps came hastily down the narrow passage, and Pinheiro, with blood on his shirt and cuffs, stood before me.

"Phenays," he said, "I thought I should find you here. By all that is wonderful, what brought you back to Lisbon?"

"Your letter!" I gasped. "The letter you wrote to me and sent by Da Costa."

"Then I understand the marks on the blotting-paper," he answered. "Come."

I looked him in the face and tried to speak, but consciousness for the second time that day forsook me.

When I came to myself I was lying on a sofa in Pinheiro's house. He was standing close to me, holding a glass of strong stimulant in his hand.

"Here," he said, "drink this. You are an unlucky beggar! But tell me quite quietly what has happened. Take your own time; there's no hurry. Whatever your perils, they are now at an end. Take your time."

I gasped out my miserable story as best I could.

"But why did you write to me?" I said in conclusion. "I should never have come but for your letter."

"The letter was a forgery," he replied. "I remember my servant telling me one day that a lady had called to see me on business, had asked to wait for me, but in the end had gone away before I returned. She gave her name as Senhora Lello Mendez. Now, I knew that there was such a lady, although she does not live in Lisbon, to whom the old house Casa dos Bicos belongs, and thought nothing

about the visit, hoping to see the Senhora later on. How could I suppose that another terrible plot, with a double object, was on foot? But now listen. I have good news for you. We have at last and in very truth secured our enemy. Mademoiselle Delacourt is lying under arrest in this city, and, clever as she is, she cannot escape from her prison walls."

"But pardon me," I interrupted; "how was it that you thought of coming to the rescue?"

"The most extraordinary thing. I was in my study, busily engaged; but I could not set to work, for my thoughts reverted to the past. I told you once, Phenays, that I would give you the history of these lost fingers"—he held up his mutilated hand as he spoke. "There was a woman whom I loved—ah! madly. She got into the power of that fiend—I was too late to save her life, but in rescuing her body I lost these fingers. Enough! I will tell you more later on. The thought brings madness even now. A Portuguese never loses sight of the object of his vengeance. Old memories drove me wild this morning. I could not work; I idly turned the pages of my blotter. There I saw traces of a letter which I knew I had not written. It is true it was to all appearance in my handwriting; but the words were not mine. This is what I read:—

"MY DEAR PHENAYS,—The bearer, Senhor da Costa, a native of Lisbon and a friend of mine, has just been to see me in connection with a document and diagram which he believes to be of great value." Lower down I read the words, 'as this is very much in your line, I would send him to you.' And then again, 'If you can do anything to help Da Costa, you will oblige me.'

"This was enough. I happened to know

Da Costa as a scoundrel of the deepest dye. A diagram in connection with the treasure in the Casa dos Bicos has long been puzzling all our antiquaries, and a feeling of overmastering fear came upon me—that you had been deluded into coming to Lisbon, that you were now in that infernal house. I rushed there, as it turned out, just in time. Mademoiselle had passed herself off as Senhora Lello Mendez. She had secured a portion of the celebrated treasure, and all would have gone well for her, but for the fact that she and her assistants began to quarrel as to the division of the spoils. I took the precaution not to go to that house alone. I had some emissaries of the police with me. We quickly secured Mademoiselle, who had long been wanted. The men, in their desperation, fought like furies. But they, too, were secured and handcuffed. In their terror they gave themselves away, describing your hiding-place and where they had found the treasure. Well, I saved your life and captured our enemy, and the treasure will find its way eventually to the old lady who is the real Senhora Lello Mendez, and who lives in a remote part of the country."

Pinheiro ceased speaking. I sat still, with thoughts too deep for words.

Thus ended the strange mysteries, the inexplicable horrors, which dogged my steps for the greater part of one year. Mademoiselle Delacourt will never trouble me again.

As to the diamonds, the real Senhora Lello Mendez, having heard the entire story, presented me with one to set in a ring, and I always wear it on my finger.

When the well was pumped out, three hundred more Brazilian diamonds were found. Thus came to an end the worst of all my adventures—that which found me at the bottom of the well in the old house Casa dos Bicos.



THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

STRANGER: I noticed your advertisement in the paper this morning for a man to retail imported canaries.

PROPRIETOR OF BIRD STORE: Yes, sir. Are you looking for a job?

STRANGER: Oh, no; I merely had a curiosity to know how the canaries lost their tails.



HOSTESS: I believe you are a musician, Mr. Wispy?

WISPY (who is dying to give an exhibition of his powers): Well—er—yes, I think I can lay claim to a small reputation as a pianist.

HOSTESS: I'm delighted to hear it. My daughter is going to play, and I should be so glad if you would turn the music for her.

MOTHER: Why can't you be good, like Mrs. Thompson's little girl?

SMALL DAUGHTER: Is she never naughty at all, mummy?

MOTHER: Never, never.

SMALL DAUGHTER: Why, what's the matter with her?



MISTRESS: Did the grocer say these eggs were fresh?

MARY: No'm; but he said I had better hurry home with them.



FIRST CLUBMAN: De Channey's luck seems to have turned. He writes that he has carried all before him since he went to the States.

SECOND CLUBMAN: Yes, he's a waiter in a restaurant.



BARBER: You seem inclined to go a trifle bald, sir.

CUSTOMER: Not at all; nothing could be farther from my inclinations, I assure you.



SHE: Young Yearful thinks he has an ear for music.

HE: I wouldn't mind that if he were not so continually voicing his beliefs.



"WHAT shall we do with our daughters?" began the beautiful lady lecturer. "Judging from what I see before me," said a modest-looking, middle-aged man in the audience, "I should not suppose there need be any trouble about that. A question more to the point would be, 'Have you enough of them to supply the demand?'"



TOO EXPANSIVE.

HE: I have been looking for you all over the Park.
SHE: Really! I can't spread like that, you know.



COMING EVENTS.

SHE: I do hope you will come and see us before you go up to town.

HE: Thanks very much, but I have an idea I shall be going up very soon. (*And he did so rather sooner than he expected.*)

FIRST VILLAGER: I thought your son was too young to join the Army?

SECOND DITTO: Oh! but he's in the infantry, you know.



MAGISTRATE: You are charged again with begging.

DISREPUTABLE PARTY: I wasn't begging at all, yer worship.

MAGISTRATE: But you were seen holding out your hand.

DISREPUTABLE PARTY: That's merely a habit, yer worship. You see, I had to hold out my hand so often at school that I've never been able to break myself of it since.

PROFESSOR: A strong glass will show you that nearly all the stars are double.

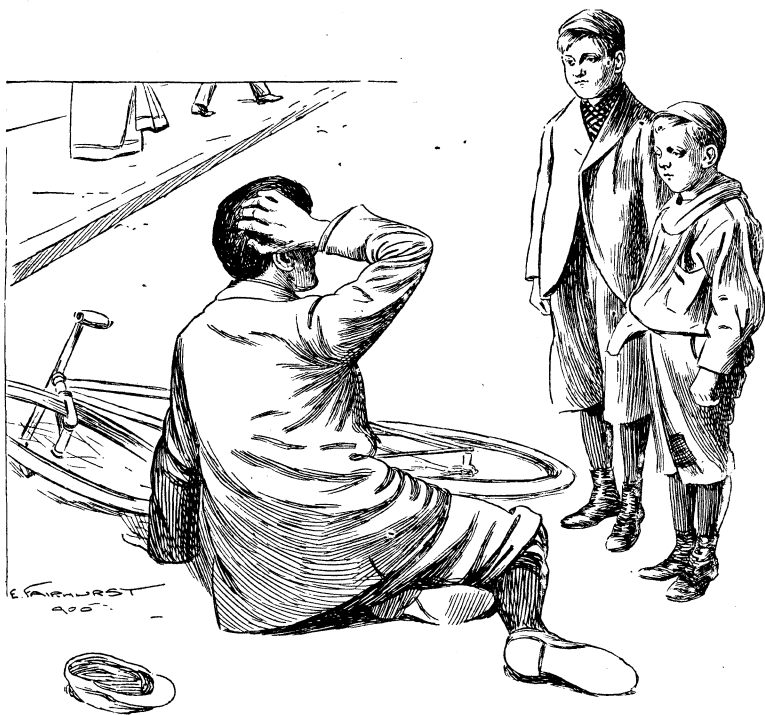
STUDENT: I'm afraid, sir, that it takes at least two strong glasses to produce that effect on me.



"I AM ninety-eight years old!" insisted the show villager.

We laughed him to scorn. "How does it happen," we retorted, "that if you are as old as you say, you cannot read fine print without the aid of spectacles? That's always part of the performance."

Whereupon the old fellow, perceiving that his imposture was discovered, broke down and confessed that he was only eighty-three.



"Do that again, will you, mister? Little Jimmy didn't see it."



"Hi! look here! Your beastly dog has bitten me!"

"Sure, yer honour, an' there's many a bicycler been afther complainin' on him, the Mayguard!"

THE CYCLIST'S TRIALS.

CUSTOMER: That was splendid insect-powder I bought here last week!

SHOPMAN (modestly): I'm not surprised to hear you say so, for we sell a great deal of it.

CUSTOMER: I can believe it; let me have two pounds more.

SHOPMAN: Two pounds? That is a large amount!

CUSTOMER: Well, I gave the former quarter of a pound to a beetle, and it has undoubtedly affected his constitution; therefore I argue that if I persevere and get him to take larger amounts, I cannot fail to kill him in time.

"HERE's something about a woman who has taken up the study of sun-spots!" she exclaimed.

"Indeed!" he returned absent-mindedly. "She must have a freckled boy."



FREDDIE: Look at the elephant moving his great big fins!

MOTHER: Those are his ears, dear. What use has an elephant for fins?

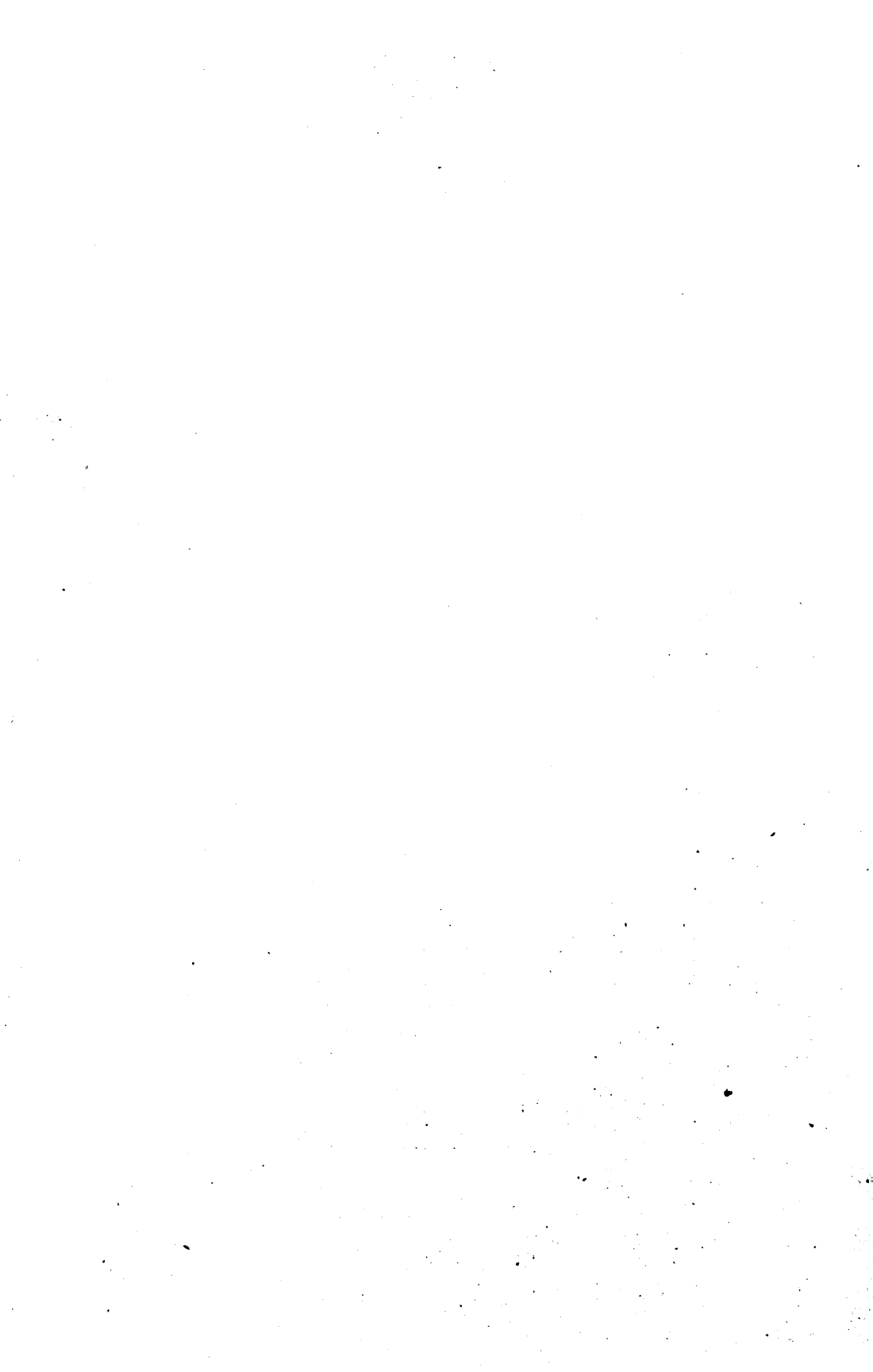
FREDDIE: I s'pose he can use 'em when his head swims, can't he?



NON-COMMITTAL.

"Is this the first time you have ever told a girl you love her?" she asked.

He hesitated. What might not have come to her ear? "You must remember," he said at last, "how easy it is for the ignorant and uninitiated to accept a base imitation for the real thing."





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